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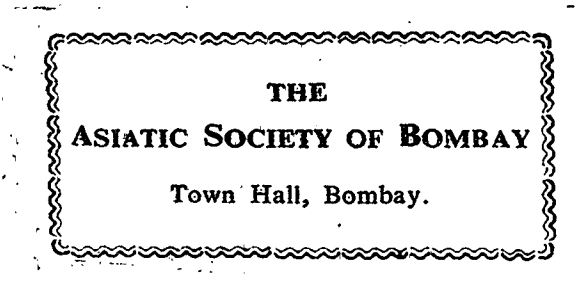

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. XIX.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

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IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

LL.a.10.

VOL. XIX.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD AND ODYSSEY,
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL AND JUVENAL,
PITT'S VIRGIL'S ÆNEID AND VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.
FRANCIS'S HORACE.

LONDON:

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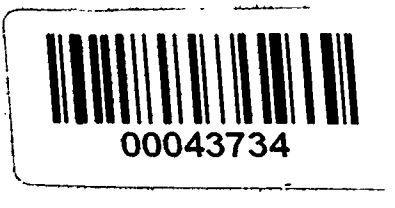

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HOMER'S ILIAD

TRANSLATED BY POPE.

PREFACE TO THE ILIAD.

Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itself can at best but steal wisely; for art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them to which the invention must not contribute: as in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and opprest by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animating nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes.

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.

It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this vivida vis animi, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakespeare it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things, for his descriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable. That which Aristotle calls the "soul of poetry," was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvellous. The probable Fable is the recital of such actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon, and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his Allegories, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! how fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualities of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his machines in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so

many, with so visible and suprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of courage is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding: of Hector, active and vigilant; the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality, which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in wisdom: and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open and regular. But they have, besides, characters of courage; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends still upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergesthus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all: the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superiour in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The speeches are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Aristotle expresses it) that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftner think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the sentiments, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the scripture; Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we observe his descriptions, images, and similes, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art, and individual of nature summoned together by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things in their various views presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the descriptions of his battles, which take up no less than half the Iliad, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horrour, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

PREFACE TO THE ILIAD.

If we descend from hence to the expression, we see the bright imagination of Homer, shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out living words: there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirsts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like; yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: for in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since, (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet *κορυθαίολος*, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of *ἰνοσίφυλλος*, and so of others, which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his versification, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels and consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables: so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Eolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue; indeed the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language: Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of: and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in a treatise of the Composition of Words. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated: and at the same time with so much force and inspired vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full: while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and

descriptions are full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope in what has been said of Virgil with regard to any of these heads, I have no ways derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrours, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues: they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his marvellous fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glories and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his similies have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similies are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeably to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it, those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier[1], "that those times and manners are so much the more "excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shown but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged.—

[1] Preface to her Homer.

There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages; in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same epithets to his gods and heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes, with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of surnames, and repeated as such; for the Greeks having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmond Ironside, Edward Long-shanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "heroes distinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demi-gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed[1]." Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first: a consideration which, whoever compares these two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to those of the Iliad, for the same reasons which might set the Odysses above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiser man: and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other; or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them; this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftner an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations; this is the conduct of Perrault in his Parallels. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief invention; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his

[1] Hesiod, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loud and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment.—Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own; but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however it is the safest way to be content with preserving this to the utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style; some of his translators having swelled into fustian, in a proud confidence of the sublime; others sunk into flatness, in a cold and timorous notion of simplicity. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle); others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes, one would sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call simplicity, and the rest of the world will call dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bold and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the scripture and our author: One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the Divine Spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the purity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet.

They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly exprest in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some, that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *σιοσίφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally "leaf-shaking," but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: "The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἑκηβόλος*, or "far-shooting" is capable of two explications; one literal, in respect to the darts and bow, the ensigns of that god; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the Sun: therefore, in such places where Apollo is represented as a god in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the Sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shown) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once show his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorised to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what *may* sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm and fully possest of his image: however it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him, than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odysses, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his

author, insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d' Amboise, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance: for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, shows with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that errour by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions abovementioned. He sometimes omits whole similies and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errours) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers: though they are confessedly the first in the common-wealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest, and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity; perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass, than has hitherto been done by any translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the Epic Poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer; as I wish for the sake of the world he had prevented me the rest. I must add

the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the great have done me, while the first names of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet; that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent essay) so complete a praise:

> Read Homer once and you can read no more;
> For all books else appear so mean, and poor.
> Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read,
> And Homer will be all the books you need.

That the earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the earl of Carnarvon: but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shown me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after-ages for his defenders, his translator has had the beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth, that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

HOMER'S ILIAD

TRANSLATED BY POPE.

HOMER'S ILIAD,

IN TWENTY-FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

In the war of Troy, the Greeks, having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, *in* the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused, and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles, *in* discontent, withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book: nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chryse, and lastly to Olympus.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs, unbury'd on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove, [of Jove.
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will
Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour,
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his reverend priest defy'd,
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.
For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and, lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.
"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground:
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseïs to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove."
The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: he with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus reply'd:
"Hence, on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains!
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain;
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then, to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil, and weeping sire."
The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:
Till safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays.

" O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores:
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."
Thus Chryses pray'd: the favouring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound;
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd about his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights through all the dusky air
The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.
Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men addrest:
" Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we crost before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid,
So Heaven aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more."
He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus reply'd:
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future, knew:
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:
" Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword.
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his errour lies;
For though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last."
To whom Pelides. " From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek of all the numerous band
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.
Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies;
" Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest;
Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."
The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.
" Augur accurst! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,
Is Heaven offended, and a priest profan'd;
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
But since, for common good, I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain."
" Insatiate king," Achilles thus replies,
" Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriours slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers."
Then thus the king. " Shall I my prize resign,
With tame content, and thou possest of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim,
This hand shall seize some other captive dame:
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own, be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall suffer vain.
But this when time requires—It now remains
We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with labouring oars.
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend:
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;

Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."
At this Pelides, frowning stern, reply'd:
"O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injur'd me:
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led,
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve:
Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions, if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial presents to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"
To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguish'd care)
To power superior none such hatred bear:
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrours are thy savage joy;
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
E'en in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our host it shall be known,
That kings are subject to the gods alone."
Achilles heard, with grief and rage opprest,
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspence he stay'd,
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seiz'd: to him alone confest;
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes:
"Descends Minerva in her guardian care,
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son? then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too."
"Forbear!" the progeny of Jove replies;
"To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given;
The king and you are both the care of Heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."
To her Pelides. "With regardful ear
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless."
He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.
"O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings):
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke: and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sat: With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passions with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began:
"What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led:
Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills, the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise;
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside.
Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
Him, awful majesty exalts above
The powers of Earth, and sceptre'd son of Jove.
Let both unite, with well-consenting mind,
So shall authority with strength be join'd.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."
This said, he ceas'd: the king of men replies:
"Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control.
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourselves obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway!
Grant that the gods his matchless force have given;
Has foul reproach a privilege from Heaven?"
Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke:
"Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree:
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
The gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reclaim'd blade."
At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs plac'd,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd;
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.
The host to expiate, next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid,
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.
The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
To wait his will, two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
"Haste to the fierce Achiles' tent," he cries,
"Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
Submit he must: or, if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart."
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
"With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king,
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudest to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein;
The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repeat at last."
Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in soft sorrow, and in pensive thought,
Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow moving o'er the strand.
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:
"O parent goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:

Honour and fame at least the thunderer ow'd,
And ill he pays the promise of a god;
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."
Far from the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
"Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."
He deeply sighing said: "To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè sacred to Apollo's name,
(Aëtion's realm) our conquering army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseïs, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote selected, to the general's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The generous Greeks their joint consent declare
The priest to reverence, and release the fair;
Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
The sire insulted, and his gifts deny'd:
Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inspir'd by Heaven, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes.
Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the power divine;
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
With offer'd gifts to make the god relent;
But now he seiz'd Briseïs heav'nly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice, plead in vain.
But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thundering god.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
That thou stood'st forth of all th' ethereal host,
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
Th' warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heaven.
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came,
(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name)
Through wondering skies enormous stalk'd along;
Not he[1] that shakes the solid Earth so strong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;
Th' affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropt the fetters, trembled, and ador'd.
This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."
"Unhappy son!" fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes,
"Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
So short a space the light of Heaven to view!
So short a space and fill'd with sorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my son.
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The sire of gods and all th' ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feast of Ethiopia's blameless race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove."
The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she rose,
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.
In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd;
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseïs last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:
"Hail! reverend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatombs the Greeks prepare;
And may thy god, who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound."
At this the sire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:
"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."
So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to Heaven the victims slew:

[1] Neptune.

The limbs they sever from th' enclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands;
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youth with instruments surround the fire:
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was represt,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the Sun descends:
The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy Morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then lanch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,
Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below;
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy sate
The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove first ascending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of ethereal powers.
When, like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;
And to the seats divine her flight addrest.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in Heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knee embrac'd:
"If e'er," O father of the gods!" she said,
"My words could please thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heavenly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh, ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
Till the proud king, and the Achaian race,
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace."

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer prest,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request:
"O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"

She said, and sighing thus the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:

"What hast thou ask'd? Ah, why should Jove
In foreign contests, and domestic rage,
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway,
With jealous eyes, thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign,
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—"
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:
High Heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of th' immortals wait
The coming god, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of Heaven appear,
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
All, but the god's imperious queen alone:
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.
"Say, artful manager of Heaven," she cries,
"Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What favourite goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"

To this the thunderer: "Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind:
Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know
The first of gods above and men below;
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul."

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: "Austere Saturnius, say
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will for me remains, in force,
And all thy councils take the destin'd course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen
In close consult the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain."

Then thus the god: "Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what Heaven resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
Let this suffice; th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what is, that ought to be.
Goddess submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
Th' united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove."

The thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A reverend horrour silenc'd all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menac'd, and the gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interpos'd the architect divine:

"The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace and constant joy.
Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky;
Lest rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Lanch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
If you submit, the thunderer stands appeas'd;
The gracious power is willing to be pleas'd."

Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
"Goddess," (he cried) "be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd deadlong downward from th' ethereal height;
Tost all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the Sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motions lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast."

He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen re-
Then to the rest he fill'd; and in his turn, [ceiv'd.
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Mean time the radiant Sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY, AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

JUPITER, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by the length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was, to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, and in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;
All, but the ever wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
And thus commands the vision of the night:
"Fly hence, deluding dream! and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall."

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Cloth'd in the figure of the Pylian sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king:
"Can'st thou, with all a monarch's cares opprest,
Oh, Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king, tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
Awake, but waking this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove."

The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought, he sacks unataken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,
What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw;

Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied;
The starry falchion glitter'd at his side;
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of gods.
Now rosy Morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king dispatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp, and summon all the bands:
The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ship the Pylian prince he found;
There calls a senate of the peers around;
Th' assembly plac'd, the king of men express
The counsels labouring in his artful breast;
" Friends and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A dream divine appear'd before my sight;
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit and in mien the same.
The heavenly phantom hover'd o'er my head,
'And, dost thou sleep, Oh, Atreus' son?' (he said)
'Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes;
To waste long night in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the gods with fate contend;
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
This hear observant, and the gods obey!'
The vision spoke, and past in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! since Heaven itself alarms!
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
But first, with caution try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war!
To move the troops to measure back the main,
Be mine; and your's the province to detain."
He spoke, and sat; when Nestor rising said,
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd)
" Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the vision of the powers divine;
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
Forbid it, Heaven! this warning should be lost!
Then let us haste, obey the god's alarms,
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms."
Thus spoke the sage: the kings without delay
Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:
The sceptred rulers lead; the following host
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.
As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling, and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms,
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
Dusky they spread, a close embody'd crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ships, a lengthening train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain:
Along the region runs a deafening sound;
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.
Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove,
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
The king of kings his awful figure rais'd;
High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd:
The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd;
Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind.
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends:
And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.
On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd;
" Ye sons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!
Of partial Jove with justice I complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.
Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!
At whose command whole empires rise or fall:
He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towns and armies humbles to the dust.
What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,
Oh, lasting shame in every future age!
Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe:
So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd,
And Greece triumphant held a general feast,
All rank'd by tens, whole decads when they dine
Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
Since first the labours of this war begun:
Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
And scarce ensure the wretched power to fly.
Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
Love, duty, safety, summon us away,
'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.
Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.
Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,
And dream no more of heaven-defended Troy."
His deep design unknown, the hosts approve
Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to th' Icarian shore,
From east and south when winds begin to roar,
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep,
And as on corn when western gusts descend,
Before the blast the lofty harvest bends:
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
With nodding plumes, and groves of waving spears.
The gathering murmur spreads, their trampling feet
Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long-resounding cries they urge the train
To fit the ships, and launch into the main.
They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
The doubling clamours echo to the skies.
Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,
And sighing, thus bespoke the blue-ey'd maid:
" Shall then the Grecians fly! O dire disgrace!
And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?

Shall Troy, shall Priam, and th' adulterous spouse,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
Lie unreveng'd on yon detested plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms.
Haste, goddess, haste! the flying host detain,
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main."
Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
Swift to the ships precipitates her flight;
Ulysses, first in public cares, she found,
For prudent counsel like the gods renown'd;
Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the hero stood,
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
"And is it thus, divine Laërtes' son!
Thus fly the Greeks" (the martial maid begun)
"Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,
Still unreveng'd a thousand heroes bleed?
Haste, generous Ithacus! prevent the shame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
Your own resistless eloquence employ,
And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy."
The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid,
Ulysses heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd:
Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial sceptre of command.
Thus grac'd, attention and respect to gain,
He runs, he flies, through all the Grecian train,
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,
He fir'd with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.
"Warriors, like you, with strength and wisdom blest,
By brave examples should confirm the rest.
The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears,
He tries our courage, but resents our fears:
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in secret council spoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings."
But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;
"Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye gods, what dastards would our host command,
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land!
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd:
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey."
With words like these the troops Ulysses rul'd,
The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.
Back to th' assembly roll'd the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores:
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And a still silence lulls the camp to peace;
Thersites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no shame, by no respects control'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice studious to defame:
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim;
But chief he glory'd, with licentious style,
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame;
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long misshapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possest,
And much he hated all, but most the best.
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.
Long had he liv'd the scorn of every Greek,
Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
Sharp was his voice, which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:
"Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow,
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers,
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile towers,
And bring the race of royal bastards here,
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
But safer plunder thy own host supplies;
Say would'st thou seize some valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
Oh women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore;
We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long."
Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs,
In generous vengeance of the king of kings:
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:
"Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, slave of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips profane the name of king.
For our return we trust the heavenly powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more,
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And send thee scourg'd and howling thro' the fleet."
He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling he sat, and, shrunk in abject fears,
From his wild visage wip'd the scalding tears.

While to his neighbours each express'd his thought!
"Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield;
Great in the council, glorious in the field!
Generous he rises in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shown,
Sedition silence, and assert the throne."
'Twas thus the general voice the hero prais'd,
Who, rising high, th' imperial sceptre rais'd:
The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celestial friend,
(In form a herald) bade the crowds attend.
Th' expecting crowds in still attention hung,
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
His silence thus the prudent hero broke:
"Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race,
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
Not such at Argos was their generous vow,
Once all their voice, but, ah! forgotten now:
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native shore!
What could their wives or helpless children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wintery main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;
But vanquish'd! baffled! oh, eternal shame!
Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,
And try the faith of Chalcas and of Heaven.
What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd;
('Twas there the plane-tree spreads its shades around)
The altars heav'd, and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Straight to the tree his sanguine spire he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmost branch a mother-bird possest;
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
Herself the ninth; the serpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crash'd the crying young;
While hovering near, with miserable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother last, as round the nest she flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster slew:
Nor long surviv'd; to marble turn'd, he stands
A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands.
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Trust in his omen, and support the war.
For while around we gaze with wondering eyes,
And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,
Full of his god, the reverend Chalcas cried,
'Ye Grecian warriours! lay your fears aside.
This wonderous signal Jove himself displays
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.
As many birds as by the snakes were slain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain;
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:'
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.
Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate."

He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,
The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.
Then Nestor thus—"These vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high resolves at last?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!
While useless words consume th' unactive hours,
No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway;
We march to war, if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
And view with envy our successful wars.
On that great day when first the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plough'd the main,
Jove on the right, a prosperous signal sent,
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife,
Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day if any Greek invite
His country's troops to base inglorious flight;
Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
Among those councils, let not mine be vain,
In tribes and nations to divide thy train;
His separate troops let every leader call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
If gods above prevent, or men below."
To him the king: "How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in speaking well?
O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee;
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
And soon shall fall the haughty towers of Troy!
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates.
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provok'd; a captive maid the cause:
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall:
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast:
And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield;
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all:
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!
Till bath'd in sweat be every manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest,
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow.
Who dares inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day;
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."

The monarch spoke; and straight a murmur rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;
With hasty feast they sacrifice, and pray
T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:
There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;
And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.
Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;
And Menelaus came unbid, the last.
The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake.
When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer:
"O thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the Heaven of Heavens has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded and alone!
Hear! and before the burning Sun descends,
Before the Night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!"
Thus pray'd the chief; his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refus'd, and tost in empty air:
The god averse, while yet the fumes arose,
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their prayers perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew,
The limbs they sever from th' enclosing hide,
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide.
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.
The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
Soon as the rage of hunger was supprest,
The generous Nestor thus the prince addrest:
"Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:
Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when Heaven directs the way."
He said; the monarch issued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands.
The chiefs enclose their king: the host divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-ey'd virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms;
No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than th' embody'd cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asia's watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Cäyster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings;
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.
Thus numerous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore.
Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wandering nation of a summer's day,
That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the Sun.
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scattered force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deepening lines.
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain.
The king of kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all;
Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
His subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the gods, th' exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien,
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.
Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing goddesses! immortal nine! [height,
Since Earth's wide regions, Heaven's unmeasur'd
And Hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
Oh, say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.
Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you
The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs, I sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
Peneleus, Leitus, Prothoënor led:
With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watery fields,
And Schœnos, Scholos, Græa near the main,
And Mycalessia's ample piny plain.
Those who on Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell;
Heleon and Hylè, which the springs o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,
Or Thespis sacred to the god of day.
Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Copæ, and Thisbè, fam'd for silver doves,
For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nysa the divine.
And they whom Thebè's well-built walls enclose,
Where Mydè, Eutresus, Coronè rose;
And Arnè rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.

Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
Twice sixty warriors through the foaming seas.
To these succeed Aspledon's martial train,
Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Ialmen and Ascalaphus the strong:
Sons of Astyochè, the heavenly fair,
Whose virgin charms subdued the god of war
(In Actor's court as she retir'd to rest,
The strength of Mars the blushing maid comprest).
Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,
With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.
The Phocians next in forty barks repair,
Epistrophus and Schedius lead the war.
From those rich regions where Cephissus leads
His silver current through the flowery meads;
From Panopëa, Chrysa the divine,
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
And fair Lilæa views the rising flood.
These, rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Close on the left, the bold Bœotians' side.
Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oileus' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight;
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send:
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands,
And where Boägrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Taphe's sylvan seats reside:
In forty vessels cut the liquid tide.
Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars:
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;
Th' Isteian fields for generous vines renown'd,
The fair Carystos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighbouring main.
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air;
But with protended spears in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corselets and the brazen shields:
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.
Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,
Led by Mnestheus through the liquid plain.
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,
That ow'd his nature to the blue-ey'd maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodful Earth.
Him Pallas plac'd amidst her wealthy fane,
Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain;
Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
And all the tribes resound the goddess' praise)
No chief like thee, Mnestheus! Greece could yield,
To marshal armies in the dusty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to display,
Or close th' embody'd host in firm array.
Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.
With these appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the generous Argive train,
From high Trœzenè, and Maseta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom strong Tyrinthès' lofty walls surround,
And Epidaur with viny harvests crown'd,
And where fair Asinen and Hermion show
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
These by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
But chief Tydides bore the sovereign sway;
In four-score barks they plough the watery way.
The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers,
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægeon, and Adrastus' ancient reign;
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,
Where Helicè and Hyperesia lie,
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred vessels in long order stand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.
High on the deck the king of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.
His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans exercis'd in arms;
Phares and Brysia's valiant troops, and those
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills enclose:
Or Messe's towers for silver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, Laäs, Augia's happy ground,
And those whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
And Helos, on the margin of the main:
These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause,
In sixty ships with Menelaus draws:
Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tears.
In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigenia's ever fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand;
Where beauteous Arenè her structures shows,
And Thryon's walls Alpheus' streams enclose:
And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awak'd the silver string.
Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Ægyptus stood;
From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bordering towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;
And Stymphalus with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enispè shook by wintery wind,
And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
(Ancæus' son) the mighty squadron led.
Their ships supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Through roaring seas the wondering warriors bear;
The first to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,
And bounded there where o'er the vallies rose
The Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows;
Beneath four chiefs (a numerous army) came:
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
In separate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels through the yielding tide.
One was Amphimachus, and Thalphius one
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus' son);
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.
But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the blest islands of th' Echinades,
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phyleus the belov'd of Jove.
To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulysses followed through the watery road,
A chief, in wisdom equal to a god.
With those who Cephalenia's isle enclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's ragged sides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These in twelve galleys with vermillion prores,
Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.
Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant son,
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian steep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore,
For now the sons of Oeneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himself, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow through the main.
Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands,
Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phæstus silver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war.
Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels through the foamy seas;
From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright,
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore,
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;
For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,
And shun the vengeance of the Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;
Where, many seas and many sufferings past,
On happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,
By mighty Jove, the sire of men and gods;
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And showers of wealth descending from the skies.
Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore,
Nireus, whom Aglaë to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race,
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.
Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain;
With them the youth of Nysyrus repair,
Casus the strong, and Carpathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus possest the sway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the god by Thessalus the king.
Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers;
From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella, blest
With female beauty far beyond the rest.
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
Th' Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Thessalians all, though various in their name;
The same their nation, and their chief the same.
But now, inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array;
Close in his fleet the angry leader lay;
Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne,
Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold sons of great Evenus slew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care,
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.
To these the youth of Phylacè succeed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes,
Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flowrets crown'd,
And Antron's watery dens, and cavern'd ground.
These own'd as chief Protesilas the brave,
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,
And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies, far distant from his native plain;
Unfinish'd, his proud palaces remain,
And his sad consort beats her breast in vain.
His troops in forty ships Podarces led,
Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the host;
Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.
The men who Glaphrya's fair toil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake,
Where Phære hears the neighbouring waters fall,
Or proud Iölcus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
With bold Eumylus, whom Alcestè bore:
All Pelias' race Alcestè far outshin'd,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.
The troops Methonè or Thaumachia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,
With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art,
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Seven were his ships; each vessel fifty row,
Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poisonous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.
His forces Medeon led from Lemnos' shore,
Oïleus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.
Th' Œchalian race, in those high towers contain'd,
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,

Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To these his skill their parent-god[1] imparts,
Divine professors of the healing arts.
The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.
Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
Gyrtonè's warriors; and where Orthè lies,
And Oleosson's chalky cliffs arise.
Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodamè's embrace,
(That day when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled)
With Polypœtes join'd in equal sway
Leontes leads, and forty ships obey.
In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of gods!
Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredron's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows;
Or where through flowery Tempè Peneus stray'd,
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade)
In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main;
Such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.
Say next, O Muse! of all Achaia breeds,
Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds?
Eumeleus' mares were foremost in the chase,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race:
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.
Fierce in the fight their nostrils breathe a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age the same;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder through the war.
Ajax in arms the first renown acquir'd,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retir'd
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
And his, th' unrivall'd race of heavenly steeds).
But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,
In empty air their sportive javelins throw,
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:
Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
Th' immortal coursers graze along the strand;
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wandering o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.
Now, like a deluge, covering all around,
The shining armies swept along the ground:
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
Earth groan'd beneath them: as when angry Jove
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhæus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, prest beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.
But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air;
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,
The old consulting, and the youths around.
Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,
Who from Æsetes' tomb observ'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
Th' unwelcome message to the Phrygian king:
"Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Assembled armies oft have I beheld;
But ne'er till now such numbers charg'd the field,
Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand,
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
Assemble all th' united bands of Troy;
In just array let every leader call
The foreign troops: this day demands them all.
The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain. [ground;
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands
A rising mount, the work of human hands;
(This for Myrinne's tomb th' immortals know,
Though call'd Batiëa in the world below)
Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,
Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.
The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumy crest:
In throngs around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.
Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchises' son by Venus' stol'n embrace,
Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove,
(A mortal mixing with the queen of love):
Archilochus and Acama divide
The warrior's toils and combat by his side.
Who fair Zelcia's wealthy valleys till,
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill,
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood,
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood;
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
Grac'd with the presents of his shafts and bow.
From rich Apæsus' and Adrestia's towers,
High Teree's summits, and Pityea's bowers;
From these the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius' and Adrastus' equal sway:
Old Merops' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
The sire forewarn'd, and prophesy'd their doom:
Fate urg'd them on! the sire forewarn'd in vain,
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.
From Practius' stream, Percote's pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos' neighbouring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host:
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.
The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders shine
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.
Next Acamus and Pyrous lead their hosts,
In dread array, from Thracia's wintery coasts;

[1] *Æsculapius.*

Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores.
With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trœzenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.
Pyræchmus the Pæonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight, their crooked bows to bend:
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon;
Axius, that swells with all his neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.
The Paphlagonians Pylœmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules,
Where Erythinus' rising clifts are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky:
And where Parthenius, roll'd through banks of flowers,
Reflects her bordering palaces and bowers.
Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,
From those far regions where the Sun refines
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.
There mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
And augur Ennomus, inspir'd in vain;
For stern Achilles lopt his sacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.
Phorcis and brave Ascanius here unite
The Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.
Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
Or whom the vales in shades of Tmolus hide,
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake;
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalè, and Latmos' shady brows,
And proud Miletes, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barbarous tongues.
Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train,
Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glittering on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war,
Fool that he was; by fierce Achilles slain,
The river swept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;
The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.
The forces last in fair array succeed,
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields,
Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

The Armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues: wherein Paris being overcome, he is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy, itself.

Thus by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
Proclaim'd their motions, and provok'd the war;
So when inclement winter vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas, the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise, and order, through the mid-way sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
Darkening arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:
So, wrapt in gathering dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command:
When, to the van, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came,
In form a god! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung,
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.
As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,
Prest by bold youths and baying dogs in vain.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;
Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,
And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.
As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
So from the king the shining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.
As god-like Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a generous heat:

" Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,
Or died at least before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host,
Gods!-how the scornful Greeks exult to see
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,
When Greece beheld thy painted canvass flow,
And crowds stood wondering at the passing show;
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And both her warlike lords[1] outshin'd in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe."

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks:
" 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks;
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,
Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows.
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain:
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow.
Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat stand,
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And on that stage of war the cause be try'd:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought:
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more."

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow:
While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd;
" Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:
A parley Hector asks, a message bears,
We know him by the various plume he wears."
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies:

" Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midst, in either army's sight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil.
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace."

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd:
" Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field resign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall that he must, beneath his rival's arms;
And live the rest, secure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a sable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
Let reverend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the sanction of considerate age;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
And youth itself an empty wavering state:
Cool age advances venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all."

The nations hear, with rising hopes possest,
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,
And from their chariots issued on the ground;
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Lay'd their bright arms along the sable shore.
On either side the meeting hosts are seen,
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.
Two heralds now, dispatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite:
Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the skies
The various goddess of the rain-bow flies
(Like fair Laodicè in form and face
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race).
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crown'd.
The Trojan wars she weav'd (herself the prize)
And the dire triumph of her fatal eyes.
To whom the goddess of the painted bow;
" Approach and view the wondrous scenes below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize."

This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Rush to her thoughts, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew;
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race.
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace)

[1] Theseus and Menelaus.

The king the first; Thymœtes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council try'd;
Panthus, and Hicetaön, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the Sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower,
In secret own'd resistless beauty's power:
They cried, "No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race."
The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried,
"Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our present sufferings draws,
Not thou, but Heaven's disposing will, the cause;
The gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and say, what Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine!
Though some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride."
Thus ceas'd the king; and thus the fair replied:
"Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind?
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form, whose crime it was to please.
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
My brother once, before my days of shame;
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!"
With wonder Priam view'd the god-like man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began:
"O blest Atrides! born to prosperous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state!
How vast thy empire! Of yon matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain?
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferior those, in martial grace
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race."
This said, once more he view'd the warrior-train:
"What's he whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain?
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flock, surveys them round."
Then Helen thus: "Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise:
A barren island boasts his glorious birth:
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious Earth."
Antenor took the word, and thus began:
"Myself, O king! have seen that wond'rous man:
When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause;
(Great Menelaus urg'd the same request)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest:
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view;
Ulysses seated greater reverence drew.
When Atreus' son harangu'd the listening train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fixt upon the ground,
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch his scepter'd hand;
But when he speaks; what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
Wondering we hear, and fix'd in deep surprize;
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes."
The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
"What chief is that, with giant strength endued;
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?"
"Ajax the great," the beauteous queen replied;
"Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus superior towers
Amidst yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a god! I saw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain,
Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause."
So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore.
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.
Meantime the heralds, through the crowded town,
Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down,
Idæus' arms the golden goblets prest,
Who thus the venerable king addrest:
"Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait;
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris thy son, and Sparta's king, advance,
In measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance;
And who his rival shall its arms subdue
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with the lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more."

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white coursers to the car:
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they guide:
Next from the car descending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.
On either side a sacred herald stands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlace, sheath'd beside his ponderous sword;
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the princes share;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands:
"O first and greatest power! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From east to west, and view from pole to pole!
Thou mother Earth! and all ye living floods!
Infernal furies and Tartarian gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
Great Menelaus press the fatal plain;
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plough the watery deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed;
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And every age record the signal day.
Thus if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field."
With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw.
The vital spirit issued at the wound,
And left the members quivering on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the sky;
"Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;
May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!"
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.
The rites now finish'd, reverend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes:
"Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,
Heaven only knows, for Heaven disposes all."
This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.
Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground enclose:
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall lanch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all the bands:
"Immortal Jove, high Heaven's superiour lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace."
With eyes averted, Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies sat the combat to survey,
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lists the generous coursers neigh.
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:
The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:
Lycaon's corslet his fair body drest,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast:
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder ty'd,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head;
His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shakes.
With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.
Now round the lists the admiring armies stand,
With javelins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.
The Trojan first his shining javelin threw;
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew;
Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers:
"Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws,
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name."
He said, and pois'd in air the javelin sent,
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His corselet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
"Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the gods assist the just?
When crimes provoke us, Heaven success denies;
The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies."
Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy;
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,

The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds
(For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heavenly dews.
Meantime the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd;
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came
In borrow'd form the laughter-loving dame[1],
(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
The goddess softly shook her silken vest,
That shed perfumes, and whispering thus addrest:
"Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls.
Fair as a god! with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some gay dancer in the public show."
She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire.
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus said:
"Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?
For whom must Helen break her second vow?
What other Paris is thy darling now?
Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest, and a captive wife,
Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A hand-maid goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heavenly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach, from every Phrygian dame:
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe."
Then, thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies;
"Obey the power from whom thy glories rise:
Should Venus leave thee, every charm must fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then the sad victim of the public rage."
At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade,
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the goddess of the Smiles and Loves.
Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate,
The maids officious round their mistress wait;
Then all, dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and goddess to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say:
"Is this the chief, who, lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field."
The prince replies: "Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power;
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
There want not gods to favour us above;
But let the business of our life be love:
These softer moments let delight employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore,
My fore'd, my willing, heavenly prize I bore,
When first entrane'd in Cranaë's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!"
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.
While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field:
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave,
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose!
"Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our generous foes!
Hear, and attest! from Heaven with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found:
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her awful lord;
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day."
He ceas'd: his army's loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies.

[1] Venus.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

The gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book.) The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebè, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.
When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen:
"Two powers divine the son of Atreus aid;
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid;
But high in Heaven they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, constant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescu'd Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.
Then say, ye powers! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the fates?
Shall Heaven by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow."
Thus while he spoke, the queen of Heaven enrag'd
And queen of war in close consult engag'd:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent goddess yet her wrath suppress;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke:
"Shall then, O tyrant of th' ethereal reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the gods are partial and unjust."
The sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:
"Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
Can wretched mortals harm the powers above?
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'st confound.
And yon fair structures level with the ground?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! If yet thou thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be given,
Till vast destruction glut the queen of Heaven!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When Heaven no longer hears the name of Troy:
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay;
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise
Beneath the rolling Sun and starry skies,
Which gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race,
Still to our name their hetacombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire."
At this the goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the thunderer fix'd them, and replies:
"Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
More dear than all th' extended Earth contains,
Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime's sufficient, that they share my love.
Of power superior why should I complain?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
Yet some distinction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,
A goddess born to share the realms above,
And styl'd the consort of the thundering Jove;
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the gods our joint decrees obey,
And Heaven shall act as we direct the way.
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace."
The sire of men and monarch of the sky,
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.
Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her flight,
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintery main)
With sweeping glories glides along in air,
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open sight,
Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The power descending, and the Heavens on fire!
"The gods" (they cried) "the gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!"
They said, while Pallas through the Trojan throng
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.
Like bold Laödocus, her course she bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycaön's son she found,
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd;
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsopus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.
To him the goddess: "Phrygian! can'st thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy dart,
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart!

What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain!
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the god of day."

He heard, and madly, at the motion pleas'd,
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil,
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled:
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread:
The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.
There meditates the mark; and, couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes,
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing:
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quivering string.
But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour
The gods forget not, nor thy guardian power.
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course:
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd,
She turn'd the shaft, which, hissing from above,
Pass'd the broad belt, and through the corslet drove:
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph, in Caria or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure ivory with a lively red:
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye:
So, great Atrides! show'd thy sacred blood,
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.
With horrour seiz'd, the king of men descried
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd before he found
The shining barb appear'd above the wound.
Then, with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief express,
And grasp'd his hands; while all the Greeks around
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound:

"Oh, dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: when Heaven's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
I see the god, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see th' eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his ægis o'er their guilty head,
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost,
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
(And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies)
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
And such the conquests of her king of kings!
Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
And unrevenge'd his mighty brother slain."
Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, Earth! and hide a monarch's shame."

He said: a leader's and a brother's fears
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
"Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound." [friend,
To whom the king: "my brother and my
Thus, always thus, may Heaven thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art
May stanch th' effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaön bring
His speedy succour to the Spartan king
Pierc'd with a winged shaft, (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy."

With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies; [eyes,
Through the thick files he darts his searching
And finds Machaön, where sublime he stands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: "Machaön, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe."

The heavy tidings griev'd the god-like man:
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran;
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around,
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroidery grac'd,
He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius used.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.
Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or surpris'd with fear;
But fond of glory with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight,
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlaid:
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery coursers snorted at his side.

On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And those encourages, and those reproves.
" Brave men!" he cries (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
" Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors strew the mournful plains."
Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
" Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?"
This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he saw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his generous joy express,
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast:
" Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praise shall we bestow?
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight, and every graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the generous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors' souls,
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame."
To whom the Cretan thus his speech address:
" Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:
Fix'd to thy side, in every toil I share,
Thy firm associate in the day of war.
But let the signal be this moment given;
To mix in fight is all I ask of Heaven.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed."
Charm'd with this heat, the king his course
And next the troops of either Ajax views: [pursues,
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gathering storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black at night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his
To the close covert of an arching rock. [flock
Such, and so thick, th' embattled squadrons
With spears erect, a moving iron wood; [stood,
A shady light was shot from glimmering shields,
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields.
" O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whose god-like virtue we but urge in vain," [bands
(Exclaim'd the king) " who raise your eager
With great examples, more than loud commands:
Ah, would the gods but breathe in all the rest
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast:
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground."
Then to the next the general bends his course
(His heart exults, and glories in his force;);
There reverend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands;
With strictest order set his train in arms,
The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms,
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Enclos'd by both, nor left the power to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed;
Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be try'd;
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with javelins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,
By laws like these immortal conquest made,
And Earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid."
So spoke the master of the martial art,
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart!
" Oh! had'st thou strength to match thy brave
desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!
But wasting years, that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee."
Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd:
" Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But Heaven its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with action
those;
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine."
He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands,
And next Ulysses with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the sound of war;
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd:
" Can Peleus' son forget a warrior's part,
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
The shocks of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are call'd before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:
And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you labouring in the fray?
Say, is it thus those honours you requite:
The first in banquets, but the last in fight?"

Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:
"Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold, we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
Then give thy warrior chief a warrior's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view."
Struck with his generous wrath the king replies;
"Oh great in action, and in council wise!
With ours thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends; [friends."
The gods that make, shall keep the worthy,
He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side)
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;
"Oh son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)
Can'st thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye?
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd;
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him labouring through the ranks of fight!
I saw him once, when, gathering martial power,
A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's tower;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been given,
Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from Heaven;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrours of the Theban war.
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;
Dar'd and subdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay;
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire,
Gods! how the son degenerates from the sire!"
No words the god-like Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun: [praise,
"What needs, O monarch, this invidious
Ourselves to lessen, while our sires you raise?
Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
Our valour equal, though our fury less:
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,
And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty fathers dy'd;
The sons subdued, for Heaven was on their side.
Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name."
To him Tydides thus: "My friend, forbear,
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:
His high concern may well excuse this rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;
His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight."
He spoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands;
No sound, no whisper, but the chiefs commands,
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
As if some god had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends
A general shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighbouring hills:
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a god inspires,
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
Pale flight around, and dreadful terrour reign;
And discord raging bathes the purple plain;
Discord! dire sister of the slaughtering power,
Small at her birth, but rising every hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on Earth, and shakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd, [clos'd,
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.
The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead;
At great Echepolus the lance arrives;
Raz'd his high crest, and through his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
So sinks a tower, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire; its walls besmear'd with blood.
Him, the bold leader of th' Abantian throng
Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:
But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
Agenor's javelin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field;
The nerves, unbrac'd, support his limbs no
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore. [more;

Elphenor.

Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of Hell:
Fair Simoïsius, whom his mother bore,
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore:
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
To seek her parents on his flowery side, [joy,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and
And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in watery ground
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
To shape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïsius lies
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.
At Ajax Antiphus his javelin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, lov'd by wise Ulysses, slew.
He drops the corpse of Simoïsius slain,
And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.
This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his sight, the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the javelin as it flew.
A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name;
The weapon enter'd close above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear;
With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;
Ponderous he falls; his clanging arms resound;
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;
Ev'n god-like Hector seems himself to fear;
Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead:
But Phœbus now from Ilion's towering height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
"Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.
Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more."
Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers
Array'd in terrours, rous'd the Trojan powers:
While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe,
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour, and illustrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew;)
Full on his ankle dropt the ponderous stone,
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone.
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
Before his helpless friends and native bands
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death:
His gushing entrails smok'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.
His lance bold Thoas at the conqueror sent,
Deep in his breast above the pap it went.
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quivering in his heaving bosom stood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
Then sudden wav'd his flaming falchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound.
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
The Thracian bands against the victor prest;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.
Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of the Epian race:
Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,
In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each host with thirst of glory fir'd,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him: Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger, but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded in the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to Heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And, bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.
The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegus cast his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force.
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
And, had not Vulcan lent his celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But in a smoky cloud the god of fire
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the sire.
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Increas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.
Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew
Or slain or fled, the sons of Dares view;
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
The god of battles, and this speech addrest:
"Stern power of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of Heaven's avenging sire."
Her words allay'd the impetuous warrior's heat,
The god of arms and martial maid retreat;
Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.
Meantime the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain every leader slew:
First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car address,
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.
Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' portended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)
From fruitful Tarne to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan javelin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.
Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chase,
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race:
Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,
Through his broad back and heaving bosom went:
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of Hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabric and the fair design;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystic will of Heaven unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead,
Through his right hip with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it past:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.
From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,
Whose generous spouse, Theano, heavenly fair,
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear!
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue the grinning teeth divides.
Then dy'd Hypsenor, generous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopian's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a god.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,
Then glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.
Down sunk the priest; the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.
Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,
In every quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,
Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks, he thunders o'er the plain;
Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds:
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.
So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the leader[1] of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
His bended bow against the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:

[1] Pandarus.

The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd:
"Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the dreadful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.
So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the king his guardian power address'd,
The purple current wandering o'er his vest:
"O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my god-like sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field,
Now, goddess, now thy sacred succour yield.
O give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;
And lay the boaster groveling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more."
Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard;
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd,
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
"Be bold," (she cry'd) "in every combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and every foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy god-like father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mist I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring deities. [plain,
These see thou shun, through all th' embattled
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.
With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scattering flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an instant slew:
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd;
Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyidus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old,
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides spear.
Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage;
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To strangers now descend his heapy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride
Glittering in arms, and combat side by side.
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious mind,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their seats the brother chiefs are torn,
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.
With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursued,
Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes,
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;
To whom the chief of Venus' race began:
"Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal: if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or god incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice;
(Which, oh, avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man destroy; if god, entreat to spare."
To him the Lycian: "Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold!
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a god, he wears that chief's disguise;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of Hell;
And, but some god, some angry god withstands,
His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
In fields aloft the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride:
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his councils with unheedful mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
"Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
And undissembled gore pursued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield;

If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,
This vow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames."
To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
"Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart be prais'd, though here we need
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.
Against yon hero let us bend our course,
And hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight,
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go;
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein;
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;
Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine."
"O prince!" (Lycaon's valiant son reply'd)
"As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses, practis'd to their lord's command,
Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand,
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terrour of the field."
And now both heroes mount the glittering car;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cry'd:
"O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of bold Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!
Enough is given to fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war."
At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he spoke:
"Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.
I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.
Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey
Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die:
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my heroes here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straighten'd rein;
Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,
And seize the coursers of etherial breed:
The race of those, which once the thundering god
For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
The best that e'er on Earth's broad surface run,
Beneath the rising or the setting Sun.
Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon;
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain. [known."
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Through the wide world should make our glory.
Thus while they spoke the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun:
"Prince thou art met. Though late in vain as-
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd." [sail'd,
He said, then shook the ponderous lance, and flung:
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.
"He bleeds! the pride of Greece!" (the boaster cries)
"Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!"
"Mistaken vaunter!" Diomed reply'd;
"Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:
Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the god of war."
He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driven by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.
To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcase lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields,
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields,
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
He swung it round; and, gathering strength to throw,
Discharg'd the ponderous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and staggering with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arms sustains;
Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows,
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:
Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.
Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straighten'd traces to the car.
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heavenly coursers with the flowing manes:
These, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd,
That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chase of Venus flies:
No goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,
Or fierce Bellona thundering at the wall.
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
H knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
Through breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the goddess his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the graces wove;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded God:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,
And dropp'd her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.
Then, with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
The king insults the goddess as she flies.
"Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no scene for thee:
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms."
Tydides thus. The goddess seiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled,
To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
The queen of love with faded charms she found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way,
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,
And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides given,
A mortal man who dares encounter Heaven.
Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe,
Driven by the goddess of the painted bow.
The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment scales the lofty skies:
There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food.
Before her mother, love's bright queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd, what god had wrought this guilty deed?
Then she: "This insult from no god I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage,
But with the gods (th' immortal gods) engage."
Dione then: "Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And share those griefs inferior powers must share:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the gods again.
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons imprison'd [illegible]
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had perish'd; had [illegible]
Restor'd the groaning god [illegible]
Great Juno's self has borne her [illegible]
Th' imperial partner of the [illegible]
Amphitryon's son infix'd the [illegible]
And fill'd with anguish her immortal [illegible]
Ev'n Hell's grim king Aleid[illegible]
The shaft found entrance in [illegible]
To Jove's high palace for a [illegible]
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Paeon, sprinkling heavenly balm around,
Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and heal'd the wound.
Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of gods!
"But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)
Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heavenly power contends,
Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he shall return,
No infant on his knees shall call him sire.
Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground;
Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!"
This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue-eyed maid;
"Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this mischance the Cyprian queen befell.
As late she try'd with passion to inflame
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound."
The sire of gods and men superior smil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:
"Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares!
Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars:
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms."
Thus they in Heaven: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way,
And fearless dar'd the threatening god of day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he struck;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook:
He try'd the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
"O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise and see
How vast the difference of the gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the powers that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine.
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of Earth."
So spoke the god who darts celestial fires;
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the silver bow
A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show

With great Æneas; such the form he bore,
And such in sight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engag'd.
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood.
And, calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging God.
"Stern power of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'st in blood, and shak'st th' embattled
Rise in thy wrath! to Hell's abhorr'd abodes [wall,
Dispatch yon Greek, and vindicate the gods.
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;
Me next he charg'd, and dares all Heaven engage:
The wretch would brave high Heaven's immortal
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire." [site,
The god of battle issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:
"How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unrevenged see Priam's people die?
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not god-like Hector more in arms renown'd:
Haste all, and take the generous warrior's part,"
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd.
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words express'd:
"Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost?
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious
boast,
That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends,
Remote they stand; while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;
With those I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me:
Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd
Or one vast burst of all-involving fate [state;
Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by
night:
With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes."
Stung to the heart the generous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears,
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, the stand, the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.
As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The gray dust, rising with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thundering charioteers;
The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
And adds new horrours to the darken'd field,
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heavenly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires,
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.
And now the god, from forth his sacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he stood, and vigorous from his wound:
Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pause of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in
flames.
Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
And great Ulysses, bath'd in hostile blood.
Embodied close, the labouring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain:
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;
When now the north his boisterous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element:
The low-hung vapours motionless and still
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken through the ruffled skies.
Nor was the general wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
"Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame."
These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deicoön's chance,
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way:
The grizzly wound dismiss'd his soul to Hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.
The fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,
In dust Orsilochus and Chrethon laid,
Whose sire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat:
Sprung from Alpheüs, plenteous stream! that yields
Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.
He got Orsilochus, Diöcleus he,
And these descended in the third degree,
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In sable ships they left their native soil,
T' avenge Atrides: now untimely slain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood,
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontrol'd
Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold;

Till pierc'd at distance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs as tall and straight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
The gods but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met the threatening heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand:
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king.
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force,
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew,
Then mix'd in combat, and their toils renew.
First Pylæmenes, great in battle bled,
Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying courser, sunk to endless night:
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone.
From his numb'd hands the ivory-studded reins,
Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound:
He groans in death, and ponderous sinks to ground;
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quivering legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.
Great Hector saw, and raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies.
Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light,
Where Hector march'd, the god of battles shin'd,
Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.
Tydides paus'd amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes;
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the wanderer's way,
Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd, returns at last.
Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands:
He stay'd, and, turning, thus address'd his bands:
"No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
Secure of favouring gods, he takes the field:
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow!
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Trust not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye fight."
Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
And first two leaders valiant Hector slew:
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
In every art of glorious war renown'd;
In the same car the chiefs to combat rise,
And fought united, and united died.
Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Through Amphius' belt and heavy bell[illegible] went:
Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd,
With herds abounding, and with treasure blest;
But fate resistless from his country led
The chief, to perish at his people's head.
Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to seize it, conquering Ajax sprung;
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he prest,
And drew his javelin from the bleeding breast:
He could no more; the showering darts deny'd
To spoil his glittering arms and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the field,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Till, in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.
While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
Prepar'd for combat ere the lance he toss'd,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:
"What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain self; nor let their flattery move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,
How vast the difference of their deeds and thine!
Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul
No fear could daunt, nor Earth nor Hell control.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With six small ships, and but a slender train,
He left the town a wide-deserted plain.
But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
But, wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
Pierc'd by my spear, to endless darkness go!
I make this present to the shades below."
The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd:
"Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his fate;
Those heavenly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war.
Nor so content, the generous chief defy'd,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boast,
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign."
He said: both javelins at an instant flew;
Both struck; both wounded; but Sarpedon's slew:
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood.
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.
Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.

Borne from the conflict by the Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each busied in his several part,
Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But Heaven and Fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alastor, Cronius, Halius, strow'd the plain,
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his sword had sent to Hell,
But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief:
"Oh suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;
If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall."
He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scattering foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his favourite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the javelin from his sinewy thigh.
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.
The generous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.
Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?
Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
For manag'd steeds, and Trechus press'd the ground:
Next Œnomaus, and Œnops' offspring dy'd;
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side;
Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hyle's watery plain:
A prince and people studious of their gain.
The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue ey'd maid.
"Oh sight accurs'd! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs given
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of Heaven,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall;
If warring gods for ever guard the wall!
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!"
She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now Heaven's empress calls her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
Bright Hebè waits; by Hebè, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the Heavens produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The bossy naves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
Herself, impatient, to the ready car
The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.
Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flowers adorn'd, with art diversify'd,
(The labour'd veil her heavenly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now Heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:
Here all the terrours of grim war appear,
Here rages force, here tremble flight and fear,
Here storm'd contention, and here fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods, with four o'ershading plumes,
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus the imperial car ascends;
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Swift at the scourge th' ethereal coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers;
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The Sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
The sounding hinges ring; on either side
The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
The chariot mounts, where, deep in ambient skies
Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise:
Where far apart the thunderer fills his throne;
O'er all the gods superior and alone.
There with her snowy hand the queen restrains
The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains:
"O sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,
What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious power! whose unrelenting mind,
No god can govern, and no justice bind.
Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?"
To whom assenting, thus the thunderer said:
"Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes."
He said; Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aërial way.
Swift down the steep of Heaven the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded Earth and starry poles.
Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
Through such a space of air, with thundering sound
At every leap th' immortal coursers bound:

Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks
Where silver Simois and Scamander join. [divine
There Juno stopp'd, (and her fair steeds unloos'd)
Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
For these, impregnate with celestial dew
On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand:
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
Heaven's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,
And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud:
Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

"Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame,
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your timorous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;
Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain."

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;
The king beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart);
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend;
Beneath his ponderous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulders lay,
He eas'd, and wash'd the clotted gore away.
The goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:

"Degenerate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
And feast, encircled by the Theban foe;
There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.
Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins."

The chief thus answer'd mild: "Immortal maid!
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid. [plains,
Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the
Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:
From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
And Venus only found resistance here.
Hence, goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
With slaughter red, and raging round the field."
Then thus Minerva. "Brave Tydides, hear!
Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.
Full on the god impel thy foaming horse:
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
And every side of wavering combat tries; [made;
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid."

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer,
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends,
Fierce for revenge, and Diomed attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a hero, and so great a God.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd th foaming horse.
But first, to hide her heavenly visage spread,
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The god, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
Now, rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
The daring Greek; the dreadful god of war!
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled.
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The javelin hiss'd; the goddess urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the god: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoaking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And Earth and Heaven rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the parch'd Earth, and blacken all the skies;
In such a cloud the god from combat driven,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the Heaven.
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
There sullen sate beneath the sire of gods,
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:

"Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celestial powers engage,
And gods on gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear.
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.
All Heaven beside reveres thy sovereign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
Well may we deem the wonderous birth thy own.
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against th' immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heavenly Venus first his fury found,
Me next encountering, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I the god of fight,
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
Else had'st thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke:
"To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?
Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power we use;
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.

Yet long thy inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heavenly born.
Else, sing'd with lightning hadst thou hence been thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan."
Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Paeon's care the bleeding god.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.
As when the fig's press'd juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and so soon, the etherial texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebè drest
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he sate, in majesty restor'd,
Fast by the throne of Heaven's superior lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes,
Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevails upon Paris to return to the battle; and, taking a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simoïs and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now Heaven forsakes the fight: th' immortals
To human force and human skill, the field: [yield,
Dark showers of javelins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd streams[1], that bound the death-
On either side run purple to the main. [ful plain,
Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thundering arm a deadly stroke imprest
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich and good:
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
He held his seat: a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, dy'd.
By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
Astyalus by Polypœtes fell
Ulysses' spear Pydytes sent to Hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unblest Astrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:
"Oh, spare my youth! and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain;
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well temper'd, and persuasive gold."
He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood, suspended, with the lifted dart;
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: "Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!"
The monarch spoke; the words with warmth ad-
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast. [drest,
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust,
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.

[1] Scamander and Simoïs.

Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage!
"Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glittering host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighten'd Troy within her walls retir'd;
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast.
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:
"Ye generous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day; [lay
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wise to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd every band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous stand;
Prest as we are, and sore of former fight,
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou Hector to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread;
And twelve young heifers to her altar led:
If so the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our host to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might."
Hector obedient heard; and with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears;
Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.
Then thus, aloud: "Ye dauntless Dardans, hear!
And you whom distant nations send to war!
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train
And reverend elders seek the gods in vain."
This said, with ample strides the hero past;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'ershading, to his ancle hung;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the battle (god-like Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:
"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field.
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from Heaven, celestial, thou descend;
Know, with immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove:
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arm receiv'd the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move,
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above)
Deprived of sight by their avenging doom,
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurst, and hated by the gods!
I brave not Heaven: but if the fruits of Earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of Death."
"What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,"
(Reply'd the chief) "can Tydeus' son inquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these, when those are past away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious Earth.
"A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
(Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd)
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
In ancient time the happy walls possest,
Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
Then mighty Prœtus Argos' sceptres sway'd,
Whose hard command Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in numerous toils engag'd.
For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prœtus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed.
Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, blest by every power who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd:
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd,
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;

Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
And trusted Heaven's informing prodigies)
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew,
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd still, for Heaven was on his side.
"Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
"At length the monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The Lycians grant a chosen space ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd,
There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd;
(Fair even in heavenly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove)
But when at last, distracted in his mind,
Forsook by Heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Alcian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race."
He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the generous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince addrest:
"Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old;
Œneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:
Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
The parting heroes mutual presents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
Œneus a belt, of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
"This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
(For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If Heaven our steps to foreign lands incline,
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field,
Enough of Greeks shall die thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either host,
We guard the friendship of the line we boast."
Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind:)
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price)
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, entered at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long succession go,
And seek the gods t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen
(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race):
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
"O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right."
"Far hence be Bacchus' gifts," the chief rejoin'd:
"Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
"By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer Heaven's great sire polluted praise.
You with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the power, aton'd by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city, spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother! your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind Earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."
This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
Each noble matron and illustrious dame.

The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolv'd, with careful eyes,
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates,
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:
"Oh, awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall,
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou atton'd by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city, spare!"
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appease before the power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part
Assembling architects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
Thus entering, in the glittering rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with the splendid show,
Brightening the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high resenting spoke:
"Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
"Rise, or behold the conquering flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end."
"Brother, 'tis just," reply'd the beauteous youth,
"Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh generous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
And mourn'd, in secret, his and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquest to day my happi[illegible] or I may
'Tis man's to fight, but Heav[illegible]
But while I arm, contain thy[illegible]
Or go, and Paris shall not [illegible]
He said, nor answer'd Priam's [illegible]
When Helen thus with lowly grace b[illegible]
"O generous brother! if the guilty
That caus'd these woes, deserv[illegible]
Would Heaven, ere all these dreadful d[illegible]
The day, that show'd me to the go[illegible]
Had seen my death! Why did not [illegible]
The fatal infant to the fowls of [illegible]
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame?
Now, tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last through [illegible] long:
Example sad! and theme of future song."

The chief reply'd: "This time forbid[illegible] to rest:
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, some god, who hates our Trojan land,
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."

He said, and pass'd, with sad presaging heart,
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's towery height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons in a throng resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
"Not to the court," reply'd the attendant train,
"Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord;
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir;
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade)

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
And end with sorrows, as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire!
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
"By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of Hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hypoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppress by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow!
"Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall,
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou from this tower defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train,
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief reply'd: "that post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
"Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates:
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glittering terrours from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
"O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame:'
While, pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."
He spoke, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursued:
"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of Earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;

Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies,
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now, the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
"O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy power in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest.
What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heaven and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant through her seas returns."

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate, they agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead; the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
As when to sailors labouring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise,
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menestheus, Areïthous' son:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleasing Arnè was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below,
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.
When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's towery height;
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid:
"What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day, the business of the field suspend;
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend:
Since vengeful goddesses confederate join
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine."
To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
"I left, for this, the council of the skies:
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?"
To her the god: "Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,

Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe."
At this agreed, the heavenly powers withdrew;
Sage Helen'us their secret counsels knew:
Hector, inspir'd, he sought: so him addrest,
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast:
"O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
The warring nations to suspend their rage;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train
To mortal combat on the listed plain,
For not this day shall end thy glorious date,
The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate."
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the mid'st athwart. On either hand
The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian maid and glorious god of day
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
As when a general darkness veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide watery plain)
The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,
And a still horrour saddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,
At length compos'd they sit, and shake the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke:
"Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some god com-
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose, [mands:
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear;
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust:
If mine the glory to despoil the foe;
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow;
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say, 'A valiant Greek lies there,
'By Hector slain, the mighty man of war.'
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame."
This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:
"Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace!
How great the shame, when every age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then, resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
Myself will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold task the generous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory."
These words scarce spoke, with generous ardour prest,
His manly limbs in azure arms he drest:
That day, Atrides! a superior hand
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand,
But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:
"Whither, O Menelaüs! wouldst thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?
Griev'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand,
The mightiest warrior of th' Achaian name,
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe."
He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms
He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.
Thus to the kings he spoke: "What grief, what shame,
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name!
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their sons degenerate, and their race a scorn?
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!
Once with what joy the generous prince would hear
Of every chief who fought this glorious war;
Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
When, fierce in war, where Jardan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd,
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud, Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areïthous, known from shore to shore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
Whose guileful javelin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thundering mace avail'd.
Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had given the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he crush'd our level'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;

Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
Till I, the youngest of the host appear'd,
And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, oh were you, Nestor, now!
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
The flower of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?"
His warm reproofs the listening kings inflame;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce; but far before the rest
The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd;
Oïleus follow'd; Idomen was there,
And Merion dreadful as the god of war:
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
"Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide;
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom Heaven shall chuse, be his the chance to raise
His country's fame, his own immortal praise."
The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown;
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands:
"Grant, thou almighty! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove!"
Old Nestor shook the casque. By Heaven inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:
"Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows addrest:
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the Earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread,
Ajax in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force on Earth."
He said. The troops, with elevated eyes,
Implore the god, whose thunder rends the skies:
"O father of mankind, superior lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the highest Heaven has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day:
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share."
Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone:
He moves to combat with majestic pace;
So stalks in arms the grizzly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god:
Grimly he smil'd; Earth trembled as he strode;
His massy javelin, quivering in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through every Argive heart new transport ran;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man:
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and, with new doubt opprest,
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast,
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last,
(The work of Tychius, who in Hylè dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd:)
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And, threatening, thus his adverse chief addrest:
"Hector! approach my arm! and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are,
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be sudden, and begin the fight."
"O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!"
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
"Me as a boy or woman would'st thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe."
He said; and, rising high above the field,
Whirl'd the long lance against the sevenfold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's shield the forceful javelin flew,
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their javelins drew;
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrour of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends:
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down,
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock,

Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly: [broke:
The huge stone thundering through his buckler
His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:
Nor wanted heavenly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.
And now both heroes their broad falchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by heralds' voice the word was given,
The sacred ministers of Earth and Heaven:
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard:
"Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the Night extends her awful shade;
The goddess parts you: be the Night obey'd."
To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd:
"O sage! to Hector be these words address'd;
Let him who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the Night;
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way."
"Oh first of Greeks;" (his noble foe rejoin'd)
"Whom Heaven adorns, superior to thy kind,
With strength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
And let the gods decide of death or life!
Since then the Night extends her gloomy shade,
And Heaven enjoins it, be the Night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies Heaven with vows for Hector's life.
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
'Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
'And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."
With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The generous Greek bestow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state:
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vigorous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
Their present triumph, as their late despair.
But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
The king himself (an honorary sign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd,
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,
In words like these his prudent thought express:
"How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost!
What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamandra's shore!
What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath.
From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear;
And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear:
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a general tomb be rais'd;
Next, to secure our camp, and naval powers,
Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers;
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
So Greece to combat shall in safety go,
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe."
'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd;
The sceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.
Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council sate;
A senate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
"Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis Heaven the counsel of my breast inspires,
And I but move what every god requires;
Let Sparta's treasure be this hour restor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the just gods provoke.
As this advice ye practise, or reject,
So hope success, or dread the dire effect."
The senior spoke, and sate. To whom reply'd
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride;
"Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
Old man, if, void of fallacy or art,
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given;
But wisdom has its date, assign'd by Heaven.
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame;
My treasures too, for peace, I will resign;
But be this bright possession ever mine."
'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,
Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose:
His godlike aspect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue:
"Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreshment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new Sun restore the cheerful light:
Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!"
The monarch spoke! the warriors snatch'd with haste,
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.
Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;

There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice; the host stood listening round:
"Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy and Troy's great monarch hear,
Pleas'd may ye hear (so Heaven succeed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh, had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!)
He proffers injur'd Greece, with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.
But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce, to burn
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war he try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!"
The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke:
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
"Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall."
Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
"Herald; in him the first I hear the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes' corpse; I war not with the dead:
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain:
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!"
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.
To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move;
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on Earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Though heaps of carnage search the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead;
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were plac'd:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly flow to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead;
The cold remains consume with equal care;
And, slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then, to secure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth below,
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the Greeks; meanwhile the gods above
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd beheld the wondrous works of man:
Then he, whose trident shakes the Earth, began:
"What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No god consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends,
While old Laömedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures rais'd by labouring gods,
Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep."
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
Th' almighty thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies:
"Strong god of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid Earth's eternal basis shake;
What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subject of our realms above?
Where'er the Sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.
But yon proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew,
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more."
Thus they in Heaven; whole o'er the Grecian train
The rolling Sun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
Black from the tents the savoury vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' stands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wine the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent.
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore)
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave:
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade:
Humbled they stood: pale horrour seiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder shook th' aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd:
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE SECOND BATTLE, AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS.

JUPITER assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of

him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle: Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field, in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians; but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reimbarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.
The sire of gods his awful silence broke,
The heavens attentive trembled as he spoke:
"Celestial states, immortal gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree, which not all Heaven can move;
Thou fate! fulfil it; and, ye powers, approve!
What god but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of Heaven:
Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by Hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' ethereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;
And know, th' almighty is the god of gods.
League all your forces then, ye powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove;
Let down our golden everlasting chain, [main:
Whose strong embrace holds Heaven, and earth, and
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the thunderer down to Earth:
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
For such I reign, unbounded and above;
And such are men and gods, compar'd to Jove."
Th' almighty spoke, nor durst the powers reply,
A reverend horrour silenc'd all the sky;
Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look;
At length his best belov'd, the power of wisdom, spoke:
"O first and greatest! god, by gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our father and our lord!
But ah! permit to pity human state;
If not to help, at least lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove."
The cloud-compelling god her suit approv'd,
And smil'd superior on his best belov'd.
Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;
The stedfast firmament beneath him shook:
Rapt by th' ethereal steeds the chariot roll'd;
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of Heaven's undrossy gold the god's array
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he shines: his coursers fly
Between th' extended Earth and starry sky.
But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
His fame-breath'd odours, and his altars blaz'd:
There, from his radiant car the sacred sire
Of gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire:
Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd;
High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd;
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.
Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy rouz'd as soon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants, lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spread the sacred light;
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But when the Sun the height of Heaven ascends;
The sire of gods his golden scales suspends,
With equal hand: in these explor'd the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low sunk on Earth, the Trojan strikes the skies,
Then Jove from Ida's top his horrour spreads;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls;
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
The god in terrours, and the skies on fire,
Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,
Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd;
Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part:
Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain:
Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.

Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed,
When dreadful Hector, thundering through the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand
The hoary monarch of the Pylian band:
But Diomed beheld: from forth the croud
He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud.
"Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run?
Oh flight unworthy great Laërtes' son!
Mixt with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound?
Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage."
His fruitless words are lost unheard in air,
Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
But bold Tydides to the rescue goes,
A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;
Before the coursers with a sudden spring
He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king:
"Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;
These younger champions will oppress thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow;
Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.
Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car
Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train;
With these against yon Trojans will we go,
Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirsty fury of my flying spear."
Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,
Approves his counsel, and ascends the car:
The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold;
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold:
The reverend charioteer directs the course,
And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear.
The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
But plung'd in Eniopeus' bosom lay.
His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;
The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain.
Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,
Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field;
Till, to supply his place and rule the car,
Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horrour cover'd all;
Like timorous flocks the Trojans in their wall
Enclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful sound
Roll'd the big thunder oe'r the vast profound:
Full, in Tydides face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;
The quivering steeds fell prostrate at the sight;
And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright;
He dropp'd the reins; and, shook with sacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
"O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averse, the sovereign of the skies
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other sun may see the happier hour,
When Greece shall conquer by his heavenly power.
'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to submit to Jove."
"O reverend prince!" (Tydides thus replies)
"Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But ah, what grief, should haughty Hector boast,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coast!
Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, Earth; and hide a warrior's shame."
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus reply'd;
"Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast?
Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;
Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord."
He said, and hasty o'er the gasping throng
Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along.
The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.
Then, with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies.
"Go, mighty hero, grac'd above the rest
In seats of council and the sumptuous feast;
Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames, [fled:
Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince! are
This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead."
Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's summits thunder'd from above:
Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light,
(The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight:
"Hear, every Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame.
In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall
And pass victorious o'er the level'd mound. [bound;
Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,
Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand;
Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires."
Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke:
"Now, Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chase,
And, thou, Podargus! prove thy generous race:
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.
For this, high-fed in plenteous stalls ye stand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand;
For this my spouse, of great Aëtion's line,
So oft has steep'd the strengthening grain in wine.
Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontrol'd;
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold;
From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god:
These if we gain, then victory, ye powers!
This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours."
That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul;
She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
And thus to Neptune: "Thou, whose force can make
The stedfast Earth from her foundation shake,
See'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress,
Nor swells that heart in thy immortal breast?

Yet Ægæ, Helicè, thy power obey,
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.
Would all the deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy thunderer might repine:
Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend,
And see his Trojans to the shades descend:
Such be the scene from his Idæan bower;
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen power!"

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
"What rage, what madness, furious queen, is thine!
I war not with the highest. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove."

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the brands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.
The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd through the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.
High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;
There, from Ulysses' deck his voice was heard;
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
"Oh Argives! shame of human race;" he cry'd,
(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd)
"Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?
Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?
O mighty Jove! oh sire of the distress'd?
Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?
With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!
To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;
What altar smok'd not with our victims' gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious god! far humbler our demand!
Give these at least t' escape from Hector's hand,
And save the relics of the Grecian land!"

Thus pray'd the king; and Heaven's great father heard
His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares,
And gives the people to their monarch's prayers.
His eagle, sacred bird of Heaven! he sent,
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)
High o'er the wondering hosts he scar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall,
The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all;
Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.
Tydides first of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
And dy'd his javelin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)
With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire:
Struck through the back, the Phrygian fell opprest;
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast
Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
His ponderous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;
Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound:
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian shield
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
With every shaft some hostile victim slew,
Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:
The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead:
The god-like Lycophon next press'd the plain,
With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain:
Bold Hæmonidon breathless sunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Menalippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,
A Trojan ghost attended every dart.
Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
"Oh youth for ever dear!" the monarch cry'd,
"Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,
The vigorous offspring of a stol'n embrace,
Proud of his boy, he own'd the generous flame,
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If Heaven's high powers
Give me to raze Troy's long defended towers;
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or some fair captive, whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love."

To this the chief: "With praise the rest inspire,
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.
What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd.
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow:
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But sure some god denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy."

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies
At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:
He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line.)
As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain.
So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.
Another shaft the raging archer drew:
That other shaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound)
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:
Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipt its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.

Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock,
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew:
The shaft already to his shoulder drew:
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone:
The bow-string burst beneath the ponderous blow,
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd the useless bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
Till great Alastor, and Mecistheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.
Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian sire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breast with fire.
The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
First of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terrour cloth'd, and more than mortal strong.
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chase,
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;
Thus following Hector still the hindmost slew.
When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;
Before the ships a desperate stand they made,
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame
That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood;
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the god!
Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid:
"Oh daughter of that god, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield!
Now, in this moment of her last despair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,
Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,
And drain the dregs of Heaven's relentless hate?
Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all?
What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall!
What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?
Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!"
So spake th' imperial regent of the skies.
To whom the goddess with the azure eyes:
"Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore,
Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore;
But he above, the sire of Heaven, withstands,
Mocks our attempts, and slights our just demands.
The stubborn god, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my service and deserv'd reward:
Sav'd I, for this, his favourite son[1] distress'd,
By stern Eurystheus with long labours press'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;
I shot from Heaven, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been cross'd; nor Hell explor'd in vain.

[1] *Hercules.*

Averse to me of all his Heaven of gods,
At Thetis' suit the partial thunderer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,
My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his blue-ey'd maid his best belov'd.
Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride!
Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
Then, goddess! say, shall Hector glory then,
(That terrour of the Greeks, that man of men)
When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
All dreadful in the crimson walks of war!
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?"
She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care;
(Heaven's awful empress, Saturn's other heir)
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
The vigorous power the trembling car ascends;
Shook by her arm, the massy javelin bends;
Huge, ponderous, strong! that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot through the liquid sky.
Heaven's gates spontaneous open to the powers,
Heaven's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours.
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The Sun's bright portals and the skies command;
Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar Heaven with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the steep of Heaven their course they guide.
But Jove incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid:
"Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their car;
Against the highest who shall wage the war? [car;
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate.
Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheel shall lie,
Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
My lightning these rebellious shall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong, to the ground.
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and Nature's sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress our will."
Swift as the wind, the various colour'd maid
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;
To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
And speaks the mandate of the sire of gods.
"What frenzy, goddesses: what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Desist, obedient to his high command:
This is his word: and know, his word shall stand.
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,
And hurl you headlong, flaming, to the ground:
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky:
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.

So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and Nature's sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress his will.
But thee what desperate insolence has driven,
To lift thy lance against the king of Heaven?"
Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd:
"O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
No more let beings of superior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of Earth:
Triumphant now, now miserably slain,
They breathe or perish as the fates ordain,
But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find;
And, ever constant, ever rule mankind."
She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heavenly bright.
The Hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.
There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;
The chariot propt against the chrystal walls.
The pensive goddesses, abash'd, control'd
Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold.
And now the thunderer meditates his flight
From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height,
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
Flame through the vast of air, and reach the sky.
'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal base;
There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal thunderer sat throu'd in gold;
High Heaven the footstool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.
Trembling afar th' offending powers appear'd,
Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd.
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:
"Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd:
But know, whoe'er almighty power withstand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:
Who shall the sovereign of the skies control?
Not all the gods that crown the starry pole.
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horrour shake.
For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;
What power soe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more shall hold his place;
Cut off, and exil'd, from th' ethereal race."
Juno and Pallas, grieving, hear the doom,
But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent goddess yet her wrath repress:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:
"What hast thou said, oh tyrant of the skies!
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;
'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,
Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove."
The goddess thus. And thus the god replies,
Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies:
"The morning Sun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall see th' almighty thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.
Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain
That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)
Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.
For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to Earth's remotest bound,
Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;
Where curs'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,
Fast by the brink, within the steams of Hell;
No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrours there;
No chearful gales refresh the lazy air;
There arm once more the bold Titanian band;
And arm in vain; for what I will shall stand."
Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks, rejoicing, bless the friendly shade.
The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls:
These to Scamander's banks apart he led,
Where, thinly scatter'd, lay the heaps of dead.
Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their prince surround.
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on this lance reclin'd,
And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind:
"Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and generous aids, give ear!
This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conquering flame
Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame.
But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
And strengthening bread, and generous wine be brought.
Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
Let numerous fires the absent Sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays;
Lest, in the silence and the shades of night,
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.
Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe;
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses' care;
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now through the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;
To bid the sires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers:
Lest, under cover of the midnight shade,
Th' insidious foe the naked town invade.
Sufficе, to night, these orders to obey;
A nobler charge shall rouze the dawning day.
The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
From these detested foes to free the land,
Who plough'd, with fates averse, the watery way:
For Trojan vultures a predestin'd prey.

Our common safety must be now the care;
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage,
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whose fates are heaviest in the scales of Jove:
Tomorrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne;
With this keen javelin shall his breast be gor'd,
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death secure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the Sun renown'd!
As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy."

The leader spoke. From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd,
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With generous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
The winds to Heaven the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful offering to th' immortal powers!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace:
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;
As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light:
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrours gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn;
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this; and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution: he orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures are to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice: and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches; but are rejected, with roughness, by Achilles, who, notwithstanding, retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp; and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

Thus joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heaven-bred horrour, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.
As, from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
A double tempest of the west and north
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids the Ægean roar;
This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;
Such various passions urge the troubled host.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers;
But bid in whispers: these surround the chief,
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.
The king amidst the mournful circle rose;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed.
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress,
Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his breast:

"Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care;
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too justly we complain,
And heavenly oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils:
Now shameful flight alone can save the host;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees. Almighty lord of all!
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towers and armies humbles to the dust.
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,
Haste to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvass, all your oars employ;
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy."

He said; deep silence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand,
A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun:

"When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath withhold,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:

Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.
The gods, O chief! from whom our honours spring,
The gods have made thee but by halves a king.
They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;
The noblest power that might the world control
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
Is this a general's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own to every Grecian breast?
Confiding in our want of worth, he stands;
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main;
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece shall stay; or, if all Greece retire,
Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire;
Myself and Sthenelus will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came."
He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise.
Wise Nestor then his reverend figure rear'd;
He spoke; the host in still attention heard:
"O truly great! in whom the gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well.
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
Applauding Greece, with common voice, approves.
Kings thou canst blame: a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with truth.
And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought untinish'd in that generous mind;
Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I bring
Distaste the people, or offend the king:
"Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king! to council call the old:
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.
Wise, weighty counsels, aid a state distrest,
And such a monarch as can choose the best.
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can close to night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
Tomorrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall."
Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey;
Swift through the gates the guards direct their way.
His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
The generous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen, stood,
The double offspring of the warrior god.
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Merion, join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Seven were the leaders of the nightly bands;
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall;
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The king of men, on public counsels bent,
Convened the princes in his ample tent;
Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd,
And, slowly rising, thus the council mov'd:
"Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
Assembled states and lords of Earth obey,
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are given,
And millions own the care of thee and Heaven.
O king! the counsels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
And ratify the best for public good.
Nor, though a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment, and my past:
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I first oppos'd, and faithful durst dissuade;
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and gods admir'd:
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend."
To whom the king: "With justice hast thou
A prince's faults, and I with reason own. [shown
That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself an host.
Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
Heaven fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow:
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed).
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
And solemn swear those charms were never mine:
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These, instant, shall be his; and if the powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs, of Trojan race,
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himself will choose: who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide my care.

Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodicè and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her let him choose, whom most his eyes approve;
I ask no presents, no reward, for love:
Myself will give the dower; so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess his sway,
Him Enopè, and Pheræ him obey,
Cardamylè with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil;
There shall he reign with power and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to control,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him, as the worst of gods.
Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
Since more than his my years, and more my sway."
The monarch thus: The reverend Nestor then:
"Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
And such as fits a generous king to make.
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent:
Let Phœnix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.
Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands."
He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring.
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the sands around.
The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:
Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most,
To deprecate the chief, and save the host.
Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
And now, arriv'd where on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amus'd at ease, the godlike man they found
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound:
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame):
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Full opposite he sate, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles, starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside
With like surprise arose Menœtius' son
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus began:
"Princes, all hail! whatever brought you hither,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, though Greeks! for not as foes ye came
To me more dear than all that bear the name."
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
Then thus—"Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend."
He said; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire:
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat, contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering cannisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd;
Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The first fat offerings, to th' immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign,
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
"Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:
Though generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
Troy, and her aids, for ready vengeance call;
Their threatening tents already shade our wall:
Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
And point at every ship their vengeful flame!
For them the father of the gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
See, Heaven and Earth the raging chief defies;
What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heavens! how my country's woes distract my mind,
Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
And must we, gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh return, though late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain:

Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
His parting son, these accents were his last:
'My child! with strength, with glory and success,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
Trust that to Heaven: but thou, thy cares engage
To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine——'
This now despis'd advice, thy father gave;
Ah, check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store:
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Seven sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed).
Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd, in form divine;
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms.
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
These, instant, shall be thine; and if the powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love, shall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyself shall choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heavenly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with Orestes'-self divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve:
He asks no presents, no reward for love:
Himself will give the dower: so vast a store
As never father gave a child before.
Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee Enopè, and Pheræ thee obey,
Cardamylè with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and labouring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.
There shalt thou reign with power and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a suppliant king;
But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,
If honour, and if interest, plead in vain;
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongst her guardian gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy suffering country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
For know that chief, whose unresisted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands."

Then thus the goddess-born: "Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain:
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of Hell.
"Then thus, in short, my fixt resolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend;
Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or fight not, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends:
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours sav'd;
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
Your mighty monarch there in peace possest;
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to every prince was paid;
And every prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only must refund, of all his train;
See what pre-eminence our merits gain!
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights:
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?
Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face,
Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
Sure every wise and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul a lor'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.
Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fene'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought:

He kept the gorge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate.
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
Tomorrow we the favouring gods implore;
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound
The third day hence, shall Pthia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
Pthia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this detested shore:
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that resum'd, the fair Lyrnessian slave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)
Tell him, all terms, all commerce, I decline,
Nor share his council, nor his battle join:
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himself possest,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great empress on th' Ægyptian plain,
(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the wars)
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call;
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus though she charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If Heaven restore me to my realms with life,
The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife.
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Blest in kind love my years shall glide away,
Content with just hereditary sway;
There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:
But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd;
Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown;
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wisер choice to make:
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
Bid all your counsels, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs, from fire.
One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.
Go then—digest my message as ye may—
But here this night let reverend Phœnix stay:
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain, or sail with me,
His age be sacred, and his will be free."
The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
Attend the stern reply. Then Phœnix rose;
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak these tender words return'd:
"Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind?
The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
He sent thee early to th' Achaian host;
Thy youth, as then in sage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field:
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah! never let me leave thy side!
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
Not tho' the god, that breath'd my life, restore
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames!)
My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
I try'd what youth could do (at her desire)
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.
My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, 'Ye furies! barren be his bed.'
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.
Despair and grief distract my labouring mind!
Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd!
I thought (but some kind god that thought suppress)
To plunge the poniard in my father's breast,
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine night entire;
The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates unseen of all;
And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence through spacious Greece extend
In Pthia's court at last may labours end.
Your sire receiv'd me, as his son caress'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.
The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign
And all the coast that runs along the main.

By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breast a like affection show'd;
Still in my arms, (an ever-pleasing load)
Or at my knee, by Phœnix would'st thou stand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee:
Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
A cruel heart *ill* suits a manly mind:
The gods (the only great, and only wise)
Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and sacrifice;
Offending man their high compassion wins,
And daily prayers atone for daily sins.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
Constant they follow, where injustice flies:
Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide Earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While Prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow *behind.*
Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
For *him* they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble suit they make,
The sire revenges for the daughters' sake;
From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then
Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
Oh, let not headlong passion bear the sway;
These reconciling goddesses obey:
One honours to the seed of Jove belong;
One honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.
Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king:
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
But since what honour asks, the general sends,
And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!
Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

"Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it those, to conquer these advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;
On Œneus' field she sent a monstrous boar,
That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore:
This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast
(For rage invades the wisest and the best).

"Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
—(She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
The god of day ador'd the mother's charms:
Against the god the father bent his arms:
Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
And call'd Alcyone; a name to show
The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)—
To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the powers beneath
On her own son to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round,
In vain Ætolia her deliverer waits,
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
Priests of the gods, and elders of the land;
Besought the chief to save the sinking state:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great:
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.)
His suppliant father, aged Œneus, came;
His sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame
Althæa sues; his friends before him fall:
He stands relentless, and rejects them all.
Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies;
The walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;
She paints the horrours of a conquer'd town,
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd:
The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire:
Accept the presents; draw thy conquering sword;
And be amongst our guardian gods ador'd."

Thus he. The stern Achilles thus reply'd:
"My second father, and my reverend guide;
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my designs;
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I stay (if such his high behest)
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more molest me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?
A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a generous part;
And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day."

He ceas'd: then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke:

"Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain?
See what effect our low submissions gain!
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait;
Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.

Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed;
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives;
The price of blood discharg'd, the murderer lives:
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer every soul but thine.
The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms:
Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
And know the men, of all the Grecian host,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most."

"Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!"
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd)
"Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame:
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
Return then, heroes! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till, amidst you sinking navy slain,
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand."

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And cast a large libation on the ground;
Then to their vessels, through the gloomy shades,
The *chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.*
Meantime Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
In slumber sweet the reverend Phœnix lay.
But in his inner tent, on ampler space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomede of the Lesbian race.
Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd;
Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.
And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had sent,
Pass'd through the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers and leaders of the Achaian bands,
Hail'd their return. Atrides first begun:

"Say what success? divine Laertes' son;
Achilles' high resolves declare to all;
Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?"

"Great king of nations!" (Ithacus reply'd)
"Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He slights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns:
To save our army, and our fleets, to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly,
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-protected Troy;
For Jove o'ershades her with his arm divine,
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine.
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phœnix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decree,
His age is sacred, and his choice is free."

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
The general silence, and undaunted spoke:
"Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madness, or to Heaven commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours;
This night, let due repast refresh our powers
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to generous wine and food);
But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command."

Shouts of acclaim the listening heroes raise,
Then each to Heaven the due libations pays;
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions, Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprize Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians, who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

All night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the king; with various thoughts oppress,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.

As when, by lightnings, Jove's etherial power
Portends the rattling hail, or weighty shower,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
And heaven flames thick with momentary fires.
So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confest.
Now o'er the field, dejected, he surveys
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the passing wind their music blow,
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.
He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove,
And sues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thousand cares his labouring breast revolves;
To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed javelin held.
Meanwhile his brother, prest with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
So much had suffer'd and must suffer more.
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a javelin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atrides he descry'd,
His armour buckling at his vessel's side,
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
"Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
But say, what hero shall sustain that task?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask;
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe!"
To whom the king: "In such distress we stand,
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand;
Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art:
For Jove averse our humble prayer denies,
And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the last revolving Sun?
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no god, and of no goddess born,
Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
And curse the battle where their fathers fell.
"Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
(For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
Whose son with Merion o'er the watch presides.)"
To whom the Spartan: "These thy orders borne,
Say, shall I stay, or with dispatch return?"
"There shalt thou stay," (the king of men reply'd)
"Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
Urge, by their father's fame, their future praise.
Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe."
This said, each parted to his several cares;
The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
The sage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd scarf, the shield, he rears,
The shining helmet, and the pointed spears:
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said:
"What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,
While others sleep thus range the camp alone?
Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell."
"O son of Neleus" (thus the king rejoin'd)
"Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
Th' unhappy general of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life shall end!
Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;
And all my people's miseries are mine.
If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)
Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
At every gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night:
Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade."
To him thus Nestor: "Trust the powers above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wise counsels of th' Eternal Mind!
Audacious Hector! if the gods ordain
That great Achilles rise and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
Lo faithful Nestor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raise:
Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need;
Meges for strength, Oileus fam'd for speed.
Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet,
To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share
With his great brother in his martial care:
Him it behov'd to every chief to sue,
Preventing every part perform'd by you;
For strong necessity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands."
To whom the king: "With reverence we allow
Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.
My generous brother is of gentle kind,
He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;
Through too much deference to our sovereign sway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
Long ere the rest, he rose, and sought my tent.

The chiefs you nam'd, already at his call,
Prepare to meet us near the navy wall;
Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits."
"Then none" (said Nestor) "shall his rule with-
For great examples justify command." [stand,
With that the venerable warrior rose;
The shining greaves his manly legs enclose;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past.
The camp he travers'd through the sleeping crowd,
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.
"What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wandering in the silent night;"
"O prudent chief!" (the Pylian sage reply'd)
"Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd;
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!"
He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield!
Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd through the
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found, [field.
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield.
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quivering light.
A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
The slumbering chief, and in these words awakes:
"Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below!"
At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled;
The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said,
"Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows,
Though years and honours bid thee seek repose,
Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake."
"My friend" (he answer'd) "generous is thy care,
These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,
Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
To ease a sovereign, and relieve a sire.
But now the last despair surrounds our host;
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost;
Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
Yet, if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age:
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest;
He serves me most, who serves his country best."
This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung;
Then seiz'd his ponderous lance, and strode along.
Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed,
The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.
And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd;
Th' unweary'd watch their listening leaders keep,
And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train,
When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold,
Through breaking woods her rustling course hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike the ear
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
Watch every side, and turn to every sound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprize,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.
Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
And thus accosted through the gloomy shade:
"'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ;
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.
Watch thus, and Greece shall live"—The hero said;
Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led
His son, and godlike Merion march'd behind
(For these the princes to their council join'd);
The trenches past, th' assembled kings around
In silent state the consistory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before;
When night descending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relics of the Grecian band:
(The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son
The council opening, in these words began:
"Is there" (said he) "a chief so greatly brave
His life to hazard, and his country save?
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
Or, favour'd by the night, approach so near
Their speech, their councils, and designs,
If to besiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
This could he learn, and to our peers return,
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night,
What fame were his through all succeeding
While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to
praise?
What gifts his grateful country would bestow
What must not Greece to her deliverer owe!
A sable ewe each leader should provide,
With each a sable lambkin by her side;
At every rite his share should be increased
And his the foremost honours of the feast.
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides spoke—"The man you seek, is here,
Through yon black camps to bend my dangerous
Some god within commands, and I obey;
But let some other chosen warrior join
To raise my hopes, and second my design.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made;
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire."
Contending leaders at the word arose:
Each generous breast with emulation glows:
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the contest ends:
"Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
In this great enterprise, is only thine.
Just be thy choice, without affection made;
To birth, or office, no respect be paid;

Let worth determine here. "The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.
Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd):
"My choice declares the impulse of my mind,
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass through flames of fire."
"It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,"
(Reply'd the sage) "to praise me, or to blame:
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,
The reddening orient shows the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on the ethereal plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains."
Thus having spoke, with generous ardour prest,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest.
A two-edg'd falchion Thrasymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn;
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within, without, in order spread,
A boar's white tooth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
Autolochus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;
The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
And dark through paths oblique their progress take.
Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:
This, though surrounding shades obscur'd their view, [knew.
By the shrill clang, and whistling wings, they
As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid:
"O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
O thou! for ever present in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils survey!
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn."
Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer:
"Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won;
As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.
When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban towers,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful show,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, oh celestial maid!
So still continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns."
The heroes pray'd; and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
With dreadful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Through the black horrours of th' ensanguin'd plain, [of slain.
Through dust, through blood, o'er arms and hills
Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief enclos'd;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd:
"What glorious man for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture, for a rich reward,
Of yonder fleet a bold discovery make, [take?
What watch they keep, and what resolves they
If now subdued they meditate their flight,
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well."
A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy:
(Five girls beside the reverend herald told)
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;
Not blest by Nature with the charms of face,
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
"Hector!" (he said) "my courage bids me meet
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' immortal coursers, and the glittering car,
That bear Pelides through the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus, no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way,
And all their counsels, all their aims betray."
The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky:
"Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aërial hall:
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn."
Thus Hector swore: the gods were call'd in vain;
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
Across his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed javelin shin'd,
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along,)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed:
"O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet,
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet;
Some spy perhaps to lurk beside the main;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy."
With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their head
(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead:

Along the path the spy unwary flew;
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon listening heard them as they past;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw,
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two skilful hounds the leveret wind;
Or chase through woods obscure the trembling hind;
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey:
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides stopp'd; a generous thought
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: "Whoe'er thou art remain;
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain."
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head;
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.
"O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold."
To whom Ulysses made this wise reply;
"Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the sight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night?
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Through heaps of carnage to despoil the dead?"
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still as he spoke, his limbs with horrour shook),
"Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:
If, now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?"
"Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize!"
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies)
"Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,
Achilles, sprung from an immortal dame.
But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to night?
Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep:
Say, since their conquest, what their counsels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's wall transfer the war."
Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
"What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake:
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep;
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war."
"Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,"
(Inquir'd the chief) "or scatter'd o'er the plain?"
To whom the spy: "Their powers they thus dispose:
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges, encamp along the coast.
Not distant far, lie higher on the land
The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbrus' ancient wall;
The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.
These Troy but lately to her succour won,
Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son:
I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow:
Rich silver plates his shining car infold:
His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
Celestial panoply, to grace a god!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; till your return reveals
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell."
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
"Think not to live, though all the truth be shown:
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore
No—once a traitor thou betray'st no more."
Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch with
With humble blandishment to stroke the beard,
Like lightening swift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two:
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul away,
The head, yet speaking, mutters as it falls,
The furry helmet from his brows they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
To favouring Pallas dedicates the prize:
"Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heavenly host we praise;
O speed our labours, and direct our ways!"
This said, the spoils with dropping gore deface'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footsteps to the place again.
Through the still night they cross the devious fields
Slippery with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields.
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day.
Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band:
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand;

Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
Through the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd:
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
"The man, the coursers, and the car behold!
Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie,"
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.
Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms,
Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued
His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood;
Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses following, as his partner slew,
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white coursers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they found;
Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore:
Dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
Leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.)
Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire:
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands:
"Enough, my son; from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace;
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy."
The voice divine confess'd the martial maid;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.
Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the god of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' son with heavenly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast.
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the power,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning hour
(On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend.)
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty space where late the coursers stood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gathering tumult spreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wondering view the slaughters of the night.
Meanwhile the chiefs arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The coursers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.
Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around:
"Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thickening this way, and gathering on my ear;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye gods! my pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain!)
The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps ev'n now pursued, they seek the shore;
Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more."
Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:
With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the kings: and Nestor first demands:
"Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say, whence these coursers? by what chance bestow'd?
The spoil of foes, or present of a god?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But sure till now no coursers struck my sight
Like these conspicuous through the ranks of fight.
Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Blest as ye are, and favourites of the skies;
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And her[1], whose fury bathes the world with gore."
"Father! not so" (sage Ithacus rejoin'd)
"The gifts of Heaven are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;
Sleeping he died, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,
By Hector sent our forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore."
Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavillion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn:
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with generous wheat.
But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd,
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.
Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighbouring main:
Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,

[1] Minerva.

In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libations pour:
They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

THE THIRD BATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaüs and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least permit him to do it, clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field, near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron Morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonius' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred light;
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound;
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian [illegible]
With horrour sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat [illegible]
The king of men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
And first he cas'd his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,
The same which once king Cinyras possest:
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast;
'Twas then, the friendship of [illegible] chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor [illegible] vain.)
Ten rows of azure steel the w[illegible],
Twice ten of tin, and twelve o[illegible];
Three glittering dragons to th[illegible]
Whose imitated scales, agains[illegible]
Reflected various light, and ar[illegible]
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a [illegible]
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three [illegible]
Plac'd as a sign to man amid [illegible]
A radiant baldric, o'er his sho[illegible]
Sustain'd the sword that glitt[illegible]
Gold was the hilt, a silver she[illegible]
The shining blade, and golden [illegible]
His buckler's mighty orb was r[illegible]
That round the warrior cast a [illegible]
Ten zones of brass its ample b[illegible]
And twice ten bosses the bright [illegible]
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd up[illegible]
And circling terrours fill'd th' [illegible]
Within its concave hung a silv[illegible]
On which a mimic serpent cree[illegible]
His azure length in easy waves [illegible]
Till in three heads th' embroid[illegible]
Last o'er his brows his fourfold [illegible]
With nodding horse-hair formi[illegible]
And in his hands two steely jav[illegible]
That blaze to Heaven, and ligh[illegible]
That instant Juno and the m[illegible]
In happy thunders promis'd Gr[illegible]
High o'er the chief they clash'd [illegible]
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery coursers to their chariots bound
The squires restrain'd: the foot with those who
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field. [wield
To second these, in close array combin'd,
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy Sun,
As with the light the warrior's toils begun.
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb, in order rang'd around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground:
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood,
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' etherial race.

Great Hector cover'd with his spacious shield,
[illegible] all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus through the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heapy harvest at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strow'd on every side,
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight;
But horse to horse, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes:
Discord alone [illegible] th' immortal train,
Swells the [illegible] rs of this direful plain:
The [illegible] eir golden mansions fill,
[illegible] er on th' Olympian hill;
[illegible] s told their griefs above,
[illegible] partial will of Jove.
[illegible] perior, and alone,
[illegible] on his awful throne,
[illegible] boundless glory sate;
[illegible] he just decrees of fate.
[illegible] is all-considering eyes,
[illegible] where Ilion's towers arise;
[illegible] he fields with armies spread,
[illegible] e dying and the dead.
[illegible] ng-beams increasing bright
[illegible] azure spread the glowing

[illegible] fate of war confounds,
[illegible] gor'd with equal wounds.
[illegible] n some sequester'd vale,
[illegible] preads his sparing meal,
[illegible] efuse the axe to rear,
[illegible] om the sylvan war;
[illegible] prostrate forest lay
[illegible], and expos'd to day)
[illegible] he Greeks' impulsive might
[illegible] lanx, and let in the light.
[illegible] en the slaughter led,
[illegible] people's head:
Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king;
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground.
Atrides spoil'd, and left him on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glittering armour vain:
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love!
In the same car the brother warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other task, than when they wont to keep,
On Ida's tops their father's fleecy sheep!
These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;
Then to their sire for ample sums restor'd;
But now to perish by Atrides' sword;
Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Isus bleeds:
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
And stript, their features to his mind recalls.
The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quivering flesh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift through rustling thickets bursts her way;
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false Antimachus were slain;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,
And slew the children for the father's fault;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:
"Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears, that not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold."
These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply—
"If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace?
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race."
This said, Pisander from the car he cast,
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last.
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away;
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
And, rolling, drew a bloody train along.
Then, where the thickest fought the victor flew;
The king's example all his Greeks pursue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were slain.
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the labouring ground.
Still slaughtering on, the king of men proceeds;
The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all;
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low:
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date.

Safe from the darts, the care of Heaven he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.
Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Through the mid field the routed urge their way;
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursued,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood,
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Meanwhile on every side, around the plain,
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train:
So flies a herd of beeves, that here dismay'd
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successless haste:
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last:
Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew;
Hurl'd from their cars, the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove descending, shook th' Idæan hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightnings in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke:
"Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey—
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands,
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning Sun descend,
And sacred Night her awful shade extend."
He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds descends the various maid.
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,
Close to the bulwarks, on his glittering car.
The goddess then: "O son of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear—
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be prest,
Till to the main the burning Sun descend,
And sacred Night her awful shade extend."
She said, and vanish'd: Hector with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms: the Greeks their onset dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirits, to each breast returns:
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him to conquer, or to die.
Ye sacred Nine, celestial Muses! tell,
Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell!
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young,
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;
Whom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace, where snowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his generous breast,
When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.
But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand,
Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for fame before the ranks he springs,
Towering in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
The Trojan stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air.
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
With all his strength, the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands,
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands,
At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, though in vain!
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with presents her embraces meet,
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye.
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features, now deform'd with blood:
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.
The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
And through his arm stood forth the barbed dart.
Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear:
His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to assert his cause,
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with the brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
The monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:
The social shades the same dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With every weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send

(The powers that cause the teeming matron's throes,
And mothers of unutterable woes!)
Stung with the smart, all-panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:
"O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won,
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day."
He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;
The horses fly! the chariot smokes along.
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot through the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.
No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd:
"Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face,
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold the general flies! deserts his powers!
Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours!
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds;
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds."
With words like these the fiery chief alarms
His fainting host, and every bosom warms.
As [illegible] his hounds, to tear
[illegible] tusky bear;
[illegible]voke their doubting heart,
[illegible]t with his lifted dart:
[illegible]ts his troops to dare;
[illegible] leads himself the war.
[illegible]e foes he pours; [showers,
[illegible]ep bosom, swell'd with
[illegible]ple ocean sweeps,
[illegible] and tosses all the deeps.
[illegible] the Trojans' glory crown'd,
[illegible] heroes bit the ground?
[illegible] Autonous dy'd,
[illegible] to their side;
[illegible] fam'd in many a fight,
[illegible]: to endless night:
[illegible] all chiefs of name;
[illegible] leaths, unknown to fame.
[illegible]irlwind, charg'd with storms,
[illegible]louds that Notus forms;
[illegible]violent, and strong,
[illegible] heaps on heaps along;
[illegible] the foaming billows rears,
[illegible] the surge, and wide the bottom bares:
Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
Now the last ruin the whole host appals;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
"And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side."
The warrior thus: and thus the friend reply'd:
"No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain."
He sigh'd; but, sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.
There slain, they left them in eternal night,
Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight:
So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respir'd again.
The sons of Merops shone amidst the war;
Towering they rode in one refulgent car:
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain!
Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize;
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight,
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh;
Through broken orders, swifter than the wind
He fled, but flying left his life behind.
This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war: [yield!
"Mark how this way yon bending squadrons
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here stand his utmost force."—The warrior said;
Swift at the word his ponderous javelin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands:
But yet so stunn'd, that, staggering on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance:
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd:
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud:
"Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.
Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
If any god assist Tydides' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay."
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war)
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,
The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.
"He bleeds!" he cries, "some god has sped my dart;
Would the same god had fixt it in his heart!

So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand;
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lions fear."
He dauntless thus: "Thou conqueror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel.
Where this but lights, some noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires,
Steeps Earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects as distract the fair.
Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds."
Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:
But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul:
"What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?
What shame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part."
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest;
These, in the warrior, their own fate enclose:
And round him deep the steely circle grows.
So fares a boar, whom all the troop surrounds
Of shooting huntsmen, and of clamorous hounds;
He grinds his ivory tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on every part is ply'd;
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.
Pierc'd through the shoulder, first Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to Hell;
Chersidamus, beneath the navel thrust,
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust,
Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near;
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the generous, and the wise:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began:
"O great Ulysses, much-enduring man!
Not deeper skill'd in every martial flight,
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great Hippasian race,
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field"—
He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:
Through the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,
Plough'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the spear, though deep infix'd,
Stopt short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.
The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,
Then furious thus (but first some steps withdrew):
"Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
No longer check my conquests on the foe;
But, pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
And add one spectre to the realms below!"
He spoke; while Socus, seiz'd with sudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight;
Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,
And held its passage through the panting heart.
Wide in his breast appear'd the grizzly wound;
He falls; his armour rings against the ground.
Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain:
"Fam'd son of Hippasus! there press the plain;
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by Fate,
Heaven owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
And hovering vultures scream around their prey.
Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
With solemn funerals and a lasting tomb."
Then, raging with intolerable smart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,
And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cry'd,
Who shares his labours, and defends his side:
"O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
And feel a loss, not ages can repair."
Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends.
The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round:
As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;
Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
Till, life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,
The lion rushes through the woodland shade,
The wolves, though hungry, scour dispers'd away;
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warrior, half an host sustains:
But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field;
Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And, sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew.
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintery rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progress through the plain,
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.

There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
"Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey.
A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."
Old Nestor mounts the seat: beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing god.
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war. [slain;
"While here" (he cry'd) "the flying Greeks are
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driven in heaps along!
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
By the broad glittering of the seven-fold shield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight."
Thus having spoke the driver's lash resounds;
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
The horses' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,
And dashing; purple all the car before;
The groaning axle sable drops distils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector, plunging through the thickest fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the sword, or ponderous stone,
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)
Ajax he shuns through all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.
But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part, [heart;
Shot heaven-bred horrour through the Grecian's
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,
Amaz'd he stood, with terrours not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And, glaring round, with tardy steps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Though rage impels him, and though hunger calls,
Long stands the showering darts, and missile fires;
Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,
While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.
As the slow beast with heavy strength endued,
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,
Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backwards bears the yielding bands;
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
While hissing darts descend in iron showers:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quivering wood;
And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
Whose eager javelin lanch'd against the foe,
Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his slack knees desert their dying load.
The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd: [may'd?
"What god, O Grecians! has your heart dis-
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save."
Thus urg'd the chief; a generous troop appears,
Who spread their bucklers and advance their spears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band: [stand
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.
Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His coursers, steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,
The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.
That hour Achilles, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain,
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.
Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! Then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come.
"Why calls my friend? Thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey."
"O first of friends!" (Pelides thus reply'd)
"Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when you despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought;
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,
The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace."
The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
Through intermingled ships and tents he pass'd;
The chiefs descending from their car he found;
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
He paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.

The draught prescrib'd fair Hecamede prepares,
Arsinoüs' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave)
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
Honey new press'd, the sacred flower of wheat,
And wholesome garlic, crown'd the savoury treat.
Next her white hand a spacious goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings
From eldest times: the massy sculptur'd vase,
Glittering with golden studs, four handles grace;
And curling vines around each handle roll'd
Support two turtledoves emboss'd in gold.
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian vine;
With goat's-milk cheese a flavorous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares:
Salubrious draughts the warrior's thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor rising then, the hero led
To his high seat; the chief refus'd, and said:
"'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds.
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds:
This to report, my hasty course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend."
"Can then the sons of Greece," the sage rejoin'd,
"Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone:
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flattering hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys:
Calm he looks on, and every death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing Time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppress'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!
Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine;
And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
All teeming females, and of generous breeds.
These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus glory'd in his conquering son.
Thus Elis fore'd, her long arrears restor'd,
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,
When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war;
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,
My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.
(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,
When Elis' monarch at the public course
Detain'd his chariot and victorious horse.)
The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd
The just partition, and due victims pay'd.
Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
With many a courser, and with many a car;
The sons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.
High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,
Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the streams of fam'd Alpheus flow;
The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
Pallas, descending in the shades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
Myself the foremost; but my sire deny'd;
Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;
And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My sire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
Amidst our chariots: for the goddess led.
"Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And, sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the Sun advanc'd his
To great Alpheus' sacred source w
There first to Jove our solemn rite
An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue
A bull Alpheus; and a bull was
To the blue monarch of the water
In arms we slept, beside the windi
While round the town the fierce E
Soon as the Sun, with all-revealin
Flam'd in the front of Heaven, an
Bright scenes of arms, and works
The nations meet; there Pylos, l
The first who fell, beneath my jav
King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede:
(She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd
Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the fiel
Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my trai
Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain
Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrou
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds
O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
Collecting spoils, and slaughtering all along,
Through wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;
Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.
Ev'n there the hindmost of their rear I slay,
And the same arm that led, concludes the day.
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
As first of gods; to Nestor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood,
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
"Achilles with unactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade
Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When, gathering aids along the Grecian sea,

I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Pthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.
A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, Achilles, and thy reverend sire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites;
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave,
Peleus said only this—'My son! be brave:'
Menœtius thus: 'Though great Achilles shine
In strength superior, and of race divine,
Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend.'
Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court;
Words now forgot, though now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey.
Some favouring god Achilles' heart may move;
Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
If aught from Heaven withhold his saving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again."
This touch'd his generous heart, and from the tent
Along the shore with hasty strides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
The public mart and courts of justice stand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
And altars to the guardian gods arise;
There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son,
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground.
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart;
Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend addrest:
"Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
Thus must ye perish on a barbarous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?"
Eurypylus replies: "No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
Her force increasing as her toil renews.
Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay,
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that succour which so oft he lent."
To him the chief: "What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the gods alone can view.
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply;
But thy distress this instant claims relief."
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

The Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and, having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left-hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

While thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.
Without the gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their watery store;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsopus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;
And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and god-like heroes slain:
These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.

Incessant cataracts the thunderer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.
The god of ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;
The strokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the towers.
Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scattering throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
So 'midst the dogs and hunters' daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing javelins rain an iron storm:
His powers untam'd their bold assault defy,
And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulph beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare (a formidable show!)
And bristled thick with sharpened stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and his counsel gave:
"Oh thou! bold leader of the Trojan bands,
And you, confederate chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass thro' those, without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
On certain dangers we too rashly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy and bury all!
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd;
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led,
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way:
So Greece shall stoop before our conquering power,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour."
This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.
The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their several chiefs' commands.
The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer;
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid;
Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
Now with compacted shields, in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
Asius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the pla
No more those coursers, with triumphant
Restore their master to the
Black Death attends behin
And great Idomeneus shall
Fierce to the left he drives,
The flying Grecians strove t
Swift through the wall their
The gates half-open'd to rec
Thither, exulting in his for
His following host with clan
To plunge the Grecians hea
Such their proud hopes, but
vain.
To guard the gates, two m
Who from the Lapiths' warlik
This Polypœtes, great Perithous'
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies
Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hill appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamus, in front appear,
And Œnomaus and Thoön close the rear;
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,
Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.

So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;
On every side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling javelins sung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung;
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:
To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below:
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower;
Heavy and thick resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driven,
The frantic Asius thus accuses Heaven:
"In powers immortal who shall now believe?
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man could doubt but Troy's victorious power
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Darkening the rock, while with unwearied wings
They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the Fates?"

These empty accents mingled with the wind;
Nor Jove's great Jove's unalterable mind;
To godlike Hector, and his matchless might,
Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight,
Like deeds of arms through all the forts were try'd,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the stony showers were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms, appear'd.
The spirit of a god my breast inspire,
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First Damasus, by Polypœtes' steel
Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath,
Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death:
First through the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword;
Antiphates, as through the ranks he broke,
The falchion struck, and fate pursued the stroke;
Iämenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.

Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
By Heaven alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.

Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;
A bleeding serpent of enormous size,
His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circle wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the Heavens with cries:
Amidst the host the falling serpent lies.
They, pale with terrour, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke:

"How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well-meant, and sentiments sincere!
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that power which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;
For sure, to warn us Jove his omen sent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize;
Thus though we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Though these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed,
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise;
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies."

To him then Hector with disdain return'd:
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)
"Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong:
Or, if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
Sure Heaven resumes the little sense it lent.
What coward counsels would thy madness move,
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the favouring god,
These shall I slight? and guide my wavering mind
By wandering birds, that flit with every wind?
Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
Or where the suns arise, or where descend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.
Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.
But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success?
None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,
Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
Troy and her sons may find a general grave,
But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
Spread their cold poison through our soldiers' breasts,
My javelin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart."

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,
Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide:

He fills the Greeks with terrour and dismay,
And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
While these they undermine, and those they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
Greece on her rampart stands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
The generous impulse every Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.
" Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endued with force or art;
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand; and those who faint, excite;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again."
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the stones descend in heavier showers.
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:
The circling seas alone, absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.
Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Ponderous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
And, while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.
So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
Descends a lion on the flocks below;
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
Then, casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:
" Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound;
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd;
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous powers above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give to grace:
The first in valour, as the first in place:
That when with wondering eyes our martial band
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
' Such,' they may cry, ' deserve the sovereign state,
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!'
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!"
He said; his words the listening chief inspire
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior fire.
The troops pursue their leaders with delight
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld
Threatening the fort, and blackening in the field:
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert the approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields:
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heaven trembles, roar the mountains, thunder the ground.
Then thus to Thoös—" Hence with speed,
" And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But, if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe."
Swift as the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng,
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
" Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid," said Thoös, " Peleus' son demands,
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe."
Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war:

"Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to complete the day"—
Then, with his seven-fold shield, he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like some black tempest gathering round the towers;
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls, a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and swung it round; then, toss'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thundering down,
The ponderous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmuring to the shades the soul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with generous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmäon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore;
Down sinks the warrior with a thundering sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and every nerve applies;
It shakes; the ponderous stones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears, the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his javelin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
Then, rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms:
"O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?
Your former fame and ancient virtue lost!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain;
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all."
This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew:
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And, fix'd, support the weight of all the war;
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As, on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;
They tug, they sweat; but neither gain or yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obstinate to death they fight, they fall;
Nor these can keep, nor those can win, the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods,
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)
Till, pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight, nor this, nor that, descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries:
"Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!"
They hear, they run; and, gathering at his call,
Raise scaling-engines, and ascend the wall:
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A ponderous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days;
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
Then, thundering through the planks with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a god, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly;
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS; THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS.

NEPTUNE, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks, who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus; this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes; till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eighth and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the thunderer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host;
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray,
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day;
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light:
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days;
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is given,
While his high law suspends the powers of Heaven.
Mean-time the monarch[1] of the watery main
Observ'd the thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sate; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen,
The crowded ships, and sable seas between.

[1] Neptune.

There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerg'd, he sate; and mourn'd his Argives slain,
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
The forest shakes! Earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs enfold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way;
And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly:
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay,
The father of the floods pursues his way;
Where, like a tempest darkening Heaven around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd as Hector rush'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barbarous cry,
The Heavens re-echo, and the shores reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, rising from the seas profound
The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.
"'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh, recollect your ancient worth and praise:
'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works though Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength; but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his sire.
If yet some heavenly power your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet remain:
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain."
Then with his sceptre, that the deep controls,
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly soul.
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.
Th' inspiring god, Oïleus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:
"Some god, my friend, some god in human form
Favouring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god;
Ev'n now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!"
"With equal ardour" (Telamon returns)
"My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns:
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart.
Singly, methinks, yon towering chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet."
Full of the god that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune mean-while the routed Greeks inspir'd,
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deïpyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the god the martial fire awakes:
"Oh, lasting infamy! oh, dire disgrace,
To chiefs of vigorous youth and manly race!
I trusted in the gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no!—the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heavens! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frighted fawns, from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to every savage of the wood:
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice;
The purchase infamy, and life the price?
'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust,
Must you be cowards if your king's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death,
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall."
These words the Grecians fainting hearts inspire,
And listening armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:
So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes,
The god of war had own'd a just surprise.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And, levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain: [prov'd,
There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their falchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
"Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Through yon square body, and that black array.
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scattering power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heavenly bosom warms,
The first of gods, this day inspires our arms."
He said, and rous'd the soul in every breast;
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but, marching, held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)
The glittering javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
The Greek, retreating, mourn'd his frustrate blow;
And curs'd the treacherous lance that spar'd a foe:
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.
Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.

By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in generous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:
With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a shining javelin fled:
He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a javelin flung;
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
Repuls'd, he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line
(Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine)
Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.
The god of ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
And pierc'd with sorrow for his grandson slain[2],
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
His pensive brow the generous care exprest
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issued from his tent,
Fierce for the fight; to whom the god begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:
"Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost?"
To whom the king: "On Greece no blame be thrown,
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own,
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor fear withholds, nor shameful sloth detains:
'Tis Heaven, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home,
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh, my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms or counsels, now perform thy best,
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest."
Thus he; and thus the god, whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
"Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine:
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight."
This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
From thence, two javelins glittering in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of Heaven declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he questions: "Ever best of friends!
O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
On some important message art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
And glows with prospects of th' approaching fray."
"O prince!" (Meriones replies) "whose spear
Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war,
This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield,
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield."
To whom the Cretan: "Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give,
Spears I have store (and Trojan lances all)
That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
And thence these trophies and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold."
"Nor vain," said Merion, "are our martial toils,
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.
But those my ship contains; whence, distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee."
To this, Idomeneus: "The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
And were some ambush for the foes design'd
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind.
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confest,
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes

[2] Amphimachus,

A dropping sweat creeps cold on every part,
Against his bosom beats his quivering heart;
Terrour and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chattering teeth he stands, and stiffening hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair!
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenour of his breast,
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.
"In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And every art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back."
Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And, breathing slaughter, follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain
(The wide destroyer of the race of man.)
Terrour, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegyians, and Ephyrian arms;
Invok'd by both, relentless, they dispose
To these glad conquest, murderous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horrour o'er the plain.
Then first spake Merion: "Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend."
"Not in the centre," Idomen reply'd:
"Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame:
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth;
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground:
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die."
He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore.
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From different quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driven,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd Heaven.
All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breast-plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields;
Tremendous scene! that general horrour gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
And crowds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
The sire of Earth and Heaven, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the king of Heaven with stern disdain,
And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and Heaven their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In war and discord's adamantine chain,
Indissolubly strong; the fatal tye
Is stretch'd on both, and, close-compell'd, they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats gray,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
The king consented, but the fates refus'd.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan javelin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to Hell:
His arms resounded as the boaster fell.
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
"And thus," he cries, "behold thy promise sped!
Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies:
There hear what Greece has on her part to say."
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His crowded coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd courser lay.

He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.
Stabb'd at the sight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caus'd to glance
From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)
He lay collected in defensive shade;
O'er his safe head the javelin idly sung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the spear the vigorous arm confest,
And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast:
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The chief, his people's guardian now no more!
"Not unattended," (the proud Trojan cries)
"Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies:
For thee though Hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade."
Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most,
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend:
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
His honour'd body to the tented shore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe, whom Heaven and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He sees Alcathoüs in the front aspire:
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire:
His spouse Hippodamè, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and every work of art:
He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet, bent to meet
His fate, he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete,
Fixt as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.
Before the ponderous stroke his corselet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
His labouring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound;
Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain;
"Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er spacious Crete and her bold sons I reign,
And thence my ships transport me through the main:
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line."
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the king of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force; at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed,
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought:
For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he sought;
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and said:
"Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend!
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe."
Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrours, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the bristly honours rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes;
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
So stood Idomeneus, his javelin shook,
And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the god of war,
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To these the warrior sent his voice around:
"Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life."
He spoke; and all as with one soul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
Around the chief. Æneas too demands
Th' assisting forces of his native lands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
In order follow all th' embodied train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads,
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle rose;
On every side the steely circle grows;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.
Above the rest two towering chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here,

Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Œnomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke,
The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears.)
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course;
In standing fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd slow steps he drags from off the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast:
The javelin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sate;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and fate.
Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glittering prize;
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waist the pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the lessening thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.
Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and Heaven and Earth resound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;
His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager javelin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for, clos'd by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield, emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age.)
In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
Fac'd every foe, and every danger sought;
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind,
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending, he fell, and doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
While death's strong pangs distend his labouring side;
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The spear, the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize;
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
Raging with grief, great Menelaüs burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns:
That shook the ponderous lance, in act to throw;
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand.
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.
Behold! Pisander, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaüs! to enhance thy fame;
High-towering in the front, the warrior came.
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown,
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discouraged, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield:
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held
An olive's clouny grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade);
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropt nodding to the plain below,

Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell;
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and, loud-exulting, said:
"Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A princess rapt transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance, or the fear, of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man! supremely wise!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight."

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew:
Harpalion had through Asia travel'd far,
Following his martial father to the war;
Through filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companion's arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed;
And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd;
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race;
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent;
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field;)
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he [3] that shakes the solid Earth, gave aid.
But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd;
Where first the gates were forc'd and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
There join'd the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epæan force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong th' Epeian bands control'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line:
Iphiclus's son; and that (Oïleus) thine:
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;
He dwelt far distant from his native place,
By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exil'd for her brother slain)
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
Mixt with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war:
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare through the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share;
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' seven-fold shield;
Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
Tir'd with incessant slaughters of the fight.
No following troops his brave associate grace:
In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the javelin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling;
Dextrous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky,
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scattering orders open to the shower.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But sage Polydames, discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
"Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;

[3] Neptune.

To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And every art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well?
Content with what the bounteous gods have given,
Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of Heaven.
To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet music, and the charm of song;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind;
Their guardians these the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless.
If Heaven have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best:
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall!
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain!
And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain!
Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things,
Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)
To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks and yet o'erlooks the plains!"

The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd his clanging arms resound.
"To guard this post," (he cried) "thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day."

This said; the towering chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear.
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay;
High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd:
"Ill-fated Paris! slave to woman-kind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate;
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods; [gods,
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all."

When Paris thus: "My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But, 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the gods alone."

These words the hero's angry mind assuage;
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood.
Palmus, with Polypætes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day; the next engag'd in war.)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps;
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before, [shore:
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the
Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light;
Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
Before him flaming, his enormous shield
Like the broad Sun, illumin'd all the field:
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrours round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The towering Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd:
"Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thundering Jove we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly given,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heaven.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city and your god-built wall
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long unmeasur'd ruin round:
The time shall come, when, chas'd along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desperate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame."

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise, [skies:
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the
Far echoing clamours bound from side to side:
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd:
"From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster; doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the gods on Hector life bestow,
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,

But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn)
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious; if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant corpse extended on the shore,
Shall largely feed the fowls with fat and gore."
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his following host: the Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore Heaven's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

NESTOR, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence: which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic circle of Venus. She then applies herself to the god of sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle. Several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

But nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend:
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
"What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mixt events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet;
Here with the cordial draught, dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strengthening bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
While I th' adventures of the day explore."
He said, and seizing Thrasymedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;
(That day, the son his father's buckler bore)
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps;
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,
To join the host, or to the general haste;
Debating long, he fixes on the last:
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming falchions flash, the javelins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet:
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand:
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length; beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor:
Who landed first lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the general of the host addrest:
"O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In every Greek a new Achilles rise?"
Gerenian Nestor then: "So fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from th' aërial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
E'en to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to Heaven ascend.
On speedy measures then employ your thought,
In such distress. If counsel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls excite;
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight."
To him the monarch: "That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now Heaven, averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.

Better from evils, well foreseen to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun."
Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
"What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue, and timorous heart.
Oh, were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sovereign sway
The bandied legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a general's voice that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies,
Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying, with despair shall see;
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.
"Thy just reproofs" (Atrides calm replies)
"Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to leave this hateful coast.
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught more conducive to our weal, unfold."
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
"Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it; and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Œnides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall;
With three bold sons was generous Protheüs blest,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possest;
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpast
The rest in courage) Œneus was the last.
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend; and in the son, respect the sire:
Though sore of battle, though with wounds oppress
Let each go forth, and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war."
He added not: the listening kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Prest in his own, the general's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
"Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But Heaven forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,
Driven heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy."
He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew;
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield,
When twice ten thousand shake the labouring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thundering sound
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grizzly war appears a pleasing sight.
Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow
High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid;
But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:
Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
Through Heaven, through Earth, and all th' aërial way;
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breath'd of Heaven, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold,
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants trembic in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant with majestic pace,

Forth from the dome th' imperial goddess moves,
And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.
" How long" (to Venus thus apart she cried)
" Shall human strife celestial minds divide?
" Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?"
" Let Heaven's dread empress" (Cytherea said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd."
" Then grant me" (said the queen) " those conquering charms,
That power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of Heaven with sacred fires!
" For lo, I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper Heaven to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main:
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again;
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has owed, repay their rage?"
She said. With awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill, and high embroidery grac'd.
In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire.
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This, on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smile she took the charm; and smiling prest
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever pleasing shore,
O'er Hemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
" Sweet pleasing Sleep!" (Saturnia thus began)
" Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O power of slumbers! hear, and favour still:
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine:
The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please."
" Imperial dame," (the balmy power replies)
" Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
O'er other gods I spread my easy chain;
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's aweful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since, too venturous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand:
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main,
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore;
Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
(The friend of Earth and Heaven) her wings display'd;
Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.
" Vain are thy fears," (the queen of Heaven replies)
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)
"Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son?
Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
The youngest grace, Pasithaë the divine."
" Swear then," (he said) " by those tremendous floods
That roar through Hell, and bind th' invoking gods
Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of Hell;
That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest grace, Pasithaë the divine."
The queen assents; and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the sable subtartarean powers,
And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.
Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,
Through air, unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide,
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills;)
Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod;
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighbouring skies;
Dark in embowering shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night.
(Chalcis his name by those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Cymidis by the race of Earth.)
To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The god, whose lightning sets the Heavens on fire,
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms,
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke:
" Why comes my goddess from th' etherial sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh?"
Then she—" I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
The reverend Ocean and gray Tethys reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years:
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.

The steeds, prepar'd my chariots to convey
O'er earth and seas, and through th' aerial way,
Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells."
"For that" (said Jove) "suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.
Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heavenly love:
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame
Whence rose Perithous like the gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came)
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latonia's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire."
He spoke: the goddess with the charming eyes
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
"Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height
Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight;
Our joy profan'd by each familiar eye,
The sport of Heaven, and fable of the sky.
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
Or mix among the senate of the gods?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All Heaven beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire."
She ceas'd; and, smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
"Nor god nor mortal shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold;
Not ev'n the Sun, who darts through heaven his rays,
And whose broad eye th' extended Earth surveys."
Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the goddess threw.
Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers:
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread
And clustering lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal'd the heavenly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length, with love and sleep's soft power oppprest,
The panting thunderer nods, and sinks to rest.
Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the god:
"Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes."

Thus having said, the power of slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And towering in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus—"Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
This half-recover'd day, shall Troy obtain?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
Lo, still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms.
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
The ponderous targe be wielded by the strong.
(Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay:
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way."
The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The kings, though wounded, and opprest with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flashing through the frighted skies.
Clad in his might, th' earth-shaking power appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.
Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god:
And lo! the god and wondrous man appear:
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring Main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks: and form'd a watery wall
Around the ships; seas hanging o'er the shores,
Both armies join: Earth thunders, Ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
Roar through the woods, and make whole forests fall;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour:
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driven,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding Heaven.
The first bold javelin urg'd by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
(One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
A ponderous stone upheaving from the sand,
(Where heaps, laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
Tost round and round, the missive marble flings;
On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;

Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrours of th' Almighty hand!
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
His following shield the fallen chief overspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His loud of armour sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field: a dead, and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;
And thicker javelins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
He lies protected, and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
With covering shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful followers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear!
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With watery drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flowery ground,
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax first his javelin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Nëis bore
Amidst her flocks, on Satnio's silver shore)
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.
Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear;
The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth and grasps the bloody dust.
"Lo thus" (the victor cries) "we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Prompt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!"
He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he lanch'd his piercing steel:
The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;
But fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath;
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart.
Swift to perform Heaven's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.
"Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!"
(The towering Ajax loud insulting cries)
"Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son."
He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
He pierc'd his heart—"Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall;
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate.
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate."
Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care.
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove through the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
The lance, yet striking through the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:
"Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such, as the house of Promachus must know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn."
Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly;
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What chief, what hero, first embrued the field?
Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
And whose blest trophies will ye raise to fame?
Thou first, great Ajax, on th' ensanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaüs' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound:
But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

JUPITER awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Grecks. He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions: she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall; the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek and horrour in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Grecks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midst the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wandering to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno spoke:
"O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering squadrons from the field.
Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our power immense, and brave th' almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son:
When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast,
Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love."
The thunderer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:
"By every oath that powers immortal ties,
The foodful Earth, and all-infolding skies;
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below;
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain!
By his own ardour, his own pity, sway'd
To help his Grecks, he fought, and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels given,
And taught submission to the sire of Heaven."
"Think'st thou with me? fair empress of the skies!"
(Th' immortal father with a smile replies)
"Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the sea-god to his watery reign:
While Phœbus hastes, great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war;
His labouring bosom re-inspires with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece, chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise:
And lo! that instant god-like Hector dies. [turns,
From that great hour the war's whole fortune
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns:
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heavenly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a god
I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
Such was our word, and fate the word obeys."
The trembling queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to Heaven.
As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er,
In thought, a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of gods.
There sat the powers in awful synod plac'd;
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
Through all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen; the nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?
To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies:
"Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will,

Go thou, the feasts of Heaven attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies."
The goddess said, and sullen took her place;
Black horrour sadden'd each celestial face.
To see the gathering grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy exprest;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
Sat stedfast care, and lowering discontent.
Thus she proceeds—"Attend, ye powers above!
But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:
Supreme he sits: and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey:
Fierce in the majesty of power controls;
Shakes all the thrones of Heaven, and bends the poles.
Submiss, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own."
Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun:
"Thus then, immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The god of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, though the thunder, bursting o'er my head,
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead."
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid coursers for the fight:
Then, grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driven,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of Heaven;
But Pallas, springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said:
"By what wild passion, furious! art thou tost?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the thunderer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the host of Heaven?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state,
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.
Why should Heaven's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?"
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the god of day.
"Go wait the thunderer's will," Saturnia cry'd,
"On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide:
There in the father's awful presence stand,
Receive, and execute his dread command."
She said, and sat: the god that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hill they came
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game);
There sat th' eternal; he, whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady pole
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round:
Well-pleas'd the thunderer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the goddess of the showery bow:
"Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was given,
And is there equal to the lord of Heaven?"
Th' almighty spoke; the goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows,
Drive thro' the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls:
"Attend the mandate of the sire above;
In me behold the messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This, if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heaven's omnipotence descend in arms?
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all power is given?
And art thou equal to the lord of Heaven?"
"What means the haughty sovereign of the skies?"
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
"Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high
No vassal god, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, Earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry pole,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this Earth, in common lie,
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be given.
The trembling, servile, second race of Heaven."
"And must I then," said she, "O sire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are given,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Heaven."
"Great is the profit," (thus the god rejoin'd)
"When ministers are blest with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, though angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.

If yet, forgetful of his promise given
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of Heaven;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last."
Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
The lord of thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light:
"Behold! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe; whose earthquakes rock the world;
Desists at length his rebel war to wage,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
Else had my wrath, Heaven's thrones all shaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;
And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of Hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar'd;
Ev'n power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm;
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
Fly to their ships, and Hellespont again:
Then Greece shall breathe from toils"—The god-head said;
His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they past away.
To whom the god who gives the golden day:
"Why sits great Hector from the field so far?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war?"
The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:
"What blest immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And Hell's black horrours swim before my eye."
To him Apollo: "Be no more dismay'd;
See, and be strong! the thunderer sends thee aid.
Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious still to thee, and Troy.
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery coursers way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea."
Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood;
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His main dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies:
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again:
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the god; and all his hosts pursue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
Close in the rock (not fated yet to die);
When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
They fly: at once the chasers and the prey.
So Greece, that late in conquering troops pursued,
And mark'd their progress thro' the ranks in blood,
Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.
Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force:
Skill'd to direct the javelin's distant flight,
And bold to combat in the standing fight;
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
Than winning words and heavenly eloquence.
"Gods! what portent," he cry'd, "these eyes invades?
Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
We saw him, late, by thundering Ajax kill'd:
What god restores him to the frighted field;
And, not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand:
The Greeks' main body to the fleet command;
But let the few, whom brisker spirits warm,
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear."
The warrior spoke, the listening Greeks obey,
Thickening their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came towering to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock, the clamours rise
From different parts, and mingle in the skies.
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
These drink the life of generous warriors slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
Sat doubtful Conquest hovering o'er the field;
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horrour seizes every Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confest.
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.

Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
First great Arcesilas, then Stichius, bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;
This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapless Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Though born of lawless love: from home expell'd,
A banish'd man, in Phylacè he dwell'd,
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
Mecystes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius, great Agenor slew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall,
Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall.
While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic Death.
On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night;
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
Points to the fleet: "For, by the gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies!
No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour."
Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Push'd at the bank: down sunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late-impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
The wondering crowds the downward level trod;
Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the god.
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Easy, as when ashore the infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confus'd, and weary all the powers with prayer;
Exhort their men with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:
"O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious god!
This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name."
Thus pray'd the sage: th' eternal gave consent,
And peals of thunder shook the firmament:
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in watery mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each side arise:
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies,
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
And labouring armies round the works engag'd;
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he exprest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
"Though yet thy state requires redress," (he cries)
"Depart I must: what horrours strike my eyes!
Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.
Perhaps some favouring god his soul may bend;
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend."
He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the ward behind.
Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain!
Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels every part;
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were tried,
And every ship sustain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-towering o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and godlike Hector meet;
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thundering he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
"Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space:
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies!"
This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies a lifeless load along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight;

"Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care,
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd, to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
Where are those darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow, which Phœbus taught to bend?"
Impatient Teucer, hastening to his aid,
Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
Drove through the thickest of th' embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind:
Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.
Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
Th' all-wise disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;
Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries,
"Some god prevents our destin'd enterprise;
Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart."
"Since Heaven commands it," (Ajax made reply)
"Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by,
(Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield)
And quit the quiver for the ponderous shield;
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain,
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
Shall find its match—no more: 'tis ours to fight."
Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulders ty'd;
On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields: and his great brother joins.
This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy:
"Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours.
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!"
This rous'd the soul in every Trojan breast.
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addrest:
"How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To generous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates;
And better far, in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour, or our life;
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands."
The listening Grecians feel their leader's flame.
And every kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of the Epian band,
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew,
(That valued life, O Phœbus, was thy care);
But Crœsmus' bosom took the flying spear:
His corpse fell bleeding on the slippery shore;
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well-known in fight on Selle's winding shore;
For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale);
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Through Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage through the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thundering sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain:
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when, oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war;

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For this, in Priam's court, he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:
"Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies;
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on—a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her towery height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall."
Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus—"Oh Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual reverence mutual warmth inspire,
And each from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame."
His generous sense he not in vain imparts!
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts;
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause:
"Is there," (he said) "in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed."
He said; and backward to the lines retir'd;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thundering he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize:
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While, conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The sire of gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing hands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single every prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveless as a tower
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the watery mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall,
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on every wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.
As when a lion rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes:
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and slays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew:
Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
Against Alcides, Corpreus was his sire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as generous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In every virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;
Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.
Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Throng'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desperate band.

Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight;
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.
" O friends! be men: your generous breasts inflame
With equal honour, and with mutual shame?
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, share:
Think of each living father's reverend head:
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day."
He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And show'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size:
A ponderous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around;
Nor fights, like others, fixt to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the watery mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city through the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew,
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan crowd:
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And, stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores,
Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them; and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their generous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poise the lance or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man, they grow:
Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
With streaming blood the slippery shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command:
" Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd! and the day desir'd appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a timorous throng
Of reverend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms:
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires."
He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (so thick the javelins fly)
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.
" O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend;
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands."
Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his javelin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
Against the sable ships, with flaming brands,
So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead;
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of Hell.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT.

THE SIXTH BATTLE: THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

PATROCLUS (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with

Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it; but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies. Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best-belov'd:
"Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?
"Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.
"Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim!
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share."
A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke:
"Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek, and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! every chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.
Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
"May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hopes redress?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
"O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever amorous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
A soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.
If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again."
Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply:
"Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage: [gage,
I made him tyrant: gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it, and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear;
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your general calls his heroes on;
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain:
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost.
Rage uncontrol'd through all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Though Jove in thunder should command the war;
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear:
The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chase,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;

Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy;
Some god, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
Do her own work; and leave the rest to fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove,
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive;
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy th' accursed town!" [strand
Such conference held the chiefs! while on the
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung; [goes;
His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes and
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.
Say, Muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector wav'd his sword: and standing near
Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:
His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;
Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.
Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
"Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops"—the hero said;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
He cas'd his limbs in brass; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
The flamy cuirass, of a thousand dyes:
Emblaz'd with studs of gold his falchion shone
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' javelin stands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his sire;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged coursers harness'd to the car;
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:
Swift Pedasus was added to their side
(Once great Aëtion's, now Achilles' pride)
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
A grim terrific formidable band:
Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the
wood, [blood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for
more.
Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful
view.
High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had lanch'd from Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.
First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Spirchius! Jove-descending flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a god.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, sly Cyllenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The god pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heavenly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echecleüs, blest in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was grac'd;
Laërces valiant offspring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
"Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats ye dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
'Stern son of Pelus!' (thus ye us'd to say,
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)
'Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;
Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field;
If that dire fury must for ever burn,
What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!'
Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve no
more.
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!"
Thus while he rous'd the fire in every breast,
Close, and more close, the listening cohorts prest;

Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thickening work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glittering pomp appear,
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But, mindful of the gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame).
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the powers divine,
But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a space
His eyes on Heaven, his feet upon the place
Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the god implor'd:

"O thou Supreme! high thron'd all height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonæan Jove!
Who, 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill;
(Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze:)
Hear, as of old! thou gav'st, at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield;
Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd;
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
Press'd by his single force, let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to those eyes again."

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But Heaven's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet, was granted to his prayer;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and with a general cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamour, and so keen their arms;
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:

"Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save."

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship which bore
Unblest Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood
(Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood);
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground,
His troops that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires:
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies:
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
So, when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
O'er Heaven's expanse like one black cieling spread,
Sudden the thunderer, with a flashing ray,
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day:
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests, strike the eyes;
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
And all th' unmeasur'd ether flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Fore'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now every Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost bold Patroclus flew;
As Arielycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone;
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkness and in death the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground.
Furious he flies, his murderer to engage;
But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below:
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er;
And vents his soul, effus'd with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed;
Amisodarus, who, by furies led,
The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimera bred;
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.

Stopp'd in the tumult, Cleobulus lies
Beneath Oïleus' arm; a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood;
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies;
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus, came;
In vain their javelins at each other flew,
Now met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
On the plum'd crest of his Bœotian foe,
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.
O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds, [steeds;
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mounts his
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel:
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore, [gore:
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.
As when the flocks, neglected by the swain,
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.
But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd:
Still pointed at his breast his javelin flam'd:
The Trojan chief experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken Heaven with storms,
Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the Sun, and blots the golden skies:
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire flight and terrour drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of disarray
The fiery coursers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd:
Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their yokes:
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
Clouds rise on clouds, and Heaven is snatch'd from sight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
Where horse, and arms, and chariots lie o'er-
And bleeding heroes under axles groan. [thrown,
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
High bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car [war,
Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,
Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
And Earth is loaden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cause;)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear;
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The javelin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed javelin bore
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the ponderous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of Hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps: a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Groveling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms:
"Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly."
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountains' height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry:
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus, oppos'd in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat: whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his sister and his queen:

"The hour draws on; the destinies ordain,
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain;
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war;
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?"
Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes:
"What words are these? O sovereign of the skies!
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murmuring powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
And, when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let sleep and death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live."
She said; the cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping Heavens
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field: [distill'd
The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear:
From strong Patroclus's hand the javelin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The generous Pedasus of Theban breed;
Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slippery ground.
His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with the sword, and freed
Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart:
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart;
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground:
Thus fell the king; and, laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood; [the wood.
Deep groans, and hollow roars, re-bellow through
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying chief address'd his last command:
"Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die."
He ceas'd; the fates suppress'd his labouring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then, ('twas all he could) he pray'd:
"All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart;
Oh hear me! god of every healing art!
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots through every vein,
I stand, unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O god of health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
To lead my Lycians, and support the fight."
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heavenly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart:
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms:
With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector, he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:
"What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those generous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,

Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:
All let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost."

He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A host of heroes, and outshin'd them all.
Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And, rousing Ajax, rous'd the listening bands:
"Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead." [spread,

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrours of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night;
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls;
Who, chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,
Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
Oh generous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;
So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspir'd.
Then Bathyclæus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age;
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain:
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain; [plain,
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the
And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose;
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of *Jove*, and honour'd *like his god.*
Between the jaw and ear the javelin went;
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.

His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who, stooping forward, from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
"Swift as thou art" (the raging hero cries)
"And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground."

"Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!"
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
"Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be given,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from Heaven:
This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast;
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost."

"O friend," (Menœtius' son this answer gave)
"With words to combat, ill befits the brave;
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of Hell.
To speak, beseems the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war."

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on every side:
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heavenly form defac'd with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose.
On every side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again,

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.
Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
And stretch'd him breathless on his slaughter'd son;
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horrour of the fight,
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms; and, that his last of days
Shall set in glory, bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended see the shades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall,

(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne;
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus, in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove:
"Descend, my Phœbus, on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood;
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs celestial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death.
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give!"
Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore;
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and drest
His manly members in th' immortal vest;
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the god's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins.
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Against what fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain;
For he, the god, whose counsels uncontrol'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.
Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last, beneath thy vengeance, press'd the plain;
When Heaven itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Autonoüs then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds:
Epistor, Melanippus, bite the ground:
The slaughter, Elasus and Mulius crown'd:
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.
Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power,
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook:
He try'd the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
"Patroclus! cease; this heaven-defended wall
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand:
Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand."
So spoke the god who darts celestial fires;
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold and young.)
Thus he accosts him: "What a shameful sight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And Heaven ordains him by thy lance to bleed."
So spoke th' inspiring god; then took his flight,
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war:
The god the Grecians' sinking souls deprest,
And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below!
The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head,
The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound:
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck, from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides;
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
"Good Heavens! what active feats yon artist
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes! [shows!
Mark with what ease thy sink into the sand!
Pity, that all their practice is by land!"
Then, rushing forward on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles
And from his fatal courage finds his bane. [slain;
At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two fordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright,
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan;
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
Darts shower'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driven
His fervid orb through half the vault of Heaven;
While on each host with equal tempest fell
The showering darts, and numbers sunk to Hell.

But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
Then, from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press, like Mars himself, he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
The last, black remnant of so bright a line;
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
Death calls, and Heaven allows no longer day!
For lo! the god, in dusky clouds enshrin'd
Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,
That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.
His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldric strows the field:
The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes:
Loose is each joint: each nerve with horrour shakes.
Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;
Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood:
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear;
Retires for succour to his social train,
And flies the fate, which Heaven decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues:
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, Earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;
At length the sovereign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
"Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The fancy'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought, those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made:
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Though much at parting that great chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day.
'Return not, my brave friend', (perhaps he said)
'Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.'
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped."
Supine and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies:
"Vain boaster! cease, and know the powers divine:
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heaven is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
And Heaven itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I; [nigh;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws
Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand."
He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Then Hector, pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead:
"From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of Heaven?"
Pensive he said; then pressing, as he lay,
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;
And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove:
Th' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS; THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a slight; who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles de-

plore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus' death, then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with generous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend:
"This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine."
The Trojan thus; the Spartan monarch burn'd
With generous anguish, and in scorn return'd:
"Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar; (those terrours of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conquering steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell;
Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late."
Unmov'd Euphorbus thus: "That action known,
Come, from my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed:
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe;
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let Heaven decide our fortune, fame, and life."
Swift as the word the missile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide through the neck appears the grizzly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high Heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the towering victor flies:
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire,
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize
(In Mentes' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war):
"Forbear," he cry'd, "with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' coursers, of etherial race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!"
Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul: through all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and instant view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbrued,
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
And send his voice in thunder to the skies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
"Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
Or, singly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where such partial favour Heaven bestow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the god:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to Heaven, I yield.
Yet, nor the god, nor Heaven, should give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus."—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
A sable scene! the terrours Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and, sighing, quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd;
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And through the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
Where, labouring on the left, the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;

There breathing courage, where the god of day
Had sunk each heart with terrour and dismay.
To him the king: "Oh, Ajax! oh, my friend!
Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas, we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize."
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But soon (as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield)
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.
Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind, he stood:
Thus, in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow
lowers.
Past by his side the generous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
"Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect.
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your
walls,
While unrevenged the great Sarpedon falls?
E'en where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart,
(Such, as should burn in every soul, that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause;)
E'en yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcase to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms and honour'd corse again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles, and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'st not meet the terrours of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly."
The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:
"Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, through yon squadron let us hew the way,
And thou be witness, if I fear today:
If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero can defend the dead."
Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
"Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine."
He strode along the field, as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As first to Peleus by the court of Heaven:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glittering from afar,
The god, whose thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity, as apart he sate,
And conscious look'd through all the scene of
fate.
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the godhead said:
"Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what fates attend?
In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away:
For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears, to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!"
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
That seals his word; the sanction of the god.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command dispos'd)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud, through all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inspires;
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs, fires;
The great Thesilochus like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
"Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighbouring nations, or of distant lands!
'Twas not for state we summon'd you so fur,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;

Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
To save our present, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame."
Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what number shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead?
Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
"Our fatal day, alas! is come, (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all."
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound:
"Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whose hand is given
The rule of men; whose glory is from Heaven!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach so far,
All, whom I see not through this cloud of war;
Come all! let generous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy."
Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band,
With brazen shields, in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.
The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain;
Repuls'd, they yield, the Trojans seize the slain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon
(Ajax, to Peleus' son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame;)
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore:
So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcase through the war;
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted through the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed:
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest and horse-hair strow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
Now lies, a sad companion of the dead:
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of Hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies:
The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on,
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind:
In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep transpiercing thro' the shoulder stood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as slain Hippothoüs he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke:
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight,
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and, with prudence, bold).
Thus he—"What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To save your Troy, tho' Heaven its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the powers to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force th' unwilling god to ruin Troy."
Æneas, through the form assum'd, descries
The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries:
"O lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day!
A god (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms."
He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
The bold example all his host pursue.
Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vigorous force addrest,
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:

From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame.
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, or buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecian stood:
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands the fight to fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:
Fixt on the spot they war, and, wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thickening round them, rise the hills of dead.
Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wavering fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
The Sun, the Moon, and all th' etherial host
Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all Heaven's splendours blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head;
The golden Sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits, they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the sons of Nestor in the rear
(Their fellows routed) toss the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
But round the corpse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore:
So, tugging round the corpse both armies stood;
The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such horrour reign'd;
Such Jove, to honour the great dead, ordain'd.
Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than Heaven had destin'd to his friend;
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.
Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled;
"Curs'd be the man," (ev'n private Greeks would say)
"Who dares de-ert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving Earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost!"
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans rise,
"Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!"
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangours
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain:
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man or woman unreprov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:
"Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless, now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature, of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miserable race! but cease to mourn;
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy through the storm of war:
For yet 'tis given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
The Sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all."
He said; and, breathing in th' immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course;
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
The kindling chariot through the parted war:
So flies a vulture through the clamorous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distrest,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addrest:
"What god provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?

Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields."
"In happy time" (the charioteer replies)
"The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heavenly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine."
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
And call'd Æneas, fighting near his side:
"Lo, to my sight, beyond our hope, restor'd
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them through the fight:
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail."
The son of Venus to the counsel yields;
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds;
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance, not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
"Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes! and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies."
Then through the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. "Hither turn," (he said)
"Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet, mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove."
He spoke, and high the sounding javelin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art,
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a ponderous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground;
Thus fell the youth, the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep-rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibration spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
"Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice!
Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade!"
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore.
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid,
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the labourer flies;
In such a form the goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on Earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
"And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs, beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece, for future times to tell,
To thee, the greatest, in whose cause he fell!"
"O chief! oh father!" (Atreus' son replies)
"O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah! would Minerva send me strength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head."
Pleas'd to be first of all the powers addrest,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er!)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore,
(Bold son of air and heat!) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.
There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name,
With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And, ponderous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the god,
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main:) [in fame!
"Oh prince," (he cried) "oh foremost once
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaus yield,
A chief once thought no terrour of the field;
Yet singly, now, the long disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies!
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!"
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide, and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece. The flight Peneleus led:
For, as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And ras'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd through the wrist; and raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corselet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents, the lash applies,
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of Heaven descry'd,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:
"Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
He suffers every lance to fall in vain.
Deserted of the god, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corpse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce resc'u'd from their fates,
And still hear Hector thundering at their gates.
Some hero too must be dispatch'd, to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In general darkness—Lord of earth and air!
Oh king! oh father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of Heaven restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!"
With tears the hero spoke, and at his prayer
The god relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the Sun with all-enlightening ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight;
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides hastes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds:
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrours of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd, his train:
"O guard these relics, to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!"
So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and, sousing on the quivering hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight
Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the king: "Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
Thy eyes have witness'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles, how his lov'd one fell:
He too may haste the naked corpse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain."
The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
Then ran the mournful message to impart,
With tear-ful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands,
(Though sore distrest) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
"Gone is Antilochus" (the hero said)
"But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain;
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain,
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate."
"'Tis well," (said Ajax;) "be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corpse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it and have stood." The hero said;
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A general clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,

Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters drive the wounded boar;
But, if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins shower:
But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corpse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war;
Confusion, tumult, horrour, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
To whelm some city under waves of fire;
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;
The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;
Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
Th' enormous timber lumbering down the hill:
So these——Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
Thus, when a river swell'd with sudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interposing hill the stream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terrour and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horrour Jove imprest! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

THE ILIAD,

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the entrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent, on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

Thus, like the rage of fire, the combat burns!
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that fate design'd
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said: "Ah! what constrains
The Greeks late victors now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which Heaven so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he?
In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!"
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
"Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
Dead is Patroclus! for his corpse they fight,
His naked corpse; his arms are Hector's right."
A sudden horrour shot through all the chief,
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears.
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and, gathering round,
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the watery train,
The mother goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce (every watery name)
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came;

Cymothoë and Cymodocé were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope, appear,
Thoa, Perusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay;
Next Callianira, Callianassa, show
Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimmering grotto fill'd;
Each beat her ivory breast with silent woe,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow:
"Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain!
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a godlike hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I sent him: but the Fates ordain
He never, never must return again.
So short a space the light of Heaven to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart."
She said, and left the caverns of the main,
All bath'd in tears; the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
The immortal mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the silver-footed dame began:
"Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
The god has granted, and the Greeks distrest:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."
He, deeply groaning—"To this cureless grief
Not ev'n the thunderer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—say, goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
O hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the watery reign!
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men."
A flood of tears at this the goddess shed,
"Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'st."—"Let Hector die,
And let me fall!" (Achilles made reply)
"Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away;
Since, unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
Let me—But oh! ye gracious powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:
Far, far too dear to every mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul as honey to the taste;
Gathering like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and darkening all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.
Yes—I will meet the murderer of my friend;
Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun;
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear
With frantic hands her long dishevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—
In vain you hold me—Hence!—My arms, my arms!
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know Achilles swells the tide."
"My son," (cerulean Thetis made reply,
To fate submitting with a secret sigh)
"The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canst thou naked issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains;
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy generous ardour stay;
Assur'd I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms, (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god."
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train:
"Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:
So tell our hoary sire"—This charge she gave:
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urg'd to broad Hellespont their headlong course:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe through the tempest to the tented shore.

The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind;
And, like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again;
With fiercer shouts his lingering troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires:
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcase slain.
Ev'n yet Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day:
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
The various goddess of the showery bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame:
"Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends:
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corpse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame!)
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!"
"Who sends thee, goddess! from th' etherial skies?"
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies:
"I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
Th' immortal empress of the realms above;
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.
"Thou com'st in vain," he cries, (with fury warm'd)
"Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me, at the dawn of day,
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does, what his Achilles should have done."
"Thy want of arms" (said Iris) "well we know,
But though unarm'd, yet clad in terrours, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear:
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly."
She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose;
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distrest hang out the sign of war);
Soon as the Sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And Heaven's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangour sounds th' alarm of war,
Struck from the wall, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd;
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve, in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcase of the slain.
A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late triumphant, with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime, unweary'd with his heavenly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.
'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate;
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wise in council, one in action brave):
"In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while, engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the favouring night
Detains those terrours, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's Sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrours, we shall feel, nor fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If Heaven permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply:
Let us on counsel for our guard depend:
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.

Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down:
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town."
"Return?" (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
"What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'st thou dispirit whom the gods incite;
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;
'Tis better generously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on you navy we will pour our arms;
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger. I shall stand the fight.
Honour, ye gods! or let me gain, or give!
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!
Mars is our common lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall."
The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to chuse
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief, Pelides stood;
Those slaughtering arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp'd his clay cold limbs: then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desert, and demands his young:
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Returns late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
His clamorous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.
"In what vain promise, gods! did I engage,
When, to console Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor, designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
Me too a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side."
He spoke, and bade the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corpse, and wash each honour'd wound.
A massy caldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream:
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove:
"At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won.
"Say," (for I know not) "is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?" [plies,
"What words are these," (th' imperial dame re-
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
"Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second power above,
Heaven's queen, and consort of the thundering Jove,
Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?"
So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High eminent amid the works divine,
Where Heaven's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
There the lame architect the goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
That, plac'd on living wheels of massy gold
(Wondrous to tell!) instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
In moulds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Just as responsive to his thought the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Observ'd her entering! her soft hand she press'd,
And, smiling, thus the watery queen address'd:
"What, goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainty of the bower."
High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
And various artifice, the queen she plac'd:
A footstool at her feet; then, calling, said,
"Vulcan, draw near; 'tis Thetis asks your aid."
"Thetis," (reply'd the god) "our powers may claim
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name! [claim
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)

She and Eurynome my griefs redrest,
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys, I wrought.
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now, since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow."
Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.
Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire:
The monarch's steps two female forms uphold;
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science given
Of works divine, (such wonders are in Heaven!)
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sate;
There, plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the silver-footed dame:
"Thee, welcome goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey."
To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
"Oh, Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd, as mine?
Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the watery race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
The bravest sure that ever bore the name;
Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)
Nor I, a goddess, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppress
Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredrest.
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ;
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy.
Then, slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won:
Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more!"
To her the artist-god: "Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with those hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wondering ages, and the world's amaze!"
Thus having said, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There Earth, there Heaven, there Ocean, he design'd;
Th' unwearied Sun, the Moon completely round;
The starry lights that Heaven's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern Team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
There, in the forum swarm a numerous train,
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' oppointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands,
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The reverend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a prospect differing far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the gods, their radiant garments gold,

And gold their armour: these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glittering squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground;
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confest;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcases they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
A field deep-furrow'd next, the god design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every side:
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-shares cleave the soil:
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd:
And sable look'd, though form'd of molten gold.
Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
Here, stretch'd in ranks, the levell'd swarths are found, [ground,
Sheaves heap'd on sheaves here thicken up the
With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;
The gatherers follow, and collect in bands;
And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
The rustic monarch of the field descries,
In silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow;
A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glittering tin th' enclosure grace,
To this, one path-way gently-winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year,
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent through the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band,
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrours, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep through fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figur'd dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus; for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in soft cymars of linen dress;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest:
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths enroll'd;
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That, glittering gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around,
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And general songs the sprightly revel end.
Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires,
He forg'd the cuirass that outshines the fires.
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.
At Thetis feet the finish'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present through the skies.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies, on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till

the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentation for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred light)
Th' immortal arms the goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corpse; while all the rest
The sovereign's sorrows in their own exprest.
A ray divine her heavenly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said:
"Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heaven, that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd!
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god."
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn'd their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire;
He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
"Goddess!" (he cry'd) "these glorious arms, that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!
In whose wide wounds through which his spirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obscene pollute the dead?"
"That unavailing care be laid aside,"
(The azure goddess to her son reply'd)
"Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd, shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcase of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontrol'd in boundless war engage,
And Heaven with strength supply the mighty rage!"
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corpse. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went:
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terrour of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear;
These on the sacred seats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:
"Oh monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If, (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had dispatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart:
Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
And sad posterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the subject of debate,
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to fate:
Why should, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends; let war succeed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bled.
Now call the hosts, and try, if in our sight
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose."
He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmov'd, the king of men begun:
"Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause,
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Grecks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I against the will of Heaven?
Not by myself, but vengeful Até driven;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long festering wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the sire of men and gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alemena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal son:
To gods and goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
'From us' (he said) 'this day an infant springs.
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.'
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The thunderer, unsuspicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a god.
The joyful goddess from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She push'd her lingering infant into life;
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.

Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
'A youth,' (said she) 'of Jove's immortal kind,
Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
And claims thy promise to be king of kings.'
Grief seiz'd the thunderer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sate,
He snatch'd the fury-goddess of debate,
The dread, 'th' irrevocable oath he swore,
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driven
From bright Olympus and the starry Heaven:
Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the god his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errours of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:
This instant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war."
"O king of nations! whose superiour sway"
(Returns *Achilles*) "all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let every Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation what I act survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day."
The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
"Though, godlike, thou art by no toils opprest,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by generous wine and food:
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero through a single day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toil declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten every band;
But let the presents to Achilles made
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite)
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sovereign
might
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they
wrong'd."
To him the monarch: "Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee,
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heaven regard me as I justly swear!
Here then a while let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay:
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youths the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day."
"For this" (the stern Æacides replies)
"Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:
Those call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this instant, should commence the
fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let generous bowls
And copious banquets glad your weary souls.
Let not my palate know the taste of food,
Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
Interest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds."
"O first of Greeks," (Ulysses thus rejoin'd)
"The best and bravest of the warrior kind!
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
But old experience and calm wisdom mine,
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
Though vast the heaps that strow the crimson
plain,
The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
The scale of conquest ever wavering lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let generous food supplies of strength produce,
Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow.
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
If trembling in the ships he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy descend."
And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
To bear the presents from the royal tent.
The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creontian strain,
And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.
Swift as the word was given, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds:
And twice the number of high bounding steeds:
Seven captives next a lovely line compose;
The eighth Briseïs, like the blooming rose,

Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
First of the train, the golden talents bore:
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,
A splendid scene! then Agamemnon rose:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlass, sheath'd beside his sword:
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops, and offering meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
On Heaven's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
The solemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.
"Witness, thou first! thou greatest power above!
All-good, all-wise, and all-surviving Jove!
And mother Earth, and Heaven's revolving light,
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves!
If this be false, Heaven all its vengeance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!"
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground;
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: "Hear ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite!
Achilles waits you, and expects the fight."
The speedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles sought his tent. His train before [bore.
March'd onward; bending with the gifts they
Those in the tents the 'squires industrious spread:
The foaming coursers to the stalls they led;
To their new seats the female captives move:
Briseïs, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as she past, beheld with sad survey,
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay:
Prone on the body fell the heavenly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears she lifts, and thus she cries:
"Ah, youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay!
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
The first lov'd consort of my virgin-bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled!
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
The first, the dearest partner of his love;
That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land,
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!"
Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own:
The leaders press'd the chief on every side;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd:
"If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder Sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day."
He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face;
Yet still the brother kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control;
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
"Thou too, Patroclus!" (thus his heart he vents)
"Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Once staid Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquets but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) sink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might survive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care.
From Schyros isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain;
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air,
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hastening soul, and sinks him to the shades."
Sighing he said. His grief the heroes join'd;
Each stole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the sire of Heaven survey'd;
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid:
"Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
Lo, where yon sails their canvass wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have opprest,
Haste, and infuse ambrosia in his breast."
He spoke: and sudden, at the word of Jove,
Shot the descending goddess from above.
So swift through ether the shrill harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast.
With nectar sweet (refection of the gods!)
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issued from the ships the warrior train,
And, like a deluge, pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:
So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-glittering breast-plates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.

Full in the midst, high-towering o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;
Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the god.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire;
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth; and, furious with delay,
O'erlooks the embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.
The silver cuishes first his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldric ty'd,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;
And, like the Moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste, a light appears,
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.
The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Ponderous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side;)
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,
The ivory-studded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound,
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus, in th' etherial way,
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day:
High o'er the host all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:
"Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain
(Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain)
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care:
Through falling squadrons bear my slaughtering sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord."
The generous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,
When, strange to tell! (so Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.
"Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy raging safety through the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not through our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heavenly force;
The bright far-shooting god who gilds the day
(Confest we saw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand."
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd,
With unabated rage—"So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fate, to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—
Enough—when Heaven ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy!" he said, and rush'd to fight.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.

JUPITER, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrours of the battle described when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

Thus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;
While, near impending from a neighbouring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural power,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.

On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) sat the powers around.
Ev'n he[1] whose trident sways the watery reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the sire of men and gods:
" What moves the god who Heaven and Earth commands,
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole etherial state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met, the lowering hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war."
" 'Tis true," (the cloud-compelling power replies)
" This day, we call the council of the skies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate
Work out our will. Celestial powers! descend,
And, as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
If uncontrol'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
Assist them, gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, though fate forbids the fall."
He said, and fir'd their heavenly breasts with rage:
On adverse parts the warring gods engage.
Heaven's awful queen; and he whose azure round
Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire;
And Vulcan, the black sovereign of the fire!
These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
The vessels tremble as the gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus, came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terrour of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another god of war.
But when the powers descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terrours shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost towers:
Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid streams stood still.
Above, the sire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.

[1] Neptune.

Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods.
Such war th' immortals wage: such horrour rend
The world's vast concave, when the gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The god of arms his giant bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
Against Latona march'd the son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day,
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side)
Saturnia, majesty of Heaven, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;
Xanthus his name with those of heavenly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of Earth.
While thus the gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning through the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the god of battles with his blood.
Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded, to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aspect, seem'd the power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn
In distant threats he brav'd the goddess born.
Then thus the hero of Anchises strain:
"To meet Pelides, you persuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrnessus, Pedasus, in ashes lay;
But (Jove assisting) I survive'd the day;
Else had I sunk, oppress'd in fatal fight,
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the goddess shone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Th' immortals guard him through the dreadful plain
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were god my aid, this arm should check his power,
Though strong in battle as a brazen tower."
To whom the son of Jove: "That god implore
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heavenly Venus thou deriv'st thy strain,
And he, but from a sister of the main;
An aged sea-god father of his line,
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe."
This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
Through the thick troops th' emboldened hero prest:
His venturous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,
And thus, assembling all the powers, she said:
" Behold an action, gods, that claims your care
Lo great Æneas rushing to the war;

Against Pelides he directs his course,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let some power descend,
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of Heaven, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line;
But, lest some adverse god now cross his way,
Give him to know what powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When Heaven's refulgent host appear in arms?"

Thus she: and thus the god whose force can
The solid globe's eternal basis shake: [make
"Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene,
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' armipotent, or god of light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world."

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,
Cerulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here Neptune and the gods of Greece repair,
With clouds incompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
In circle close each heavenly party sate,
Intent to form the future scheme of fate;
But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the Heavens reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear
There, great Achilles, bold Æneas, here.
With towering strides Æneas first advanc'd,
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.
Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone:
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So, fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
"Why comes Æneas through the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The martial monarch may refuse the prize:
Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd some spacious track of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hill for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot;
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress staid;
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the gods this day restore.
Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threatening fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late."

To this Anchises' son: "Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame:
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each goddess-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis', this day, or Venus' offspring, dies,
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounded through the spacious Earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
(The city since of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
The richest once, of Asia's wealthy kings;
Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
These, lightly skimming when they swept the plain,
Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew:
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name
Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom Heaven, enamour'd, snatch to upper air
To bear the cup of Jove (etherial guest,
The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast).
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side;
From him Tithonius, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.

From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
Begat Anchises, and Anchises me.
Such is our race: 'tis Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
He, source of power and might! with boundless sway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong
(So voluble a weapon is the tongue)
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Cease then—Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove, our might.
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,
Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear."
He spoke. With all his force the javelin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-stretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thundering lance) his dreadful shield,
That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' etherial arms.
Through two strong plates the point its passage held,
But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
Five plates of various metal, various mould,
Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
Through the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the slight covering of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering spear:
A fate so near him chills his soul with fright;
And swims before his eyes the many colour'd light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone:
A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of Earth's degenerate sons could raise.
But ocean's god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and mov'd the powers around.
"Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urg'd: but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the god.
And can ye see this righteous chief atone,
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
To all the gods his constant vows were paid:
Sure, though he wars for Troy, he claims our aid!
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race;
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to th' all-seeing mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain."
The great Earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial goddess with the radiant eyes:
"Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more."
The king of ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
And at his master's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan prince, and bore him through the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
Or warring heroes, and of bounding steeds:
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucans close the rear of fight.
The godhead there (his heavenly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting chief address'd:
"What power, O prince, with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force transcends thy own."
With that, he left him, wondering as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the mist away:
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
Then thus amaz'd: "What wonders strike my mind!
My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That felt this instant, vanish'd from my sword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But powers celestial sure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed."—This said, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd.
"O Greeks" (he cries, and every rank alarms)
"Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, though favour'd by the sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No god can singly such a host engage,
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire:
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all, Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the squadrons with my single spear."
He said: nor less elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
"Trojans, to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. 'Ev'n those with words
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:
The weakest atheist wretch all Heaven defies,
But shrinks and shudders when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were steel, his hand were fire;

That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
Had brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand."
Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero said;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high Heaven to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son;
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Or tempt too near the terrours of his hand.
He hears obedient to the god of light,
Lost, plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphition, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain:
"Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boast thy birth;
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more"—th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade;
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel, with full-descending sway,
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way;
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars,
At Neptune's shrine on Helice's high shores,
The victim bull: the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound.
Then fell on Polydore, his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass)
Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the first folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his swiftness, wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burst the thrilling steel;
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails, pour'd upon the ground,
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all-ghastly in his gore,
Thus sadly slain, th' unhappy Polydore,
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight;
He stood no longer brook'd the distant fight,
But in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his javelin like a waving flame.
The son of Peleus saw, with joy possest,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
"And, lo! the man, on whom his fate attends!
The man, that few Achilles, in his friend!
No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war —
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him over:
"Come, and receive thy fate!" He spake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: "Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defied,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But Heaven alone confers success in war:
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart."
Then parts the lance: but Pallas breathes the wind
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death,
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds,
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:
The spear a fourth time hurl'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
"Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again, once more thy flight
Has sav'd thee, and the partial god of light.
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,
If any power assist Achilles' hand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay."
With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' enraged plain,
Pierc'd through the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir.
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
This difference only their sad fates afford,
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.
Nor less unpity'd young Alastor bleeds,
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty, pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,
To spare a form, an age, so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthless falchion op'd his tender side,
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.
Through Mulius' head then drove the impetuous spear:
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword berest,
Deep through the front the ponderous falchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was fixt
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;
He dropt his arm, an unassisting weight,
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion fell,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head,
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corpse extended lies.

Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name)
Succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thundering chief descends:
The squire, who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian javelin gor'd,
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This way and that the spreading torrent roars;
So sweeps the hero through the wasted shores:
Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
And earth is deluged with the sanguine showers.
As, with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor;
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' [fly,
souls.
Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter; takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and, while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

And now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train,
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight:
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds).
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars,
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound:
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.
As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
The clustering legions rush into the flood:
So, plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
His bloody lance the hero casts aside
(Which spreading tamarisks on the margin hide);
Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword high-brandish'd o'er the
waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;
Repeated wounds the reddening river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So, the huge dolphin tempesting the main,
In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains).
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his passage stood,
The son of Priam; whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel);
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
He felt the sweets of liberty again;
The next, that god whom men in vain withstand,
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd
(The helm and visor he had cast aside
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His useless lance and unavailing shield)
As, trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
And knock'd his faultering knees, the hero said:
"Ye mighty gods! what wonders strike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
Sure I shall see you heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom so late I bound
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
That bar such numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;

If Earth at length this active prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules."
Thus while he spake, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath, [tears,
And his soul shivering at th' approach of death,
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while, above, the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the dart,
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
"Thy well-known captive, great Achilles, see,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here;
Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel fate demands!
I sprung from Priam and Laothoë fair
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd):
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore:
For, ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terrour shall I fly?
Some demon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death."
These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth addrest to unrelenting ears;
"Talk not of life, or ransom," (he replies)
"Patroclus dead, whoever meets me dies;
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
Seest thou not me, whom Nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a goddess born;
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then"—he said: and, as the word he spoke,
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke:
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear:
While all his trembling frame confest his fear;
Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand;
The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:
"Lie there, Lycaon: let the fish surround
Thy bloated corpse, and suck thy gory wound:
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose every wave some watery monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots you now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name?
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulphs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid."
These boastful words provoke the raging god;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axis, stream divine!
(Fair Peribœa's love the god had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round).
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire
Whose son encounters our resistless ire."
"O son of Peleus! what avails to trace"
(Reply'd the warrior) "our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who swells with all the neighbouring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!"
Threatening he said: the hostile chiefs advance;
At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance,
(For both his dexterous hands the lance could wield)
One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
One ras'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in vain;
Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
"So ends thy glory! Such the fate they prove,
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
Sprung from a river, didst thou boast thy line?
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
How durst thou vaunt thy watery progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I.
The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.

What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son,
Ev'n Acheloüs might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal Ocean, from whose fountains flow
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
The thundering voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear."
He said; then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)
Th' amaz'd Pæonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnesius slew;
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to Hell;
But from the bottom of his gulphs profound,
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound:
"O first of mortals! (for the gods are thine)
In valour matchless, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee every Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
See! my chok'd streams no more their course can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn, then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a god."
In human form confess'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies:
"O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay:
Not till within her towers the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again:
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall."
He said; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the godhead of the silver bow
The yellow flood began: "O son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the sire above
Full and express? that Phœbus should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?"
He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay,
Ploughs through the boiling surge his desperate way.
Then, rising in his rage above the shores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A watery bulwark) skreen the bands who fly.
Now bursting on his head with thundering sound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide;
His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide,
Sliddering, and staggering. On the border stood
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
The plant, uprooted, to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero stay'd
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
The god pursues, a huger billow throws,
And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
The man whose fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace
(Swiftest and strongest of th' aërial race)
Far as a spear can fly; Achilles springs
At every bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on every side,
And winds his course before the following tide;
The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
And calls the floods from high, to bless his bowers,
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
And marks the future current with his spade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills,
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him scattering, they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy wanderings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies;
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
The first of men, but not a match for gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the powers were foes;
So oft the surge, in watery mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil:
When thus (his eyes on Heaven's expansion thrown)
Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:
"Is there no god Achilles to befriend,
No power t' avert his miserable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the sport of Fate.
Of all Heaven's oracles believ'd in vain,
But most of Thetis, must her son complain;
By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah, no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh! how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcase, to the sea."
Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus in human form address the chief.
The power of Ocean first: "Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! Lo, thy gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counsel Heaven suggests, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd." Thus spake the gods;
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.

Stung with new ardour, thus by Heaven impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread,
Heap'd on the bounding billows dance the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold
And turn'd up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.
Then thus to Simois. "Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal, that controls a god:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her towery height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains swell thy watery store,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead,
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head,
Mark how resistless through the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to sight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulphs those arms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terrour of the world.
Such ponderous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greek shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,
No hand his bones shall gather, or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his watery tomb."
He said; and on the chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then murmuring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At every step, before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the queen of Heaven: she saw dismay'd,
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid:
"Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift Eastern and the Western wind.
These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the watery foe,
Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!"
The power ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil,
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn;
The flowery lotos and the tamarisk burn,
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
The watery willows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
Or, gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short panting, to the god he said:
"Oh, Vulcan! oh! what power resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall, if Fate decree;
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!"
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
The burning river sends his earnest prayer:
"Ah, why Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier gods assert the cause of Troy,
Submissive I desist, if thou command;
But, ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name."
His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recal the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a god: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed
While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heavenly breast alarms;
With horrid clangour shock'd th' etherial arms:
Heaven in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
And views contending gods with careless eyes.
The power of battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant queen of war:
"What mov'd thy madness thus to disunite
Etherial minds, and mix all Heaven in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a god?
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bash'd it in celestial gore."
He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her sire,
That turns the glancing bolt and forked fire.
Then heav'd the goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast:
This at the heavenly homicide she cast.
Thundering he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:
The scornful dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate god reviles:
"Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious darest withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race."

The goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffus'd celestial day,
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded god her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
This the bright empress of the Heavens survey'd,
And, scoffing, thus to war's victorious maid:
"Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles' and Loves' unconquerable queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue."
Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton strook:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled;)
On Earth together lay the lovers spread;
"And like these heroes, be the fate of all"
(Minerva cries) "who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian gods such let the Phrygians be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd"—
Thus she; and Juno with a smile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The god of Ocean dares the god of light:
"What sloth hath seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting powers, and Heaven returns
the sound?
Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian sire?
Come prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age:
Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's prayer,
We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy's wall I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands,)
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our
pain,
With menace stern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barbarous lands.
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infest the faithless race;
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?"
Apollo thus: "To combat for mankind,
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the Sun; now wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean."
Then turns his face, far-beaming heavenly fires,
And from the senior power submiss retires:
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntress of the sylvan shades:
"And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!
Now boast no more, in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking
power."
Silent, he heard the queen of woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: "What insolence has driven
Thy pride to face the majesty of Heaven?
What though by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart?
What though, tremendous in the wood and chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with
mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage"—
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scattering arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce retains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her Latona hastes with tender care,
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war:
"How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken Heaven with night?
Go, matchless goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize."
He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low,
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glittering on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to the blest abode,
Where all confus'd she sought the sovereign god;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.
The sire superior smil'd; and bade her show
What heavenly hand had caus'd his daughter's
woe?
Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse;
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:
The guardian god now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, though fate forbad her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the shining bands of gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' etherial sire.
Through blood, through death, Achilles still
proceeds,
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driven
On guilty towns, exert the wrath of Heaven;
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky:
So rag'd Achilles; death and dire dismay,
And toils, and terrours, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands:
Views from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,
And the near hero rising on his sight!

No step, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face.
Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls:
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls:
"You, to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death."
Thus charg'd the reverend monarch; wide were flung
The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung,
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And, gladsome, see their last escape from fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear;
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But he,[1] the god who darts etherial flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave;)
In aid of him beside the beach he sate,
And wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.
When now the generous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise.
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll;)
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:
"What, shall I fly this terrour of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I scorn to fall—
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood,
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
What if—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet sure he too is mortal! he may feel
(Like all the sons of Earth) the force of steel;
One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame."
He said, and stood collected in his might;
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clamorous hounds;
Though struck, though wounded, scarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd, the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.

[1] Apollo.

Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful as he stood in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe:
"How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ,
And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore."
He said: with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in th' etherial arms.
Then, fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the god, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice and shape,
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;
The furious chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides:
The god, now distant scarce a stride before,
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask or tell,
Who scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain.

Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle.—Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe their briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greek's embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by fate,
There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns
(The power confest in all his glory burns.)
"And what" (he cries) "has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is given,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of Heaven.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god."
The chief incens'd—"Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain."
Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies:
Him as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight, [night,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays:
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his reverend head, now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries:
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
"Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures, would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne;)
But if (which Heaven forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life; or, if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curst with sense! a wretch whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd;
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank you, gods! 'twas well;
Well have they perish'd; for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best,
Struck through with wounds, all honest, on the breast.
But when the Fates, in fullness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the reverend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!"
He said: and, acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah, do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,

Nor must thy corpse lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains."
So they; while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands; and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood; and question'd thus his mighty mind;
"Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and shame th' ungenerous thought recal:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his councils are obey'd too late;
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight!
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
But most her worthless sons insult my ear;
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No—if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terrour laid in dust:
Or, if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet, suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance, lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd,
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store, [Greece
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace?
But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our business; but to whom is given
To die, or triumph, that determine Heaven!"
Thus pondering, like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian javelin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays, that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising Sun:
As Hector sees, unusual terrours rise,
Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling through th' aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings.
No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad
(A wider compass) smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
This hot through scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That, the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might).
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife).
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vigorous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame);
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectators' soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The sire of mortals and immortals spoke:
"Unworthy sight! the man belov'd of Heaven,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driven!
My heart partakes the generous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy:
Now see him flying; to his fears resign'd,
And fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye powers! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man." [forms
Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance
The forky bolt, and blackens Heaven with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"
"Go then" (return'd the sire) "without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way."
Swift, at the mandate pleas'd, Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus, step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose showering arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumber seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:

No less the labouring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
What god, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
With fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour, [power:
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with
And great Achilles, lest some Greeks' advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and Hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing cries:
"Oh, lov'd of Jove! this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun."
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms, the same)
In show and aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd:
"Too long, O Hector, have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake."
Then he: "O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more;
Since you, of all your numerous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own."
Again the goddess: "Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly:
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield."
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
"Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursued.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."
"Talk not of oaths", (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
"Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate;
No thought but rage and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."
He spoke, and lanch'd his javelin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
"The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heaven.
To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrour sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!"
The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heavenly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
"'Tis so—Heaven wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black fate, approach! 'tis I must bleed,
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind; then welcome, Fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!"
Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quivering hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,

Nodding at every step: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right-hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er;
One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: through that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
"At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what now
Achilles absent, was Achilles still. [you feel;
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour."
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
"By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest."
"No, wretch accurst!" relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
"Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And, giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come when fate's decree
And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."
He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his labouring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
"Die thou the first! When Jove and Heaven ordain,
I follow thee"—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wondering eyes
His manly beauty and superior size:
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wound ungenerous, or with taunts disgrace.
"How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!"
High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the hosts attend:
"Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of Heaven
The dire destroyer to our arm has given,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye powers!
See, if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
But what is Troy, or glory what, to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd, he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd,
Burn on through death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corpse of Hector, and your pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,
'Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.'"
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself and of the dead).
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land
Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
And in his parents' sight now dragg'd along!
The mother first beheld with sad survey:
She rent her tresses, venerably gray,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desperate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force;
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
"Ah let me, let me go where sorrow calls:
I, only I, will issue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask you none)
And bow before the murderer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.

He has a father too, a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery
(Vigorous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me and all my race);
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh, had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!"

Thus wail'd the father, groveling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons, Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princess, and a train in tears)
"Ah, why has Heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrours, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corpse! inanimated clay!"

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;
A glowing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids beat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her ivory hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:

"Ah, follow me!" (she cry'd) "what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My faltering knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart;
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate,
(Ye gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles, chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."

She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies through the dome, (the maids her steps pursue)
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector drag'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her, sinking, with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof and Hippoplacia's shade.
From different parents, different climes, we came,
At different periods, yet our fates the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost;
Thou, to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire, no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears!
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who
Both parents still, nor feel what he has
Shall cry, 'Be gone! thy father feasts
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn
He, who, with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed
And when still evening gave him up to
Sunk in soft down upon the nurse's breast
Must—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead."

So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honour to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast, he retires to the sea shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cestus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

Thus, humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Through the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:
"Not yet, my brave companions of the war,
Release your smoking coursers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief."
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe, [flow.
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to
But chief, Pelides: thick succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaughtering hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:
"All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
Hear, and rejoice, on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;
And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy funeral pyre."
Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod vase surround;
To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore:
"No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair:
Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
And soothe my sorrows while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
And share your feast; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare.
And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid
To heroes slumbering in eternal shade).
Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagued squadrons to their post retire."
He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides stretch'd along the shore,
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.
Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall;
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When, lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;
In the same robe he living wore, he came;
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head:
"And sleeps Achilles," (thus the phantom said)
"Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air.
Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand: for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;

No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known;
Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The fate foredoom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we liv'd; together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn, thy goddess mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave."
"And is it thou?" (he answers) "to my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at least that melancholy joy."
He said, and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:
"'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a'pensive, plaintive ghost;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how different! yet how like the same!"
Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:
And now the rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
Shows every mournful face with tears o'erspread,
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons sends a chosen band,
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper instruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
First march the heavy mules, securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clattering cars, and the shockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's spreading woods
(Fair Ida water'd with descending floods)
Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks.
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then, rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return.
The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was given them) to the sandy shore;
There, on the spot which great Achilles shew'd,
They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars, in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.
The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
Next these a melancholy band appear,
Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corpse their scatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead:
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood;
Then, sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the watery waste:
"Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errours lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:
Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bowers
Thy altars stand, perfum'd with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles sees his native plain:
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the shades below."
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow:
And now the Sun had set upon their woe,
But to the king of men thus spoke the chief:
"Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn"—
He said: the people to their ships return;
While those deputed to inter the slain
Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on every side.
High on the top the manly corpse they lay,
And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body spread;
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord
Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry:
"All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear, and exult, on Pluto's dreary coast.
Behold Achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corpse attend,
Sav'd from the flames for hungry dogs to rend."
So spake he threatening: but the gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain;
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance! shed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the blood-hounds from their destin'd prey.
Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Syrian fire.

Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;
But fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
Invok'd the gods, whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
He call'd th' aërial powers, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blustering brethren of the sky.
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various goddess to partake the rites:
"Not so" (the dame reply'd) "I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And Heaven is feasting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremest limits of the main."
But Peleus' son entreats, with sacrifice,
The Western spirit, and the North to rise;
"Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driven,
And bear the blazing honours high to Heaven."
Swift as the word she vanish'd from their view:
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burst the stormy band with thundering roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before.
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in watery mountains rise:
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
Whilst a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pours in tears, ere yet they close the urn:
So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging through the shades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd;
Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,
Exhausted with his grief: meanwhile the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke:
"Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame
With sable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select:
(Apart, and easy to be known, they lie
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margin will be seen
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men).
These, wrapt in double calls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise."
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next, the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.
The swarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ships proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods (for the funeral games)
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
A woman for the first in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the labouring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule unknowing of the yoke:
The third a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame;
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the last.
These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus addrest the train:
"Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To brave the rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain
(A race unrival'd, which from ocean's god
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd).
But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit with them the games of this sad day;
Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.
Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful honours on the sand;
Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courser, and the flying car."
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise;
But far the first, Eumelus, hopes the prize,
Fam'd through Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When scarce a god redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courser of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave)
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days;
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse,
Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears:

"My son! though youthful ardour fire thy breast,
The gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds,
Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known;
Compare those rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise.
'Tis more by art, than force of numerous strokes,
The dextrous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, through the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trusts in chariots and in horse.
In vain; unskilful, to the goal they strive,
And short, or wide, the ungovern'd courser drive:
While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the course,
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
And now contracts or now extends the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground,
Of some once stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains:
Enclos'd with stones, conspicuous from afar;
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb, perhaps, of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race);
Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand steed:
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
Clear of the stony heap direct the course;
Lest, through incaution failing, thou may'st be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unskilful swiftness far behind;
Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed;
Or the fam'd race, through all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon."

Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
Concludes; then sate, stiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
The last, but not least ardent for the prize.
They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose
(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws).
Young Nestor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
And far the bravest, Diomed, was last.
They stand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And sends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the coursers from the barrier bound;
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their hearts, their eyes, their voice, they send before;
And up the champaign thunder from the shore:
Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
Loose on their shoulders the long manes, reclin'd,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
While, hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.
Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the shore, and thunders toward the main.
First drew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds:
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.
Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize:
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
His matchless horses' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye, with anguish to survey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
Nor more their way the startled horses held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd wound:
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, though distant, Menelaus succe
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds
"Now, now, my generous pair, exert your fi
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! shall his mare out-go
Your swiftness, vanquish'd by a female foe
Through your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The last ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
Haste then; yon narrow road before our sight
Presents the occasion, could we use it right."

Thus he. The coursers, at their master's threat,
With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.
And now Antilochus, with nice survey,
Observes the compass of the hollow way.
'Twas where, by force of wintery torrents torn,
Fast by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could pass to shun the throng
The Spartan hero's chariot smok'd along.
Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.
Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below,
And wonders at the rashness of his foe. [to rid
"Hold, stay your steeds!—What madness thus
This narrow way! Take larger field," he cry'd,
"Or both must fall."—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,

So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
The floundering coursers rolling on the plain,
And conquest lost through frantic haste to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival, as he flies;
"Go, furious youth! ungenerous and unwise!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;—
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine."
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
"Be swift, be vigorous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
And yield the glory yours."—The steeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And seem already to retrieve the day.
Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a rising ground, above the ring,
The monarch sate: from whence, with sure survey,
He well observ'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,
Like the full Moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks begun:
"Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, though the swiftest, by some god withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For, since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war."
"Old man!" (Oïleus rashly thus replies)
"Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize;
Of those who view the course, not sharpest-ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds, high-bounding in the chase,
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race;
I well discern him as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain."
Thus he. Idomeneus, incens'd, rejoin'd:
"Barbarous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride:
To vile reproach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the king the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the prize."
He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes: but Thetis' godlike son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun:
"Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would you blame, should others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching steeds your contest end."
No sooner had he spoke, but, thundering near,
Drives through a stream of dust the charioteer.
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud; no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.
Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-past Atrides) second in the course.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courser in his swift career
The following car, just touching with his heel,
And brushing with his tail, the whirling wheel:
Such and so narrow now the space between
The rivals, late so distant on the green;
So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion pursued, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son:
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:
"Behold! the man whose matchless art surpast
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day."
The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries;
And then Eumelus had received the prize:
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim.
"Think not," he cries, "I tamely will resign,
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
What if the gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?
Perhaps he sought not Heaven by sacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet, (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow)
Some gift must grace Eumelus; view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore;
An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy generous thirst to give.
But this my prize I never shall forego:
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe."
Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: "The gift propos'd," he cry'd,
"Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er,
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore)
Whose glittering margins rais'd with silver shine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine."
He said: Automedon, at his command,
The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
With generous joy: then Menelaüs rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
"The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash, Antilochus, has stain'd.

Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, *O Grecians!* be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that god whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground."

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: "Excuse, if youth have err'd:
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.
Thou know'st the errours of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou the wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine:
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the gods forsworn."

So spoke Antilochus: and at the word
The mare contested to the king restor'd.
Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said:

"Still may our souls, O generous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Rash heat, perhaps, a moment might control,
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To wave contention with superior sway;
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee have talents to regain the friend!
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Generous alike, for me, the sire and son
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend."

He said; and, pleas'd his passion to command,
Resign'd the courser to Noëman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to reverend Nestor bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares:

"Accept thou this, O sacred sire!" he said,
"In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever lost, Patroclus lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Though 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the ponderous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the past thy own."

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
With joy the venerable king reply'd:

"Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known through Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
Victorious then in every solemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynce's mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand,
Surpast Iphyclus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus with the spear.
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Though once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by generous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);
Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me:
Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
May the just gods return another day!"

Proud of the gift, thus spake the full of days.
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cestus wield.
A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.
Achilles, rising, thus: "Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dare the foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,
This mule, his dauntless labours shall repay;
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away."

This dreadful combat great Epeus chose;
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:
"Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away!
(Prize of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right; th' undoubted victor I?
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know;
Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain."

The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,
The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmæan race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm'd with the hopes of conquest for his friend;

Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close;
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand! and gives him to his friends;
Whose arms support him reeling through the throng,
And dragging his disabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four.
Scarce *did* the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet at distance fixt:
Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,
Proof to the wintery wind and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
"O let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree."
He said; and, straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves com-bine
His ankle struck: the giant fell supine;
Ulysses, following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
"Your noble vigour, oh my friends! restrain:
Nor weary out your generous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well."

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.

And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd;
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train—
"Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain."

The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, Nestor's son the last.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All start at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
Wh' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
"Assist, O goddess!" (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought descends the maid.
Buoy'd by her heavenly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting every limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain
(O'erturn'd by Pallas); where the slippery shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore
(The self-same place, beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address:
"Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe;
She urg'd her favourite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day."

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputtering *dirt* and gore;
A burst of laughter echo'd through the shore.
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest:
"Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The gods still love them, and they always thrive.

Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize:
He to Ulysses, still more ag'd and wise
(A green old-age; unconscious of d cays,
That prove the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles! He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man."
Th' effect succeeds the speech: Pelides cries,
"Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd:
Receive a talent of the purest gold."
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire. [brings;
Next these; a buckler, spear, and helm, he
Cast on the plain, the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
"Stand forth the bravest of our host!" (he cries)
"Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,
Now grace the list before our army's sight,
And, sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;
The sword Asteropeus possest of old
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends."
Fierce at the word, up-rose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:
Lowering they meet tremendous to the sight;
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood. [new'd,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge re-
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made [stay'd:
Through the broad shield, but at the corselet
Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife:
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero thundering on the ground
A mass of iron, (an enormous round)
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from a furnace, and but sinap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Action wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
"Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise;
Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
From hence: nor ask the neighbouring city's aid,
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade."
Stern Polypœtes stept before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Up-rose great Ajax; up Epëus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epëus threw; [flew.
High o'er the wondering crowds the whirling circle
Leontes next a little space surpast,
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast.
O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm, the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,
So past them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Those who in skilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes cast amidst the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound).
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore;
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
"Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering bird, shall bear
These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord."
He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,
No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-mast fell the parting string,
And the free bird to Heaven displays her wing:
Seas, shores, and skies, with loud applause resound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
And, following with his eye the soaring dove,
Implores the god to speed it through the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels
Amid the clouds, the piercing arrow feels;
Quite through and through the point its passage
found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet she breathes her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of
And to the ships brave Merion bears
To close the funeral games Achille
A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,
An ample charger of unsullied frame,
With flowers high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:
"Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest, and their best.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war."
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear:
But, set apart to sacred use, commands
The glittering charger to Talthibius' hands.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

ARGUMENT.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

THE gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles, to dispose him for the restoring it; and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus, the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavillion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, mov'd with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen! with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles' camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the clouded strand:
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;
All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There, as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd:
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector drag'd, then hurry'd to the tent:
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
But not deserted by the pitying skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corpse his golden shield.
All Heaven was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd-boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To Heaven assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
"Unpitying powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain!
And, can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride?
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, insatiate, the commission given
By fate exceeds, and tempts the wrath of Heaven:
Lo! how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave though he be, yet, by no reason aw'd
He violates the laws of man and God."
"If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes," (Juno thus replies)
"If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own etherial race
Springs from a goddess by a man's embrace.
(A goddess by ourself to Peleus given,
A man divine, and chosen friend of Heaven.)
To grace those nuptials from the bright abode
Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god
(Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre."
Then thus the thunderer checks th' imperial dame:
"Let not thy wrath the court of Heaven inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
But mine, and every god's peculiar grace,
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful offerings lay
(The only honours men to gods can pay;)
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.

However, by stealth to snatch the corpse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure queen: let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave."
He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies.
Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps,
Between where Samos wide his forest spreads
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads.
Down plung'd, the maid, (the parted waves resound)
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So pass'd the goddess through the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her sacred cave:
There, plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddess of the painted bow,
"Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below:
'Tis Jove that calls." "And why" (the dame replies).
"Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies,
Sad object as I am for heavenly sight?
Ah, may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er, be Heaven's almighty sire obey'd"—
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.
Then through the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air!
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies,
There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
And all the gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
(Minerva, rising, gave the mourner place;)
Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:
"Thou com'st fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast;
Maternal sorrows; long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corpse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heaven too far;
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father, Iris shall prepare,
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands."
His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent;
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes;
The goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She prest his hand, and tender thus begun:
"How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow;
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe:
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Soothes weary life, and softens human pain?
O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
No long to live, indulge the amorous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's commands I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heaven too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain:
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain."
To whom Achilles: "Be the ransom given,
And we submit, since such the will of Heaven."
While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
"Haste winged goddess to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger, dread,
Safe through the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan for groan
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire,
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome,
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy.
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus, in whispers, greets his trembling ears:
"Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger, dread;
Safe through the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay;
His pious sons the king's command obey.

Then pass'd the monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:
"Unhappy consort of a king distrest!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corpse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Through hostile camps, and bears me to the foe."
The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now, that aw'd mankind;
Through Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?
Singly to pass through hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel!) the murderer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage,
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parents' woe!
Doom'd, from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus, whose breath
Expir'd not meanly in unactive death?
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right."
"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night!"
(Reply'd, unmov'd, the venerable man.)
"'Tis Heaven commands me, and you urge in vain
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest or seer had been obey'd.
A present goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content—By the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at last may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!"
From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace).
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
"What make ye here? officious crowds," (he cries)
"Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home to fix you there;
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;
The same stern god to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian power, is gone;
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
O send me, gods! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"
He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And generous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relics of his numerous line:
"Inglorious sons, of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Nestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?"
The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound;
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last, to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king.)
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd and harness'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd:
The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation destin'd to the power divine)
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands:
"Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heaven, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:
Pray to that god, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heavenly augury:
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon etherial space.

That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the god his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."
" 'Tis just" (said Priam) " to the sire above
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?"
He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring.
(Her ready hands the ewer and bason held;)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the power divine:
" Oh first, and greatest! Heaven's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sovereign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon etherial space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in every face appears
The mourning matron dries her timorous tears:
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himself his gentle steeds controls,
And through surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his slow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he past,
And gaz'd upon him as they gaz'd their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Through the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he crost the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.
Then thus to Hermes: " Thou whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers;
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."
The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high, through fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
(Their chariots stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows)
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose,
Through the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
" I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
For, much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?"
Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gently thus accosts with kind demand:
" Say whither, father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st through the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Through Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures view;
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread:
From me no harm shall touch thy reverend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines."
" Thy words that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son!" (the godlike sire rejoin'd)
" Great are my hazards; but the gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind."
" Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide,"
(The sacred messenger of Heaven reply'd);
" But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand:
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land?
Or fly'st thou now?—What hopes can Troy retain,
Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?"
The king, alarm'd: " Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector dy'd?"
Thus Priam spoke; and Hermes thus reply'd:
" You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embrued:
I saw him when, like Jove, his flames he tost
On thousand ships, and wither'd half an host:
I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame:
Of seven his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls:
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage."
" If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,"
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
" Ah, tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befals him dead?

Have dogs dismember'd (on the naked plains)
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?"
"O favour'd of the skies!" (thus answer'd then
The power that mediates between gods and men)
"Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth evening since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corpse, and clos'd is every wound;
Though many a wound they gave. Some heavenly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of Heaven, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead."
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide!
And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd:
"Blest is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love;
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.
But thou, oh generous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude, for Hector's sake;
And, while the favouring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."
To whom the latent god: "O king, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul adjures th' offence;
And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of the way:
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."
He said, then took the chariot at the bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around!
Before th' inspiring god, that urg'd them on,
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes;
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, through all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state,
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wonderous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of gods!) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus reveal'd—"Hear, prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly:
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confest to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know."
Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies:
The king, confirm'd from Heaven, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
These serv'd his person at the royal feast:
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
Unseen by these, the king his entry made:
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embrued
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise;
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:
"Ah think, thou favour'd of the powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's reverend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes, remain:
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!
Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!
"For him, through hostile camps I bend my way,
For him, thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
"Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
Though not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sovereign misery!
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus groveling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murderer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"
These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.

Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow;
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son, deplore:
But great Achilles different passions rend,
And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness through the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The reverend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man:
"Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the gods' severe decree:
They, only they, are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders, outcast both of Earth and Heaven.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere;
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power!
What stars concurring blest his natal hour!
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given;
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of Heaven.
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day:
No race succeeding to imperial sway;
An only son; and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land.
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once, excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the Sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War and the blood of men surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live, to suffer more!"
To whom the king: "Oh, favour'd of the Skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies.
Oh, give me Hector! to my eyes restore
His corpse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores
enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!"
"Move me no more!" (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes);
"Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector, I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame);
Nor com'st thou but by Heaven: nor com'st alone,
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more."
The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend
(Whom most he honour'd since he lost his friend);
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car,
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead:
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; left th' unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corpse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:
"If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine."
He said, and, entering, took his seat of state,
Where full before him reverend Priam sate:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun—
"Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine;
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone):
The gods themselves at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;

Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow
She stands, her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
"Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around."
He said; and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the separate morsels lays,
And, hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress,
The wondering hero eyes his royal guest:
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect and majestic size;
Here youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
(A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke:
"Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep, a stranger to my weeping eyes;
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live."
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: "Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear;
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer;
But say, with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
To inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaughtering arm, and bid the hosts obey."
"If then thy will permit," the monarch said,
"To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion clos'd within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven!"
"This thy request," reply'd the chief, "enjoy;
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy."
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briseis, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch, the king and herald rest;
Sad dreams of care yet wandering in their breast.
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The power descending hover'd o'er his head:
"And sleep'st thou, father!" (thus the vision said)
"Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee,
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain."
Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
And rais'd his friend: the god before him goes;
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence through the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged deity forsook their view
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gate of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The sage and king, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries: {employ,
"Turn here your steps, and here your eyes
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons, of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe."
In thronging crowds they issue to the plains;
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In every face the self-same grief is shown;
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæan's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day:
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose;
"Forbear," he cry'd, "this violence of woes!
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot through the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait;
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at every pause of art.
First to the corpse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
And, "Oh, my Hector! oh, my lord!" she cries,
"Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!

Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barbarous climes shalt go,
The sad companions of thy mother's woe:
Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword;
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek, whose father prest the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part:
"Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by Heaven approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barbarous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went, a glorious ghost,
Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corpse was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace;
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair, as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!"
Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next, in pomp of grief, appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
"Ah, dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perish'd ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curst the authoress of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!
In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!"
So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:—
"Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead."
He spoke; and, at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour thro' the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise;
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting Sun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

IN TWENTY-FOUR BOOKS.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE

EPIC POEM,

AND OF

THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

EXTRACTED FROM BOSSU.

SECT. I.

OF THE NATURE OF EPIC POETRY.

THE fables of poets were originally employed in representing the divine nature, according to the notion then conceived of it. This sublime subject occasioned the first poets to be called divines, and poetry the language of the *gods*. They divided the divine attributes into so many persons; because the infirmity of a human *mind* cannot sufficiently conceive, or explain, so much power and action in a simplicity so great and indivisible as that of God. And, perhaps, they were also jealous of the advantages they reaped from such excellent and exalted learning, and of which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy.

They could not describe the operations of this almighty cause, without speaking at the same time of its effects: so that to divinity, they added physiology; and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorical expressions.

But man being the chief and the most noble of all that God produced, and nothing being so proper, or more useful to poets, than this subject; they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of morality after the same manner as they did that of divinity and philosophy; and from morality, thus treated, is formed that kind of poem and fable which we call Epic.

The poets did the same in morality, that the divines had done in divinity. But that infinite variety of the actions and operations of the divine nature (to which our understanding bears so small a proportion) did, as it were, force them upon dividing the single idea of the Only One God into several persons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the rest.

And on the other hand, the nature of moral philosophy being such, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general; the epic poets were obliged to unite in one single idea, in one and the same person, and in an action which appeared singular, all that looked like it in different persons and in various actions; which might be thus contained as so many species under their genus.

The presence of the Deity, and the care such an august cause is to be supposed to take about any action, obliges the poet to represent this action as great, important, and managed by kings and princes. It obliges him likewise to think and speak in an elevated way above the vulgar, and in a style that may in some sort keep up the character of the divine persons he introduces. To this end serve the poetical and figurative expression, and the majesty of the heroic verse.

But all this, being divine and surprising, may quite ruin all probability; therefore the poet should take a particular care as to that point, since his chief aim is to instruct, and without probability any action is less likely to persuade.

Lastly, since precepts ought to be concise, to be the more easily conceived, and less oppress the memory; and since nothing can be more effectual to this end than proposing one single idea, and collecting all things so well together, as to be present to our minds all at once; therefore the poets have reduced all to one single action, under one and the same design, and in a body whose members and parts should be homogeneous.

What we have observed of the nature of the epic poem, gives us a just idea of it, and we may define it thus:

"The epic poem is a discourse invented by art, to form the manners, by such instructions as are disguised under the allegories of some one important action, which is related in verse, after a probable, diverting, and surprising manner."

SECT. II.

THE FABLE OF THE ILIAD.

In every design which a man deliberately undertakes, the end he proposes is the first thing in his mind, and that by which he governs the whole work, and all its parts: thus, since the end of the epic poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this first view the poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philosophical and the poetical doctrine of manners. The schoolmen content themselves with treating of virtues and vices in general; the instructions they give are proper for all states of people, and for all ages. But the poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the necessities of his own nation. With this design he makes choice of some piece of morality, the most proper and just he can imagine; and in order to press this home, he makes less use of the force of reasoning, than of the power of insinuation; accommodating himself to the particular customs and inclinations of those who are to be the subject, or the readers, of his work.

Let us now see how Homer has acquitted himself in these respects.

He saw the Grecians, for whom he designed his poem, were divided into as many states as they had capital cities. Each was a body politic apart, and had its form of government independent from all the rest. And yet these distinct states were very often obliged to unite together in one body against their common enemies. These were two very different sorts of government, such as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one single poem.

The poet, therefore, has made two distinct fables of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into one body, but composed of parts independent on each other; and the other for each particular state, considered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumstances and the necessity of being united.

As for the first sort of government, in the union, or rather in the confederacy of many independent states; experience has always made it appear, "That nothing so much causes success as a due subordination, and a right understanding among the chief commanders. And on the other hand, the inevitable ruin of such confederacies proceeds from the heats, jealousies, and ambition of the different leaders, and the discontents of submitting to a single general." All sorts of states, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the most useful and necessary instruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loss which both the people and the princes must of necessity suffer, by the ambition, discord, and obstinacy of the latter.

Homer then has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth: That a misunderstanding between princes is the ruin of their own states. "I sing," says he, "the anger of Achilles, so pernicious to the Grecians, and the cause of so many heroes' deaths, occasioned by the discord and separation of Agamemnon and that prince."

But that this truth may be completely and fully known, there is need of a second to support it. It is necessary, in such a design, not only to represent the confederate states at first disagreeing among themselves, and from thence unfortunate; but to show the same states afterwards reconciled and united, and of consequence victorious.

Let us now see how he has joined all these in one general action.

"Several princes independent on one another

were united against the common enemy. The person whom they had elected their general, offers an affront to the most valiant of all the confederates. This offended prince is so far provoked, as to relinquish the union, and obstinately refuse to fight for the common cause. This misunderstanding gives the enemy such an advantage, that the allies are very near quitting their design with dishonour. He himself who made the separation, is not exempt from sharing the misfortune which he brought upon his party. For having permitted his intimate friend to succour them in a great necessity, this friend is killed by the enemy's general. Thus the contending princes, being both made wiser at their own cost, are reconciled, and unite again: then this valiant prince not only obtains the victory in the public cause, but revenges his private wrongs, by killing with his own hands the author of the death of his friend."

This is the first platform of the poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and universal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place it must be rendered probable by the circumstances of times, places, and persons: some persons must be found out, already known by history or otherwise, whom we may with probability make the actors and personages of this fable. Homer has made choice of the siege of Troy, and feigned that this action happened there. To a phantom of his brain, whom he would paint valiant and choleric, he has given the name of Achilles; that of Agamemnon to his general; that of Hector to the enemy's commander, and so to the rest.

Besides, he was obliged to accommodate himself to the manners, customs, and genius of the Greeks his auditors, the better to make them attend to the instruction of his poem: and to gain their approbation by praising them; so that they might the better forgive him the representation of their own faults in some of his chief personages. He admirably discharges all these duties, by making these brave princes and those victorious people all Grecians, and the fathers of those he had a mind to commend.

But not being content, in a work of such a length, to propose only the principal point of the moral, and to fill up the rest with useless ornaments and foreign incidents, he extends this moral by all its necessary consequences. As for instance, in the subject before us, it is not enough to know that a good understanding ought always to be maintained among confederates: it is likewise of equal importance that, if there happens any division, care must be taken to keep it secret from the enemy, that their ignorance of this advantage may prevent their making use of it. And in the second place, when their concord is but counterfeit and only in appearance, one should never press the enemy too closely; for this would discover the weakness which we ought to conceal from them.

The episode of Patroclus most admirably furnishes us with these two instructions. For when he appeared in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who took him for that prince now reconciled and united to the confederates, immediately gave ground, and quitted the advantages they had before over the Greeks. But Patroclus, who should have been contented with this success, presses upon Hector too boldly, and, by obliging him to fight, soon discovers that it was not the true Achilles who was clad in his armour, but a hero of much inferior prowess. So that Hector kills him, and regains those advantages which the Trojans had lost, on the opinion that Achilles was reconciled.

SECT. III.

THE FABLE OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE Odyssey was not designed, like the Iliad, for the instruction of all the states of Greece joined in one body, but for each state in particular. As a state is composed of two parts; the head which commands, and the members which obey; there are instructions requisite to both, to teach the one to govern, and the others to submit to government.

There are two virtues necessary to one in authority; prudence to order, and care to see his orders put in execution. The prudence of a politician is not acquired but by a long experience in all sorts of business, and by an acquaintance with all the different forms of governments and states. The care of the administration suffers not him that has the government to rely upon others, but requires his own presence: and kings, who are absent from their states, are in danger of losing them, and give occasion to great disorders and confusion.

These two points may be easily united in one and the same man. "A king forsakes his kingdom to visit the courts of several princes, where he learns the manners and customs of different nations. From hence there naturally arises a vast number of incidents, of dangers, and of adventures, very useful for a political institution. On the other side, this absence gives way to the disorders which happen in his own kingdom, and which end not till his return, whose presence only can re-establish all things." Thus the absence of a king has the same effects in this fable, as the division of the princes had in the former.

The subjects have scarce any need but of one general maxim, which is, to suffer themselves to be governed, and to obey faithfully; whatever reason they may imagine against the orders they receive. It is easy to join this instruction with the other, by bestowing on this wise and industrious prince such subjects as, in his absence, would rather follow their own judgment than his commands; and by demonstrating the misfortunes which this disobedience draws upon them, the evil consequences which almost infallibly attend these particular notions, which are entirely different from the general idea of him who ought to govern.

But as it was necessary that the princes in the Iliad should be choleric and quarrelsome, so it is necessary in the fable of the Odyssey that the chief person should be sage and prudent. This raises a difficulty in the fiction; because this person ought to be absent for the two reasons above mentioned, which are essential to the fable, and which constitute the principal aim of it: but he cannot absent himself, without offending against

another maxim of equal importance, viz. That a king should upon no accounts leave his country.

It is true, there are sometimes such necessities as sufficiently excuse the prudence of a politician in this point. But such a necessity is a thing important enough of itself to supply matter for another poem, and this multiplication of the action would be vicious. To prevent which, in the first place, this necessity, and the departure of the hero, must be disjoined from the poem; and in the second place, the hero having been obliged to absent himself, for a reason antecedent to the action, and placed distinct from the fable, he ought not so far to embrace this opportunity of instructing himself, as to absent himself voluntarily from his own government. For, at this rate, his absence would be merely voluntary, and one might with reason lay to his charge all the disorders which might arise.

Thus, in the constitution of the fable, he ought not to take for his action, and for the foundation of his poem, the departure of a prince from his own country, nor his voluntary stay in any other place; but his return, and this return retarded against his will. This is the first idea Homer gives us of it [1]. His hero appears at first in a desolate island, sitting upon the side of the sea, which, with tears in his eyes, he looks upon as the obstacle which had so long opposed his return, and detained him from revisiting his own dear country.

And lastly, since this forced delay might more naturally and usually happen to such as make voyages by sea; Homer has judiciously made choice of a prince, whose kingdom was in an island.

Let us see then how he has feigned all this action, making his hero a person in years, because years are requisite to instruct a man in prudence and policy.

"A prince had been obliged to forsake his native country, and to head an army of his subjects in a foreign expedition. Having gloriously performed this enterprise, he was marching home again, and conducting his subjects to his own state. But spite of all the attempts, with which the eagerness to return had inspired him, he was stopt by the way by tempests for several years, and cast upon several countries, differing from each other in manners and government. In these dangers, his companions, not always following his orders, perished through their own fault. The grandees of his country strangely abuse his absence, and raise no small disorders at home. They consume his estate, conspire to destroy his son, would constrain his queen to accept of one of them for her husband; and indulge themselves in all violence, so much the more, because they were persuaded he would never return. But at last he returns, and discovering himself only to his son and some others, who had continued firm to him, he is an eye-witness of the insolence of his enemies, punishes them according to their deserts, and restores to his island that tranquility and repose to which they had been strangers during his absence."

As the truth, which serves for foundation to this fiction, is, that the absence of a person from his own home, or his neglect of his own affairs, is the cause of great disorders: so the principal point of the action, and the most essential one, is the absence of the hero. This fills almost all the poem: for not only this real absence lasted several years, but even when the hero returned, he does not discover himself; and this prudent disguise, from whence he reaped so much advantage, has the same effect upon the authors of the disorders, and all others who knew him not, as his real absence had before, so that he is absent as to them, till the very moment of their punishment.

After the poet had thus composed his fable, and joined the fiction to the truth, he then makes choice of Ulysses, the king of the isle of Ithaca, to maintain the character of his chief personage, and bestowed the rest upon Telemachus, Penelope, Antinoüs, and others, whom he calls by what names he pleases.

I shall not here insist upon the many excellent advices, which are so many parts and natural consequences of the fundamental truth; and which the poet very dexterously lays down in those fictions which are the episodes and members of the entire action. Such for instance are these advices: not to intrude one's self into the mysteries of government, which the prince keeps secret; this is represented to us by the winds shut up in a bull-hide, which the miserable companions of Ulysses would needs be so foolish as to pry into: not to suffer one's self to be led away by the seeming charms of an idle and inactive life, to which the Syrens' song invited [2]: not to suffer one's self to be sensualised by pleasures, like those who were changed into brutes, by Circe: and a great many other points of morality necessary for all sorts of people.

This poem is more useful to the people than the Iliad, where the subjects suffer rather by the ill conduct of their princes, than through their own miscarriages. But in the Odyssey, it is not the fault of Ulysses that is the ruin of his subjects. This wise prince leaves untried no method to make them partakers of the benefit of his return. Thus the poet in the Iliad says, "he sings the anger of Achilles, which had caused the death of so many Grecians;" and, on the contrary, in the Odyssey he tells his readers, "that the subjects perished through their own fault."

SECT. IV.

OF THE UNITY OF THE FABLE.

ARISTOTLE bestows great encomiums upon Homer for the simplicity of his design, because he has included in one single part all that happened at the siege of Troy. And to this he opposes the ignorance of some poets, who imagined that the unity of the fable or action was sufficiently preserved by the unity of the hero; and who composed their Theseids, Heraclids, and the like, wherein they only heaped up in one poem every thing that happened to one personage.

He finds fault with those poets who were for reducing the unity of the fable into the unity of the hero, because one man may have performed several adventures, which it is impossible to reduce

[1] Odyssey V.

[2] Improba Syren desidia. Hor.

under any one general and simple head. This reducing of all things to unity and simplicity, is what Horace likewise makes his first rule.

Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat, & unum.

According to these rules, it will be allowable to make use of several fables; or (to speak more correctly) of several incidents, which may be divided into several fables, provided they are so ordered, that the unity of the fable be not spoiled. This liberty is still greater in the epic poem, because it is of a larger extent, and ought to be entire and complete.

I will explain myself more distinctly by the practice of Homer.

No doubt but one might make four distinct fables out of these four following instructions.

I. Division between those of the same party exposes them entirely to their enemies.

II. Conceal your weakness; and you will be dreaded as much, as if you had none of those imperfections, of which they are ignorant.

III. When your strength is only feigned, and founded only in the opinion of others; never venture so far as if your strength was real.

IV. The more you agree together, the less hurt can your enemies do you.

It is plain, I say, that each of these particular maxims might serve for the ground-work of a fiction, and one might make four distinct fables out of them. May not one then put all these into one single epopea? Not unless one single fable can be made out of all. The poet indeed may have so much skill as to unite all into one body, as members and parts, each of which taken asunder would be imperfect: and if he joins them so, as that this conjunction shall be no hindrance at all to the unity and regular simplicity of the fable. This is what Homer has done with such success in the composition of the Iliad.

1. The division between Achilles and his allies tended to the ruin of their designs. 2. Patroclus comes to their relief in the armour of this hero, and Hector retreats. 3. But this young man, pushing the advantage which his disguise gave him too far, ventures to engage with Hector himself: but not being master of Achilles' strength (whom he only represented in outward appearance) he is killed, and by this means leaves the Grecian affairs in the same disorder, from which, in that disguise, he came to free them. 4. Achilles, provoked at the death of his friend, is reconciled, and revenges his loss by the death of Hector. These various incidents being thus united, do not make different actions and fables, but are only the uncomplete and unfinished parts of one and the same action and fable, which alone, when taken thus completely, can be said to be complete and entire: and all these maxims of the moral are easily reduced into these two parts, which, in my opinion, cannot be separated without enervating the force of both. The two parts are these, that a right understanding is the preservation, and discord the destruction of states.

Though then the poet has made use of two parts in his poems, each of which might have served for a fable, as we have observed: yet this multiplication cannot be called a vicious and irregular polymythia, contrary to the necessary unity and simplicity of the fable; but it gives the fable another qualification, altogether necessary and regular, namely, its perfection, and finishing stroke.

SECT. V.

OF THE ACTION OF THE EPIC POEM.

THE action of a poem is the subject which the poet undertakes, proposes, and builds upon. So that the moral and the instructions which are the end of the epic poem are not the matter of it. Those the poets leave in their allegorical and figurative obscurity. They only give notice at the exordium, that they sing some action: the revenge of Achilles, the return of Ulysses, &c.

Since then the action is the matter of a fable, it is evident, that whatever incidents are essential to the fable, or constitute a part of it, are necessary also to the action, and are parts of the epic matter, none of which ought to be omitted. Such, for instance, are the contention of Agamemnon and Achilles, the slaughter Hector makes in the Grecian army, the re-union of the Greek princes; and, lastly, the re-settlement and victory which was the consequence of that re-union.

There are four qualifications in the epic action: the first is its unity, the second its integrity, the third its importance, the fourth its duration.

The unity of the epic action, as well as the unity of the fable, does not consist either in the unity of the hero, or in the unity of time: three things, I suppose, are necessary to it. The first is, to make use of no episode, but what arises from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The second is, exactly to unite these episodes and these members with one another. And the third is, never to finish any episode so as it may seem to be an entire action; but to let each episode still appear in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itself not complete.

OF THE BEGINNING, MIDDLE, AND END OF THE ACTION.

ARISTOTLE not only says, that the epic action should be one, but adds, that it should be entire, perfect, and complete; and for this purpose, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. These three parts of a whole are too generally and universally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more precisely, and say, that the causes and designs of an action, are the beginning: that the effects of these causes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of these designs, are the middle; and that the unraveling and resolution of these difficulties are the end.

THE ACTION OF THE ILIAD.

HOMER's design in the Iliad, is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning of this action is the change of Achilles from a calm to a passionate temper. The middle is the effects of his passion, and all the illustrious deaths it is the cause of. The end of this same action in the return of Achilles to his calmness of temper again

All was quiet in the Grecian camp, when Agamemnon, their general, provokes Apollo against them, whom he was willing to appease afterwards at the cost and prejudice of Achilles, who had no part in his fault. This then is an exact beginning: it supposes nothing before, and requires after it the effects of this anger. Achilles revenges himself, and that is an exact middle; it supposes before it the anger of Achilles, this revenge is the effect of it. Then this middle requires after it the effects of this revenge, which is the satisfaction of Achilles: for the revenge had not been complete, unless Achilles had been satisfied. By this means the poet makes his hero, after he was glutted by the mischief he had done to Agamemnon, by the death of Hector, and the honour he did his friend, by insulting over his murderer; he makes him, I say, to be moved by the tears and misfortunes of king Priam. We see him as calm at the end of the poem, during the funeral of Hector, as he was at the beginning of the poem, whilst the plague raged among the Grecians. This end is just; since the calmness of temper Achilles re-enjoyed is only an effect of the revenge which ought to have preceded: and after this nobody expects any more of his anger. Thus has Homer been very exact in the beginning, middle, and end of the action he made choice of for the subject of his Iliad.

THE ACTION OF THE ODYSSEY.

His design in the Odyssey was to describe the return of Ulysses from the siege of Troy, and his arrival at Ithaca. He opens his poem with the complaints of Minerva against Neptune, who opposed the return of this hero, and against Calypso, who detained him in an island from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? No; doubtless, the reader would know why Neptune is displeased with Ulysses, and how this prince came to be with Calypso? He would know how he came from Troy thither? The poet answers his demands out of the mouth of Ulysses himself, who relates these things, and begins the action by the recital of his travels from the city of Troy. It signifies little whether the beginning of the action be the beginning of the poem. The beginning of this action is that which happens to Ulysses, when, upon his leaving Troy, he bends his course for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all the misfortunes he endured, and all the disorders of his own government. The end is the reinstating of this hero in the peaceable possession of his kingdom, where he was acknowledged by his son, his wife, his father, and several others. The poet was sensible he should have ended ill, had he gone no farther than the death of these princes, who were the rivals and enemies of Ulysses, because the reader might have looked for some revenge, which the subjects of these princes might have taken on him who had killed their sovereigns: but this danger over, and the people vanquished and quieted, there was nothing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the Odyssey differs from that of the Iliad, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

OF THE CAUSES AND BEGINNING OF THE ACTION.

The causes of the action are also what the poem is obliged to give an account of. There are three sorts of causes, the humours, the interests, and the designs of men; and these different causes of an action are likewise often the causes of one another, every man taking up those interests in which his humour engages him, and forming those designs to which his humour and interest incline him. Of all these the poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conspicuous in his principal personages.

Homer has ingeniously begun his Odyssey with the transactions at Ithaca, during the absence of Ulysses. If he had begun with the travels of his hero, he would scarce have spoken of any one else, and a man might have read a great deal of the poem, without conceiving the least idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her suitors, who had so great a share in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, besides these personages whom he discovers, he represents Ulysses in his full length, and from the very first opening one sees the interest which the gods take in the action.

The skill and care of the same poet may be seen likewise in inducing his personages in the first book of his Iliad, where he discovers the humours, the interests, and the designs of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulysses, and several others, and even of the deities. And in his second he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies; which is full evidence, that all we have here said is very necessary.

OF THE MIDDLE OR INTRIGUE OF THE ACTION.

As these causes are the beginning of the action, the opposite designs against that of the hero are the middle of it, and form that difficulty or intrigue, which makes up the greatest part of the poem; the solution or unraveling commences when the reader begins to see that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his poems into two parts; and has put a particular intrigue, and the solution of it, into each part.

The first part of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himself upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The intrigue comprehends the three days' fight which happened in the absence of Achilles: and it consists on one side in the resistance of Agamemnon and the Grecians; and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not suffer him to be reconciled. The loss of the Grecians, and the despair of Agamemnon, prepare for a solution by the satisfaction which the incensed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus joined to the offers of Agamemnon, which of itself had proved ineffectual, remove this difficulty, and make the unraveling of the first part.

This death is likewise the beginning of the second part; since it puts Achilles upon the design of revenging himself on Hector. But the design of Hector is opposite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant, and resolved to stand on his own defence. This valour and resolution of Hector are on his part the cause of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles used to meet with Hector, and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach and defend himself, are the intrigue; which comprehends the

battle of the last day. The unraveling begins at the death of Hector; and besides that, it contains the insulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the entreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king and the other Trojans, in the sorrowful obsequies they paid to Hector's body, are the unraveling; they justify the satisfaction of Achilles, and demonstrate his tranquillity.

The first part of the Odyssey is the return of Ulysses into Ithaca. Neptune opposes it by raising tempests, and this makes the intrigue. The unraveling is the arrival of Ulysses upon his own island, where Neptune could offer him no farther injury. The second part is the re-instating this hero in his own government. The princes, that are his rivals, oppose him, and this is a fresh intrigue: the solution of it begins at their deaths, and is completed as soon as the Ithacans were appeased.

These two parts in the Odyssey have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the Iliad; and it is so far the matter of this epopea, that the very beginning and end of this poem depend on the beginning and end of his anger. But let the desire Achilles had to revenge himself, and the desire Ulysses had to return to his own country, be never so near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the same notion: for that desire of Ulysses is not a passion that begins and ends in the poem with the action: it is a natural habit: nor does the poet propose it for his subject, as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already observed what is meant by the intrigue, and the unraveling thereof; let us now say something of the manner of forming both. These two should arise naturally out of the very essence and subject of the poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is so exact and natural, that it seems as if their action had presented them with whatever they inserted, without putting themselves to the trouble of a farther enquiry.

What is more usual and natural to warriors, than anger, heat, passion, and impatience of bearing the least affront or disrespect? This is what forms the intrigue of the Iliad: and every thing we read there is nothing else but the effect of this humour and these passions.

What more natural and usual obstacle to those who take voyages, than the sea, the winds, and the storms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the first part of the Odyssey: and for the second, he makes use of almost the infallible effect of the long absence of a master, whose return is quite despaired of, viz. the insolence of his servants and neighbours, the danger of his son and wife, and the sequestration of his estate. Besides, an absence of almost twenty years, and the insupportable fatigues joined to the age of which Ulysses then was, might induce him to believe that he should not be owned by those who thought him dead, and whose interest it was to have him really so. Therefore, if he had presently declared who he was, and had called himself Ulysses, they would easily have destroyed him as an impostor, before he had an opportunity to make himself known.

There could be nothing more natural nor more necessary than this ingenious disguise, to which the advantages his enemies had taken of his absence had reduced him, and to which his long misfortunes had inured him. This allowed him an opportunity, without hazarding any thing, of taking the best measures he could, against those persons who could not so much as mistrust any harm from him. This way was afforded him, by the very nature of his action, to execute his designs, and overcome the obstacles it cast before him. And it is this contest between the prudence and the dissimulation of a single man on one hand and the ungovernable insolence of so many rivals on the other, which constitutes the intrigue of the second part of the Odyssey.

OF THE END OR UNRAVELING OF THE ACTION.

If the plot or intrigue must be natural, and such as springs from the very subject, as has been already urged; then the winding-up of the plot, by a more sure claim, must have this qualification, and be a probable consequence of all that went before. As this is what the readers regard more than the rest, so should the poet be more exact in it. This is the end of the poem, and the last impression that is to be stamped upon them.

We shall find this in the Odyssey. Ulysses by a tempest is cast upon the island of the Phæacians, to whom he discovers himself, and desires they would favour his return to his own country, which was not very far distant. One cannot see any reason why the king of this island should refuse such a reasonable request, to a hero whom he seemed to have in great esteem. The Phæacians indeed had heard him tell the story of his adventures; and in this fabulous recital consisted all the advantage that he could derive from his presence; for the art of war which they admired in him, his undauntedness under dangers, his indefatigable patience, and other virtues, were such as these islanders were not used to. All their talent lay in singing and dancing, and whatsoever was charming in a quiet life. And here we see how dextrously Homer prepares the incidents he makes use of. These people could do no less, for the account with which Ulysses had so much entertained them, than afford him a ship and a safe convoy, which was of little expense or trouble to them.

When he arrived, his long absence, and the travels which had disfigured him, made him altogether unknown; and the danger he would have incurred, had he discovered himself too soon, forced him to a disguise: lastly, this disguise gave him an opportunity of surprising those young suitors, who for several years together had been accustomed to nothing but to sleep well, and fare daintily.

It was from these examples that Aristotle drew this rule, that "Whatever concludes the poem, should so spring from the very constitution of the fable, as if it were a necessary, or at least a probable, consequence."

SECT. VI.

THE TIME OF THE ACTION.

The time of the epic action is not fixed, like that of the dramatic poem; it is much longer:

for an uninterrupted duration is much more necessary in an action which one sees and is present at, than in one which we only read or hear repeated. Besides, tragedy is fuller of passion, and consequently of such a violence as cannot admit of so long a duration.

The Iliad containing an action of anger and violence, the poet allows it but a short time, about forty days. The design of the Odyssey required another conduct; the character of the hero is prudence and long-suffering; therefore the time of its duration is much longer, above eight years.

THE PASSIONS OF THE EPIC POEM.

The passions of tragedy are different from those of the epic poem. In the former, terrour and pity have the chief place; the passion that seems most peculiar to epic poetry, is admiration.

Besides this admiration, which in general distinguishes the epic poem from the dramatic; each epic poem has likewise some peculiar passion, which distinguishes it in particular from other epic poems, and constitutes a kind of singular and individual difference between these poems of the same species. These singular passions correspond to the character of the hero. Anger and terrour reign throughout the Iliad, because Achilles is angry, and the most terrible of all men. The Æneid has all soft and tender passions, because that is the character of Æneas. The prudence, wisdom, and constancy of Ulysses do not allow him either of these extremes; therefore the poet does not permit one of them to be predominant in the Odyssey. He confines himself to admiration only, which he carries to an higher pitch than in the Iliad: and it is upon this account that he introduces a great many more machines, in the Odyssey, into the body of the action, than are to be seen in the actions of the other two poems.

THE MANNERS.

The manners of the epic poem ought to be poetically good, but it is not necessary they be always morally so. They are poetically good, when one may discover the virtue or vice, the good or ill inclinations of every one who speaks or acts: they are poetically bad, when persons are made to speak or act out of character, or inconsistently, or unequally. The manners of Æneas and of Mezentius are equally good, considered poetically, because they equally demonstrate the piety of the one, and the impiety of the other.

CHARACTER OF THE HERO.

It is requisite to make the same distinction between a hero in morality, and a hero in poetry, as between moral and poetical goodness. Achilles had as much right to the latter, as Æneas. Aristotle says, that the hero of a poem should be neither good nor bad; neither advanced above the rest of mankind by his virtues, or sunk beneath them by his vices; that he may be the proper and fuller example to others, both what to imitate and what to decline.

The other qualifications of the manners are, that they be suitable to the causes which either raise or discover them in the persons; that they have an exact resemblance to what history, or fable, have delivered of those persons, to whom they are ascribed; and that there be an equality in them, so that no man is made to act, or speak, out of his character.

UNITY OF THE CHARACTER.

But this equality is not sufficient for the unity of the character: it is further necessary, that the same spirit appear in all sorts of encounters. Thus Æneas acting with great piety and mildness in the first part of the Æneid, which requires no other character; and afterwards appearing illustrious in heroic valour, in the wars of the second part; but there, without any appearance either of a hard or a soft disposition, would doubtless, be far from offending against the equality of the manners: but yet there would be no simplicity or unity in the character. So that, besides the qualities that claim their particular place upon different occasions, there must be one appearing throughout, which commands over all the rest; and without this, we may affirm, it is no character.

One may indeed make a hero as valiant as Achilles, as pious as Æneas, and as prudent as Ulysses. But it is a mere chimera, to imagine a hero that has the valour of Achilles, the piety of Æneas, and the prudence of Ulysses, at one and the same time. This vision might happen to an author, who would suit the character of a hero to whatever each part of the action might naturally require, without regarding the essence of the fable, or the unity of the character in the same person upon all sorts of occasions: this hero would be the mildest, best-natured prince in the world, and also the most choleric, hard-hearted, and implacable creature imaginable; he would be extremely tender like Æneas, extremely violent like Achilles, and yet have the indifference of Ulysses, that is incapable of the two extremes. Would it not be in vain for the poet to call this person by the same name throughout?

Let us reflect on the effects it would produce in several poems, whose authors were of opinion, that the chief character of a hero is that of an accomplished man. They would be all alike; all valiant in battle, prudent in council, pious in the acts of religion, courteous, civil, magnificent; and, lastly, endued with all the prodigious virtues any poet could invent. All this would be independent from the action and the subject of the poem; and upon seeing each hero separated from the rest of the work: we should not easily guess, to what action, and to what poem, the hero belonged. So that we should see, that none of those would have a character; since the character is that which makes a person discernable, and which distinguishes him from all others.

This commanding quality in Achilles is his anger; in Ulysses, the art of dissimulation; in Æneas, meekness. Each of these may be styled, by way of eminence, the character in these heroes.

But these characters cannot be alone. It is absolutely necessary that some other should give them a lustre, and embellish them as far as they are capable; either by hiding the defects that are in each, by some noble and shining qualities; as

the poet has done the anger of Achilles, by shading it with extraordinary valour: or by making them entirely of the nature of a true and solid virtue, as is to be observed in the two others. The dissimulation of Ulysses is a part of his prudence; and the meekness of Æneas is wholly employed in submitting his will to the gods. For the making up of this union, our poets have joined together such qualities as are by nature the most compatible; valour with anger, meekness with piety, and prudence with dissimulation. This last union was necessary for the goodness of Ulysses; for, without that, his dissimulation might have degenerated into wickedness and double-dealing.

SECT. VII.

OF THE MACHINERY.

We now come to the machines of the epic poem. The chief passion which it aims to excite being admiration, nothing is so conducive to that as the marvellous; and the importance and dignity of the action is by nothing so greatly elevated as by the care and interposition of Heaven.

These machines are of three sorts. Some are theological, and were invented to explain the nature of the gods. Others are physical, and represent the things of nature. The last are moral, and are images of virtues and vices.

Homer and the ancients have given to their deities the manners, passions, and vices of men. The poems are wholly allegorical; and in this view it is easier to defend Homer than to blame him. We cannot accuse him for making mention of many gods, for his bestowing passions upon them, or even introducing them fighting against men. The Scripture uses the like figures and expressions.

If it be allowable to speak thus of the gods in theology, much more in the fictions of natural philosophy; where, if a poet describes the deities, he must give them such manners, speeches, and actions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they represent under those divinities. The case is the same in the morals of the deities: Minerva is wise, because she represents prudence; Venus is both good or bad, because the passion of love is capable of these contrary qualities.

Since among the gods of a poem some are good, some bad, and some indifferently either; and since of our passions we make so many allegorical deities; we may attribute to the gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But these deities do not act constantly in one and the same manner.

Sometimes they act invisibly, and by mere inspiration; which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous; being no more than what we say every day, "that some god has assisted us, or some demon has instigated us."

At other times they appear visibly, and manifest themselves to men, in a manner altogether miraculous and preternatural.

The third way has something of both the others; it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly so accounted; this includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All these ways must be probable; for however necessary the marvellous is to the epic action, as nothing is so conducive to admiration; yet we can, on the other hand, admire nothing, that we think impossible. Though the probability of these machines be of a very large extent, (since it is founded upon divine power) it is not without limitations. There are numerous instances of allowable and probable machines in the epic poem, where the gods are no less actors than the men. But the less credible sort, such as metamorphoses, &c. are far more rare.

This suggests a reflection on the method of rendering those machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly so. Those, which require only divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that one might subtract them from it, without destroying the action. But those, which are essential and necessary, should be grounded upon human probability, and not on the sole power of God. Thus the episodes of Circe, the Syrens, Polyphemus, &c. are necessary to the action of the Odyssey, and yet not humanly probable: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human probability, by the simplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he causes those recitals to be made.

The next question is, where, and on what occasions, machines may be used? It is certain Homer and Virgil make use of them every where, and scarce suffer any action to be performed without them. Petronius makes this a precept: Per ambages, deorumque ministeria, &c. The gods are mentioned in the very proposition of their works, the invocation is addrest to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The gods are the causes of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the solution. The precept of Aristotle and Horace, that the unravelling of the plot should not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a god, has place only in dramatic poetry, not in the epic. For it is plain, that both in the solution of the Iliad and Odyssey, the gods are concerned: in the former, the deities meet to appease the anger of Achilles: Iris and Mercury are sent to that purpose, and Minerva eminently assists Achilles in the decisive combat with Hector. In the Odyssey, the same goddess fights close by Ulysses against the suitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the Ithacensians, which completes the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the poet out of any difficulty which embarrasses him: but that the presence of a divinity, and some action surprising and extraordinary, are inserted into almost all the parts of the work, in order to render it more majestic and more admirable. But this mixture ought to be so made, that the machines might be retrenched, without taking any thing from the action; at the same time that it gives the readers a lesson of piety and virtue; and teaches them, that the most brave and the most wise can do nothing, and attain nothing great and glorious, without the assistance of Heaven. Thus the machinery crowns the whole work, and renders it at once marvellous, probable, and moral.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

MINERVA'S DESCENT TO ITHACA.

The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the gods, assembled in council, proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the shape of Mentes, king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned: then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following.

The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muse! resound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime, observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day;
The gods vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbless'd!) to touch that natal shore.
Oh, snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial Muse! and to our world relate.
Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the war of ten long years surviv'd,
And 'scap'd the perils of the gulphy main.
Ulysses, sole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coast,
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.
Calypso in her caves constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years disclose
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.
At length his Ithaca is given by fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hostile powers restrain,
All but the ruthless monarch of the main.
But now the god, remote, a heavenly guest,
In Æthiopia grac'd the genial feast
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays
The rising and descending Sun surveys);
There on the world's extremest verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and prayer in pomp preferr'd,
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the gods:
Th' assembly thus the sire supreme addrest,
Ægysthus' fate revolving in his breast,
Whom young Orestes to the dreary coast
Of Pluto sent, a blood-polluted ghost.
"Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,
Charge all their woes on absolute decree;
All to the dooming gods their guilt translate,
And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.
When to his lust Ægysthus gave the rein,
Did fate, or we, th' adulterous act constrain?
Did fate, or we, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I sent, while yet his soul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;
To warn the wretch, that young Orestes, grown
To manly years, should re-assert the throne.
Yet, impotent of mind, and uncontroll'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which Heaven foretold."
Here paus'd the god; and pensive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes:
"O thou! from whom the whole creation springs,
The source of power on Earth deriv'd to kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!
But grief and rage alternate wound my breast,
For brave Ulysses, still by fate opprest.
Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,
The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home
A goddess guards in her enchanted dome:
(Atlas her sire, to whose far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on Earth he rears
End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:
Successless all her soft caresses prove,
To banish from his breast his country's love;
To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,
With what contentment would he close his eyes?
And will Omnipotence neglect to save
The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?
Must he, whose altars on the Phrygian shore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy power,
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?"
"Daughter! what words have pass'd thy lips unweigh'd?"
(Reply'd the thunderer to the martial maid)
"Deem not unjustly by my doom opprest
Of human race the wisest and the best.
Neptune, by prayer repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-son,
Whose visual orb Ulysses robb'd of light!
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoösa bore (the bright increase
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the sounds and seas):
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty blest,
And in his cave the yielding nymph comprest.
For this, the god constrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeless exile, from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn!
Let all combine t' achieve his wish'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath shall now refrain,
Or thwart the synod of the gods in vain."
"Father and king ador'd!" Minerva cry'd,
"Since all who in th' Olympian bower reside
Now make the wandering Greek their public care,
Let Hermes to th' Atlantic isle[1] repair;

[1] Ogygia.

Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypso's court,
The sanction of th' assembled powers report:
That wise Ulysses to his native land
Must speed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of sea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:
'Tis mine to form his green unpractis'd years,
In sage debates; surrounded with his peers,
To save the state; and timely to restrain
The bold intrusion of the suitor-train:
Who crowd his palace, and with lawless power
His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.
To distant Sparta, and the spacious waste
Of sandy Pyle, the royal youth shall haste.
There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire
That from his realm retards his godlike sire:
Delivering early to the voice of fame
The promise of a great, immortal name."
She said: the sandals of celestial mould,
Fledg'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails
Th' aërial space, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy javelin bore,
Ponderous and vast; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
From high Olympus prone her flight she bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca descends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave disguise
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land):
A glittering spear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heaven-born maid
Enormous riot and misrule survey'd.
On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad spoils of luxury!) the suitors sate.
With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At chess they vie, to captivate the queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh
A menial train the flowing bowl supply:
Others, apart, the spacious hall prepare,
And form the costly feast with busy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celestial sweet, with godlike grace
Amid the circle shines: but hope and fear
(Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.
Now, imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd,
In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord;
The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.
While his fond soul these fancied triumphs swell'd,
The stranger guest the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate;
Instant he flew with hospitable haste,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.
"Stranger! whoe'er thou art, securely rest,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly guest:
Approach the dome, the social banquet share,
And then the purpose of thy soul declare."
Thus, affable and mild, the prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown celestial leads.
The spear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd;
Where seemly rang'd in peaceful order stood
Ulysses' arms, now long disus'd to blood.
He led the goddess to the sovereign seat,
Her feet supported with a stool of state
(A purple carpet spread the pavement wide);
Then drew his seat, familiar to her side;
Far from the suitor-train a brutal crowd,
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud:
Where the free guest, unnotic'd, might relate,
If haply conscious, of his father's fate.
The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver, of capacious size:
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,
In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste:
Marshall'd in order due, to each a sewer
Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ewer.
Luxuriant then they feast. Observant round
Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was consign'd the chorded lyre,
Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing
High strains, responsive to the vocal string.
Meanwhile, in whispers to his heavenly guest
His indignation thus the prince exprest:
"Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)
With song and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,
When for the dear delight another pays.
His treasur'd stores these cormorants consume,
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear would wing their flight,
And curse their cumbrous pride's unwieldy weight.
But, ah, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled!
And hope, too long with vain delusion fed,
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's social train?
All who deserv'd his choice he made his own,
And, curious much to know, he far was known."
"My birth I boast" (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)
"From great Anchialus, renown'd and wise:
Mentes my name: I rule the Taphian race,
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
A duteous people, and industrious isle,
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.
Freighted with iron from my native land,
I steer my voyage to the Brutian strand;
To gain by commerce for the labour'd mass,
A just proportion of refulgent brass.
Far from your capital my ship resides
At Reithrus, and secure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.
Thence to revisit your imperial dome,
And old hereditary guest I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unspotted, and its early date;

Who, prest with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural shade prefers,
Where, sole of all his train, a matron sage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.
" With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulysses' safe return, I came;
But still the frown of some celestial power
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.
Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair;
He lives, he breathes this heavenly vital air,
Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds
With ceaseless roar the foaming deep surrounds.
The thoughts which roll within my ravish'd breast,
To me, no seer, th' inspiring gods suggest;
Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye
To judge the winged omens of the sky.
Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;
Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,
The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,
And soon restore him to his regal seat.
But, generous youth! sincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears,
The same his features, if the same his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
Ere Greece assembled stemm'd the tides to Troy;
But, parting then for that detested shore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more."
" To prove a genuine birth" (the prince replies)
" On female truth assenting faith relies;
Thus manifest of right, I build my clain
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulysses' son: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the storms which toss the great!
Happier the son, whose hoary sire is blest
With humble affluence, and domestic rest!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!"
To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine:
" Oh true descendant of a scepter'd line!
The gods a glorious fate from anguish free
To chaste Penelope's increase decree.
But say, yon joyful troop so gaily drest,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feast!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unseemly flown with insolence and wine;
Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy
Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye?"
" Magnificence of old" (the prince replied)
" Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;
[illegible]iam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
[illegible]t time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;
[illegible]o now (so Heaven decrees) is doom'd to mourn
bitter constraint; erroneous and forlorn.
[illegible]ter the chief, on Ilion's hostile plain,
Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;
Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,
New to his friends' embrace had breath'd his last!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes would raise
Historic marbles, to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:
Vanish'd at once! unheard-of, and unknown!
And I his heir in misery alone.
Nor for a dear, lost father only flow
The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:
To tempt the spouselesss queen with amorous wiles,
Resort the nobles from the neighbouring isles;
From Samos, circled with th' Iönian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' sylvan reign:
Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t' ascend,
The lords of Ithaca their right pretend.
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My stores in riotous expense devour,
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy."
With tender pity touch'd, the goddess cried:
" Soon may kind Heaven a sure relief provide!
Soon may your sire discharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,
When social mirth unbent his serious soul,
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl):
He then from Epyrè, the fair domain
Of Ilus, sprung from Jason's royal strain,
Measur'd a length of seas, a toilsome length, in vain.
For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;
Observant of the gods, and sternly just,
Ilus refus'd t' impart the baneful trust:
With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'd.
Appear'd he now with such heroic port,
As then conspicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty strife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.
But of his wish'd return the care resign;
Be future vengeance to the powers divine.
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,
To their own districts drive the suitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple east,
Convoke the peerage, and the gods attest;
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate;
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,
And the chaste queen connubial rites require;
Dismiss'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward the choice
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the messenger of Jove)
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil
Through the wide ocean first to sandy Pyle;
Of Nestor, hoary sage, his doom demand:
Thence speed your voyage to the Spartan strand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coast
Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.
If yet Ulysses views the light; forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year.
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night:
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaste queen select an equal lord.

Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the suitor-train destroy,
And, starting into manhood, scorn the boy.
Hast thou not heard how young Orestes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?
His virgin-sword Ægysthus' veins imbrued;
The murderer fell, and blood atón'd for blood.
O greatly bless'd with every blooming grace!
With equal steps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And shine eternal in the sphere of fame.—
But my associates now my stay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarse-resounding shore.
Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;
My praise the precept is, be thine the deed."
"The counsel of my friend" (the youth rejoin'd)
"Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild)
Their sage experience to the favourite child.
But, since to part, for sweet refection due
The genial viands let my train renew;
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give."
"Defer the promis'd boon," (the goddess, cries,
Celestial azure brightening in her eyes)
"And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temesè return'd, your royal court
I shall revisit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave."
Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky;
Instant invisible to mortal eye.
Then first he recognis'd th' etherial guest;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast:
Heroic thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate;
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the suitor-throng;
Hush'd *in* attention to the warbled song.
His tender theme the charming lyrist chose,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.
With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends;
Their sovereign's step a virgin-train attends;
A veil, of richest texture wrought, she wears,
And silent to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command,
Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand:
"Phemius! let acts of gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bower have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.
But, oh! forbear that dear disastrous name,
To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:
My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,
And every piercing note inflicts a wound."
"Why, dearest object of my duteous love,"
(Reply'd the prince) "will you the bard reprove?
Oft, Jove's ethereal rays (resistless fire)
The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire;
Instinct divine! nor blame severe his choice;
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;
Patient permit the sadly pleasing strain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the public woe forget your own;
You weep not for a perish'd lord, alone,
What Greeks, now wandering in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulysses shar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom, beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free;
That care to man belongs, and most to me."
Mature beyond his years the queen admires
His sage reply, and with her train retires.
Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,
With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds;
Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Meantime, rekindled at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each heating bosom warms;
Intemperate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus assum'd the man.
"Instant" (he cry'd) "your female discord end,
Ye deedless boasters! and the song attend;
Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane
With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.
Pacific now prolong the jovial feast;
But when the dawn reveals the rosy east,
I, to the peers assembled, shall propose
The firm resolve, I here in few disclose:
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your several states with speed resort;
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
By him, and all th' immortal thrones above,
(A sacred oath) each proud oppressor, slain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain."
Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue,
Silence at length the gay Antinoüs broke,
Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke:
"What god to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?
May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of state!"
"Those toils" (Telemachus serene replies)
"Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the wise.
Fast by the throne obsequious fame resides,
And wealth incessant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinoüs rage, if strong desire
Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire:
Elect by Jove his delegate of sway,
With joyous pride the summons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulysses roams the realm of night,
Should factious power dispute my lineal right,
Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title would precede.
At least, the sceptre lost, I still should reign
Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train."
To this Eurymachus: "To Heaven alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;
Undoubted, all your filial claim confess:
Your private right should impious power invade,
The peers of Ithaca would arm in aid.
But say, that stranger guest who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage shew.
His grave demeanour and majestic grace
Speak him descended of no vulgar race:
Did he some loan of ancient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your scepter'd sire?"
"Oh, son of Polybus!" the prince replies,
"No more my sire will glad these longing eyes;

The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That stranger-guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with incircling seas;
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name, of old
High in Ulysses' social list enroll'd."

Thus he, though conscious of th' etherial guest,
Answer'd evasive of the sly request.
Meantime the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the star of eve with golden light
Adorn'd the matron brow of sable night;
The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,
And to their several domes to rest resort.
A towering structure to the palace join'd;
To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to sleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the sage Eurycleа bears;
(Daughter of Ops, the just Pisenor's son,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In rosy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,
With dear esteem; too wise, with jealous strife
To taint the joys of sweet, connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her service ends,
A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)

Whilst to his couch the prince himself addrest,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest:
The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,
The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd;
The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There wrapt in silent shade,
Pensive, the rules the goddess gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,
And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

THE COUNCIL OF ITHACA.

TELEMACHUS, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarius her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulysses), helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses in Ithaca.

Now reddening from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heaven, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Rose anxious from th' inquietudes of night,
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd falchion threaten'd by his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd majestic as a god.
Then by his heralds, restless of delay,
To council calls his peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in solemn form th' assembly sate,
From his high dome himself descends in state.
Bright in his hand a ponderous javelin shin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: while distant stood
The hoary peers, and aged wisdom bow'd.
'Twas silence all. At last Ægyptius spoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and sorrows broke:
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldest hope [1] in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulysses taught the path to fame;
But (hapless youth) the hideous Cyclops tore
His quivering limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.
Three sons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aspires;
The rest with duteous love his griefs asswage,
And ease the sire of half the cares of age.
Yet still his Antiphus he loves, he mourns,
And, as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns:
"Since great Ulysses sought the Phrygian plains,
Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.
Say then, ye peers, by whose commands we meet!
Why here once more in solemn council sit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose:
Arrives some message of invading foes?
Or say, does high necessity of state
Inspire some patriot, and demand debate!
The present synod speaks its author wise;
Assist him, Jove, thou regent of the skies!"

He spoke. Telemachus with transport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majestic rose
(His royal hand th' imperial sceptre sway'd);
Then thus, addressing to Ægyptius, said:
"Reverend old man! lo here confest he stands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No story I unfold of public woes,
Nor hear advices of impending foes:
Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my lost sire continual sorrows spring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more; our house from its foundation bows,
Our foes are powerful, and your sons the foes:
Hither, unwelcome to the queen, they come;
Why seek they not the rich Icarian dome!
If she must wed, from other hands require
The dowry: is Telemachus her sire?
Yet through my court the noise of revel rings,
And wastes the wise frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.
Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,
Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More powerful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! insufferable wrong
Cries to the gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.

[1] Antiphus.

Rise then, ye peers! with virtuous anger rise!
Your fame revere, but most th' avenging skies.
By all the deathless powers that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thundering Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies,
Success; and humbles, or confirms the wise)
Rise in my aid! suffice the tears that flow
For my lost sire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,
Or, having power to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath asswage,
And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.
If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume.
Then might we hope redress from juster laws,
And raise all Ithaca to aid our cause:
But while your sons commit th' unpunish'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too strong."
While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And dash'd th' imperial sceptre to the ground.
The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,
Then silent sate—at length Antinoüs burns:
With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns:
"O insolence of youth! whose tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame.
Elusive of the bridal day, she gives
Fond hope to all, and all with hopes deceives.
Did not the Sun, through Heaven's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While she, laborious in delusion, spread,
The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:
Where as to life the wondrous figures rise,
Thus spoke th' inventive queen, with artful sighs:
'Though cold in death Ulysses breathes no more,
Cease yet a while to urge the bridal hour;
Cease, till to great Laërtes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death;
Lest when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade.'
"Thus she: at once the generous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrust in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the Sun his annual journey made,
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd;
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils;
A wondrous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince, give ear
(I speak aloud, that every Greek may hear:)
Dismiss the queen: and if her sire approves,
Let him espouse her to the peer she loves:
Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Though with a grace divine her soul is blest,
And all Minerva breathes within her breast,
In wondrous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd;
Though Tyro, nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boasts of fame)
Yet, thus by Heaven adorn'd, by Heaven's decree,
She shines with fatal excellence to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,
Till righteous Heaven reclaim her stubborn breast.
What though from pole to pole resounds her name,
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:
For, till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed."
While yet he speaks, Telemachus replies:
"Ev'n nature starts, and what ye ask denies.
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?
While sad on foreign shores Ulysses treads,
Or glides, a ghost with unapparent shades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dower?
How from my father should I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curse my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends she cries,
How from their Hell would vengeful fiends arise?
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The Earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.
If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
For you my bowls shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;
Judge and assert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal host above,
(A sacred oath) if Heaven the power supply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die."
With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they descend with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind,
Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And, shrieking loud, denounce approaching fate,
They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and necks they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend:
Then, sailing o'er the domes and towers, they fly
Full tow'rd the east, and mount into the sky.
The wondering rivals gaze with cares oppress,
And chilling horrours freeze in every breast.
Till, big with knowledge of approaching woes,
The prince of augurs, Halitherses, rose:
Prescient he view'd th' aërial tracks, and drew
A sure presage from every wing that flew.
"Ye sons" (he cry'd) "of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulysses comes, and death his steps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We and our guilty Ithaca must bleed.
Why cease we then the wrath of Heaven to stay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye great! the way.
For, lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate;
I speak from science, and the voice is fate.
"When great Ulysses sought the Phrygian shores
To shake with war proud Ilion's lofty towers,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heaven seal'd my words, and you those deeds behold.

'I see (I cry'd) his woes, a countless train,
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams:
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!"
To whom Eurymachus—"Fly, dotard, fly!
With thy wise dreams, and fables of the sky.
Go, prophesy at home; thy sons advise:
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the skies.
Unnumber'd birds glide through th' aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding stray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below,
Ulysses lies: oh, wert thou laid as low!
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breast.
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And interest, not the god, thy voice inspires.
His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age
Mislead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance reserv'd thy malice shall repress,
And but augment the wrongs thou would'st redress.
Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whose paternal care
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dower, and bridal gifts of price.
Till she retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, O prince, elude the bridal day,
Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler suit we cease;
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please."
To whom the youth: "Since then in vain I tell
My numerous woes, in silence let them dwell.
But Heaven, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To Heaven, and all the Greeks, redress belongs.
Yet this I ask, (nor be it ask'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:
If, or to fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year:
But if already wandering in the train
Of empty shades, I measure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his consort to the nuptial bed."
He ceas'd; and while the peers abash'd attend,
Mentor arose, Ulysses' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he sought the scenes of war,
"My friend," (he cry'd) "my palace be thy care;
Years roll'd on years my godlike sire decay,
Guard thou his age, and his behests obey."]
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around,
That flash'd with rage; and as he spoke, he frown'd:
"O never, never more! let king be just,
Be mild in power, or faithful to his trust!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share;
Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:
They for the mighty mischiefs they devise,
Ere long shall pay their forfeit lives the price.
But against you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain!
Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words."
While yet he spoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
"O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'st thou to rise in arms the Greeks advise?
Join all your powers! in arms, the Greeks, arise!
Yet would your powers in vain our strength oppose:
The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes.
Should great Ulysses stern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;
Though to his breast his spouse with transport flies,
Torn from her breast, that hour, Ulysses dies.
But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the vessel, Mentor! be thy care,
And Halitherses! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the son attend.
But yet, I trust, the boaster means to stay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the watery way."
Then, with a rushing sound, th' assembly bend,
Diverse their steps: the rival rout ascend
The royal dome; while sad the prince explores
The neighbouring main, and sorrowing treads the shores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,
The royal suppliant to Minerva pray'd:
"O goddess! who descending from the skies
Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my wondering eyes,
By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,
And seek my sire through storms and rolling seas!
Hear from thy Heavens above, oh, warrior-maid!
Descend once more propitious to my aid.
Without thy presence, vain is thy command:
Greece and the rival train, thy voice withstand."
Indulgent to his prayer the goddess took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor spoke:
"O prince, in early youth divinely wise,
Born, the Ulysses of thy age to rise!
If to the son the father's worth descends,
O'er the wide waves success thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he stood prepar'd;
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.
Were not wise sons descendents of the wise,
And did not heroes from brave heroes rise:
Vain were my hopes: few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy soul inspires:
Go, and succeed! the rivals' aims despise;
For never, never, wicked man was wise.
Blind they rejoice, though now, ev'n now they fall;
Death hastes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with speed we plough the watery way,
My power shall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged vessel studious I prepare,
Through seas and realms companions of thy care,
Thou to the court ascend: and to the shores
(When night advances) bear the naval stores;
Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,
And generous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies.
Mean while the mariners, by my command,
Shall speed aboard, a valiant chosen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides;
The best I choose to waft thee o'er the tides."
She spoke: to his high dome the prince returns;
And as he moves with royal anguish mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawless train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.

Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous prest,
And, thus deriding, with a smile address'd:
"Grieve not, oh, daring prince! that noble heart:
Ill suits gay youth the stern heroic part;
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides."
"Is this," returns the prince, "for mirth a time?
When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;
The luscious wines, dishonour'd, lose their taste;
The song is noise, and impious is the feast.
Suffice it to have spent with swift decay
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wise instructions of the sage,
And manly thoughts inspir'd by manly age,
Teach me to seek redress for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I pass the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow;
And where on Earth I live, I live your foe."
He spoke, and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to stay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away.
Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feast,
Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest,
And each in jovial mood his mate address'd:
"Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the stern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand supplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:
Or comes from Ephyrè with poisons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?"
"Or, who can say" (his gamesome mate replies)
"But, while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his sire, may sink depriv'd of breath,
And punish us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To seize his treasures, and divide his state,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him she blesses in the bridal day!"
Meantime the lofty rooms the prince surveys,
Where lay the treasures of th' Ithacian race:
Here ruddy brass and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome
(Pure flavourous wine, by gods in bounty given,
And worthy to exalt the feasts of Heaven.)
Untouch'd they stood, till, his long labours o'er,
The great Ulysses reach his native shore.
A double strength of bars secur'd the gates:
Fast by the door the wise Eurycleа waits;
Eurycleа, who, great Ops! thy lineage shar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.
To whom the prince: "O thou, whose guardian care
Nurs'd the most wretched king that breathes the air:
Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand,
Till great Ulysses views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd;
Next these in worth, and firm those urns be seal'd;
And twice ten measures of the choicest flour
Prepar'd, ere yet descends the evening hour.
For when the favouring shades of night arise,
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes,
Me from our coast shall spreading sails convey,
To seek Ulysses through the watery way."
While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with cries;
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
"O whither, whither flies my son?" she cry'd,
"To realms, that rocks and roaring seas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The watery way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all must perish, and by fraud you die! [main;
Then stay, my child! storms beat and rolls the
Oh, beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain!"
"Far hence" (reply'd the prince) "thy fears be driven:
Heaven calls me forth? these counsels are of Heaven.
But, by the powers that hate the perjur'd, swear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dangerous truth betray,
Till twice six times descends the lamp of day:
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief destroy what time a while would spare."
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Attests th' All-seeing Sovereign of the skies.
Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,
The strength of wheat, and wines an ample store.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial goddess with impatience burns;
Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and size,
With speed divine from street to street she flies;
She bids the mariners prepar'd to stand,
When night descends, embody'd on the strand.
Then to Noëmon swift she runs, she flies,
And asks a bark: the chief a bark supplies.
And now, declining with his sloping wheel,
Down sunk the Sun behind the western hills.
The goddess shov'd the vessel from the shores,
And stow'd within its womb the naval stores.
Full in the openings of the spacious main
It rides; and now descends the sailor-train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid step the goddess urg'd her way:
There every eye with slumberous chains she bound,
And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground,
Drowsy they rose with heavy fumes opprest,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to rest.
Then thus, in Mentor's reverend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the martial maid.
"Lo! on the seas, prepar'd the vessel stands,
Th' impatient mariner thy speed demands."
Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads;
The footsteps of the deity he treads.
Swift to the shore they move: along the strand
The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand.
He bids them bring their stores; th' attending train
Load the tall bark, and lanch into the main.
The prince and goddess to the stern ascend;
To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the West she bids fresh breezes blow;
The sable billows foam and roar below.
The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command!
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails
Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting surge divides,
And to the stern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ship their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the powers divine:

ploring all the gods that reign above,
chief the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,
nd end their voyage with the morning ray.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming; and Nestor relates what past in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice ended with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea shore of Pylos.

THE sacred Sun, above the waters rais'd,
Through Heaven's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er Earth diffus'd his cheering ray,
To gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood,
Each held five hundred (a deputed train),
At each nine oxen on the sand lay slain,
They take the entrails, and the altars load
With smoking thighs, an offering to the god.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already prest the shore;
Not first, the power of wisdom march'd before,
And, ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:
"Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,
We pass'd the wide, immeasurable main.
Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
With reverend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for wisdom never lies."
"O tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,"
(The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)
"How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years."
To whom the martial goddess thus rejoin'd:
"Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;
And others, dictated by heavenly power,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with Heaven thy friend."
She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sate, encompast with his sons, the sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first, to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sate with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent goddess in these words addrest:
"Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to keep
The rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
The first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare
The due libation and the solemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:
Though much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!"
He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
To see the preference due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of ocean's king she then implores the grace:
"Oh, thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desir'd success."
Thus she; and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And, now the victims drest,
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:
"Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask you, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Relates if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
Where savage pirates seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own."
Urg'd by the precepts by the goddess given,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from Heaven,
The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
And fam'd among the sons of men, replies:
"Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?
(Oh, grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent woods,
Us to these shores our filial duty draws,
A private sorrow, not a public cause.
My sire I seek, where-e'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,

The great Ulysses; fam'd from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suffering more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulphy main?
Of this to learn, oppress with tender fears,
Lo! at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And, oh! whate'er Heaven destin'd to betide,
Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer and to die.
Oh then, if ever through the ten years' war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word:
Far as thy mind through backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'Tis sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee."
To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoin'd:
"O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we rov'd, Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where mix'd in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my son—ah, once my best delight,
Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight;
In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
A faultless body, and a blameless mind:
Antilochus—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious series of our fate?
Not added years on years my task could close,
The long historian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that detested shore;
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still labouring on, till scarce at last we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words so wise,
Who finds the younger must consult his eyes.
Thy sire and I were one; nor vary'd ought
In public sentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council or th' assembly came,
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ships the conquering Greeks return'd;
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn the event, confounding human pride:
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just.)
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother kings inspir'd with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim)
Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came.
To these the cause of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;
Not so the king of men: he will'd to stay:
These sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh, blind to fate!
The gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
Now different counsels every breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd).
We with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
But half the people with respect obey'd
The king of men, and at his bidding stay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our course we keep
(For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep);
For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the powers:
To bless our safe return we join in prayer;
But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new discord. Then (so Heaven decreed)
Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed:
Wise as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
He there, though late, to please the monarch, stay'd.
But I, determin'd, stem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the gods.
With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haste:
And Menelaüs came, but came the last.
He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our watery way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The safer road) beside the Psyrian isle;
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,
And anchor under Mimas's shaggy brow?
We sought direction of the power divine:
The god propitious gave the guiding sign;
Through the mild seas he bid our navy steer,
And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.
The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
High-flaming please the monarch of the main.
The fourth day shone, when all their labours o'er
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore.
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The gods still breathing on my swelling sails;
Separate from all, I safely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sate,
And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
"Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, securely crost the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
And how the murderer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands so distant from that scene of death
But trembling heard the fame? and, heard, admire
How well the son appeas'd the slaughter'd sire!

Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
Heaven gives posterity, t' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægysthus; and may'st thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy sire descend)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Orestes was before!"

The prudent youth reply'd: "O thou the grace
And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
Shall long posterity resound the praise.
Some god this arm with equal prowess bless!
And the proud suitors shall its force confess:
Injurious men! who while my soul is sore
Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
But Heaven denies this honour to my hand,
Nor shall my father repossess the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn?"

Thus he; and Nestor took the word: "My son,
Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?
Say, is the fault, through tame submission, thine?
Or, leagu'd against thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted state;
When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy son will, as the father, aid,
(Whose fame and safety was her constant care
In every danger and in every war:
Never on man did heavenly favour shine
With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
As those with which Minerva mark'd thy sire)
So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!
Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed." [plies)

"Ah! no such hope" (the prince with sighs re-
"Can touch my breast! that blessing Heaven denies.
Ev'n by celestial favour were it given,
Fortune or fate would cross the will of Heaven."

"What words are these, and what imprudence
(Thus interpos'd the martial maid divine) [thine?"
"Forgetful youth! but know, the power above
With ease can save each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundless grace:
Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who, many sorrows past,
Long labouring gains his natal shore at last;
Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life
By some stern ruffian, or adulterous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miss,
And all is possible to Heaven, but this.
The best, the dearest favourite of the sky
Must taste that cup, for man *is* born to die."
Thus check'd, reply'd Ulysses' prudent heir:
"Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more must draw his country's breath,
Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of [death!
Pass we to other subjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable sage
(Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, and through three ages shin'd
Like gods majestic, and like gods in mind).
For much he knows, and just conclusions draws,
From various precedents, and various laws.
O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell?
By what strange fraud Ægysthus wrought, relate
(By force he could not) such a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece! or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
Or sure Ægysthus had not dar'd the deed."
To whom the full of days: "Illustrious youth!
Attend (though partly thou hast guess'd) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies,
Nor Grecian virgins shriek'd his obsequies,
But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While thus the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess,
(Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless)
With flattery's insinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her heart.
At first, with worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.
For virtue's image yet possest her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting from the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
In honour's limits; such the power of song.
But when the gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert isle:
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
Then virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adulterous spouse,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And odorous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.

"Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, through the curling sea.
But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admir'd
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil);
While yet he exercis'd the steersman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Ev'n with the rudder in his hand he fell.
To pay whose honours to the shades of Hell,
We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites discharg'd, our course we keep
Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
Sudden the thunderer blackens all the skies,
And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
The tempest scatters and divides our fleet:
Part the storm urges on the coast of Crete.
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The streams of Jardan issue to the main,
There stands a rock, high eminent and steep,
Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
And views Gortyna on the western side;
On this rough Auster drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And bear'd the fleet into the neighbouring bay;

Thus sav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæstan
With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars: [shores,
But five tall barks the winds and waters tost,
Far from their fellows on th' Ægyptian coast.
There wander'd Menelaus through foreign shores,
Amassing gold, and gathering naval stores;
While curst Ægysthus the detested deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Seven years the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens, to his realm restor'd,
Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile assassin, and adulterous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,
Return'd Atrides to the coast of Greece.
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and ponderous treasure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand
Too long a stranger to thy native land;
Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;
And thou return with disappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore.
He, wandering long, a wider circle made,
And many languag'd nations has survey'd;
And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly).
Go then; to Sparta take the watery way,
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay,
Or, if by land thou chuse thy course to bend,
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:
Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urg'd him with truth to frame his free replies,
And sure he will; for Menelaus is wise."

Thus while he speaks the ruddy Sun descends,
And twilight gray her evening shade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd maid: "O full of days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heavenly feast,
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest."

So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial maid.
The sober train attended and obey'd.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy beverage flows:
While to the final sacrifice they rose.
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian maid
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:
But this the hospitable sage deny'd.
"Forbid it Jove! and all the gods!" he cry'd,
"Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send
Of such a hero, and of such a friend!
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Whom Heaven denies the blessing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boast imperial sway,
When beds of royal state invite your stay?
No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,
Or as my children imitate their sire,
Here shall the wandering stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome."

"Well hast thou spoke," (the blue-ey'd maid replies)
"Belov'd old man! benevolent as wise.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the vessel shall I pass the night;
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way."

Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And soars an eagle through the liquid skies.
Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.
But chief the reverend sage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke:
"Oh, happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian deities!
Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For, lo! none other of the court above
Than she, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herself, the war-triumphant maid,
Confest is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my consort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns."

Submissive thus the hoary sire preferr'd
His holy vow: the favouring goddess heard.
Then, slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long procession) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His sons and grandsons the wide circle grac'd.
To these the hospitable sage, in sign
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And slept beneath the pompous colonnade;
Fast by his side Pisistratus lay spread,
(In age his equal) on a splendid bed:
But in an inner court, securely clos'd,
The reverend Nestor and his queen repos'd.

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;

The old man early rose; walk'd forth, and sate
On polish'd stone before his palace-gate:
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
Where ancient Neleus sate, a rustic throne;
But he descending to th' infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the sceptre sway'd.
His sons around him mild obeisance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed:
Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed;
The last Pisistratus arose from rest:
They came, and near him plac'd the stranger-guest.
To these the senior thus declar'd his will:
"My sons! the dictates of your sire fulfil.
To Pallas, first of gods, prepare the feast,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.
Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead;
One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! ashore
(Leave only two the galley to attend);
Another to Laertius must we send,
Artist divine, whose skilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfusile gold.
The rest may here the pious duty share,
And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living spring."
He said, and busy each his care bestow'd:
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacensian crew,
The dextrous smith the tools already drew:
His ponderous hammer, and his anvil sound,
And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva absent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
With reverend hand the king presents the gold,
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd,
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And canisters of consecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The ax was held by warlike Thrasymed,
In act to strike: before him Perseus stood,
The vase extending to receive the blood.
The king himself initiates to the power;
Scatters with quivering hand the sacred flour,
And the stream sprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thrasymed discharg'd the speeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down sunk the heavy beast: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound.
Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join
(The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name). [death;
From earth they rear him, struggling now with
And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breath.
The soul for ever flies: on all sides round
Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the ground.
The beast they then divide, and disunite
The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The sacred sage before his altar stands,
Turns the burnt-offering with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire:
The youth with instruments surround the fire.
The thighs now sacrific'd, and entrails drest,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.
While these officious tend the rites divine,
The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,
Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
And issued, like a god, to mortal view.
His former seat besides the king he found
(His people's father with his peers around);
All plac'd at ease the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress,
The monarch turns him to his royal guest;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car.
Observant of his word; the word scarce spoke,
The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And presents, such as suit the state of kings.
The glittering seat Telemachus ascends;
His faithful guide Pisistratus attends;
With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and smok'd along the field.
The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till close of day:
Then sunk the Sun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' stately seat
(Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
His house affords the hospitable rite,
And pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the night).
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the sounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:
Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

THE CONFERENCE WITH MENELAUS.

TELEMACHUS with Pisistratus arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return; from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso.

In the mean time the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope

is apprised of this; but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Ipthima.

And now proud Sparta with their wheels resounds,
Sparta whose walls a range of hills surrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where sate Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's power,
To bless his sons' and daughters' nuptial hour.
That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd,
Hermione, the fairest of the kind,
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy,
Espous'd before the final doom of Troy:
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a stol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his handmaid bore:
To Helen's bed the gods alone assign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line;
On whom a radiant pomp of graces wait,
Resembling Venus in attractive state.
While this gay friendly troop the king surround,
With festival and mirth the roofs resound:
A bard amid the joyous circle sings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings;
Whilst, warbling to the varied strain, advance
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that, issuing through the palace gate,
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state:
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son:
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,
And, speeding, thus address'd the royal car:
"Two youths approach, whose semblant features prove
Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or must they bend
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend?"
"Insensate," (with a sigh the king replies)
"Too long, misjudging, have I thought thee wise:
But sure relentless folly steels thy breast,
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest;
To those dear hospitable rites a foe,
Which in my wanderings oft reliev'd my woe:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
Till pitying Jove my native realm restor'd—
Straight be the coursers from the car releast,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast."
The seneschal rebuk'd in haste withdrew;
With equal haste a menial train pursue:
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd;
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight;
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight Moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend;
Where a bright damsel-train attend the guests
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bower of state,
Where circled with his peers Atrides sate:
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The purest product of the crystal springs;
High on a massy vase of silver mould,
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold;
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a second banquet rose.
When thus the king with hospitable port:—
"Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;
The waste of nature let the feast repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Say from what scepter'd ancestry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathless fame?
For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race
With signatures of such majestic grace."
Ceasing, benevolent he straight assigns
The royal portion of the choicest chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haste
They share the honours of the rich repast.
Suffic'd, soft-whispering thus to Nestor's son,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun:
"View'st thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd most!
These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost!
Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above,
My wonder dictates, is the dome of Jove."
The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd:
"Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride
Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove contest,
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest!
With all my affluence, when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.
For eight slow-circling years by tempest tost,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coast
(Sidon the capital) I stretch'd my toil
Through regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmost bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian shore:
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,
O'er the warm Libyan wave to spread my sails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear;
And two fair crescents of translucent horn
The brows of all their young increase adorn;
The shepherd swains, with sure abundance blest,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feast;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every season fills the foaming pail.
Whilst, heaping unwish'd wealth, I distant roam,
The best of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitress wife,
Ends the sad evening of a stormy life:
Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,
These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of every tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:
How favouring Heaven repaid my glorious toils
With a sack'd palace, and barbaric spoils.
Oh! had the gods so large a boon deny'd,
And life, the just equivalent, supply'd
To those brave warriors, who, with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cause expir'd:
Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But oh! Ulysses—deeper than the rest
That sad idea wounds my anxious breast!
My heart bleeds fresh with agonising pain;
The bowl and tasteful viands tempt in vain,

Nor sleep's soft power can close my streaming eyes,
When imag'd to my soul his sorrows rise.
No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equall'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born;
For him to suffer, and for me to mourn!
Whether he wanders on some friendless coast,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a pensive ghost,
No fame reveals; but, doubtful of his doom,
His good old sire with sorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling steps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne
Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan."
While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke.
From the brave youth the streaming passion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress,
His face he shrouded with his purple vest:
The conscious monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,
And view'd his filial love with vast surprise:
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth enquire his father's fate.
In this suspence bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The silver-shafted goddess of the chase!
The seat of majesty Adraste brings,
With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings;
To spread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of softest woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A silver canister, divinely wrought,
In her soft hands the beauteous Phylo brought;
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vase
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord (whose sovereign sway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey),
When to that court Atrides came, carest
With vast munificence th' imperial guest:
Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,
With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd;
And bounteous from the royal treasure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, consort of his high command,
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
Which, heap'd with wool, the beauteous Phylo brought;
The silken fleece impurpled for the loom,
Rivall'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The sovereign seat then Jove-born Helen press'd,
And pleasing thus her sceptre'd lord address'd:
"Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontrol'd,
Hear me the boding of my breast unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyssean race:
Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear,
In just similitude, the grace and air
Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bless'd Ulysses with a father's joy,
What time the Greeks combin'd their social arms,
T' avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms!"
"Just is thy thought," the king assenting cries,
"Methinks Ulysses strikes my wondering eyes;
Full shines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his shape, the same:
Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow;
Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow!
And when he heard the long disastrous store
Of cares, which in my cause Ulysses bore;
Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose:
Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear."
"See there confest," Pisistratus replies,
"The genuine worth of Ithacus the wise!
Of that heroic sire the youth is sprung,
But modest awe hath chain'd his timorous tongue:
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a god rever'd.
With him at Nestor's high command I came,
Whose age I honour with a parent's name,
By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue
For counsel and redress, he sues to you.
Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,
Still must the wrong'd Telemachus sustain,
If, hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly power alone,
The youth would vindicate the vacant throne."
"Is Sparta blest, and these desiring eyes
View my friend's son?" (the king exulting cries)
"Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whose sword was sacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirror of constant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
No Greek an equal space had o'er possest,
Of dear affection in my grateful breast.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;
Argos the seat of sovereign rule I chose;
Fair in the plan the future palace rose,
Where my Ulysses and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.
To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had strove
In acts of dear benevolence and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone dissolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious power the blissful scene destroys;
Vanish'd are all the visionary joys:
The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,
Fated to wander from his natal coast!"
He ceas'd; a gust of grief began to rise,
Fast streams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;
Fast for the sire the filial sorrows flow;
The weeping monarch swells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Pisistratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial brother[1]: on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by swarthy Memnon slain!
But silence soon the son of Nestor broke,
And, melting with fraternal pity, spoke:
"Frequent, O king, was Nestor wont to raise
And charm attention with thy copious praise:
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that superior attribute control
This unavailing impotence of soul,
Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd;
But when, from dewy shade emerging bright,
Aurora streaks the sky with orient light,
Let each deplore his deed: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can bestow:

[1] Antilochus.

O'er the congenial dust injoin'd to shear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then, mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,
And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame:
With strength and speed superior form'd in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early snatch'd by fate, ere known to me!
I boast a witness of his worth in thee." [rejoins,)
"Young and mature!" (the monarch thus
"In thee renew'd the soul of Nestor shines:
Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchsafes to shower
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great sire transmissive to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.
Such, happy Nestor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee, full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;
The gifts of Heaven to guard thy hoary state.
But now let each becalm his troubled breast,
Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.
To move thy suit, Telemachus, delay,
Till Heaven's revolving lamp restores the day."
He said, Asphalion swift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful springs:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen gust the savory viands share.
Meantime, with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl:
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, t' assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful sluices of despair:
Charm'd with that virtuous draught th' exalted
All sense of woe delivers to the wind. [mind
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian-force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse;
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.
These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific Nile
With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.
With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom taints the plain;
From Pæon sprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The beverage now prepar'd t' inspire the feast,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addrest:
"Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm sanction of his sovereign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,
And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Myself, assisting in the social joy,
Will tell Ulysses' bold exploit in Troy:
Sole witness of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.
"Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre
In the vile habit of a village-slave, [gave,
The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hostile train.
In this attire secure from searching eyes,
Till haply piercing through the dark disguise
The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit
Knew all the serpent mazes of deceit,
Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd
Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,
His limbs in military purple dress'd;
Each brightening grace the genuine Greek confess'd.
A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,
Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war against the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the secrets of the state,
He learn'd what best might urge the Dardan fate:
And, safe returning to the Grecian host,
Sent many a shade to Pluto's dreary coast.
Loud grief resounded through the towers of Troy,
But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy:
For then, with dire remorse and conscious shame,
I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,
Which, kindled by th' imperious queen of love,
Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord,
Admir'd among the first of human race,
For every gift of mind, and manly grace."
"Right well," reply'd the king, "your speech displays
The matchless merit of the chief you praise:
Heroes in various climes myself have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:
But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
May boast a title to the loudest fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid storm,
Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.
What wondrous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vast fabric of the steed we rear'd!
Some demon, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deiphobus to come,
T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th' insidious pile;
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke.
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd,
But most Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the steed we both impatient press,
Threatening to answer from the dark recess.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love restrain'd:
But Anticlus, unable to control,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul:
Ulysses straight, with indignation fir'd,
(For so the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the fluttering murmurs dy'd.
Meantime Minerva, from the fraudful horse,
Back to the court of Priam bent your course."
"Inclement Fate!" Telemachus replies,
"Frail is the boasted attribute of wise:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,
Is in the common mass of matter lost!
But now let sleep the painful waste repair
Of sad reflection, and corroding care."
He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of state;
Beneath an ample portico, they spread
The downy fleece to form the slumberous bed;
And o'er soft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold:
Then, through th' illumin'd dome, to balmy rest
Th' obsequious herald guides each princely guest:

While to his regal bower the king ascends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the Morn, in orient purple drest,
Unbarr'd the portal of the rosate east,
The monarch rose; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw:
The glittering zone athwart his shoulder cast,
A starry falchion low-depending grac'd;
Clasp'd on his feet th' embroider'd sandals shine;
And forth he moves, majestic and divine:
Instant to young Telemachus he press'd,
And thus benevolent his speech address'd:
"Say, royal youth, sincere of soul, report
What cause hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do public or domestic cares constrain
This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?"
"O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!"
(Replies the prince) "inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A suppliant to your royal court I come.
Our sovereign seat a lewd usurping race
With lawless riot and misrule disgrace;
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choicest of the stall:
For wild ambition wings their bold desire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aspire.
But prostrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful series of my father's fate:
Each known disaster of the man disclose,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with storied grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulysses, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils attest,
To the sire's merit give the son's request."
Deep from his inmost soul Atrides sigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
"Heavens! would a soft, inglorious dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flowery lawns:
Meantime return'd, with dire remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulysses soon shall re-assert his claim.
O Jove, supreme, whom gods and men revere!
And thou[2], to whom 'tis given to gild the sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when contending on the Lesbian shore
His prowess Philomelidus confess'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.
With patient ear, O royal youth! attend
The storied labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
"Long on th' Ægyptian coast by calms confin'd,
Heaven to my fleet refus'd a prosperous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim slain!
For this the gods each favouring gale restrain:

[2] Apollo.

Jealous, to see their high behests obey'd;
Severe, if men th' eternal rights evade.
High o'er the gulfy sea, the Pharian isle
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile:
Her distance from the shore, the course begun
At dawn, and ending with the setting Sun,
A galley measures; when the stiffer gales
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.
There, anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lie,
Whilst limpid springs the failing cask supply.
"And now the twentieth Sun, descending, laves
His glowing axle in the western waves;
Still with expanded sails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores,
When, lo! a bright cerulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to dispel my fears;
Proteus her sire divine. With pity press'd,
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;
What time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood
Appease th' afflictive fierce desires of food.
"'Whoe'er thou art,' the azure goddess cries,
'Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise:
Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast,
That here inglorious on a barren coast
Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain?'
"Struck with the kind reproach, I straight reply:
'Whate'er thy title in thy native sky,
A goddess sure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks the descendant of ethereal race:
Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heavenly power averse my stay constrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew
(For what's sequester'd from celestial view?)
What power becalms th' innavigable seas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease?'
"I ceas'd, when affable the goddess cry'd;
'Observe, and in the truths I speak confide:
Th' oraculous seer frequents the Pharian coast,
From whose high bed my birth divine I boast:
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's watery reign.
Watch with insidious care his known abode;
There fast in chains constrain the various god:
Who bound, obedient to superior force,
Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course.
If, studious of your realms, you then demand
Their state, since last you left your natal land;
Instant the god obsequious will disclose
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.'
"She ceas'd, and suppliant thus I made reply:
'O goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely;
Dictate propitious to my dutcous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful seer?
For perilous th' assay, unheard the toil,
T' elude the prescience of a god by guile.'
"Thus to the goddess mild my suit I end.
Then she: 'Obedient to my rule, attend:
When through the zone of Heaven the mounted Sun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The seer, while zephyrs curl the swelling deep,
Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The phocæ swift surround his rocky cave,

Frequent and full; the consecrated train
Of her [1], whose azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales
An oily steam, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that recess, commodious for surprise,
When purple light shall next suffuse the skies,
With me repair; and from thy warrior band
Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil:
For strong the god, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys
The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;
Their number summ'd, repos'd in sleep profound
The scaly charge their guardian god surround:
So with his battering flocks the careful swain
Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.
With powers united, obstinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:
Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,
The mimic force of every savage shape:
Or glides with liquid lapse a murmuring stream,
Or, wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.
Yet still retentive, with redoubled might,
Thro' each vain passive form constrain his flight.
But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands
Patient of conquest, and your cause demands;
The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And soothe the vanquish'd with a victor's prayer.
The bands relax'd; implore the seer to say
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
Who straight, propitious, in prophetic strain
Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.'
She ceas'd; and, bounding from the shelfy shore,
Round the descending nymph the waves resounding
roar.
" High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I speed:
The wants of nature with repast suffice,
Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,
And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,
Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,
Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern dawn,
In saffron robes, the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her rosy steps, before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the gods I pay;
Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd;
With three associates of undaunted mind:
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed strand
For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand:
Then, from her azure car, the finny spoils
Of four vast phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath the finny spoils, extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;
New from the corse, the scaly frauds diffuse
Unsavory stench of oil, and brackish ooze,
But the bright sea-maid's gentle power implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the sickening sense restor'd.
" Thus till the Sun had travell'd half the skies,
Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:
When, thronging thick to bask in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:
Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep:
Then Proteus, mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit
(In order told, we make the sum complete),
Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies,
And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.
Rushing impetuous forth, we straight prepare
A furious onset with the sound of war,
And shouting seize the god: our force t' evade,
His various arts he soon resumes in aid:
A lion now he curls the surgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;
Then, arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,
A boar's obscener shape the god belies:
On spiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:
And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with superior power compress'd,
Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd:
' Say, son of Atreus, say what god inspir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?'
" I thus: ' O thou, whose certain eye foresees
The fix'd event of fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! say,
What godhead interdicts the watery way?
What vows repentant will the power appease,
To speed a prosperous voyage o'er the seas?'
" ' To Jove,' with stern regard the god replies,
' And all th' offended synod of the skies,
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,
Thy guilt absolv'd, a prosperous voyage gain.
To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor sight of natal shore, nor regal dome,
Shall yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the secret source
Of Jove's high seat descends with sweepy force,
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.
Then will the gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a safe return accord.'
" He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A shelfy tract and long!) ' O seer!' I cry,
' To the stern sanction of th' offended sky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay,
Sustain those peers, the reliques of our host,
Whom I with Nestor on the Phrygian coast
Embracing left? Must I the warriors weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monstrous deep?
Or did the kind domestic friend deplore
The breathless heroes on their native shore?'
" ' Press not too far,' reply'd the god; ' but cease
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.
Part live! the rest, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremost in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whose arms with conquest in thy cause were crown'd,
Fell by disastrous fate; by tempests tost,
A third lives wretched on a distant coast.
" ' By Neptune rescued from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, safe Oilean Ajax sate,
His ship o'erwhelm'd; but, frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the gods;
To his own prowess all the glory gave,
The power defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.
This heard the raging ruler of the main;
His spear, indignant for such high disdain,
He lanch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th' aërial summit from the marble base;
The rock rush'd sea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyss the roaster bore.

[1] Amphitrite.

" ' By Juno's guardian aid, the watery vast,
Secure of storms, your royal brother past:
Till coasting nigh the cape, where Malea shrouds
Her spiry cliffs amid surrounding clouds;
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore
Across the deep his labouring vessel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coast he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyestes reign'd;
But, when his hoary honours bow'd to fate,
Ægysthus govern'd in paternal state.
The surges now subside, the tempest ends;
From his tall ship the king of men descends:
There fondly thinks the gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain salutes the soil:
With rapture oft the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him, thus exulting on the distant strand,
A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand,
To bribe whose vigilance, Ægysthus told
A mighty sum of ill-persuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
Till the twelfth Moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now, admonish'd by his eye, to court,
With terrour wing'd, conveys the dread report.
Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The ministers of blood in dark surprise:
And twenty youths, in radiant mail encas'd,
Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:
Vain shows of love to veil his felon-hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of coursers and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads! the royal guest,
Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudful feast.
The troop, forth issuing from the dark recess,
With homicidal rage the king oppress!
So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,
The sovereign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils of Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;
Ægysthus sole survives to boast the deed.'

" He said: chill horrours shook my shivering soul,
Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll;
And hate, in madness of extreme despair,
To view the Sun, or breathe the vital air.
But when, superior to the rage of woe,
I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying god began—
' Forget the brother, and resume the man:
To fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,
That care be fate's, a speedy passage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death de-
But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword; [plor'd,
Unless with filial rage Orestes glow,
And swift prevent the meditated blow;
You timely will return a welcome guest,
With him to share the sad funereal feast.'

" He said: new thoughts my beating heart em-
My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy. [ploy,
Fair hope revives; and eager I address
The prescient godhead to reveal the rest.
' The doom decreed of those disastrous two
I've heard with pain, but, oh! the tale pursue;
What third brave son of Mars the Fates constrain
To roam the howling desert of the main:
Or, in eternal shade if cold he lies,
Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.'

" ' That chief,' rejoin'd the god, 'his race derives
From Ithaca, and wondrous woes survives;
Laertes' son: girt with circumfluous tides,
He still calamitous constraint abides.
Him in Calypso's cave of late I view'd,
When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his prayer, his arts are vain, to move
Th' enamour'd goddess, or elude her love:
His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.
But oh, belov'd by Heaven! reserv'd to thee
A happier lot the smiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elysium shall be thine; the blissful plains
Of utmost Earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.
Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern Winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime;
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow:
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
This grace peculiar will the gods afford [lord:'
To thee, the son of Jove, and beauteous Helen's

" He ceas'd; and, plunging in the vast profound,
Beneath the god the whirling billows bound.
Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the shore I sought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,
Till night with silent shade invests the pole;
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then, steering backward from the Pharian isle,
We gain the stream of Jove-descending Nile:
There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore
With ritual hecatombs the gods adore:
Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.
These rites to piety and grief discharg'd,
The friendly gods a springing gale enlarg'd:
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,
Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!

" Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond request;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal guest,
Till, from his eastern goal, the joyous Sun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three sprightly coursers, and a polish'd car:
With these, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,
(Form'd for libation to the gods) shall prove
A pledge and monument of sacred love."

" My quick return," young Ithacus rejoin'd,
" Damps the warm wishes of my rapt'rous mind:
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,
Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and humane,
Lost in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my listening soul.
But now to Pylæ permit my destin'd way,
My lov'd associates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the present of the promis'd vase;
The coursers, for the champaign sports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:

Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:
To sea-surrounding realms the gods assign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine."
His hand the king with tender passion press'd,
And, smiling, thus the royal youth address'd:
"O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,
Proclaims you from the sage Ulysses sprung,
Selected from my stores, of matchless price,
An urn shall recompense your prudent choice:
Not mean the massy mould of silver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the scepter'd power of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd th' orient wave."
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feast prepare:
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to die;
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the suitor-powers
In active games divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with mosaic art,
Some whirl the disk, and some the javelin dart.
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,
Antinous sate spectator of the sport;
With great Eurymachus, of worth confest,
And high descent, superior to the rest;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus address:
"My ship equipp'd within the neighbouring port,
The prince, departing from the Pylian court,
Requested for his speed; but, courteous, say
When steers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I should sail with utmost speed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace."
Unknowing of the course to Pyle design'd,
A sudden horrour seiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bower they fondly thought,
Numbering his flocks and herds, not far remote.
"Relate," Antinous cries, "devoid of guile,
When spread the prince his sail for distant Pyle?
Did chosen chiefs across the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domestic train?
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force?"
"With willing duty, not reluctant mind,"
(Noëmon cry'd) "the vessel was resign'd.
Who, in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts, presume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in power to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or some celestial in his reverend form,
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,
Pilots the course: for when the glimmering ray
Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himself I saw, and much admir'd"—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, th' unfinish'd game
The suitors quit, and all to council came.
Antinous first th' assembled peers address,
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breast:
"O shame to manhood! shall one daring boy
The scheme of all our happiness destroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flower
Of nobles, and invite a foreign power?
The ponderous engine rais'd to crush us all,
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.
Instant prepare me, on the neighbouring strand,
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd;
For ambush'd close beneath the Samian shore
His ship returning shall my spies explore:
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own."
With vast applause the sentence all approve;
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove;
Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the consult of the dire divan:
Before her dome the royal matron stands,
And thus the message of his haste demands:
"What will the suitors? must my servant-train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form some exquisite repast?
Heaven grant this festival may prove their last!
Or, if they still must live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye sons of insolence! forbear,
In riot to consume a wretched heir.
In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulysses' praise?
Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,
Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions vest the power:
Ulysses let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state."
He thus: "O were the woes you speak the worst!
They form a deed more odious and accurst;
More dreadful than your boding soul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire designs!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re sailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!"
Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital streams a chilling horrour froze:
The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents die.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love:
"Why rashly would my son his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore?
Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?"
"'Tis not," reply'd the sage, "to Medon given
To know, if some inhabitant of Heaven
In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd;
Or if, alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his absent father's doom."
The sage retir'd: unable to control
The mighty griefs that swell her labouring soul,
Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,
And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.
Around their sovereign wept the menial fair,
To whom she thus address'd her deep despair:
"Behold a wretch whom all the gods consign
To woe! Did ever sorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast;

Now from my fond embrace, by tempest torn,
Our other column of the state is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent!—
Unkind confederates in his dire intent!
Ill suits it with your shows of duteous zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Though at the solemn midnight hour he rose,
Why did you fear to trouble my repose?
He either had obey'd my fond desire,
Or seen his mother, pierc'd with grief, expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful slave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
To tend the fruit-groves: with incessant speed
He shall this violence of death decreed
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian rage.
Convene the tribes, the murderous plot reveal,
And to their power to save his race appeal."

Then Eurycléa thus: "My dearest dread!
Though to the sword I bow this hoary head,
Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conscious of th' unpleasing deed.
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the vessel stor'd:
A solemn oath, impos'd, the secret seal'd,
Till the twelfth dawn the light of Heaven reveal'd,
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and, in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the martial maid[1],
And rest affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of state the miseries of age:
'Tis impious to surmise, the powers divine
To ruin doom the Jove-descended line:
Long shall the race of just Arcesius reign,
And isles remote enlarge his old domain."

The queen her speech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears:
She bathes, and, rob'd, the sacred doom ascends:
Her pious speed a female train attends:
The salted cakes in canisters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid:

"Daughter divine of Jove, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreaded shield!
If e'er Ulysses to thy fane preferr'd
The best and choicest of his flock and herd;
Hear, goddess, hear, by those oblations won;
And for the pious sire preserve the son:
His wish'd return with happy power befriend,
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend."

She ceas'd; shrill ecstasies of joy declare
The favouring goddess present to the prayer:
The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A signal of her hymeneal choice:
Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board;
"Too late the queen selects a second lord:
In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
When o'er her son disastrous death impends."
Thus he, unskill'd of what the Fates provide!
But with severe rebuke Antinous cry'd:

"These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with discourse the menial train;
The great event with silent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counsel must commend."
His speech thus ended short, he frowning rose,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose:

Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides,
Replete with mail and military store,
In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.
The desperate crew ascend, unfurl the sails
(The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales);
Then take repast, till Hesperus display'd
His golden circlet in the western shade."

Meantime the queen, without reflection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:
In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.
So when the woodman's toil her cave surrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds;
With grief and rage the mother lion stung,
Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young:
While pensive in the silent slumberous shade,
Sleep's gentle powers her drooping eyes invade;
Minerva, life-like, an imbodied air
Impress'd the form of Iphthima the fair
(Icarius' daughter she, whose blooming charms
Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
A scepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Thessaly, wide stretch'd his ample reign):
As Pallas will'd, along the sable skies,
To calm the queen, the phantom-sister flies.
Swift on the regal dome descending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands:

"O why, Penelope, this causeless fear,
To render sleep's soft blessing unsincere?
Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme
The day reflection, and the midnight dream!
Thy son the gods propitious will restore,
And bid thee cease his absence to deplore."

To whom the queen (whilst yet her pensive mind
Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd)
"O sister, to my soul for ever dear,
Who this first visit to reprove my fear?
How in a realm so distant should you know
From what deep source my deathless sorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is lost,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boast:
And, with consummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours and his crown,
My darling son is fled! an easy prey
To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they:
Who, in a league of blood associates sworn,
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return."

"Courage resume," the shadowy form reply'd,
"In the protecting care of Heaven confide:
On him attends the blue-ey'd martial maid;
What earthly can implore a surer aid?
Me now the guardian goddess deigns to send,
To bid thee patient his return attend."

The queen replies: "If in the blest abodes
A goddess, thou hast commerce with the gods;
Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?"

"Inquire not of his doom," the phantom cries,
"I speak not all the counsel of the skies:
Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,
The windy satisfaction of the tongue."

Swift through the valves the visionary fair
Repass'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes:
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The vision, manifest of future fate,
Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.

[1] Minerva.

Meantime the suitors plough the watery plain,
Telemachus in thought already slain!
When sight of lessening Ithaca was lost,
Their sail directed for the Samian coast,
A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,
And Asteris th' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling storm:
That safe recess they gain with happy speed,
And in close ambush wait the murderous deed.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES FROM CALYPSO.

PALLAS, in a council of the gods, complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The seat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty; and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death: till Leucothea, a sea goddess, assists him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets ashore on Phæacia.

THE saffron Morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heaven with sacred light.
Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,
Before the god who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.
Pallas, to these, deplores th' unequal fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates:
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying power,
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bower.
Thus she began her plaint: "Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the scourge of God:
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came." [who forms
"What words are these," (reply'd the power
The clouds of night, and darkens Heaven with storms)
"Is not already in thy soul decreed,
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
The son in safety to his native shore;
While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated, measure back their way."
Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
"Hermes, thou chosen messenger of Heaven!
Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree, Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding gods:
In twice ten days shall fertile Sheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,
The chief shall honour as some heavenly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.
His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore,
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil).
His friends, his country, he shall see, though late;
Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate."
He spoke. The god, who mounts the winged
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds, [winds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from Heaven to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view:
Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd);
She sate, and sung: the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil;
And every fountain pours a several rill,
In mazy windings wandering down the hill:
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where if a god should cast his sight,
A god might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the messenger of Heaven: he stay'd
Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
Him, entering in the cave, Calypso knew;
For powers celestial to each other's view

Stand still confest, though distant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he sate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun:
"God of the golden wand! on what behest
Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of my bower."
Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread
(Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red);
Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke:
"What mov'd this journey from my native sky,
A goddess asks, nor can a god deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,
Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land;
For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing would sweep
Such length of ocean and unmeasur'd deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways;
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will submission we must pay;
What power so great, to dare to disobey?
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
Of all his kind most worn with misery:
The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force in Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd)
At length embarking in a luckless hour,
With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's power:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd,
With storms pursued them through the liquid world.
There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Sav'd from the jaws of death by Heaven's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss; so destiny commands;
Impatient fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country and his friends."
Ev'n to her inmost soul the goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
"Ungracious gods! with spite and envy curst!
Still to your own ethereal race the worst!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
Did ever goddess by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora sought Orion's love,
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had piere'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
Scarce could Iasion taste her heavenly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd himin her arms.
And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers!
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
It was my crime to pity, and to save;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean tost,
The sport of winds, and driven from every coast,
Hither this man of miseries I led,
Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;
Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'Tis past—and Jove decrees he shall remove;
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he must, if he ordain,
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again):
But never, never shall Calypso send
To toils like these, her husband and her friend.
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go:
That last advice is all I can bestow."
To her, the power who bears the charming rod:
"Dismiss the man, nor irritate the god:
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?"
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.
The nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses, pac'd along the sand.
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore:
For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms,
In slumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day;
There sate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Here, on his musing mood the goddess prest,
Approaching soft, and thus the chief addrest:
"Unhappy man! to wasting woes a prey,
No more in sorrows languish life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To store the vessel, let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and rosy wine,
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
And prosperous gales to waft thee on the way.
These, if the gods with my desires comply,
(The gods, alas! more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come)
In peace shall land thee at thy native home."
With sighs, Ulysses heard the words she spoke,
Then thus his melancholy silence broke:
"Some other motive, goddess! sways thy mind,
(Some close design, or turn of womankind)
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea,
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety sails
The best-built ship, though Jove inspire the gales.
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil;
Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will?
Swear then thou mean'st not what my soul forebodes;
Swear by the solemn oath that binds the gods."
Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso ey'd,
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus reply'd:
"This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?
But hear, O Earth! and hear ye sacred Skies!

And thou, O Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide through the shades, and bind th' attesting gods!
No form'd design, no meditated end,
Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
The same my practice, were my fate the same.
Heaven has not curst me with a heart of steel,
But given the sense, to pity, and to feel."
Thus having said, the goddess march'd before:
He trod her footsteps, in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sate.
For him, the nymph a rich repast ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
Before herself were plac'd the cates divine,
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress,
Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest:
"Ulysses!" (with a sigh she thus began)
"O sprung from gods! in wisdom more than man;
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But ah, Ulysses! wert thou given to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;
Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,
And ev'n these slighted charms might learn to please.
A willing goddess and immortal life
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Less soft my feature, less august my frame?
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heavenly fair?"
"Alas! for this" (the prudent man replies)
"Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Lov'd and ador'd, oh goddess! as thou art,
Forgive the weakness of a human heart.
Though well I see thy graces far above
The dear, though mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the difference know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet every day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return and die at home.
Whate'er the gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the watery war,
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;
Inur'd to perils, to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run;
Still I can suffer: their high will be done!"
Thus while he spoke, the beamy Sun descends,
And rising night her friendly shade extends.
To the close grot the lonely pair remove,
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
Ulysses rob'd him in the cloak and vest.
The nymph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd,
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glittering on the ground.
Forth issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
A weighty ax with truest temper steel'd,
And double edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:
Then to the neighbouring forest led the way.
On the lone island's utmost verge they stood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch'd by the Sun, or scar'd by heavenly fire
(Already dry'd). These pointing out to view,
The nymph just show'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the forest groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles these dispos'd to join,
He smooth'd and squar'd them, by the rule and line.
(The wimbles for the work Calypso found)
With those he pierc'd them, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a shipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the storms,
So large he built the raft: then ribb'd it strong
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;
These form'd the sides: the deck he fashion'd last;
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding osiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course).
Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were past, and now the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred seat
The nymph dismiss'd him, (odorous garments given)
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of Heaven:
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with sable wine:
Of every kind, provisions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.
The goddess last a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old ocean, and to warm the skies.
And now, rejoicing in the prosperous gales,
With beating heart, Ulysses spreads his sails;
Plac'd at the helm he sate, and mark'd the skies,
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who shines exalted on th' etherial plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
For on the left those radiant fires to keep
The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.
Full seventeen nights he cut the foamy way:
The distant land appear'd the following day:
Then swell'd to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost:
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the watery waste.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aërial brow,
The king of ocean saw, and seeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd);
The raging monarch shook his azure head,
And thus in secret to his soul he said:
"Heavens! how uncertain are the powers on high?
Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
In one man's favour; while a distant guest
I shar'd secure the Æthiopian feast?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land, affix'd by fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this sceptre yet commands the main."
He spoke, and, high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the watery world,
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.

Down rush'd the Night: East, West, together roar;
And South, and North, roll mountains to the shore;
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:
"Wretch that I am! what farther fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well, alas! the island goddess knew,
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrours now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes;
With what a cloud the brows of Heaven are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'Tis Jove himself the swelling tempests rears;
Death, present death, on every side appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
Prest, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that, when showers of javelins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead):
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead!"
A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne:
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long press'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest Calypso gave:
At length, emerging from his nostrils wide
And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide,
Ev'n then not mindless of his last retreat,
He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat,
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held:
And now the South, and now the North, bear sway,
And now the East the foamy floods obey,
And now the West wind whirls it o'er the sea.
The wandering chief, with toils on toils opprest,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
But now an azure sister of the main).
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood:
All radiant on the raft the goddess stood:
Then thus address'd him: "Thou whom Heaven decrees
To Neptune's wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,
(Unequal contest!) not his rage and power,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest, thy wisdom will perform;
Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm;
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
There fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live; give all thy terrours to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main;
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away."
With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she div'd from whence she rose;
A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.
Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
"What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows
But other gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle.
Thy voice foretels me shall conclude my toil,
Thus then I judge; while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves' fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempests yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can."
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold
The raging god a watery mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billow spread
Bursts o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparted fly: the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the fields new-shorn,
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the chief bestrides;
There pois'd a while above the bounding tides,
His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:
Then prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune ey'd him, and contemptuous said:
"Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay!
Go, wander helpless on the watery way:
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men.
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days."
This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the towery dome.
Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking power,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, watch'd the favouring hour,
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hush'd the blustering brethren of the sky.
The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.
And now two nights, and now two days were past,
Since wide he wander'd on the watery waste:
Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of death.
The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain;
The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
And a dead silence still'd the watery world;
When lifted on a ridgy wave he 'spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes.
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a lov'd sire revives before their sight,
(Who, lingering long has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by some demon to his bed of pain,
Till Heaven by miracle his life restore);
So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore,
And sees (and labours onward as he secs)
The rising forests and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the listening ear may wound,

Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murmuring surges breaking on the shore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs, and craggy shores, a dreadful sight!
All rough with rocks, with foaming billows white.
Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart;
As thus commun'd he with his soul apart:
"Ah me! when, o'er a length of waters tost,
These eyes at last behold th' unhop'd-for coast,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around,
Roar the wild waves; beneath is sea profound!
No footing sure affords the faithless sand,
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;
Or round the island if my course I bend,
Where the ports open, or the shores descend,
Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or some enormous whale the god may send,
(For many such on Amphitrite attend)
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentless of my heavenly foe."
While thus he thought, a monstrous wave upbore
The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore:
Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.
Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung;
Till the huge surge roll'd off: then, backward sweep
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave:
His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands:
So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses hands.
And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man: ev'n fate had been in vain:
But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour.
Beyond the beating surge his course he bore,
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore)
With longing eyes, observing, to survey
Some smooth ascent, or safe-sequester'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he 'spy'd
A falling stream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,
And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulysses prest,
And hail'd the river, and its god addrest:
"Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
I bend, a suppliant at thy watery throne,
Hear, azure king! not let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred ev'n to gods is misery:
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
And save a suppliant, and a man distrest."
He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream subsides,
Detains the rushing current of his tides,
Before the wanderer smooths the watery way,
And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
He dropt his sinewy arms: his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:
His swoln heart heav'd; his bloated body swell'd;
From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;
Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.
Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
A mossy bank, with pliant rushes crown'd!
The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground:
Where on the flowery herb as soft he lay,
Thus to his soul the sage began to say:
"What will ye next ordain, ye powers on high!
And yet, ah! yet, what fates are we to try?
Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,
Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
The dews descending, and nocturnal air;
Or chilly vapours, breathing from the flood
When morning rises?—If I take the wood,
And in thick shelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows; [past,
Though fenc'd from cold, and though my toil be
What savage beasts may wander in the waste!
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way."
Thus long debating in himself he stood;
At length he took the passage to the wood,
Whose shady horrours on a rising brow
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
With roots intwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd
With sister fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the Sun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing shower;
The verdant arch so close its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made [shade);
(Thick strown by tempest through the bowery
Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
Though Boreas rag'd along th' inclement sky.
This store, with joy the patient hero found,
And, sunk amidst them, heap'd the leaves around.
As some poor peasant, fated to reside
Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,
Studious to save what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,
Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes;
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

PALLAS, appearing in a dream to Nausicaa (the daughter of Alcinous king of Phæacia), commands her to descend to the river, and wash the

robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who, addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.

While thus the weary wanderer sunk to rest,
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious breast;
The martial maid from Heaven's aërial height
Swift to Phæacia wing'd her rapid flight.
In elder times the soft Phæacian train
In ease possest the wide Hyperian plain;
Till the Cyclopean race in arms arose,
A lawless nation of gigantic foes:
Then great Nausithous from Hyperia far,
Through seas retreating from the sound of war,
The recreant nation to fair Scheria led,
Where never science rear'd her laurell'd head:
There, round his tribes, a strength of wall he rais'd;
To Heaven the glittering domes and temples blaz'd:
Just to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,
And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their bounds.
Now in the silent grave the monarch lay,
And wise Alcinous held the regal sway.
To his high palace through the fields of air
The goddess shot: Ulysses was her care.
There as the night in silence roll'd away,
A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay:
Through the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;
Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.
Light as the viewless air the warrior-maid
Glides through the valves, and hovers round her head;
A favourite virgin's blooming form she took,
From Dymas sprung, and thus the vision spoke:
"Oh indolent! to waste thy hours away!
And sleep'st thou careless of the bridal day?
Thy spousal ornament neglected lies;
Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise!
A just applause the cares of dress impart,
And give soft transport to a parent's heart.
Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,
When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray:
Haste to the stream! Companion of thy care,
Lo, I thy steps attend, thy labours share.
Virgin, awake! the marriage-hour is nigh,
See! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs sigh;
The royal car at early dawn obtain,
And order mules obedient to the rein;
For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave,
Where their fair vests Phæacian virgins lave.
In pomp ride forth; for pomp becomes the great,
And majesty derives a grace from state."
Then to the palaces of Heaven she sails,
Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales:
The seat of gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.
There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;
But on immortal thrones the blest repose:
The firmament with living splendours glows.
Hither the goddess wing'd th' aërial way,
Though Heaven's eternal gates that blaz'd with day.
Now from her rosy car Aurora shed
The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red:
Uprose the virgin with the morning light,
Obedient to the vision of the night.
The queen she sought: the queen her hours bestow'd
In curious works; the whirling spindle glow'd
With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.
Meanwhile Phæacia's peers in council sate;
From his high dome the king descends in state,
Then with a filial awe the royal maid
Approach'd him passing, and submissive said:
"Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal ear obtain?
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way,
Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?
A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.
Five sons thou hast; three wait the bridal day,
And spotless robes become the young and gay:
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine."
Thus she: but blushes ill-restrain'd betray
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day:
The conscious sire the dawning blush survey'd,
And smiling thus bespoke the blooming maid:
"My child, my darling joy, the car receive;
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give."
Swift at the royal nod th' attending train
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.
The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares
Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial, bears.
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns
The sumptuous viands, and the flavorous wines.
The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold;
Odour divine! whose soft refreshing streams
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.
Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins
Shine in her hand: along the sounding plains
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.
They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
Where, gathering into depth from falling rills,
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.
The mules unharness'd range beside the main,
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.
Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave;
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand:)
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
And, while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play
(Their shining veils unbound). Along the skies
Tost, and retost, the ball incessant flies.
They sport, they feast; Nausicaa lifts her voice,
And, warbling sweet, makes Earth and Heaven rejoice.
As when o'er Erymanth Diana roves,
Or wide Taygetus' resounding groves:
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds:
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain's brow
They bay the boar, or chase the bounding roe:
High o'er the lawn with more majestic pace,
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;

Distinguish'd excellence the goddess proves;
Exults Latona, as the virgin moves.
With equal grace Nausicaa trod the plain,
And shone transcendent o'er the beauteous train.
Meantime (the care and favourite of the skies)
Wrapt in embowering shade, Ulysses lies,
His woes forgot! but Pallas now address
To break the bands of all-composing rest.
Forth from her snowy hand Nausicaa threw
The various ball; the ball erroneous flew,
And swam the stream: loud shrieks the virgin train,
And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.
Wak'd by the shrilling sound, Ulysses rose,
And, to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes:
"Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,
Or what new region, is Ulysses tost:
Possest by wild barbarians fierce in arms;
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
What sounds are these that gather from the shores:
The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bowers,
The fair-hair'd Dryads of the shady wood;
Or azure daughters of the silver flood;
Or human voice? but, issuing from the shades,
Why cease I straight to learn what sound invades?"
Then, where the grove with leaves unbrageous bends
With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;
Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads
A wreathy foliage and concealing shades.
As when a lion in the midnight hours,
Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintery showers,
Descends terrific from the mountain's brow:
With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow;
With conscious strength elate, he bends his way,
Majestically fierce, to seize his prey
(The steer or stag): or with keen hunger bold,
Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.
No less a terrour, from the neighbouring groves
(Rough from the tossing surge) Ulysses moves;
Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms;
The brackish ooze his manly face deforms.
Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry
To rocks, to caves, the frighted virgins fly:
All but the nymph: the nymph stood fix'd alone,
By Pallas arm'd with boldness not her own.
Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
And, self-considering, as he stands, debates;
Distant his mournful story to declare,
Or prostrate at her knee address the prayer.
But fearful to offend, by Wisdom sway'd,
At awful distance he accosts the maid:
"If from the skies a goddess, or if Earth
(Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,
To thee I bend! if in that bright disguise
Thou visit Earth, a daughter of the skies,
Hail, Dian, hail! the huntress of the groves
So shines majestic, and so stately moves,
So breathes an air divine! But if thy race
Be mortal, and this Earth thy native place,
Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms ally'd:
Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,
When stately in the dance you swim th' harmonious maze.
But blest o'er all, the youth with heavenly charms,
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms!
Never, I never view'd till this blest hour
Such finish'd grace! I gaze, and I adore!
Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd
By Phœbus' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground,
The pride of Delos. (By the Delian coast,
I voyag'd, leader of a warrior-host,
But ah, how chang'd! from thence my sorrow flows;
O fatal voyage, source of all my woes!)
Raptur'd I stood, and, as this hour amaz'd,
With reverence at the lofty wonder gaz'd;
Raptur'd I stand; for Earth ne'er knew to bear
A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.
Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;
For misery, O queen, before thee stands!
Twice-ten tempestuous nights I roll'd resign'd
To roaring billows, and the warring wind;
Heaven bade the deep to spare! but Heaven, my foe,
Spares only to inflict some mightier woe;
Inur'd to care, to death in all its forms;
Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!
Once more I view the face of human-kind:
Oh, let soft pity touch thy generous mind!
Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand
Naked, defenceless, on a foreign land.
Propitious to my wants a vest supply
To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:
So may the gods, who Heaven and Earth control,
Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,
On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed;
Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed;
Blest be thy husband with a blooming race,
And lasting union crown your blissful days.
The gods, when they supremely bless, bestow
Firm union on their favourites below:
Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;
The good exult, and Heaven is in our state."
To whom the nymph: "O stranger, cease thy care;
Wise is thy soul, but man is born to bear:
Jove weighs affairs of Earth, in dubious scales,
And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:
Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of Jove;
Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from above.
But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide—
Know, the Phæacian tribes this land divide;
From great Alcinous' royal loins I spring,
A happy nation, and an happy king."
Then to her maids: "Why, why, ye coward train,
These fears, this flight? Ye fear, and fly in vain.
Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,
'Tis death with hostile steps these shores to tread;
Safe in the love of Heaven, an ocean flows
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent;
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.
Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs
Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams."
Obedient to the call, the chief they guide
To the calm current of the secret tide:
Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
A vest and robe, with rich embroidery gay:
Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,
That breath'd a fragrance through the balmy sky.
To them the king: "No longer I detain
Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!
Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave
The foul pollution of the briny wave:

Ye gods! since this worn frame refection knew,
What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!
But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies
To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes."
The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide
Active he bounds; the flashing waves divide:
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze;
The balmy oil, a fragrant shower, he sheds;
Then, drest, in pomp magnificently treads.
The warrior goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine:
Back from his brow a length of hair unfurls,
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wonderous mould,
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.
So Pallas his heroic frame improves
With heavenly bloom, and like a god he moves.
A fragrance breathes around: majestic grace
Attends his steps; th' astonish'd virgins gaze.
Soft he reclines along the murmuring seas,
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.
The wondering nymph his glorious port survey'd,
And to her damsels, with amazement, said:
"Not without care divine the stranger treads
This land of joy: his steps some godhead leads:
Would Jove destroy him, sure he had been driven
Far from this realm, the favourite isle of Heaven.
Late a sad spectable of woe, he trod
The desert sands, and now he looks a god.
Oh, Heaven! in my connubial hour decree
This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he!
But haste, the viands and the bowl provide—"
The maids the viands, and the bowl supply'd:
Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,
And with the generous vintage thirst asswag'd.
Now on return her care Nausicaa bends,
The robes resumes, the glittering car ascends,
Far blooming o'er the field: and as she press'd
The splendid seat, the listening chief address'd:
"Stranger arise! the Sun rolls down the day,
Lo! to the palace I direct the way:
Where in high state the nobles of the land
Attend my royal sire, a radiant band.
But hear, though wisdom in thy soul presides,
Speaks from thy tongue, and every action guides;
Advance at distance while I pass the plain
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:
Alone I re-ascend—With airy mounds
A strength of wall the guarded city bounds:
The jutting land two ample bays divides:
Full through the narrow mouths descend the tides:
The spacious basons arching rocks enclose,
A sure defence from every storm that blows.
Close to the bay great Neptune's fane adjoins;
And near, a forum flank'd with marble shines,
Where the bold youth, the numerous fleets to store,
Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar:
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,
Or teach the fluttering sail to float in air,
They rush into the deep with eager joy,
Climb the steep surge, and through the tempest fly;
A proud, unpolish'd race—To me belongs
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name:
"'What stranger this whom thus Nausicaa leads?
Heavens, with what graceful majesty he treads!
Perhaps a native of some distant shore,
The future consort of her bridal hour:
Or rather some descendant of the skies;
Won by her prayers, th' aërial bridegroom flies.
Heaven on that hour his choicest influence shed,
That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!
All, all the godlike worthies that adorn
This realm, she flies: Phæacia is her scorn.'
"And just the blame; for female innocence
Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th' offence:
Th' unguarded virgin, as unchaste, I blame;
And the least freedom with the sex is shame,
Till our consenting sires a spouse provide,
And public nuptials justify the bride.
"But would'st thou soon review thy native plain,
Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:
Nigh where a grove with verdant poplars crown'd,
To Pallas sacred, shades the holy ground,
We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils
A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;
Around the grove a mead with lively green
Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;
Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;
And there the garden yields a waste of flowers.
Hence lies the town, as far as to the ear
Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.
There wait embower'd, while I ascend alone
To great Alcinous on his royal throne.
"Arriv'd, advance impatient of delay,
And to the lofty palace bend thy way:
The lofty palace overlooks the town,
From every doom by pomp superior known:
A child may point the way. With earnest gait
Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state;
Her royal hand a wonderous work designs,
Around a circle of bright damsels shines,
Part twist the threads, and part the wood dispose,
While with the purple orb the spindle glows.
High on a throne, amid the Scherian powers,
My royal father shares the genial hours:
But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose,
With the prevailing eloquence of woes:
So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore,
Though mountains rise between, and oceans roar."
She added not, but waving as she wheel'd
The silver scourge, it glitter'd o'er the field.
With skill the virgin guides th' embroider'd reins,
Slow rolls the car before th' attending trains.
Now whirling down the Heavens, the golden day
Shot through the western clouds a dewy ray;
The grove they reach, where from the sacred shade,
To Pallas thus the pensive hero pray'd:
"Daughter of Jove! whose arms in thunder wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield;
Forsook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid
When booming billows clos'd above my head:
Attend, unconquer'd maid! accord my vows,
Bid the great hear, and pitying heal my woes."
This heard Minerva, but forbore to fly
(By Neptune aw'd) apparent from the sky:
Stern god! who rag'd with vengeance unrestrain'd,
Till great Ulysses hail'd his native land.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

The princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arete. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæadians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

The patient, heavenly man thus suppliant pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Through the proud streets she moves, the public gaze:
The turning wheel before the palace stays.
With ready love her brothers gathering round
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
She seeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth the father's heart inflam'd,
Now worn with age, Eurymedusa nam'd:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore,
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd
On good Alcinous, honour'd as a god:
Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
And tender second to a mother's cares.
Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,
To town Ulysses took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air;
To shun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.
When near the fam'd Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His step a virgin met, and stood before:
A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,
And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the goddess with the azure eyes. [mands)
"Show me, fair daughter," (thus the chief de-
"The house of him who rules these happy lands.
Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!"
The goddess answer'd, "Father, I obey,
And point the wandering traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For fast beside it dwells my honour'd sire;
But silent march, nor greet the common train
With questions needless, or inquiry vain,
A race of rugged mariners are these;
Unpolish'd men, and boisterous as their seas:
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
These did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvass wings to cut the watery way;
No bird so light, no thought so swift, as they."
Thus having spoke, th' unknown celestial leads:
The footstep of the deity he treads,
And secret moves along the crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phæacian race.
(So Pallas order'd, Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies).
The chief with wonder seer th' extended streets,
The spreading harbours, and the rising fleets;
He next their princes' lofty domes admires,
In separate islands crown'd with rising spires;
And deep entrenchments, and high walls of stone,
That gird the city like a marble zone,
At length the kingly palace-gates he view'd;
There stopp'd the goddess, and her speech renew'd:
"My task is done; the mansion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High thron'd, and feasting, there thou shalt behold
The sceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.
First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinous' queen, Arete is her name,
The same her parents, and her power the same.
For know, from ocean's god Nausithous sprung,
And Peribæa, beautiful and young,
(Eurymedon's last hope, who rul'd of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the prince, and left this only heir).
Who now, by Neptune's amorous power compress,
Produc'd a monarch that his people blest,
Father and prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinous came.
The first by Phœbus' burning arrows fir'd,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.
No son surviv'd: Arete heir'd his state,
And her, Alcinous chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When thro' the streets she gracious deigns to move,
(The public wonder and the public love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,
The eyes of all, as on a goddess, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a generous breast:
To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppress;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest.
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her."
With that the goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore;
Thence, where proud Athens rears her towery head,
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
She past, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.
Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendours gay,

Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day,
The walls were massy brass; the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep projecting o'er,
And gold the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinous' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroidery blaz'd,
The work of matrons: these the princess prest,
Day following day, a long continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;
The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom: their busy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle through the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.
Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around,
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the Sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descry'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This through the garden leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows;
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.
Such were the glories which the gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinous, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the chief, who men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepar'd for rest, and offering to the god[1]
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.
Unseen he glided through the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.
Direct to great Alcinous' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropt the veil of night;
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight,
The nobles gaze, with awful fear opprest;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.
"Daughter of great Rhexenor!" (thus began
Low at her knees the much-enduring man)
"To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: Oh, pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race,
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest!"
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echenus sage, a venerable man!
Whose well-taught mind the present age surpast,
And join'd to that th' experience of the last.
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.
"O sight!" he cry'd, "dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way;
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger guest a stranger's due."
His sage advice the listening king obeys,
He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,
And from his seat Laodamas remov'd
(The monarch's offspring, and his best-belov'd);
There next his side the godlike hero sate;
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
The table next in regal order spread,
The glittering canisters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Thus feasting high, Alcinous gave the sign,
And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.
"Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wanderer on his way."
He said. Pontonous heard the king's command;
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man,
Alcinous then, with aspect mild, began:
"Princes and peers, attend; while we impart
To you, the thoughts of no inhuman heart.

[1] Mercury.

Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite
Repair we to the blessings of the night:
But with the rising day, assembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious observe our hospitable laws,
And Heaven propitiate in the stranger's cause:
Then, join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to transport him to the wish'd for shore
(How distant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe).
Meantime, nor harm nor anguish let him bear:
This interval, Heaven trusts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge resign'd,
Heaven 's his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
And twins, ev'n from the birth, are misery and man!
" But if, descended from th' Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us some immortal power;
If in that form thou com'st a guest divine:
Some high event the conscious gods design.
As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,
The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest;
Then manifest of Heaven the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the god.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way:
With social intercourse, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind:
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the giant-sons of Earth."
" Let no such thought" (with modest grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) " possess the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah! how unlike their heavenly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! most oppress of those
Whom fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!
By Heaven's high will compell'd from shore to shore;
With Heaven's high will prepar'd to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare!
But still long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast,
My craving bowels still require repast.
Howe'er the noble, suffering mind, may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live;
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.
But finish, O ye peers! what you propose,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I suffer all the gods ordain,
To see my soil, my son, my friends, again.
That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprise
With ever-during shade these happy eyes!"
Th' assembled peers with general praise approv'd
His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gift of balmy sleep repairs.
Ulysses in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne,
Divine Areto and Alcinous shone.
The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd,
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the godlike man: [say,
" Cam'st thou not hither, wondrous stranger!
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea!
Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air?
And robes like these, so recent and so fair!"
" Hard is the task, oh princess! you impose:"
(Thus, sighing, spoke the man of many woes)
" The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows sent by Heaven and fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd, in Ocean's watery arms;
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrours of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of Fortune bore
Unblest! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
Lanch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet, and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost,
Heaven drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the goddess there with open arms,
She brib'd my stay with more than human charms:
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age or woe:
But all her blandishments successless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love.
I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth she voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.
A raft was form'd, to cross the surging sea;
Herself supply'd the stores and rich array;
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle: but there my hopes were lost,
The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.
'Twas night; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd and Phœbus shin'd in vain,
Nor, till oblique he slop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dry'd the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd:
To her I sued, she pity'd my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.
Who from such youth could hope considerate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies [eyes.
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your
This is the truth: and oh, ye powers on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie."

To this the king: "Our daughter but exprest
Her cares imperfect to our godlike guest.
Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?"
"Hero and king!" (Ulysses thus reply'd)
"Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect her pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and reverence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind."
"Far from my soul," he cry'd, "the gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve;
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.
In such alliance could'st thou wish to join,
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
But, if reluctant, who shall force thy stay?
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray.
Till then, let slumber close thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise:
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa though thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, Earth's giant-son [2] to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew:
This land, from whence their morning course begun,
Saw them returning with the setting Sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dextrous, and how fleet our sail,
When justly tim'd with equal sweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracts below."
Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,
But, thus to Heaven (and heavenward lifts his eyes)
"O, Jove! O, father! what the king accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!
Wide o'er the world Alcinous' glory shine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!"
Meantime Arete, for the hour of rest,
Ordains the fleecy couch, and covering vest:
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they past,
And finish'd all the queen's command with haste:
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.
There, soft-extended, to the murmuring sound
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares, Alcinous lies;
And fast beside were clos'd Arete's eyes.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

ALCINOUS calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which, splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games; the race, the wrestling, discus, &c. where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous enquires of his guest, his name, parentage, and fortunes.

Now fair Aurora lifts her golden ray,
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:
Alcinous, and the chief, with dawning light,
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;
Then to the council-seat they bend their way,
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.
Meanwhile Minerva, in her guardian care,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air;
In form a herald of the king, she flies
From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries:
"Nobles and chiefs who rule Phæacia's states,
The king in council your attendance waits:
A prince of grace divine your aid implores,
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores."
She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous sounds
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds:
At once the seats they fill: and every eye
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.
Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
Move high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:
She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw;
And gives a dignity of mien, to awe;
With strength, the future prize of Fame to play,
And gather all the honours of the day.
Then from his glittering throne Alcinous rose:
"Attend," he cry'd, "while we our will disclose.
Your present aid this godlike stranger craves,
Tost by rude tempest through a war of waves;
Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,
Or nations subject to the western ray.
Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,
(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)
Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try
The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:
Lanch the tall bark, and order every oar;
Then in our court indulge the genial hour.
Instant, you sailors, to this task attend;
Swift to the palace, all ye peers, ascend;
Let none to strangers honours due disclaim;
Be there Demodocus, the bard of Fame,
Taught by the gods to please, when high he sings
The vocal lay, responsive to the strings."
Thus spoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,
In state they move; Alcinous leads the way:
Swift to Demodocus the herald flies,
At once the sailors to their charge arise:
They lanch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,
And stretch the swelling canvass to the gales;
Then to the palace move: a gathering throng,
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:
Now all accesses to the dome are fill'd;
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd:
Two beeves, twelve fatlings, from the flock they bring
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous king.

[2] Tityus.

The herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song:
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay,
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sate:
With silver shone the throne; his lyre well strung
To rapturous sounds, at hand Pontonous hung:
Before his seat a polish'd table shines,
And a full goblet foams with generous wines:
His food a herald bore: and now they fed:
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.

Then, fir'd by all the Muse aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of demi-gods and kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For Heaven foretold the contest, when he trod
The marble threshold of the Delphic god,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd, he ceased to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And, lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song, the listening train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head,
Again, unmann'd, a shower of sorrow shed:
Conceal'd he wept: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: "O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious string;
Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the power
Of heavenly song has crown'd the genial hour!
Incessant in the games your strength display;
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day:
That, pleas'd, th' admiring stranger may proclaim
In distant regions the Phæacian fame:
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway,
Or swifter in the race devour the way;
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground."

Thus spoke the king; th' attending peers obey:
In state they move, Alcinous leads the way:
His golden lyre Demodochus unstrung,
High on a column in the palace hung:
And, guided by a herald's guardian cares,
Majestic to the lists of fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace; a countless throng,
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along:
The games begin; ambitious of the prize,
Acroneus, Thoön, and Eretmeus rise;
The prize Ocyalus and Prymneus claim,
Anchialus and Ponteus, chiefs of fame:
There Proreus, Neates, Eratreus appear,
And fam'd Amphialus, Polyneus' heir;
Euryalus like Mars terrific rose,
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes:
Naubolides with grace unequall'd shone,
Or equal'd by Laodamas alone.

With these came forth Ambasineus the strong;
And three brave sons, from great Alcinous sprung.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:
Swift as on wings of winds upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky:
Before the rest, what space the hinds allow
Between the mule and ox, from plough to plough,
Clytonous sprung: he wing'd the rapid way,
And bore th' unrivall'd honours of the day.
With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join;
The conquest, great Euryalus, is thine.
Amphialus sprung forward with a bound,
Superior in the leap, a length of ground:
From Elatreus' strong arm the discus flies,
And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.
And Laodam whirls high, with dreadful sway,
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.

While thus the peerage in the games contends,
In act to speak, Laodamas ascends: [skill'd
"O friends," he cries, "the stranger seems well
To try th' illustrious labours of the field:
I deem him brave: then grant the brave man's claim,
Invite the hero to his share of fame.
What nervous arms he boasts! how firm his tread!
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his shoulders spread:
By age unbroke!—but all-consuming care
Destroys, perhaps, that strength that time would spare:
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!
Man must decay, when man contends with storms."

"Well hast thou spoke," (Euryalus replies):
"Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise."
Swift at the word, advancing from the crowd,
He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud:
"Vouchsafes the reverend stranger to display
His manly worth, and share the glorious day?
Father, arise! for thee thy port proclaims
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.
To fame arise! for what more fame can yield
Than the swift race, or conflict of the field?
Steal from corroding care one transient day,
To glory give the space thou hast to stay;
Short is the time, and, lo! ev'n now the gales
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails."

To whom with sighs Ulysses gave reply:
"Ah! why th' ill-suiting pastime must I try?
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree:
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,
A much afflicted, much-enduring man!
Who suppliant to the king and peers implores
A speedy voyage to his native shores."

"Wide wanders, Laodam, thy erring tongue,
The sports of glory to the brave belong,"
(Retorts Euryalus): "he boasts no claim
Among the great, unlike the sons of fame.
A wandering merchant he frequents the main;
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain;
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field."

Incens'd Ulysses with a frown replies.
"O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!
With partial hands the gods their gifts dispense;
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
This man with energy of thought controls,
And steals with modest violence our souls,

He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And, as he moves, the gazing crowd reveres.
While others, beauteous as th' etherial kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show Heaven gives thee to excel,
But Heaven denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous soul resents the wrong:
Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim
A post of honour with the sons of fame:
Such was my boast while vigour crown'd my days,
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet, thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero.—Slander stings the brave."

Then, striding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's sons discharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings,
Sonorous through the shaded air it sings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,
The crowd gaze upward while it cleaves the skies.
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round
Down rushing, it up-turns a hill of ground.

That instant Pallas, bursting from a cloud,
Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cry'd aloud:

"Ev'n he who sightless wants his visual ray
May by his touch alone award the day:
Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound
Of every champion by a length of ground.
Securely bid the strongest of the train
Arise to throw: the strongest throws in vain."

She spoke; and momentary mounts the sky:
The friendly voice Ulysses hears with joy;
Then thus aloud, (elate with decent pride)
"Rise, ye Phæacians, try your force," he cried;
"If with this throw the strongest caster vie,
Still, further still, I bid the discus fly,
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,
Or ye, the swiftest racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes grace,
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race!
In such heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is sacred, and I style him friend.
Ungenerous were the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part;
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:
All, all your heroes I this day defy;
Give me a man that we our might may try.
Expert in every art, I boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;
Should a whole host at once discharge the bow,
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:
Alone superior in the field of Troy,
Great Philoctetes taught the shaft to fly.
From all the sons of Earth, unrivall'd praise
I justly claim; but yield to better days,
To those fam'd days when great Alcides rose,
And Eurytus, who bade the gods be foes:
(Vain Eurytus, whose art became his crime,
Swept from the Earth, he perish'd in his prime;
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
Who boldly durst defy the bowyer-god).
In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.
Sole in the race the contest I decline,
Stiff are my weary joints, and I resign;
By storms and hunger worn: age well may fail,
When storms and hunger both at once assail."

Abash'd, the numbers hear the godlike man,
Till great Alcinous mildly thus began:

"Well hast thou spoke, and well thy generous tongue
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;
Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's claim,
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;
In distant realms our glorious deeds display,
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;
When blest with ease thy woes and wanderings end,
Teach them thy consort, bid thy sons attend!
How lov'd of Jove he crown'd our sires with praise,
How we their offspring dignify our race.

"Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,
Or boast the glories of th' athletic field;
We in the course unrivall'd speed display,
Or through cerulean billows plough the way;
To dress, to dance, to sing, our sole delight,
The feast or bath by day, and love by night:
Rise then, ye skill'd in measures; let him bear
Your fame to men that breathe a distant air;
And faithful say, to you the powers belong
To race, to sail, to dance, to chant the song.

"But, herald, to the palace swift repair,
And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear."

Swift at the word, obedient to the king,
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.
Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey
The future games, the judges of the day.
With instant care they mark a spacious round,
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,
The bard advancing meditates the lay.
Skill'd in the dance, tall youths, a blooming band,
Graceful before the heavenly minstrel stand:
Light-bounding from the earth, at once they rise,
Their feet half viewless quiver in the skies:
Ulysses gaz'd, astonish'd to survey
The glancing splendours as their sandals play.
Meantime the bard, alternate to the strings,
The loves of Mars and Cytherea sings;
How the stern god, enamour'd with her charms,
Clasp'd the gay panting goddess in his arms,
By bribes seduc'd: and how the Sun, whose eye
Views the broad Heavens, discloss'd the lawless joy.
Stung to the soul indignant through the skies
To his black forge vindictive Vulcan flies:
Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant plies
Th' eternal anvil on the massy base.
A wondrous net he labours, to betray
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,
Indissolubly strong! Then instant bears
To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.
Above, below, around, with art dispread,
The sure enclosure folds the genial bed;
Whose texture ev'n the search of gods deceives,
Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.
Then, as withdrawing from the starry bowers,
He feigns a journey to the Lemnian shores,
His favourite isle! observant Mars descries
His wish'd recess, and to the goddess flies:
He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd queen of love
Descends smooth gliding from the courts of Jove,

Gay blooming in full charms: her hand he prest
With eager joy, and with a sigh address't:
"Come, my belov'd, and taste the soft delights:
Come, to repose the genial bed invites:
Thy absent spouse, neglectful of thy charms,
Prefers his barbarous Sintians to thy arms!"
Then nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,
And sunk transported on the conscious bed.
Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay
The careless lovers in their wanton play:
In vain they strive, th' entangling snares deny
(Inextricably firm) the power to fly:
Warn'd by the god who sheds the golden day,
Stern Vulcan homeward treads the starry way:
Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns:
Full horrible he roars, his voice all Heaven returns:
"O Jove!" he cry'd, "oh all ye powers above,
See the lewd dalliance of the queen of love!
Me, awkward me, she scorns; and yields her charms
To that fair lecher, the strong god of arms.
If I am lame, that stain my natal hour
By fate impos'd; such me my parent bore:
Why was I born? See how the wanton lies!
O sight tormenting to an husband's eyes!
But yet I trust, this once ev'n Mars would fly
His fair one's arms—he thinks her once, too, nigh.
But there remain, ye guilty, in my power,
Till Jove refunds his shameless daughter's dower.
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face:
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace."
Meanwhile the gods the dome of Vulcan throng,
Apollo comes, and Neptune comes along;
With these gay Hermes trod the starry plain;
But modesty withheld the goddess-train.
All Heaven beholds imprison'd as they lie,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.
Then mutual, thus they spoke: "Behold on wrong
Swift vengeance waits; and art subdues the strong!
Dwells there a god on all th' Olympian brow
More swift than Mars, and more than Vulcan slow?
Yet Vulcan conquers, and the god of arms
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms."
Thus serious they; but he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:
"Would'st thou enchain'd like Mars, O Hermes, lie,
And bear the shame, like Mars, to share the joy?"
"O envy'd shame!" (the smiling youth rejoin'd,)
"Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind;
Gaze all ye gods, and every goddess gaze,
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace."
Loud laugh the rest, even Neptune laugh'd aloud,
Yet sues importunate to loose the god:
"And free," he cries, "O Vulcan! free from shame
Thy captives; I ensure the penal claim."
"Will Neptune" (Vulcan then) "the faithless trust?
He suffers who gives surety for th' unjust:
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky,
To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly;
Say, wilt thou bear the mulct?" He instant cries,
"The mulct I bear, if Mars perfidious flies."
To whom appeas'd: "No more I urge delay;
When Neptune sues, my part is to obey,"
Then to the snares his force the god applies;
They burst; and Mars to Thrace indignant flies:
To the soft Cyprian shores the goddess moves,
To visit Paphos and her blooming groves;
Where to the power an hundred altars rise,
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies;
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bowers,
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial showers,
Unguents that charm the gods! she last assumes
Her wonderous robes; and full the goddess blooms.
Thus sung the bard: Ulysses hears with joy,
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.
Then to the sports his sons the king commands,
Each blooming youth before the monarch stands,
In dance unmatch'd! A wonderous ball is brought
(The work of Polypus, divinely wrought;)
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,
And bending backward whirls it to the sky;
His brother, springing with an active bound,
At distance intercepts it from the ground:
The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand.
Th' assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,
And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.
Then thus Ulysses! "Happy king, whose name
The brightest shines in all the rolls of fame:
In subjects happy! with surprise I gaze!
Thy praise was just; their skill transcends thy praise."
Pleas'd with his people's fame, the monarch hears,
And thus benevolent accosts the peers:
"Since Wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,
Give to the stranger guest a stranger's dues:
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share
O'er whom supreme, imperial power I bear:
Bring gold, a pledge of love; a talent bring,
A vest, a robe, and imitate your king:
Be swift to give; that he this night may share
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.
And thou, Euryalus, redeem thy wrong;
A generous heart repairs a slanderous tongue."
Th' assenting peers, obedient to the king,
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring.
Then thus Euryalus: "O prince, whose sway
Rules this best realm, repentant I obey!
Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath, inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terrour to the wearer's side."
He said; and to his hand the sword consign'd;
"And if," he cry'd, "my words affect thy mind,
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds, bear,
And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air:
Crown, O ye Heavens! with joy his peaceful hours,
And grant him to his spouse and native shores!"
"And blest be thou, my friend," Ulysses cries:
"Crown him with every joy, ye favouring skies:
To thy calm hours continued peace afford,
And never, never mayst thou want this sword!"
He said; and o'er his shoulder slung the blade.
Now o'er the earth ascends the evening shade:
The precious gifts th' illustrious heralds bear,
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.
Before the queen Alcinous' sons unfold
The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold;
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state:
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial sat.
Then to the queen: "O partner of our reign,
O sole belov'd! command thy menial train
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,
And heating waters for the bath prepare:
That, bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,
Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.

A bowl that flames with gold, of wondrous frame,
Ourself we give, memorial of our name:
To raise in offerings to almighty Jove,
And every god that treads the courts above."
Instant the queen, observant of the king,
Commands her train a spacious vase to bring,
The spacious vase with ample stream, suffice,
Heap high the wood, and bid the flames arise.
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.
Herself the chest prepares: in order roll'd
The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of gold:
And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,
A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,
Thus spoke to Ithacus: "To guard with bands
Insolvable these gifts, thy care demands:
Lest, in thy slumbers on the watery main,
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain."
Then bending with full force, around he roll'd
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,
Clos'd with Circæan art. A train attends
Around the bath: the bath the king ascends
(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour
He sail'd ill-fated from Calypso's bower:)
Where, happy as the gods that range the sky,
He feasted every sense with every joy.
He bathes; the damsels, with officious toil,
Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a shower of oil:
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,
And to the feast magnificently treads:
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Nausicaa blooming as a goddess stands;
With wondering eyes the hero she survey'd,
And graceful thus began the royal maid:
"Hail, godlike stranger! and when Heaven restores
To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,
This ever-grateful in remembrance bear,
To me thou ow'st, to me, the vital air."
"O royal maid!" Ulysses straight returns,
"Whose worth the splendours of thy race adorns,
So may dread Jove (whose arm in vengeance forms storms,)
The writhen bolt, and blackens Heaven with
Restore me safe, through weary wanderings tost,
To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,
As, while the spirit in this bosom glows,
To thee, my goddess, I address my vows:
My life, thy gift I boast!" He said, and sat
Fast by Alcinous on a throne of state.
Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each his portion shares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obeisance as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then, from the chine, Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part;
"This, let the master of the lyre receive;
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
The Muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;
The Muse indulgent loves th' harmonious kind."
The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the lyrist wise Ulysses said:
"Oh more than man! thy soul the Muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
For who, by Phœbus uninform'd could know
The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe?
Just to the tale, as present at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day!
The song recalls past horrours to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,
Th' Epæan fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing:
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of fame,
The god himself inspires thy breast with flame:
And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise
In every land, thy monument of praise.
Full of the god, he rais'd his lofty strain,
How the Grecks rush'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
While from the shores the winged navy flies:
How ev'n in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks by Troy's assisting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the steed; of differing mind,
Various the Trojans counsell'd; part consign'd
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;
Th' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the towers,
An offering sacred to th' immortal powers:
Th' unwise award to lodge it in the walls,
And by the gods' decree proud Ilion falls;
Destruction enters in the treacherous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.
He sung the Greeks stern issuing from the steed,
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends
The Spartan king: how Ithacus attends
(Horrid as Mars,) and how with dire alarms
He fights, subdues: for Pallas strings his arms.
Thus while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground
As some fond matron views in mortal fight [bedew:
Her husband falling in his country's right:
Frantic through clashing swords she runs, she flies,
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;
She cries, she shrieks; the fierce insulting foe
Relentless mock her violence of woe:
To chains condemn'd, as wildly she deplores:
A widow, and a slave on foreign shores.
So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes
Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: "O cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:"
To every note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe:
Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:
This social right demands: for him the sails,
Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales:
His are the gifts of love: the wise and good
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.
"But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?
(For from the natal hour distinctive names,
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)
Say from what city, from what regions tost,
And what inhabitants' those regions boast?

So shalt thou instant reach the realms assign'd,
In wondrous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind;
No helm secures their course, no pilot guides,
Like man intelligent, they plough the tides,
Conscious of every coast and every bay,
That lies beneath the Sun's all-seeing ray;
Though clouds and darknes veil th' encumber'd sky,
Fearless through darkness and through clouds they fly:
Though tempests rage, though rolls the swelling main,
The seas may roll, the tempest rage in vain;
Ev'n the stern god, that o'er the waves presides,
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,
With fury burns; while careless they convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story big with future woes,
How Neptune rag'd, and how, by his command,
Firm rooted in a surge a ship should stand
A monument of wrath: how mound on mound
Should bury these proud towers beneath the ground.
But this the gods may frustrate or fulfil,
As suits the purpose of th' eternal will.
But say through what waste regions hast thou stray'd,
What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd;
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?
Say why the fate of Troy awak'd thy cares,
Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?
Just are the ways of Heaven: from Heaven proceed
The woes of man; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to bleed;
A theme of future song! Say then if slain
Some dear lov'd brother press'd the Phrygian plain?
Or bled some friend, who bore a brother's part,
And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart?"

THE ODYSSEY,

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICONS, LOTOPHAGI, AND CYCLOPS.

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how, after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

Then thus Ulysses: "Thou, whom first in sway,
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey;
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The heaven-taught poet, and enchanting strain;
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoicing, and a people blest!
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social days in union and in joy;
The plenteous board high heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
"Admit these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy series of a wanderer's woe;
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew!
And, oh! what first what last shall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd sent by Heaven and fate!
"Know first the man (though now a wretch distrest)
Who hopes thee, monarch, for his future guest.
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name, [fame.
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high Heaven my
"My native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air:
Dulichium, Samè, and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around
(These to the north and night's dark regions run,
Those to Aurora and the rising Sun).
Low lies our isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores;
And none, ah! none so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that Heaven o'erspreads with light!
In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magic, to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
"Hear then the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd,
And every soldier found a like reward.
I then advis'd to fly; not so the rest,
Who stay'd to revel and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day.
Meantime the Cicons to their holds retir'd,
Call on the Cicons with new fury fir'd;
With early morn the gather'd country swarms
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in showers:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war,
Now fortune changes (so the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain,
Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning Sun increasing bright
O'er Heaven's pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds:
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.

With sails outspread we fly th' unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life,
Yet as we fled our fellows rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.
" Meanwhile the god whose hand the thunder forms, [storms!
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven with
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps,
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the labouring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore;
The tenth we touch'd, by various errours tost,
The land of Lotos and the flowery coast.
We climb the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent deputed from the crew,
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race;
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos, the name; divine, nectareous juice!
(Thence call'd Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home, nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now plac'd in order on their banks, they sweep
The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour through the tide
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.
" The land of Cyclops first; a savage kind,
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow;
They all their products to free nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.
By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to Hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.
" Oppos'd to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats through pathless thickets rove;
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters, through the wintery cold
Pursue their flight: but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermillion prore,
Or bark of traffic glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil;
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murmuring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.
" A port there is, enclos'd on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at its head, from out the cavern'd rock
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green,
The blushing alders form a shady scene.
Hither some favouring god, beyond our thought,
Through all-surrounding shade our navy brought;
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in th' ethereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seiz'd, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the lawn:
In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supply'd (for twelve were all the fleet).
" Here, till the setting Sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.
The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear,
And from their mountains rising smokes appear,
Now sunk the Sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
Satiate we sleep; but when the sacred dawn
Arising glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and these words address:
'My dear associates, here indulge your rest:
While, with my single ship, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjust, of barbarous might,
Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right;
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,
Revere the gods, and succour the distrest?'

" This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;
My train obey'd me, and the ship unty'd.
In order seated on their banks, they sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with darkening laurels cover'd o'er;
Where sheep and goats lay slumbering round the shore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine and spreading oak,
A giant shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it, gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.
Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron of Evantheus' line
(The priest of Phœbus at th' Ismarian shrine).
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;
Him, and his house, Heaven mov'd my mind to save,
And costly presents in return he gave;
Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now, some ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd;
Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd
Breath'd aromatic fragrancies around.
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul foreboded I should find the bower
Of some fell monster, fierce with barbarous power,
Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in Heaven's despight,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within
(His flock the giant tended on the green):
But round the grot we gaze; and all the view,
In order rang'd, our admiration drew:
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses prest,
The folded flocks each separate from the rest
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies):
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.
With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
" Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The loaded shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last,
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the ponderous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now driven before him, through the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind):
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd and clos'd the gate
(Scarce twenty-four wheel'd cars, compact and strong,
The massy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hardening cheese he prest,
And high in wicker-baskets heap'd: the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd the nightly feast.
His labour done, he fir'd the pile, that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
" 'What are ye, guests; on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander through the watery way?
Pirates perhaps, who seek through seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own?'
" His voice like thunder through the cavern sounds;
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
" 'From Troy's fam'd fields, sad wanderers o'er the main,
Behold the relics of the Grecian train!
Through various seas by various perils tost,
And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast;
Far from our destin'd course and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command;
Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides' friends, (in arms a mighty name)
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow;
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least some hospitable gift bestow;
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe:
'Tis what the gods require: those gods revere,
The poor and stranger are their constant care;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.'
" 'Fools that ye are!' (the savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)
'Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the gods.
Know then, we Cyclops are a race above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove:
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchor'd? near or off the shore?'
" Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Vers'd in the turns of various human kind);

And, cautious, thus: 'Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke,
Scarce with these few I scap'd; of all my train,
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main;
The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.'
" He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And dash'd like dogs against the stoney floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain-beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumbering monster to the ground,
My soul impels me; and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,
And to the mother's teats submits the lambs.
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.
Then pleas'd, and whistling, drives his flock before:
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again: with equal ease dispos'd,
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
" Thus left behind, ev'n in the last despair
I thought, devis'd, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my breast;
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:
The monster's club within the cave I 'spy'd.
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undry'd,
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane;
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Propos'd, who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:
Myself the fifth. We stand, and wait the hour.
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female stay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some god design'd);
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udder to the lambs.
Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock: his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er;
'Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest;
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare,
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.'
" He heard, he took, and, pouring down his throat
Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.
'More! give me more,' he cry'd: 'the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name: not mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unblest Cyclopean climes produce
(Though sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our fields);
But this descended from the blest abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the gods.'
" He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful speech I re-assume:
'Thy promis'd boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title: Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.'
" The giant then: 'Our promis'd grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour.'
" He said: then nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Press'd with the weight of sleep that tames the strong!
There belch'd the mingled sreams of wine and blood,
And human flesh, his indigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urg'd by some present god, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urg'd on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Sing'd are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when armourers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-ax, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan: the rocks around
Through all their inmost winding caves resound.
Scar'd we receded. Forth, with frantic hand,
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.

From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair,
From rifted rocks and mountains bleak in air:
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern-door.
" 'What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal in th' unguarded hour
Of sleep oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprise?'
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
" 'Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudful power.'
'If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray,
The brethren ery'd, and instant strode away.
" Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:
At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sate:
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door
(Such as his shallow wit he deem'd was mine):
But secret I revolv'd the deep design;
'Twas for our lives my labouring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd every thought;
This way and that I cast to save my friends,
Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.
" Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
These three and three, with osier bands we ty'd
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supply'd)
The midmost bore a man: the outward two
Secur'd each side: so bound we all the crew.
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls invove,
I cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.
" The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charg'd with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke;
'What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flowery mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead,
And first with stately step at evening hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but fate the power of speech afford,
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,
His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.
No ease, no pleasure, my sad heart receive,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives.'
" The giant spoke, and through the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and through th' enclosure past,
First I release myself, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.
Big tears of transport stand in every eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.
" Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear:
With taunts the distant giant I accost:
'Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave;
But one, the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict: the instrument of Jove.
Thy barbarous breach of hospitable bands,
The god, the god revenges by my hands.'
" The words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke:
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock,
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thundering on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.
The long concussion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:
Again I shov'd her off, our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and every oar we ply.
Just 'scap'd impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I rais'd my voice; my friends afraid
With mild entreaties my design dissuade,
'What boots the godless giant to provoke,
Whose arms may sink us at a single stroke?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew,
Thy sounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.'
" But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.
'Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigur'd thus that eyeless face?
Say 'twas Ulysses, 'twas his deed, declare,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.'
" Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies:
'O Heavens! O faith of ancient prophecies!
This, Telemus Eurymedes foretold,
(The mighty seer who on these hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)
Long since he menac'd, such was fate's command;
And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.
I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's blessing on the watery way:
For his I am, and I the lineage own:
Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.

His power can heal me, and re-light my eye:
And only his, of all the gods on high."
"'Oh! could this arm' (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
'From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,
And send thee howling to the realms of night!
As sure, as Neptune cannot give thee sight.'
"Thus I: while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies:
'Hear me, O Neptune! thou whose arms are hurl'd
From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy son;
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair.
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it through toils and sufferings long and late;
His lost companions let him first deplore;
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign sufferings freed,
More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!'
"With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard th' unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round: it sung across the main:
It fell, and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the shore.
With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
Our sight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.
There disembarking on the green sea-side,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide:
Of these due shares to every sailor fall;
The master ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
With pious mind to Heaven I consecrate.
But the great god, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice;
And sees me wandering still from coast to coast,
And all my vessels, all my people, lost!
While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
Till evening Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east;
Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now, rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep
With hasty strokes the hoarse resounding deep;
Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears."

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

ADVENTURES WITH ÆOLUS, THE LESTRIGONS, AND CIRCE.

Ulysses arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and encloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Lestrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and, by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares at her instigation for his voyage to the infernal shades.

"At length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore
Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore,
A floating isle! High rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters grac'd the royal bed:
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music through the isle resound:
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.
This happy port affords our wandering fleet
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.
Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate;
Full oft I told: at length for parting mov'd;
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast:
For him the mighty sire of gods assign'd
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the listening storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails?
"Nine prosperous days we ply'd the labouring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils opprest,
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest;
Then first my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart);
When, lo! on board a fond debate arose;
What rare device those vessels might enclose?
What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought?
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
"'Say, whence, ye gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystic gifts explore.'
They said: and (oh curst fate) the thongs unbound:
The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurry'd navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
If still to live, or desperate plunge to fate:
Thus, doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thought of death gave way.

" Meanwhile our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known Æolian coast regain,
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
That done, two chosen heralds straight attend
Our second progress to my royal friend:
And him amidst his jovial sons we found;
The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descry'd,
And, starting from their couches, loudly cry'd:
'Ulysses here! what demon could'st thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?
Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear!'
Thus they: in silence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length these words with accent low return'd:
'Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your godlike gift!
But grant, oh grant, our loss we may retrieve!
A favour you, and you alone, can give.'
" Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern sire reply'd:
'Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes,
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the gods.'
" Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors, spent with toils, their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
And Læstrigonia's gates arise distinct in air.
The shepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain;
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,
So near the pastures, and so short the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.
" Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies:
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halsers to the shore. [brow
" From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracts of beasts, or signs of men, we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten road,
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's silver streams came down
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town):
The damsel they approach'd, and ask'd what race
The people were? who monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary strangers heard,
And show'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but, as they entering saw the queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien,
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)
A sudden horrour struck their aking sight.
Swift, at her call, her husband scour'd away,
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton slew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.
Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries;
A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore.
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below:
The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrours echo to the skies;
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cramm'd their filthy throats with human food.
Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charg'd my men, as they from fate would fly,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas:
Clear of the rocks th' impatient vessel flies;
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earnest haste my frighted sailors press,
While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy
Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
" Now dropp'd our anchors in th' Æean bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day;
Her mother Perse, of old Ocean's strain,
Thus from the Sun descended and the Main
(From the same lineage stern Æætes came,
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantress dame);
Goddess, and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding song.
Some god directing, to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
And now the third succeeding morning shone.
I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land:
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear.
From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
A stream of curling smoke ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.
" Thither to haste, the region to explore,
Was first my thought: but, speeding back to shore,
I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
And send out spies the dubious coast to view.
As down the hill I solitary go,
Some power divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the crystal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
I lanch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Through the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
I drew, and casting on the river's side
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
With twining osiers, which the bank supplied.

An ell in length the pliant whisp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
Then, leaning on my spear with both my hands,
Up-bore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
The welcome burthen, and bespoke my crew:
" 'Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts through Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the desert land, behold! is given;
Live, and enjoy the providence of Heaven.'
" The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beast;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
There, till the setting Sun roll'd down the light,
They sate indulging in the genial rite.
When evening rose, and darkness covered o'er
The face of things, we slept along the shore.
But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
My men I summon'd, and these words address:
" 'Followers and friends! attend what I propose:
Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the Sun shall set, or where shall rise.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counsel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
An isle encircled with the boundless flood,
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some smoke I saw amid the forests rise,
And all around it only seas and skies!'
" With broken hearts my sad companions stood,
Mindful of Cyclop and his human food,
And horrid Læstrigons, the men of blood.
Presaging tears apace began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
In equal parts I straight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other side
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And Fortune casts Eurylochus to go.
He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.
" The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone, a shaded space around:
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.
As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive
(Such as the good man ever us'd to give).
Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near;
They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding through the wood:
Plac'd at her loom within, the goddess sung;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd):
" 'What voice celestial, chanting to the loom
(Or nymph, or goddess) echoes from the room?
Say, shall we seek access?' With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
" The goddess, rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way.
Eurylochus alone, of all the band,
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy coverings grac'd,
With semblance fair, th' unhappy men she plac'd.
Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the soul:
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine;
Head, face, and members, bristle into swine:
Still curs'd with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.
Meanwhile the goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows
The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around;
Now prone and groveling on unsavory ground.
" Eurylochus, with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
His swelling heart deny'd the words their way:
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates:
" 'We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)
Through the lone thicket and the desert land.
A palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial echoed from the dome,
Or nymph, or goddess, chanting to the loom.
Access we sought, nor was access denied:
Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:
The goddess mild invites the guests to stay:
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind, of all the train;
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain:
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate.'
" 'I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
The belt, in which my weighty falchion hung
(A beamy blade); then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
My knees, and, weeping, thus his suit address'd:
" 'O king! belov'd of Jove! thy servant spare,
And ah, thyself, the rash attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched, for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die.'
" I answer'd stern: 'Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of fate compel, and I obey.'
" This said, and scornful turning from the shore
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er:
Till now approaching nigh the magic bower,
Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of power.
A form divine forth issued from the wood,
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod)
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.

He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began:
'Ah! whither roam'st thou, much-enduring man?
Oh, blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove!
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of sties.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal: first thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the gods bestow.
The plant I give, through all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,
And menace death: those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love,
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to human-kind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The powers below, the blessed in the sky;
Lest to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent.' [drew,
"Thus, while he spoke, the sovereign plant he
Where on th' all-bearing Earth unmark'd it grew,
And shew'd its nature and its wondrous power:
Black was the root, but milky-white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is easy to th' etherial kind.
This Hermes gave; then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.
"While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I speed my passage to th' enchanted dome:
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd;
The lofty gates the goddess wide display'd:
She leads before, and to the feast invites:
I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat
Receiv'd my limbs; a footstool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in Heaven:
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was given.
'Hence to thy fellows!' (dreadful she began)
'Go, be a beast!'—I heard, and yet was man.
"Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My brawny falchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.
"'What art thou? say! from whence, from whom
you came?
Oh, more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength these poisons to sustain!
Nor mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes powerful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round;
The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses? Oh, thy threatening fury cease,
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in
peace;
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence, be thine.'
"'And how, dread Circe!' (furious I rejoin)
'Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine!
Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
O thou of fraudful heart! shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed:
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me, cold and impotent!
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the gods are tied,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain.'
"The goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and
To the sweet transports of the genial bed. [led
Ministrant to their queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods. [woods,
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd
The silver stands with golden flaskets grac'd:
With dulcet beverage this the beaker crown'd,
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew;
Then led and plac'd me on the sovereign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs:
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glittering canisters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Circe in vain invites the feast to share;
Absent I ponder, and absorb in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The queen beheld me, and those words address:
"'Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close-harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain?'
"I answer'd: 'Goddess! human is thy breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me would'st thou please? for them thy cares em-
And them to me restore, and me to joy.' [ploy,
"With that she parted: in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then hastening to the sties, set wide the door,
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before;
Unwieldy, out they rush'd with general cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now touch'd by counter charms, they change again,
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.
Those hairs, of late that bristled every part,
Fall off, miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:

Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed through the bower:
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.
" ' Son of Laertes!' (then the queen began)
' Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor:
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms.'
" She said: obedient to her high command,
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng,
With leaps and bounds, their late-imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
' Ah, master! ever honour'd, ever dear!'
(These tender words on every side I hear)
' What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn!
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But, ah! relate our lost companions' death.'
" I answer'd cheerful: ' Haste, your galley moor,
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise, and follow where I lead the way.
Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome.'
" With ready speed the joyful crew obey:
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
' Whither,' he cry'd, ' ah! whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
Will you the terrours of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar;
Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed;
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.'
" I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
My flying falchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground.
But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
' Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.'
" This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murmuring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast,
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.
" Meanwhile the goddess, with indulgent cares
And social joys, the late-transform'd repairs;
The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Brightening with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his story told;
Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
When hush'd their passion, thus the goddess cries:
' Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise,
Let this short memory of grief suffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power,
And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wanderers now, where-e'er ye go
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the soul saddens by the use of pain.'
" Her kind entreaty mov'd the general breast;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We ply'd the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again:
As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries:
" ' Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?'
" Melting I heard; yet till the Sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine;
But when the shades came on at evening hour,
And all lay slumbering in the dusky bower;
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said:
" ' Be mindful, goddess, of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.'
" ' Go then,' (she cry'd) ' ah, go! yet think, not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wish deny.
Ah, hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.
There seek the Theban bard, depriv'd of sight;
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unseparated soul:
The rest are forms, of empty ether made;
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.'
" Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sate; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my soul begun,
And saw that all was grief beneath the Sun.
Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress,
And my tost limbs now weary'd into rest:
' How shall I tread,' (I cry'd) ' ah, Circe! say
The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?'
" ' Thy fated road,' (the magic power reply'd)
' Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.
Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends;
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:

Where Phlegeton's loud torrents, rushing down,
Hiss in the flaming gulph of Acheron;
And where, slow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread:
Where the dark rocks o'erhang th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy falchion, and on every side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients strew the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring;
And living waters from the crystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promis'd offerings on thy native shore;
A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; but to the seer must bleed
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
These solemn vows and holy offering paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
Be next thy care the sable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and Hell-ward turn their face:
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with reverend awe.
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the flay'd victims in the flame be cast,
And sacred vows and mystic song apply'd
To grisly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool, thy falchion wav'd around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the shades arise the seer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate, display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day.'
So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
The goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes of purest white array.
The nymph that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.
'Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.'
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
"A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
Not much for sense, nor much for courage, fam'd:
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in Hell.
"The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:
'Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore:
Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares.
Far other journey first demands our cares;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkness and of death:
To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.'
"My sad companions heard in deep despair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found,
The sable ewe and ram, together bound,
For swift as thought the goddess had been there,
And thence had glided viewless as the air:
The paths of gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion? who shall trace their way?"

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

ULYSSES continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient heroines, afterwards of the heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Sisyphus, Hercules; till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

"Now to the shores we bend; a mournful train,
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the main:
At once the mast we rear, at once unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares opprest,
And solemn horrour saddens every breast.
A freshening breeze the magic power[1] supplied,
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;
Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.
"Now sunk the Sun from his aërial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:
When, lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks control his waves with ever-during mounds.
"There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The Sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
When radiant he advances, or retreats:
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.
"The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
Disbark the sheep, an offering to the gods;

[1] Circe.

And, hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry
The dolesome passage to th' infernal sky.
The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean power,
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.
" Here open'd Hell, all Hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;
And, trenching the black earth on every side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring;
O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store.
" Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal gods,
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;
So in our palace, at our safe return,
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn;
So shall a ram the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.
" Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead,
Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
When, lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids;
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades;
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood;
Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
Straight the flay'd victims to the flames are cast,
And mutter'd vows, and mystic song applied
To grizzly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
" Now swift I wave my falchion o'er the blood;
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.
" There wandering through the gloom I first survey'd,
New to the realms of Death, Elpenor's shade:
His cold remains all naked to the sky
On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow:
" ' O say, what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?'
" The ghost replied: ' To Hell my doom I owe,
Demons accurst, dire ministers of woe!
My feet, through wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betray'd me tumbling from a towery height,
Staggering I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
Lax'd the neck-joint—my soul descends to Hell.
But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,
By the soft tie and sacred name of friend!
By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!
By lov'd Telemachus's blooming years!
For well I know that soon the heavenly powers
Will give thee back to day, and Circe's shores:
There pious on my cold remains attend,
There call to mind thy poor departed friend.
The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the possession of a peaceful grave.
But if, unheard, in vain compassion plead,
Revere the gods, the gods avenge the dead!
A tomb along the watery margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To show posterity Elpenor was.
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.'
" To whom with tears; ' These rites, O mournful shade,
Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.'
" Still as I spoke, the phantom seem'd to moan,
Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
But, as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.
" There as the wondrous visions I survey'd,
All pale ascends my royal mother's shade:
A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
Struck at the sight, I melt with filial woe,
And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow,
Yet as I shook my falchion o'er the blood,
Regardless of her son the parent stood.
" When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
Awful he trod! majestic was his look!
And from his holy lips these accents broke:
" ' Why, mortal, wanderest thou from cheerful day,
To tread the downward, melancholy way? [day,
What angry gods to these dark regions led
Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?
But sheath thy poniard, while my tongue relates
Heaven's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates.'
" While yet he spoke, the prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plung'd the glittering blade:
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then exprest
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast;
" ' Weary of light, Ulysses here explores
A prosperous voyage to his native shores;
But know—by me unerring Fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes;
I see! I see thy bark by Neptune tost,
For injur'd Cyclop, and his eye-ball lost!
Yet to thy woes the gods decree an end,
If Heaven thou please, and how to please attend!
Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
Graze numerous herds along the verdant shores;
Though hunger press, yet fly the dangerous prey,
The herds are sacred to the god of day,
Who all surveys with his extensive eye
Above, below, on Earth, and in the sky!
Rob not the god; and to propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:
But, if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!
Strangers thy guides! nor there thy labours end,
New foes arise, domestic ills attend!
There foul adulterers to thy bride resort,
And lordly-gluttons riot in thy court!
But vengeance hastes amain! These eyes behold
The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd!
That done, a people far from sea explore,
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Or saw gay vessel stem the watery plain,
A painted wonder flying on the main!
Bear on thy back an oar: with *strange amaze*
A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,
And names a van: there fix it on the plain,
To calm the god that holds the watery reign;

A three-fold offering to his altar bring,
A bull, a ram, a boar; and hail the ocean-king.
But, home return'd, to each ethereal power
Slay the due victim in the genial hour:
So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death:
To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!
" ' Unerring truths, O man! my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.'
" To whom unmov'd: ' If this the gods prepare;
What Heaven ordains, the wise with courage bear.
But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands?
Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
The latent cause, O sacred seer, reveal!'
" ' Nor this,' replies the seer, ' will I conceal.
Know, to the spectres, that thy beverage taste,
The scenes of life recur, and actions past:
They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.'
" The phantom-prophet ceas'd, and sunk from sight,
To the black palace of eternal Night.
" Still in the dark abodes of Death I stood,
While near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood.
Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And, owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks:
' Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,
The dolesome realms of Darkness and of Death?
Com'st thou alive from pure, ethereal day?
Dire is the region, dismal is the way!
Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,
There the wide sea with all his billows raves!
Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her towers)
Com'st thou a wanderer from the Phrygian shores?
Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride, beheld?'
" ' Source of my life,' I cry'd, ' from Earth I fly,
To seek Tiresias in the nether sky,
To learn my doom; for, tost from woe to woe,
In every land Ulysses finds a foe:
Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,
Since in the dust proud Troy submits her towers.
" ' But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled,
Say, what distemper gave thee to the dead?
Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,
Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze?
Say if my sire, good old Laertes, lives?
If yet Telemachus, my son, survives?
Say, by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod?
Say, if my spouse maintains her royal trust;
Though tempted, chaste, and obstinately just!
Or if no more her absent lord she wails,
But the false woman o'er the wife prevails?'
" Thus I: and thus the parent-shade returns:
' Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:
Whether the night descends, or day prevails,
Thee she by night, and thee by day, bewails.
Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,
And shares the banquet in superior state,
Grac'd with such honours as become the great.
Thy sire in solitude foments his care:
The court is joyless, for thou art not there!
No costly carpets raise his hoary head,
No rich embroidery shines to grace his bed:
Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies,
Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the monarch lies;
Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
The garb of woe and habit of distress.
And when the autumn takes his annual round,
The leafy honours scattering on the ground;
Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.
Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!
" ' For thee, my son, I wept my life away;
For thee through Hell's eternal dungeons stray;
Nor came my fate by lingering pains and slow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted queen her bow;
No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath:
Thou, thou, my son, wert my disease and death;
Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,
For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.'
" Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice through my arms she slipp'd like empty wind,
Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind.
Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd:
" ' Fly'st thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly mourn?
Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye powers, that smile at human harms!
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has Hell's queen an empty image sent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?'
" ' O son of woe!' the pensive shade rejoin'd,
' Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind!
'Tis not the queen of Hell who thee deceives:
All, all are such, when life the body leaves;
No more the substance of the man remains,
Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins:
These the funeral flames in atoms bear,
To wander with the wind in empty air;
While the impassive soul reluctant flies,
Like a vain dream, to these infernal skies.
But from the dark dominions speed thy way,
And climb the steep ascent to upper day;
To thy chaste bride the wondrous story tell,
The woes, the horrours, and the laws of Hell.'
" Thus, while she spoke, in swarms Hell's empress brings
Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;
Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,
Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!
Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew:
Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.
" Tyro begau; whom great Salmoneus bred;
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.
For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his watery store, the virgin burns;
Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,
And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide.
As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,
The monarch of the deep beholds and loves!
In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,
The amorous god descends into her arms:
Around a spacious arch of waves he throws,
And high in air the liquid mountain rose;
Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves
The pleasing transport, and completes his loves.

Then softly sighing, he the fair address'd,
And as he spoke her tender hand he press'd:
'Hail, happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd
To the prolific raptures of a god;
Lo! when nine times the Moon renews her horn,
Two brother heroes shall from thee be born;
Thy early care the future worthies claim,
To point them to the arduous paths of fame;
But in thy breast th' important truth conceal,
Nor dare the secret of a god reveal:
For know, thou Neptune view'st! and at my nod
Earth trembles, and the waves confess their god.'
"He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.
"Now in the time's full process forth she brings
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings:
O'er proud Iolcos Pelias stretch'd his reign,
And godlike Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
Then, fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æson bred:
From the same fountain Amythaon rose,
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout of foes.
"There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who blest th' almighty thunderer in her arms:
Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name;
Though bold in open field, they yet surround
The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;
Here ramparts stood, there towers rose high in air,
And here, through seven wide portals rush'd the war.
"There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod,
Who bore Alcides to the thundering god:
And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.
"Sullen and sour with discontented mien
Jocasta frown'd, th' incestuous Theban queen;
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Though father's blood imbrued his murderous hands:
The gods and men the dire offence detest,
The gods with all their furies rend his breast:
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown,
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends;
And her foul soul to blackest Hell descends;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And his fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.
"And now the beauteous Chloris I descry,
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy!
With gifts unnumber'd Neleus sought her arms,
Nor paid too dearly for unequall'd charms;
Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great,
He sway'd the sceptre with imperial state.
Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
And Chromius last; but of the softer race,
One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.
Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn;
The sire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
To him alone the beauteous prize he yields
Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields
The herds of Iphyclus, detain'd in wrong;
Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!
This dares a seer, but nought the seer prevails,
In beauty's cause illustriously he fails;
Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;
The foe at last, from durance where he lay,
His art revering, gave him back to day;
Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfil
The stedfast purpose of th' almighty will.
"With grateful port advancing now I spy'd
Leda the fair, the godlike Tyndar's bride:
Hence Pollux sprung, who wields with furious sway
The deathful gauntlet matchless in the fray;
And Castor glorious on th' embattled plain
Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein:
By turns they visit this ethereal sky,
And live alternate, and alternate die:
In Hell beneath, on Earth, in Heaven above,
Reign the twin-gods, the favourite sons of Jove.
"There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain,
Who charm'd the monarch of the boundless main;
Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
More fierce than giants, more than giants strong;
The Earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,
None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height:
The wonderous youths had scarce nine winters told,
When high in air, tremendous to behold,
Nine ells aloft they rear'd their towering head;
And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.
Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,
The gods they challenge, and affect the skies;
Heav'd on Olympus tottering Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood: [grown,
Such were they youths! had they to manhood
Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne.
But e'er the harvest of the beard began
To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
His shafts Apollo aim'd; at once they found,
And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.
"There mournful Phædra with sad Procris moves,
Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves;
And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,
Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe;
The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
She Theseus lov'd; from Crete with Theseus fled;
Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies,
And tow'rds his Athens bears the lovely prize;
There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.
"There Clymene and Mera I behold;
There Eriphyle weeps, who loosely sold
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold.
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale:
And all-composing rest my nature craves,
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves;
In you I trust, and in the heavenly powers,
To land Ulysses on his native shores."
He ceas'd: but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
Till, rising up, Arete silence broke,
Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke:
"What wonderous man Heaven sends us in our guest!
Through all his woes the hero shines confest;
His comely port, his ample frame, express
A manly air, majestic in distress.
He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
You share the pleasure, then in bounty share;
To worth in misery a reverence pay,
And with a generous hand reward his stay; [blest,
For since kind Heaven with wealth our realm has
Give it to Heaven, by aiding the distrest."
Then sage Echeneus, whose grave reverend brow
The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,

Mature in wisdom rose: "Your words," he cries,
"Demand obedience, for your words are wise.
But let our king direct the glorious way
To generous act; our part is to obey." [ply'd)
"While life informs these limbs," (the king re-
"Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd:
But here this night the royal guest detain,
Till the Sun flames along th' ethereal plain:
Be it my task to send with ample stores
The stranger from our hospitable shores:
Tread you my steps! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
The first in glory as the first in place."
To whom the prince: "This night with joy I stay,
O, monarch great in virtue as in sway!
If thou the circling year my stay control,
To raise a bounty noble as thy soul;
The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
And fitter pomp to hail my native shores;
Then by my realms due homage would be paid;
For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd!
"O king! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
Through veins" (he cry'd) "of royal fathers flow'd;
Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart;
Thy words like music every breast control,
Steal through the ear, and win upon the soul;
Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.
"But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,
Saw'st thou the worthies of the Grecian host?
The godlike leaders who, in battle slain,
Fell before Troy, and nobly prest the plain?
And, lo! a length of night behind remains,
The evening stars still mount th' ethereal plains.
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,
Thy woes on Earth, the wondrous scenes in Hell,
Till in the vault of Heaven the stars decay,
And the sky reddens with the rising day."
"O worthy of the power the gods assign'd,"
(Ulysses thus replies) "a king in mind!
Since yet the early hour of night allows
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
If scenes of misery can entertain,
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.
Prepare to hear of murther and of blood:
Of godlike heroes who uninjur'd stood
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.
"Now summon'd Proserpine to Hell's black hall
The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call.
"When, lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes slain
By stern Ægysthus, a majestic train;
And high above the rest, Atrides prest the plain.
He quaff'd the gore: and straight his soldier knew,
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
Now all Atrides is an empty shade.
"Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
To soft affliction all my manly mind;
At last with tears—'O what relentless doom,
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves,
Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?'
"The ghost returns: 'O chief of human kind
For active courage and a patient mind;
Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
Has fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!
Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.
Stabb'd by a murderous hand Atrides dy'd,
A foul adulterer, and a faithless bride;
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his guest;
Thus by the gory arm of slaughter falls
The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls.
But not with me the direful murther ends,
These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my friends!
Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;
In duel met her, on the listed ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;
But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood.
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our veins, and opens every soul,
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent Cassandra dies!
Then though pale death froze cold in every vein,
My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
Nor did my traitress wife these eye-lids close,
Or decently in death my limbs compose.
O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all Hell contains no fouler fiend:
And such was mine! who basely plung'd her sword
Through the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,
To meet soft quiet and repose at home;
Delusive hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
The perjur'd sex, and blacken all the race;
And should posterity one virtuous find,
Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.'
"'O injur'd shade,' I cry'd, 'what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand,
And Greece by woman lies a desert land.'
"'Warn'd by my ills beware,' the shade replies,
'Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy consort cease to fear a foe,
For thee she feels sincerity of woe:
When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian arms,
She shone unrivall'd with a blaze of charms;
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom press'd,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;
But now the years a numerous train have ran;
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
The sire shall bless his son, the son his sire:
But my Orestes never met these eyes,
Without one look the murther'd father dies;
Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
Ev'n to thy queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
For since of woman kind so few are just,
Think all are false, nor ev'n the faithful trust.
"'But say, resides my son in royal port,
In rich Orchomenos, or Sparta's court?

Or say in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
Nor glides a phantom through the realms of night.'
" Then I: 'Thy suit is vain, nor can I say,
If yet he breathes in realms of cheerful day?
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies:
Truth I revere: for wisdom never lies.'
" Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horrour to the realms of woe;
Till side by side along the dreary coast
Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the Pylian[2] stray'd,
And towering Ajax, an illustrious shade!
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms.
"Through the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.
" 'Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?'
" To whom with sighs: 'I pass these dreadful
To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates: [gates
For still, distrest, I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.
But sure the eye of time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame;
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian gods,
And dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes.'
" 'Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words' (he cries) 'can ease my
Rather I chuse laboriously to bear [doom.
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead.
But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
And emulates his godlike father's deeds?
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
Say, if my sire, the reverend Peleus, reigns,
Great in his Phthia, and his throne maintains:
Or, weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
To fix the sceptre stedfast in his hands?
Oh might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
And death release me from the silent urn!
This arm, that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian
plain,
And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,
Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.'
" 'Illustrious shade,' (I cried) 'of Peleus' fates
No circumstance the voice of fame relates:
But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
With me from Scyros to the field of fame
Radiant in arms the blooming hero came.
When Greece assembled all her hundred states,
To ripen counsels, and decide debates;
Heavens! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,
And won the heart with manly eloquence!
He first was seen of all the peers to rise,
The third in wisdom where they all were wise;
But when, to try the fortune of the day,
Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he strode, and stern delight;
Heaps strew'd on heaps, beneath his falchion
groan'd,
And monuments of dead deform the ground.

[2] Antilochus.

The time would fail, should I in order tell
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell:
How, lost through love, Eurypylus was slain,
And round him bled his bold Cetæan train.
To Troy no hero came of nobler line;
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.
" 'When Ilion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' imprison'd war:
Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Flush'd in his cheek, or sallied in his blood;
Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glittering spear.
And when the gods our arms with conquest crown'd,
When Troy's proud bulwarks smok'd upon the
ground,
Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils,
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.
" 'Thus great in glory from the din of war
Safe he return'd without one hostile scar;
Though spears in iron tempests rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a
wound.' [glow'd,
" While yet I spoke, the shade with transport
Rose in his majesty, and nobler trod;
With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades
Of warrior kings, and join th' illustrious shades.
" Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes.
Alone, apart, in discontented mood,
A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;
For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
Though on the contest Thetis gave the laws,
And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.
O why was I victorious in the strife;
O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
With him the strength of war, the soldier's pride,
Our second hope to great Achilles died!
Touch'd at the sight, from tears I scarce refrain,
And tender sorrow thrills in every vein;
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost,
With accents mild th' inexorable ghost.
" 'Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
Ev'n after death? Relent, great shade, relent!
Perish those arms which by the gods' decree
Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless fates;
And shook astonish'd through her hundred states;
Not more, when great Achilles press'd the ground,
And breath'd his manly spirit through the wound.
Oh, deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!
Turn then, oh! peaceful turn, thy wrath control,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.'
" While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away. [night,
" Touch'd at his sour retreat, through deepest
Through Hell's black bounds I had pursued his
And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply; [flight,
But wondrous visions drew my curious eye.
High on a throne, tremendous to behold,
Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold;
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
Through the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.

Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
" There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom a giant-hunter flies;
A ponderous mace of brass with direful sway
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of Hell.
" There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground;
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal feast.
For as o'er Panope's enamell'd plains,
Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
To force the goddess, and to rival Jove.
" There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all Hell resounds)
Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:
When to the water he his lip applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies.
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
There figs sky-died, a purple hue disclose,
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
And yellow apples ripen into gold;
The fruit he strives to seize; but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.
" I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
Again the restless orb his toil renews,
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.
" Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A towering spectre of gigantic mould.
A shadowy form! for high in Heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods;
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
And clang their pinions with terrific sound!
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
Th' aërial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breast a wondrous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar,
There war and havoc and destruction stood,
And vengeful murther red with human blood.
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.
The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And, turning his grim visage, sternly spoke:
" 'O ekercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air!
Ev'n I, who from the lord of thunders rose,
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,
(The hardest bondage to a generous mind!)
Down to those worlds I trod the dismal way,
And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
Ev'n Hell I conquer'd, through the friendly aid
Of Maïa's offspring and the martial maid.'
" Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
But, turning, stalk'd with giant strides away.
" Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd
The godlike Theseus, and Pirithous' shade;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest Hell,
With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal sounds
Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce Hell's utmost bounds.
No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins;
Lest Gorgon, rising from th' infernal lakes,
With horrours arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A stony image, in eternal night!
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.
My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;
The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores;
Swift o'er the waves we fly; the freshening gales
Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling sails."

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

THE SIRENS, SCYLLA, AND CHARYBDIS.

He relates, how after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the Strait of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how, being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the Sun: the vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who, swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his relation concludes.

" Thus o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
Till from the waves th' Ææan hills arise,
Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bowers,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;
Here Phœbus rising in th' ethereal way,
Through Heaven's bright portals pours the beamy day.
At once we fix our halsers on the sand,
At once descend, and press the desert land;
There, worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep,
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.
" Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.
Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,
And the huge pile along the shore ascends.
Around we stand a melancholy train,
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;

The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.
Meantime the goddess [1] our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and Hell's tremendous shade.
Swift she descends. A train of nymphs divine,
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the power [1] of magic stands;
And graceful thus accosts the listening bands:
" 'O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass through Hell's eternal gates!
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice numbered with the dead!
This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:
And when the morn unveils her saffron ray,
Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid way;
Lo! I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.'
" The goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,
Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray;
Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest
Seals every eye, and calms the troubled breast.
Then curious she commands me to relate
The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state:
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,
The wonderous visions, and the laws of Hell.
" Then thus: 'The lot of man the gods dispose;
These *ills* are past: now hear thy future woes.
O prince, attend! some favouring power be kind,
And print th' important story on thy mind!
" 'Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas!
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest, the man, whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay:
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport; and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore,
Fly swift the dangerous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.
" 'These seas o'erpast, be wise! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main.
New horrours rise! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage through the tide.
" 'High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Through the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratick by the gods above.
No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to th' etherial king,
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;
Not the fleet bark, when prosperous breezes play,
Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way;
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

" 'High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies.
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glows with th' autumnal or the summer ray.
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever lours, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands,
Though borne by twenty feet, though arm'd with twenty hands;
Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
Full in the centre of this rock display'd,
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
Wide to the west the horrid gulph extends,
And the dire passage down to Hell descends.
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;
Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes,
Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by men and gods!
Hideous her voice, and with less terrours roar
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;
Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrific heads;
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death;
Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
And all the monsters of the watery way;
The swiftest racer of the azure plain
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.
" 'Close by, a rock of less enormous height
Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dangerous strait:
Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;
Beneath Charybdis holds her boistering reign
'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
Oh, if thy vessel plough the direful waves
When seas retreating roar within her caves,
Ye perish all! though he who rules the main
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
Ah, shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,
'Tis better six to lose, than *all to die.*'
" *I then: 'O nymph propitious to my prayer,*
Goddess divine! my guardian power, declare,
Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
Or, if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?'
" Then she: 'O worn by toils, O broke in fight,
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,
And never, never be to Heaven resign'd?
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!
She mocks the weak attempts of human *might;*
Oh fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.

[1] Circe.

If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
Again the fury vindicates her prey,
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away,
From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air
This dreadful pest! To her direct thy prayer,
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee through the tumult of the floods.
Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your way,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day!
Seven herds, seven flocks, enrich the sacred plains;
Each herd, each flock, full fifty heads contains:
The wondrous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay,
Two sister goddesses possess the plain,
The constant guardians of the woolly train;
Lampetie fair, and Phaëthusa young,
From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung:
Here, watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bowers
And flowery meads they waste the joyous hours.
Rob not the god! and so propitious gales
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
The gods, the gods avenge it, and ye die!
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
Through tedious toils to view thy native coast.'

" She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
Swift to her dome the goddess held her way.
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
Up-sprung a brisker breeze; with freshening gales,
The friendly goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;
The vessel light along the level glides.
When, rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

" 'O friends, Oh ever partners of my woes,
Attend while I what Heaven foredooms disclose,
Hear all! fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

" 'In flowery meads the sportive Sirens play,
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
The gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,'
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.'

" While yet I speak, the winged galley flies,
And, lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
And waves below, at once forgot to move!
Some demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves
Now every sail we furl, each oar we ply; [to sleep.
Lash'd by the stroke, the frothy waters fly.
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd:
Th' aërial region now grew warm with day,
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray!
Then every ear I barr'd against the strain,
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
Then, bending to the stroke, the active train
Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

" While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song:

" 'Oh stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise;
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achiev'd at Ilion in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the Sun's bright journey lies,
Oh stay and learn new wisdom from the wise!'

" Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;
My soul takes wing to meet the heavenly strain;
I give the sign, and struggle to be free;
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
Till, dying off, the distant sounds decay:
Then, scudding swiftly from the dangerous ground,
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

" Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;
Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd!
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!
No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;
Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to man
With looks serene I turn'd, and thus began:
'O friends! Oh often tried in adverse storms!
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!
Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,
Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.
Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:
Lo! still the same Ulysses is your guide!
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;
Strain every nerve, and bid the vessel fly.
If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
Jove safety grants; he grants it to your care.
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
Pilot, attentive listen and obey!
Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry waves
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves;
Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.'

" While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.
Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress;
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.
Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
High on the deck I take my dangerous stand,
Two glittering javelins lighten in my hand;
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
Around the dungeon, studious to behold
The hideous pest! my labouring eyes I roll'd;
In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

" Now through the rocks, appall'd with deep dismay,
We bend our course, and stem the desperate way;
Dire Scylla there a scene of horrour forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal mists obscure th' aërial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main!
When in her gulphs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides:

The rock rebellows with a thundering sound;
Deep, wondrous deep below, appears the ground.
" Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we view'd
The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
When, lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;
Chiefs of renown! loud-echoing shrieks arise:
I turn and view them quivering in the skies;
They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms implore:
In vain they call; those arms are stretch'd no more.
As, from some rock that over-hangs the flood,
The silent fisher calls th' insidious food,
With fraudful care he waits the finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky;
In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd;
My shivering blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow;
Aghast I stood a monument of woe!
" Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;
To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
And now the glittering mountains rise to view.
There sacred to the radiant god of day,
Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray;
Then suddenly was heard along the main
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train,
Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd
The words of Circe and the Theban shade;
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,
With cautious fears opprest, I thus begun:
" ' O friends! Oh ever exercis'd in care!
Hear Heaven's commands, and reverence what ye hear!
To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
And Circe warns! O be their voice obey'd:
Some mighty woe relentless Heaven forebodes:
Fly the dire regions, and revere the gods!'
" While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran
Through every breast, and spread from man to man,
Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began:
" ' O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes:
And cruel enviest thou a short repose?
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
The Sun descending, and so near the shore?
And, lo the night begins her gloomy reign,
And doubles all the terrours of the main.
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;
Oh! should the fierce south-west his rage display,
And toss with rising storms the watery way,'
Though gods descend from Heaven's aërial plain
To lend us aid, the gods descend in vain:
Then while the night displays her awful shade,
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!
Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray
Sheds her bright beam, pursue the destin'd way:'
A sudden joy in every bosom rose;
So will'd some demon, minister of woes!
" To whom with grief—' Oh! swift to be undone,
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
But yonder herds and yonder flocks forbear;
Attest the Heavens, and call the gods to hear:
Content an innocent repast display,
By Circe given and fly the dangerous prey.'
" Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,
With hands uplifted they attest the skies;
Then, where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fed)
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead,
Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.
" Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;
The Moon, the stars, the bright etherial host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendours lost;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd: when morning rose, to land
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighbouring seas.
" There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,
Thus careful I addrest the listening train: ' O friends, be wise, nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die!
Warn'd by the high command of Heaven, be aw'd,
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the god!
That god who spreads the radiant beams of light,
And views wide Earth and Heaven's unmeasur'd height.'
" And now the Moon had run her monthly round,
The south-east blustering with a dreadful sound;
Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train
Low through the grove, or range the flowery plain:
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,
Or fowl that screaming haunt the watery way.
Till now, from sea or flood no succour found,
Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,
From the loud storms to find a sylvan shade;
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones adore,
To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.
Then o'er my eyes the gods soft slumber shed,
While thus Eurylochus arising said:
' O friends! a thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;
But dreadful most, when by a slow decay
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
Why cease ye then t' implore the powers above,
And offer hecatombs to thundering Jove?
Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
Arise unanimous; arise and slay!
And, if the gods ordain a safe return,
To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
But, should the powers that o'er mankind preside
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,
Better to rush at once to shades below,
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!'
" Thus he: the beeves around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations wine.
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flowery cake supply.
" With prayer they now address th' etherial train,
Slay the selected beeves, and flay the slain;

The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,
Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from every part.
Water instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dress'd,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.
" 'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;
Back to the bark I sped along the main.
When, lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,
And thus obtesting Heaven I mourn'd aloud:
" ' O sire of men and gods, immortal Jove!
Oh, all ye blissful powers that reign above!
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
O fatal slumber paid with lasting woes!
A deed so dreadful all the gods alarms,
Vengeance is on the wing, and Heaven in arms!'
" Meantime Lampetie mounts th' aërial way,
And kindles into rage the god of day:
" ' Vengeance, ye powers,' (he cries) ' and thou whose hand
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writhen brand!
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
When through the ports of Heaven I pour the day,
Or deep in ocean plunge the burning ray.
Vengeance, ye gods! or I the skies forego,
And bear the lamp of Heaven to shades below.'
" To whom the thundering power: ' O source
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way, [of day!
Still may thy beams through Heaven's bright portals rise,
The joy of Earth, and glory of the skies;
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.'
" To fair Calypso, from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the gods.
" Meantime from man to man my tongue exclaims,
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.
" Now Heaven gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.
Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;
The seventh arose, and now the sire of gods
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods:
With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
When, lo! a murky cloud the thunderer forms
Full o'er our heads, and blackens Heaven with storms.
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now outflies
The gloomy west, and whistles in the skies.
The mountain-billows roar! the furious blast
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:
The mast gives way, and, crackling as it bends,
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends;
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.
Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll,
And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole.
Pierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low:
Toss'd and re-toss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;
At once into the main the crew it shook:
Sulphureous odours rose, and smouldering smoke.
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise;
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;
And strive to gain the bark; but Jove denies.
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in twain;
Again impetuous drove the furious blast,
Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,
And ride aloft, to providence resign'd;
Through tumbling billows, and a war of wind.
" Now sunk the west, and now a southern breeze,
More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;
For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves,
And dire Charybdis rolls her thundering waves.
All night I drove; and at the dawn of day,
Fast by the rocks, beheld the desperate way:
Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,
And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides,
Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
The lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around.
So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
And pendent round it clasps his leathern wings.
High in the air the tree its boughs display'd,
And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade,
All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly,
What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
To take repast, and stills the wordy war;
Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
The mast refunded on her refluent waves.
Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
Sudden I dropt amidst the flashing main;
Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,
And oar'd with labouring arms along the flood.
Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes:
So Jove decreed (dread sire of men and gods)!
Then nine long days I plough the calmer seas,
Heav'd by the surge, and wafted by the breeze.
Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain,
When the tenth Sun descended to the main.
There, in Calypso's ever-fragrant bowers,
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.
" My following fates to thee, O king, are known,
And the bright partner of thy royal throne.
Enough: in misery can words avail?
And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?"

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

ULYSSES takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason

of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations: till the goddess, appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

He ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that listening still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conference then the king resumes:
"Whatever toils the great Ulysses past,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, princess! whom these walls enclose,
To whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
With wines unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage)
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest;
Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
A general tribute, which the state shall owe."
This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps addrest
To separate mansions, and retir'd to rest.
Now did the rosy-finger'd Morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
The king himself the vases rang'd with care:
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.
A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th' eternal (power above all powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaven with showers)
The flames ascend: till evening they prolong
The rites, more sacred made by heavenly song:
For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,
Thy lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He sate, and ey'd the Sun, and wish'd the night;
Slow seem'd the Sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep imag'd in his soul.
As the tir'd ploughman, spent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the Sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repast (the day's hard labour done);
So to Ulysses welcome set the Sun.
Then instant to Alcinous and the rest
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus addrest:
"O thou, the first in merit and command!
And you, the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.
Complete are now the bounties you have given.
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings cease,
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace.
On you be every bliss; and every day,
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away:
Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending race,
May every god enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
And public evil never touch the land!"
His words, well weigh'd, the general voice approv'd
Benign, and instant his dismission mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine:
"Great Jove the father first," he cried, "implore;
Then send the stranger to his native shore."
The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his seat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: "O queen, farewell! be still possest
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest!
Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell; and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!"
Thus he; then, parting, prints the sandy shore
To the fair port: a herald mareh'd before,
Sent by Alcinous; of Arete's train.
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mate
Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:
Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently prest
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.
Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and lanch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills and lessening shores.
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a god!
Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.
But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of Heaven, and promis'd day;
Like distant clouds the mariner descries,
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.
Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their halsers ride.
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas,

Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone;
On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the clustering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend,
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the gods descend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land;
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.
His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Secure from theft: then lanch'd the bark again,
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
And sought the secret counsels of the god:
"Shall then no more, O sire of gods, be mine
The rights and honours of a power divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh! severe disgrace!)
By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
Lo! where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
And bears triumphant to his native isle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil."
To whom the father of th' immortal powers,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with showers:
"Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain!
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
Rever'd and awful ev'n in Heaven's abodes,
Ancient and great! a god above the gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
(Weak, daring creatures?) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise."
He said: the shaker of the Earth replies:
"This then I doom: to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep:
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,
If such thy will"—"We will it," Jove replies:
"Even when, with transport blackening all the strand,
The swarming people hail their ship to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone:
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone;
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!"
With that the god, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound,
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down an everlasting rock.
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinous, rising, own'd the sign.
"Behold the long predestin'd day!" he cries;
"Oh! certain faith of ancient prophecies!
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes;
How mov'd with wrath, that careless we convey
Promiscuous every guest to every bay,
Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand
(A monument of wrath): and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
"The Fates have follow'd, as declar'd the seer.
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear,
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With every stranger pass from shore to shore;
On angry Neptune now for mercy call:
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the god reverse his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill."
The monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd:
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the altars stand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majestic band.
The king of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the shore.
Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay,
Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey
The solitary shore and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind, through tedious absence, lost
The dear remembrance of his native coast;
Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
For so the gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and queen;
Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord.
Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore,
And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
Pensive and slow, with sudden grief opprest,
The king arose, and beat his careful breast,
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
And sought around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
And, as he spoke, the tears began to flow:
"Ye gods!" he cry'd, "upon what barren coast,
In what new region, is Ulysses tost?
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?
And whither, whither, its sad owner fly?
Ah! why did I Alcinous' grace implore?
Ah! why forsake Phæacia's happy shore?
Some juster prince, perhaps, had entertain'd,
And safe restor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd, long-expected coast,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?
O righteous gods! of all the great, how few
Are just to Heaven, and to their promise true!
But he, the power to whose all-seeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without disguise;
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
For still th' opprest are his peculiar care.
To count these presents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove."

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:
All these he found, but still in errour lost,
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse resounding main.
When, lo! the guardian goddess of the wise,
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
Who seem'd descended from some princely line.
A graceful robe her slender body drest,
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest;
Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
To whom the king: "Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!
With joy to thee, as to some god, I bend,
To thee my treasures and myself commend.
Oh! tell a wretch, in exile doom'd to stray,
What air I breathe, what country I survey?
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms surround!"

"From what fair clime," said she, "remote from fame,
Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name? {fame,
Thou see'st an island, not to those unknown
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising Sun,
Nor those that, plac'd beneath his utmost reign,
Behold *him sinking* in the western main.
The rugged soil allows no level space
For flying chariots, or the rapid race:
Yet, not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And clustering grapes afford a generous juice:
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
And rising springs eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majestic ruins strow the ground."

At this the chief with transport was possest,
His panting heart exulting in his breast:
Yet, well dissembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told:

"Oft have I heard, in Crete this island's name;
For 'twas from Crete, my native soil, I came,
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.
From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew,
(With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
Unseen I 'scap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests tost
And raging billows drove us on your coast.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
But here the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore."

Thus, while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heavenly daughter stood confess'd to sight;
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

"Oh, still the same Ulysses!" she rejoin'd,
"In useful craft successfully refin'd!
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours past,
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well;
To me, whose wit exceeds the powers divine,
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Through ten years' wandering, and through ten years' war:
Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid:
And now appear thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from fate expect.
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn.
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state:
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind."

"Goddess of wisdom!" Ithacus replies,
"He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
Against proud Ilion's well-defended towers;
Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid!
Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
And, bound for Greece, we plough'd the watery way;
Our fleet dispers'd and driven from coast to coast,
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost:
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes."

Thus he. The blue-ey'd goddess thus replies:
"How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the wise!
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering show,
And taste not half the bliss the gods bestow.
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.
Others, long absent from their native place,
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.
Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
His subjects' faith, and queen's suspected love;
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coast.
Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore:
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring seas:
Whose now neglected altars in thy reign
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain,

Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides."
So spake the goddess; and the prospect clear'd,
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his mother Earth:
Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his prayer:
"All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful offerings on your altars laid."
Then thus Minerva: "From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to Heaven the rest.
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult"—She spoke, and trod
The shady grot, that brighten'd with the god.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;
These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd,
The entrance with a rock the goddess clos'd.
Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,
Confer the hero and the martial maid.
The goddess of the azure eyes began:
"Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives."
To this Ulysses: "O, celestial maid!
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:
Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides just restor'd and slain.
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
As when we wrapp'd Troy's heaven-built walls in fire.
Though league against me hundred heroes stand,
Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand."
She answer'd: "In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyself be found,
What gasping numbers then shall press the ground!
What human victims stain the feastful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand shall wither every grace,
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Disfigure every limb with coarse attire,
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life;
Estrange thee from thy own; thy son, thy wife;
From the loath'd object every sight shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.
"Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:
For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir
And chaste Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now resides,
Where Arethusa's sable water glides;
The sable water and the copious mast
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame."
At this the father, with a father's care:
"Must he too suffer? he, O goddess! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched share?
Thro' the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?
Why would'st not thou, O all-enlighten'd mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?"
To whom Minerva: "Be thy soul at rest;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is best.
To Fame I sent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd;
With friendships strengthened, and with honours grac'd.
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:
In vain! for sooner all the murtherous brood
This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood."
She spake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand:
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind:
His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:
A stag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
So look'd the chief, so mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide field of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMÆUS.

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.

But he, deep musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,

And cavern'd ways the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forest over-hung.
Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.
Ulysses found him busied, as he sate
Before the threshold of his rustic gate;
Around the mansion in a circle shone
A rural portico of rugged stone
(In absence of his lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile).
The wall was stone from neighbouring quarries
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the space were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgment of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a smaller race) remain'd;
Doom'd to supply the suitor's wasteful feast,
A flock by daily luxury decreas'd!
Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here sate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.
Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the suitor train:
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sate the sage, and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With showers of stones he drives them far away;
The scattering dogs around at distance bay.
"Unhappy stranger!" (thus the faithful swain
Began with accent gracious and humane)
"What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a shameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless lord!
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!
"But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the share
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?"

He said, and, seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest.
A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed;
Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind:
"And oh, ye gods! with all your blessings grace"
(He thus broke forth) "this friend of human race!"

The swain reply'd: "It never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppress'd, dependant, yet a man:
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:
But fate condemns him to a foreign shore;
Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more,
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
Ah, perish Helen! perish all her kind!
For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod so fatally the paths of fame.
"His vest succinct then girding round his waist,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
Straight to the lodgments of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the Sun;
Of two his cutlass lanch'd the spouting blood;
These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
And smoking back the tasteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
The ready meal, before Ulysses laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,
And luscious as the bees' nectareous dew:
Then sate companion of the friendly feast,
With open look; and thus bespoke his guest:
"Take, with free welcome, what our hands prepare,
Such food as falls to simple servants' share;
The best our lords consume; those thoughtless peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet sure the gods their impious acts detest,
And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Even these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast:
Some voice of god close whispering from within,
'Wretch! this is villainy, and this is sin.'
But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.
"Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
The wide extended continents obey:
First, on the main land, of Ulysses' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgments for the tusky herd;
Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
Twelve herds of goats that grace our utmost green;
To native pastors in their charge assign'd;
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
All to the suitors' wasteful board preferr'd."

Thus he, benevolent: his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the savoury feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with smiling looks his joy express'd,
And thus the kind inviting host address'd:
"Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd
So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord;

Late with such affluence and possessions blest,
And now in honour's glorious bed at rest?
Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the gods, and so the fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land."
"Small is the faith, the prince and queen ascribe"
(Reply'd Eumæus) "to the wandering tribe.
For needy strangers still to flattery fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lye.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise,
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.
Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you crave
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,
Or food for fish or dogs his reliques lie,
Or torn by birds are scatter'd through the sky.
So perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find;
Less dear the parents whom I left behind,
Less soft my mother, less my father kind.
Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native shore;
As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace,
Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Even in his absence I pronounce with fear:
In my respect, he bears a prince's part;
But lives a very brother in my heart."
Thus spoke the faithful swain; and thus rejoin'd
The master of his grief, the man of patient mind:
"Ulysses, friend! shall view his old abodes
(Distrustful as thou art;) nor doubt the gods.
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith aver'd,
And what I speak, attesting Heaven has heard.
If so, a cloke and vesture be my meed;
Till his return, no title shall I plead,
Though certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom want itself can force untruths to tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of Hell."
"Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove!
And every god inspiring social love;
And witness every household power that waits
Guards of these fires, and angel of these gates!
Ere the next Moon increase or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return."
"Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore"
(Replied Eumæus). "To the present hour
Now turn thy thoughts, and joys within our power.
From sad reflection let my soul repose;
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.
But guard him, gods! and to these arms restore!
Not his true consort can desire him more;
Not old Laertes, broken with despair;
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my sorrows flow
Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!
Like some fair plant set by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land;
In all the youth his father's image shin'd,
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.
What man, or god, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?
To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate, and find his own!
For traitors wait his way, with dire design
To end at once the great Arcesian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable guest! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air.
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?"
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
The cautious chief his ready story told:
"On dark reserve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But most, the kind inviter's cheerful face?
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round;
Not the whole circle of the year would close
My long narration of a life of woes.
But such was Heaven's high will! Know then, [I came
From sacred Crete, and from a sire of fame:
Castor Hylacides (the name he bore)
Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;
Blest in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung from a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race:
But when that fate, which all must undergo,
From Earth remov'd him to the shades below;
The large domain his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas! was left my wretched share,
Except a house, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind).
Now wasting years my former strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform:
Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
Let ghastly death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel;
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domestic care.
To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
Were arts the gods made grateful to my mind;
Those gods, who turn (to various ends design'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
Our states myself and Idomen employ [bleed;
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth saw Ilion fall;
Homeward we sail'd, but Heaven dispers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay;
So will'd the god who gives and takes away.

Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready stores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian shores;
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train [main.
Six days consum'd; the seventh we plough'd the
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye;
Before the Boreal blasts the vessels fly;
Safe through the level seas we sweep our way:
The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
The fifth fair morn we stem th' Ægyptian tide:
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.
But, sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumults rise.
The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.
Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove;
(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove,)
Oh! had he left me to that happier doom,
And sav'd a life of miseries to come!
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd
And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
I met the monarch with a suppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He hear'd, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side;
My state he pity'd, and my tears he dried,
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
"In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty blest,
I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest,
On seven bright years successive blessings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to human kind,
With semblance fair invites me to his home;
I seiz'd the profier (ever fond to roam)
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
Till the swift Sun his annual circle made.
To Libya then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a stranger to betray,
And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
Through the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast,
When all was wild expanse of sea and air;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare,
He hung a night of horrours o'er their head
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread);
He lanch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight [hue:
Drop headlong: scarr'd and black with sulphurous
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found! but Jove's intent
Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent.
Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal strife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore.
The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch relieved,
The sire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulysses to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he stay'd,
And here his whole collected treasure lay'd;
I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
Of steel elaborate and refulgent ore,
And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;
Immense supplies for ages yet to come!
Meantime he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might best his safe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?
Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
Attesting solemn all the powers divine,
That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd,
But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
But other counsels pleas'd the sailor's mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
And misery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me round,
(Stripp'd of my own) and to the vessel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ship arriv'd: forth issuing on the land
They sought repast; while to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying gods themselves my chains unbind.
Soft I descended, to the sea applied
My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
Soon past beyond their sight, I left the flood,
And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd enquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.
Screen'd by protecting gods from hostile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wise,
To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear."
"Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind!"
(Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
"For real sufferings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with fallacies the springing tear;
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him, whom Heaven has destin'd to destroy.
Oh! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles, to record his praise:
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.
Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost!
While pensive in this solitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when the constant queen commands my care;
Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;
And these indulge their want, and those their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.

By many such I have been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder banish'd from his native home.
He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
Staid but a season to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months should waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
O thou! whom age has taught to understand,
And Heaven has guided with a favouring hand!
On god or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter as to die.
Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove and charity."
" And why, O swain, of unbelieving mind!"
(Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)
" Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A solemn compact let us ratify,
And witness every power that rules the sky!
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But, if he greets not thy desiring eye,
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury." [mine"
" Doubtless, O guest! great laud and praise were
(Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine)
" If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood,
How would the gods my righteous toils succeed,
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?
No more—th' approaching hours of silent night
First claim reflection, then to rest invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste."
Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to the several sties,
With din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the slaves—" Now from the herd the best
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
With him let us the genial banquet share,
For great and many are the griefs we bear:
While those who from our labours heap their board,
Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their lord."
Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took
A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak;
This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed,
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
Observant of the gods, begins the rite;
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
And suppliant stands, invoking every power
To speed Ulysses to his native shore.
A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
Down dropt he groaning, and the spirit fled.
The scorching flames climb round on every side;
Then the sing'd members they with skill divide;
On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part [threw:
Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew;
These while on several tables they dispose,
As priest himself the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dis-part
In seven just portions, pure of hand and heart.
One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of May:
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
Who sate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
" Oh! be thou dear (Ulysses cry'd) to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!"
" Be then thy thanks" (the bounteous swain re-
" Enjoyment of the good the gods provide [ply'd)
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils."
This said, the first-fruits to the gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He sate, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from cannisters Mesaulius gave,
(Eumæus' proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord)
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away,
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.
Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar:
The driving storm the watery west-wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke: [grace;
" Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet
'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense. [days!)
Once I was strong (would Heaven restore those
And with my betters claim'd my share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaus, led forth a band, [mand;)
And join'd me with them ('twas their own com-
A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
There clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the osier-fringed bank our bed,
Full soon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had these shoulders covering but of steel,
Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blast, and gathering glaz'd our shields.
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.
Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
When now was wasted more than half the night,
And the stars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
Fast by my side, and shivering thus I said:
" 'Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
And die asham'd (O wisest of mankind)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.'
" He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
(That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right.)

'Hush thee,' he cry'd, (soft whispering in my ear)
'Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear'—
And then (supporting on his arm his head)
'Hear me, companions?' (thus aloud he said)
'Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye,
And sure the warning vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift courier rise,
Haste to the general, and demand supplies.'
" Upstarted Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garments down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant, in his cloak I wrapp'd me round:
And safe I slept, till brightly dawning shone
The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
" Oh, were my strength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours and the offices of men:
Some master, or some servant, would allow
A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now!"
" Well hast thou spoke" (rejoin'd th' attentive
" Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain! [swain)
Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside,
Meet for the wandering suppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy clothes again,
For here one vest suffices every swain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But, when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
With better hand shall grace with fit attires
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires."
The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With store to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the king and all the rest supine;
All, but the careful master of the swine:
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care;
Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air;
His weighty falchion o'er his shoulder tied:
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tusky herd he bends his way, [lay.
Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd they

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS.

THE goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus sets sail; after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast, and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son, Telemachus was lay'd;
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
When, " O Telemachus!" (the goddess said)
" Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robber's prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore;
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands;
Through both Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence, therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
Thou know'st the practice of the female train:
Lost in the children of the present spouse
They slight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
Till Heaven decrees to bless thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a power divine:
For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca;
To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No—sooner far their riot and their lust
All-covering earth shall bury deep in dust!
Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
For let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heavenly guardian shall instruct the gales,
To smooth thy passage, and supply thy sails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;
But seek thou first the master of thy swine
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline);
There pass the night: while he his course pursues
To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
Art come to bless her in thy native land."
Thus spoke the goddess, and resum'd her flight,
To the pure regions of eternal light.
Meanwhile Pisistratus he gently shakes,
And with these words the slumbering youth awakes:
" Rise, son of Nestor! for the road prepare,
And join the harness'd coursers to the car.
" What cause," he cried, " can justify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidden night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;
Gifts, which, to distant ages safely stor'd,
The sacred act of friendship shall record." [east,
Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the
The king from Helen rose, and sought his guest.

As soon as his approach the hero knew,
The splendid mantle round him first he threw,
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke:
"Hail great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us measure back the watery way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay."
"If with desire so strong thy bosom glows,
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make:
Meantime commit we to our women's care,
Some choice domestic viands to prepare;
The traveller, rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider course shall rather please
Through spacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot shall attend;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.
No prince will let Ulysses' heir remove
Without some pledge, some monument of love:
These will the caldron, these the tripod give,
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live."
To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, replied:
"O monarch, care of Heaven! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My stores expos'd and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
Lest, in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain."
His purpose when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn from his adjoining home,
Was Boethœdes Eteonus come;
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Meantime the king, his son, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.
The king selected from the glittering rows
A bowl; the prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the king Ulysses' heir address'd:
"Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thundering Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve! [Jove
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this present of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a god."
Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said:
"Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Meantime may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain."
She said, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The prince the variegated present took.
And now, when through the royal dome they pass'd,
High on a throne the king each stranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs;
With copious streams the shining vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glittering cannisters are crown'd with bread,
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast!
Whilst Eteonus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares,
And now (each sated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd)
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join'd, the polish'd car ascend.
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the powers divine)
His right-hand held: before the steeds he stands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters these commands:
"Farewell, and prosper, youths! let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Through the long dangers of the ten years' war."
"Ah! doubt not our report" (the prince rejoin'd)
"Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.
And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet!
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat:
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise!
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise!"
Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auspicious sight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threatening cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew
Full dexter to the car: the prosperous sight
Fill'd every breast with wonder and delight.
But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan chief bespoke:
"Say, if to us the gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend?" [press'd,
Whilst yet the monarch paus'd with doubts op-
The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breast.
"Hear me," she cried, "to whom the gods have given
To read this sign, and mystic sense of Heaven.
As thus the plumy sovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide ethereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So shall thy godlike father, toss'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive (or is, perchance, already come)
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome."
"Oh! if this promis'd bliss by thundering Jove"
(The prince replied) "stand fix'd in fate above;

To thee, as to some god, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy altars with the costly blaze."
He said; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong;
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,
Till night descending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Pheræ, they repair,
Whose boasted sire was sacred Alpheus' heir;
With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,
Nor found the hospitable rites unpay'd.
But soon as Morning from her orient bed
Had ting'd the mountains with her earliest red,
They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung;
The brazen portals in their passage rung.
To Pylos soon they came; when thus begun
To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son:
"Let not Pisistratus in vain be prest,
Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request;
His friend, by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the same.
No farther from our vessel, I implore,
The coursers drive; but lash them to the shore.
Too long thy father would his friends detain;
I dread his proffer'd kindness urg'd in vain."
The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this request,
While love and duty warr'd within his breast.
At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.
There, while within the poop with care he stor'd
The regal presents of the Spartan lord;
"With speed begone!" said he; "call every mate,
Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate;
'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulse, nor could'st thou soon depart;
Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In word alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
But when, arriv'd, he thy return shall know,
How will his breast with honest fury glow!"
This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,
And soon he reach'd the palace of his sire.
"Now," (cried Telemachus) "with speedy care
Hoist every sail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea."
Meantime the prince with sacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When, lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long.
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus's chains:
Meantime, what anguish, and what rage, combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'scap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he chose,
There form'd his empire; there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The first begot Oïclus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies,
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:
And Polyphides on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counsels of the god.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to Heaven he press'd
His ardent vows, the stranger thus address'd:
"O thou! that dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations, and with solemn prayer;
By that dread power to whom thy vows are paid;
By all the lives of these; thy own dear head,
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land."
"Prepare then," said Telemachus, "to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe.
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulysses (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my sire: though now for ever lost,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Whose fate inquiring through the world we rove;
The last, the wretched proof of filial love."
The stranger then: "Nor shall I aught conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew;
Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!"
"Stranger," replied the prince, "securely rest
Affianc'd in our faith; henceforth our guest."
Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glittering spear:
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band
With due observance wait the chief's command;
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea.
Crunus they pass'd, next Chalchis roll'd away,
When thickening darkness clos'd the doubtful day;
The silver Phæa's glittering rills they lost,
And skimm'd along by Elis' sacred coast.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning sudden, shun the death design'd.
Meantime the king, Eumæus, and the rest,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feast:
The banquet past, and satiate every man,
To try his host, Ulysses thus began:
"Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your guest;
The last I purpose in your walls to rest:
To morrow for myself I must provide,
And only ask your counsel, and a guide:
Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
Ulysses' wanderings to his royal mate;
Or, mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
Not undeserving some support obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of industry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dextrous works contend,
The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;
To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,
Whom fortune doomns to serve the rich and great."

"Alas!" (Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
"How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind!
If on that godless race thou would'st attend,
Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!
Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
And pull descending vengeance from on high.
Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast;
A blooming train in rich embroidery drest,
With Earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And smiling round celestial youth attends.
Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here:
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear;
Well pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
Till good Telemachus accepts his guest
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires."
To him the man of woes: "O gracious Jove!
Reward this stranger's hospitable love!
Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greatest woe:
On all their weary paths wait care and pain,
And pine and penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
And sire forsaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the Sun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the house of darkness and of death?"
To whom the swain: "Attend what you inquire;
Laertes lives, the miserable sire
Lives, but implores of every power to lay
The burden down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away
Old age, untimely posting ere his day.
She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost
Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!)
While yet she was, though clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleasing converse minister'd relief:
With Ctimene, her youngest daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the softly-stealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' isle she sent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor less the darling object of her love.
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,
Yet Providence deserts me not at last;
My present labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Blank and discountenanc'd the servants stand,
Nor dare to question where the proud command:
No profit springs beneath usurping powers;
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains."
The suffering chief at this began to melt;
And, "O Eumæus! thou" (he cries) "hast felt
The spite of Fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miseries!
Thy whole sad story, from its first, declare:
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the main!
Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,
The worthy purchase of a foreign lord."
"If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A story fruitful of events attend:
Another's sorrows may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year bestows;
A part we consecrate to soft repose,
A part in pleasing talk we entertain;
For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares resuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feast, and to the feast be join'd
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;
Review the series of our lives, and taste
The melancholy joy of evils past:
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know;
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
"Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
(There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace
The Sun's diurnal, and his annual race);
Not large, but fruitful; stor'd with grass, to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep;
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,
And, void of pain, the silent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities rise with equal pride.
But both in constant peace one prince obey,
And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway.
Freighted, it seems, with toys of every sort
A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
To wash her robes descending to the main,
A smooth-tongued sailor won her to his mind
(For love deceives the best of woman-kind).
A sudden trust from sudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
'I too' (she cried) 'from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But, snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace.'
"'Haste then,' (the false designing youth reply'd)
'Haste to thy country; love shall be thy guide;
Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast,
For still he lives, and lives with riches blest.'
"'Swear first,' she cried, 'ye sailors! to restore
A wretch in safety to her native shore.'
Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore.
She then proceeds: 'Now let our compact made
Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew descried
By road frequented, nor by fountain side,
Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies
(For watchful age is ready to surmise)

Are still at hand; and this, reveal'd, must be
Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.
Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past,
Dispatch a wary messenger with haste:
Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
And more, the infant offspring of the king.
Him, child-like wandering forth, I'll lead away,
(A noble prize!) and to your ship convey.'
"'Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffic, and their vessel load,
Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A spy was sent their summons to convey:
An artist to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elaborate frame:
Each female eye the glittering links employ,
They turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
He took the occasion, as they stood intent,
Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went.
She straight pursued, and seiz'd my willing arm;
I followed smiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch she found
(The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd);
Hid in her fraudful bosom, these she bore:
Now set the Sun, and darkened all the shore.
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides;
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and sweep
With level oar along the glassy deep.
Six calmy days and six smooth nights we sail,
And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.
The seventh, the fraudful wretch, (no cause de-
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died. [scried)
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corse, a worthless load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood.
An helpless infant, I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laertes, by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land."
To him the king: "Reciting thus thy cares,
My secret soul in all thy sorrows shares:
But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
The gods have, in a master, given a friend.
Whatever frugal Nature needs is thine,
(For she needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, so many wanderings past and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty bestows."
So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away
The night; then down to short repose they lay;
Till radiant rose the messenger of day,
While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
The sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And cast their anchors, and the cables tied:
Then on the breezy shore descending join
In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.
When thus the prince: "Now each his course pursue;
I to the fields, and to the city you,
Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
My swains to visit, and the works survey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies
Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice."
Then Theoclymenus: "But who shall lend,
Meantime, protection to thy stranger-friend?
Straight to the queen and palace shall I fly,
Or, yet more distant, to some lord apply?"
The prince return'd: "Renown'd in days of yore
Has stood our father's hospitable door;
No other roof a stranger should receive,
No other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my absence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face;
From noiseful revel far remote she flies,
But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.
No—let Eurymachus receive my guest,
Of nature courteous, and by far the best;
He wooes the queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame:
With what success, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe."
Thus speaking, on the right up-soar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger;
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the vessel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine shower.
Th' observing augur took the prince aside,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:
"Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aërial road,
Rose ominous, nor flies without a god:
No race but thine shall Ithaca obey,
To thine, for ages, Heaven decrees the sway."
"Succeed the omen, gods!" (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,
And soon each envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend."
Then to Peiræus—"Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful servant, by thy prince belov'd!
Till we returning shall our guest demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand."
To this Peiræus: "Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay,
The presence of thy guest shall best reward
(If long thy stay) the absence of my lord."
With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the sea.
All with obedient haste forsake the shores,
And, plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his sandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin shakes.
They part; while, lessening from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS arriving at the lodge of Eumæus sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

SOON as the morning blush'd along the plains,
Ulysses and the monarch of the swains
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.

The prince's near approach the dogs descry,
And fawning round his feet confess their joy.
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:
"Some well-known friend, Eumæus, bends this way;
His steps I hear; the dogs familiar play."
While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Transported from his seat Eumæus sprung,
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his bosom hung;
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a shower of joy.
As some fond sire, who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only son receives,
(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy
Forward he springs, and clasps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus spread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.
"And is it thou! my ever-dear delight!
Oh, art thou come to bless my longing sight!
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the desperate way.
Enter, my child! beyond my hopes restor'd,
Oh give these eyes to feast upon their lord!
Enter, oh seldom seen! for lawless powers
Too much detain thee from thy sylvan bowers."
The prince replied: "Eumæus, I obey;
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But say, if in the court the queen reside,
Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride?"
Thus he: and thus the monarch of the swains:
"Severely chaste Penelope remains;
But, lost to every joy, she wastes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away."
He ended; and (receiving as they pass
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass)
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble shin'd.
His seat Ulysses to the prince resign'd.
"Not so"—(exclaim'd the prince with decent grace)
"For me, this house shall find an humbler place:
T' usurp the honours due to silver hairs
And reverend strangers, modest youth forbears."
Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,
And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.
There sate the prince: the feast Eumæus spread,
And heap'd the shining canisters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulysses to Eumæus said:
"Whence, father, from what shore this stranger, say,
What vessel bore him o'er the watery way?
To human step our land impervious lies,
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise."
The swain returns: "A tale of sorrows hear:
In spacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew
From Thesprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my son, the suppliant I resign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine."
"Hard task," he cries, "thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can strangers safely in the court reside,
'Midst the swell'd insolence of lust and pride?
Ev'n I unsafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed:
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyssæan name.
However, stranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give;
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove,
And safe to sail with ornaments of love.
Till then, thy guest amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,
And clothe the naked from th' inclement sky.
Here dwell in safety from the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.
For, should'st thou suffer, powerless to relieve,
I must behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain."
To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
"Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and resent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood to see a soul so brave
Live to base insolence of power a slave.
But tell me, dost thou, prince, dost thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd?
Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,
Or priests in fabled oracles advise?
Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?
Oh! that I were from great Ulysses sprung,
Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strung;
Or, Heavens! might he return! (and soon appear
He shall, I trust: a hero scorns despair!)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worst foe, if that avenging day
Be not their last: but should I lose my life
Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,
I choose the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear dishonour, worse than death;
Than see the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;
Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,
The drunkard revel, and the gluttons feast."
Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
"Nor leagued in factious arms my subjects rise,
Nor priests in fabled oracles advise;
Nor are my brothers who should aid my power
Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boast no brother; Heaven's dread king
Gives from our stock an only branch to spring:
Alone Laertes reign'd Arcesius' heir,
Alone Ulysses drew the vital air,
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unblest offspring of a sire unblest!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with shady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial sceptre, and the regal bed:
The queen, averse to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour!
Meantime their licence uncontrol'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:
But Heaven will sure revenge, and gods there are.
"But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.
Yet secret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here at least I may in peace repose."

To whom the swain: "I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee lost: shall I my speed employ
To bless his age; a messenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his son away
Sent the sad sire in solitude to stray;
Yet, busied with his slaves, to ease his woe,
He dress'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows:
Shut from the walks of men to pleasure lost,
Pensive and pale he wanders, half a ghost."
"Wretched old man!" (with tears the prince returns)
"Yet cease to go—what man so blest but mourns?
Were every wish indulg'd by favouring skies,
This hour should give Ulysses to my eyes.
But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear
Our safe return, and back with speed repair:
And let some handmaid of her train resort
To good Laertes in his rural court."
While yet he spoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away:
Then from the Heavens the martial goddess flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the skies;
In form a virgin in soft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus she stood display'd,
But unapparent as a viewless shade
Escap'd Telemachus (the powers above,
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move):
The dogs intelligent confess the tread
Of power divine; and, howling, trembling, fled.
The goddess, beckoning, waves her deathless hands;
Dauntless the king before the goddess stands.
"Then why," (she said) "O favour'd of the skies!
Why to thy godlike son this long disguise?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Against thy foes; be valiant, and destroy!
Lo! I descend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy side, thy guardian power."
She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his fame improves:
At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:
Youth flush'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows
A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper shade;
Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior-maid.
The hero re-ascends: the prince o'er aw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a god.
Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)
"How art thou chang'd!" (he cry'd) "a god appears!
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If Heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace: Oh save us, power divine!"
"Few are my days," Ulysses made reply,
"Nor I alas! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father; Oh my son! my son!
That father, for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind."
Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.
"Ah me!" (exclaims the prince with fond desire)
"Thou art—no, thou can'st not be my sire.
Heaven such illusion only can impose,
By the false joy to aggravate my woes.
Who but a god can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
Late, worn with years, in weeds obscene you trod;
Now, cloth'd in majesty, you move a god!"
"Forbear," he cry'd; "for Heaven reserve that name,
Give to thy father, but a father's claim:
Other Ulysses shalt thou never see,
I am Ulysses, I (my son) am he.
Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean toss,
'Tis given at length to view my native coast.
Pallas, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds
With grace divine; her power admits no bounds:
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;
Now, strong as youth, magnificent I tread.
The gods with ease frail man depress or raise,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase."
He spoke, and sate. The prince with transport flew,
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew:
Nor less the father pour'd a social flood!
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow stung,
Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young:
They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away;
So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfinish'd with the setting Sun:
But checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe.
"What ship transported thee, O father, say,
And what bless'd hands have oar'd thee on the way?"
"All, all" (Ulysses instant made reply)
"I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port assign'd,
A nation ever to the stranger kind;
Wrapp'd in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train
O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign;
Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,
And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my son, explain
The names and numbers of th' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Assistant force, or singly to destroy."
"O'er earth" (returns the prince) "resounds thy name,
Thy well-tried wisdom, and thy martial fame,
Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost;
Can we engage, not decads, but an host?
Can we alone in furious battle stand,
Against that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: from Dulichium came
Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name,
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast
Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus coast:
And twelve our country's pride: to these belong
Médon and Phemius skill'd in heavenly song.
Two sewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.
With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what assistant powers you boast, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate."

"Mark well my voice," Ulysses straight replies:
"What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?
If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove."
"Sufficient they" (Telemachus rejoin'd)
"Against the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
Wither the strength of man, and awe the gods."
"Such aids expect," he cries, "when strong in
We rise terrific to the task of fight. [might
But thou, when morn salutes th' aërial plain,
The court revisit and the lawless train:
Me thither in disguise Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.
There, if base scorn insult my reverend age;
Bear it my son! repress thy rising rage.
If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel;
Bear it my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet strive by prayer and counsel to restrain
Their lawless insults, though thou strive in vain:
For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call, [fall.
And vengeance strikes whom Heaven has doom'd to
Once more attend: when she[1] whose power inspires
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires;
I give the sign: that instant, from beneath,
Aloft convey the instruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise:
"'These glittering weapons, ere he sail'd to Troy,
Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy:
Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they shone:
Now dust dishonours, all their lustre gone.
I bear them hence (so Jove my soul inspires)
From the pollution of the fuming fires;
Lest, when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood:
Oft ready swords in luckless hour incité
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.'
"Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fenceful shield.
But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,
By that regard, a son his father owes;
The secret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train;
Hide it from all; even from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;
And, noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince; for sure you merit love."
To whom the youth: "To emulate I aim
The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.
But re-consider, since the wisest err,
Vengeance resolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time must we consume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damsels that attend the throne;
Dispers'd the youth resides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from Jove."
While in debate they waste the hours away,
Th' associates of the prince repass'd the Bay;
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores;
With speed debarking land the naval stores;
Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And trusts the presents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart
Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart;
Lest, a sad prey to ever-musing cares,
Pale grief destroy what time awhile forbears.
Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud: "Thy son, O queen, returns."
Eumæus sage approach'd the imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then measur'd back the way—The suitor band,
Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded, stand;
And issuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale assembly sate.
At length Eurymachus: "Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph sails the main.
Haste, near the mast the swelling shroud display;
Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey."
Scarce had he spoke, when, turning to the strand,
Amphinomus survey'd th' associate band;
Full to the bay within the winding shores
With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.
"O friends!" he cry'd, "elate with rising joy,
See to the port secure the vessel fly!
Some god has told them, or themselves survey
The bark escap'd; and measure back their way."
Swift at the word descending to the shores,
They moor the vessel and unlade the stores:
Then moving from the strand, apart they sate;
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
"Lives then the boy?" "He lives," (Antinous cries)
"The care of gods and favourite of the skies.
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eastern hills,
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad survey.
Yet safe he sails! the powers celestial give
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.
But die he shall, and thus condemn'd to bleed,
Be now the scene of instant death decreed:
Hope ye success? undaunted crush the foe.
Is he not wise? know this, and strike the blow.
Wait ye till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averse too justly to our cause?
Strike ere, the states conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambush on the watery way.
Or choose ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky?
The brave prevent misfortunes; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in solitude and shade:
And give the palace to the queen a dower,
Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.
But if submissive you resign the sway,
Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we instant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings consum'd in vain;
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be given
To some blest prince, the prince decreed by Heaven."
Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends;
Till from his throne Amphinomus ascends,
Who o'er Dulichium stretch'd his spacious reign,
A land of plenty, blest with every grain:
Chief of the numbers who the queen address'd,
And though displeasing, yet displeasing least.

[1] *Minerva.*

Soft were his words; his actions wisdom sway'd;
Graceful awhile he paus'd, then mildly said:
"O friends, forbear! and be the thought with-
stood:
'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood!
Consult we first th' allseeing powers above,
And the sure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they assent, ev'n by his hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the skies."
He said; the rival train his voice approv'd,
And rising instant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they sate,
Recumbent on the shining thrones of state.
Then Medon, conscious of their dire debates,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends:
Her hasty steps a damsel-train attends.
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers she stands:
And, veiling decent with a modest shade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous said:
"O void of faith! of all bad men the worst!
Renown'd for wisdom, by th' abuse accurs'd!
Mistaking fame proclaims thy generous mind!
Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.
Wretch! to destroy a prince that friendship gives,
While in his guest his murderer he receives:
Nor dread superior Jove, to whom belong
The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Hast thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part?
Lawless he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphian pirates on Threspotia's shores;
Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;
Ulysses sav'd him from th' avengers' hand.
And would'st thou evil for his good repay?
His bed dishonour and his house betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murderous hand
Destroy his heir?—but cease, 'tis I command."
"Far hence those fears," (Eurymachus re-
ply'd)
"O prudent princess! bid thy soul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: By the righteous powers of Heaven I swear,
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.
Ulysses, when my infant days I led,
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My generous soul abhors th' ungrateful part,
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm; if Heaven destroy,
We must resign: for man is born to die."
Thus smooth he ended, yet his death conspir'd:
Then sorrowing, with sad step the queen retir'd,
With streaming eyes all comfortless deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord:
Nor ceas'd till Pallas bid her sorrows fly,
And in soft slumber seal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came late returning to his sylvan bower.
Ulysses and his son had dress'd with art
A yearling boar, and gave the gods their part,
Holy repast! that instant from the skies
The martial goddess to Ulysses flies:
She waves her golden wand, and re-assumes
From every feature every grace that blooms;
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads;
Lest to the queen the swain with transport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy.

When near he drew the prince breaks forth:
"Proclaim
What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of fame?
Say if the suitors measure back the main,
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?"
"Whether," he cries, "they measure back the flood,
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,
Escap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,
Thy mandate borne, my soul disdain'd to stay.
But from th' Hermæan height I cast a view,
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a shining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear:
And, if aright these searching eyes survey,
Th' eluded suitors stem the watery way."
The prince, well pleas'd to disappoint their wiles,
Steals on his sire a glance, and secret smiles.
And now, a short repast prepar'd, they fed,
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled.
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS returning to the city relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors whose behaviour is described.

SOON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn;
In haste the prince arose, prepar'd to part;
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine:
"My friend, adieu; let this short stay suffice;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs.
But thou, attentive, what we order heed;
This hapless stranger to the city lead;
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my power denies.
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,
The pain of anger punishes the fault:
The very truth I undisguis'd declare;
For what so easy as to be sincere?"
To this Ulysses: "What the prince requires
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.
To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field,
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but, since this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours' space permit me here to stay;
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day."

Thus he: nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors' sudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall:
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;
The marble pavement with his step resounds;
His eye first glanc'd where Euryclea spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.
All crowded round the family appears
With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
Swift from above descends the royal fair
(Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air);
Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes;
Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;
And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.

"Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou known
Thy father's fate? and tell me all thy own."

"Oh dearest, most rever'd of womankind!
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind"
(Replied the prince); "nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
Go bathe, and rob'd in white, ascend the towers;
With all thy handmaids thank th' immortal powers;
To every god vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
While to th' assembled council I repair;
A stranger sent by Heaven attends me there;
My new-accepted guest I haste to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd."

The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and rob'd in white, with all her train,
To every god vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance, the prince then pass'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves:
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:
Him, gathering round, the suitors greet
With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their false addresses generous he denied,
Pass'd on, and sate by faithful Mentor's side;
With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage
(His father's counsellors, rever'd for age).
Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.
The stranger-guest pursued him close behind!
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.
He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring
The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful answer'd: "Those we shall not
Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove: [move,
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,
Us, and our house, if treason must o'erthrow,
Better a friend possess them, than a foe;
If death to these, and vengeance Heaven decree,
Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.
Till then retain the gifts."—The hero said,
And in his hand the willing stranger led.

Then disarray'd, the shining bath they sought,
(With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew,
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs;
With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
A silver laver of capacious size:
They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.
Full opposite, before the folding gate,
The pensive mother sits in humble state;
Lowly she sat, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,
Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd.

When thus the queen: "My son! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?
(The couch deserted now a length of years;
The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)
Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew
Return, and riot shakes our walls anew)
Say, wilt thou not the least account afford?
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?"

To her the youth: "We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderness to him are known,
Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder grasp of joy
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
But all unknown if yet Ulysses breathe,
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath;
For farther search, his rapid steeds transport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court,
There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
(So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And still his words live perfect in my mind.

"'Heavens! would a soft, inglorious, dastard [train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!.
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Meantime returning, with remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulysses re-assert his claim.
O Jove! Supreme! whom men and gods revere;
And thou whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone;
Now what you question of my ancient friend,
With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer[1] relate,
Whose eyes can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,
The sad surviver of his numerous train,

[1] Proteus.

Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
No sailors there, no vessel to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way—
This told Atrides and he told no more,
Thence safe I voyag'd to my native shore."
He ceas'd; nor made the pensive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.
When Theoclymenus the seer began:
"O suffering consort of the suffering man!
What human knowledge could, those kings might tell;
But I the secrets of high Heaven reveal.
Before the first of gods be this declar'd,
Before the board whose blessing we have shar'd;
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds sacred in her ample wall!
Ev'n now this instant, great Ulysses lay'd
At rest, or wandering in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing, and in view,
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this sure auguries the gods bestow'd,
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road."
"Succeed those omens, Heaven!" (the queen rejoin'd)
"So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind;
And every envied happiness attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend."
Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court
(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort;
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art,
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.
Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive:
Medon, the herald, (one who pleas'd them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay
Their garments, and succinct, the victims slay.
Then sheep and goats, and bristly porkers bled,
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.
While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Along the road conversing side by side,
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain:
When thus Eumæus, generous and humane:
"To town, observant of our lord's behest,
Now let us speed; my friend, no more my guest!
Yet like myself I wish'd thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear;
The wrath of princes ever is severe.
Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd,
Or ere brown evening spreads her chilly shade."
"Just thy advice," (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
And such as suits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to some staff, to stay
My feeble step, since rugged is the way."
Across his shoulders then the scrip he flung,
Wide-patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong.
A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers stay;
These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)
Supply his absence, and attend the herd.
And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miseries;
Propp'd on a staff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags dishonest fluttering with the air!
Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way descending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distils
A limpid fount; that, spreads in parting rills,
Its current thence to serve the city brings:
An useful work adorn'd by ancient kings.
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding grove;
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrours solemnize the shade.
Here with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came:
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He eyed the stranger, and imperious spoke:
"The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is usher to another still.
Heaven with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude. [guest?
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast!
Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with scorn;
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain,
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better understands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the slave be good,
To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food,
If any labour those big joints could learn;
Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn,
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly, shalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footstool thundering at thy head."
He thus: nor insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he like a pillar stood,
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obtesting, and this prayer conceiv'd:
"Daughters of Jove! who from th' ethereal bowers
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulysses' piety preferr'd
The yearly firstlings of his flock and herd;
Succeed my wish; your votary restore:
Oh, be some god his convoy to our shore!
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,
And humble all his airs of insolence,
Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge."
"What mutters he?" (Melanthius sharp rejoins)
"This crafty miscreant big with dark designs?
The day shall come; nay, 'tis already near,
When, slave! to sell thee at a price too dear,
Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er,
(A load and scandal to this happy shore).
Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart, [heart.
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the

Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's power!"
So spoke the wretch, but, shunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heavenly minstrelsy
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the strain):
Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain:
"Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great and respondent to the master's fame!
Stage above stage th' imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts enclose,
And the strong gates defy an host of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:
I see the smokes of sacrifice aspire,
And here (what graces every feast) the lyre."
Then thus Eumæus: "Judge we which were best;
Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest
Chuse you to mingle, while behind I stay?
Or I first entering introduce the way?
Wait for a space without, but wait not long;
This is the house of violence and wrong:
Some rude insult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawless lords the servants are.
"Just is, O friend! thy caution, and address'd"
(Replied the chief) "to no unheedful breast;
"The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.
The bravely patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern debate;
And now in humbler scene submit to fate.
What cannot want? The blest she will expose,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms,
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!"
"Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cry'd;
"What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If as he seems he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.
"Not Argus so" (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
"But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh! had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood,
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."
This said, the honest herdsman strode before;
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the first of all,
Observ'd Eumæus entering in the hall;
Distant he saw, across the shady dome;
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come:
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the steward of the feast
(Who now was busied carving round the board);
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulysses lowly at the door,
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vests, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a staff, and trembling as he went,
Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight
(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain);
The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain:
"These viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon mendicant our plenty share:
Then let him circle round the suitors' board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord:
Bold let him act, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and shame agree!"
His lord's command the faithful servant hears;
The seeming beggar answers with his prayers.
"Blest be Telemachus! in every deed
Inspire him, Jove! in every wish succeed!
This said, the portion from his son convey'd
With smiles receiving on his scrip he lay'd.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when silence hold the lyre.
Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,
And learn the generous from th' ignoble heart
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train);
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;

Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress.
While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies:
"My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race."
"And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?"
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
"Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of these our court already grace,
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.
Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of kings."
To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
"Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind,
Who calls, from distant nations to his own,
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought these men divine
Who public structures raise, or who design;
Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets such respect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their songs;
These states invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the Sun displays his vital fire.
It is not so with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjust to me and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.
For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son."
To him Telemachus: "No more incense
The man by nature prone to insolence:
Injurious minds just answers but provoke—"
Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke:
"Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.
Heaven bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.
To give another's is thy hand so slow?
So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?"
"Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?"
(Antinous cries with insolent disdain)
"Portions like mine if every suitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the slave."
He spoke, and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;
But first before Antinous stopp'd and said:
"Bestow, my friend! thou dost not seem the worst
Of all the Greeks, but princelike and the first;
Then, as in dignity, be first in worth,
And I shall praise thee through the boundless earth.
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hospitality was then my praise;
In every sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And poverty stood smiling in my sight.
But Jove, all-governing, whose only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Ægyptian main;
By Ægypt's silver flood our ships we moor;
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:
The reddening dawn reveals the hostile fields,
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:
Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in servitude detain;
Death ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard,
And gave to Demetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer,
Still curs'd by fortune, and insulted here!"
To whom Antinous thus his rage express'd:
"What god has plagu'd us with this gormand guest?
Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Ægypt, shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'st, a bold audacious slave;
Nor all can give so much as thou can crave,
Nor wonder I, at such profusion shown;
Shameless they give, who give what's not their own."
The chief, retiring: "Souls like that in thee
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,
Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps;
Yet starving want, amidst the riot, weeps."
The haughty suitor with resentment burns,
And, sourly smiling, this reply returns:
"Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy slanderous tongue!"
He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle shock;
He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,
Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,
And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew:
"May what I speak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if, defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound we bear;
The generous motive dignifies the scar.
But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet, if injustice never be secure,
If fiends revenge, and gods assert the poor,
Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,
And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed."
"Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,"
(The suitor cry'd) "or force shall drag thee hence.
Scourge through the public street, and cast thee
A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear." [there,
His furious deed the general anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worst, condemn'd: and some reprov'd.
"Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd?
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.
Unblest thy hand; if in this low disguise
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;

They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these, to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind."
Telemachus, absorpt in thought severe,
Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear;
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke:
"On him and his may the bright god of day
That base, inhospitable blow repay!"
The nurse replies: "If Jove receives my prayer,
Not one survives to breathe to morrow's air."
"All, all are foes, and mischief is their end;
Antinous most to gloomy death a friend;"
(Replies the queen) "the stranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity soften'd every face;
From every other hand redress he found,
But fell Antinous answer'd with a wound."
Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
"Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or listening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord?"
Thus she, and good Eumæus took the word.
"A private audience if thy grace impart,
The stranger's words may ease thy royal heart.
His sacred eloquence in balm distils,
And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills.
Three days have spent their beams, three nights have run
Their silent journey, since his tale begun,
Unfinish'd yet! and yet I thirst to hear!
As when some heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain
Breath'd from the gods to soften human pain)
Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.
"Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's shore."
To this the queen: "The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browsing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm, like thine, Ulysses! strong,
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong?"
She spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
Constrain'd, his nostril echo'd through the crowd.
The smiling queen the happy omen bless'd:
"So may these impious fall, by fate oppress'd!"
Then to Eumæus: "Bring the stranger, fly!
And if my questions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire,
A gift in season which his wants require."
Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries:
"The queen invites thee, venerable guest!
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast,
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and sooth her soul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a present has design'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her subjects shall supply."
"Fair truth alone" (the patient man reply'd)
"My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by Heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I stand: the hand of violence is here:
Her boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,
And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.
Let for a space the pensive queen attend,
Nor claim my story till the Sun descend;
Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace."
Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain:
"And say," (she cries) "does fear, or shame, detain
The cautious stranger? With the begging kind
Shame suits but ill." Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
"He only asks a more propitious hour,
And shuns (who would not?) wicked men in power;
At evening mild (meet season to confer)
By turns to question, and by turns to hear."
"Whoe'er this guest" (the prudent queen replies)
"His every step and every thought is wise:
For men like these on Earth he shall not find
In all the miscreant race of human kind."
Thus she; Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the suitor powers descends;
There seeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart:
"The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;
Oh guard it; guard it for thy servant's sake!"
"Thanks to my friend," he cries; "but now the hour
Of night draws on, go seek the rural bower: [hour
But first refresh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the gods convey.
Our life to Heaven's immortal powers we trust,
Safe in their care, for Heaven protects the just."
Observant of his voice, Eumæus sate
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along
'Twas riot all amid the suitor throng,
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song.
Till now, declining toward the close of day,
The Sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

The beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.

While fix'd in thought the pensive hero sate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day;

But Irus his associates call'd the boy,
Practis'd the common messenger to fly:
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.
"Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,
Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;
See how with nods assent yon princely train!
But, honouring age, in mercy I refrain!
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail."
To whom, with stern regard: "Oh insolence,
Indecently to rail without offence;
What bounty gives, without a rival share;
I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canst thou envy when the great relieve?
Know, from the bounteous Heavens all riches flow,
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, should once my fury burn,
How would'st thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?"
"Mere woman-glutton!" (thus the churl reply'd)
"A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!
Why cease I, gods! to dash those teeth away,
Like some wild boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
Uproots the bearded corn? Rise, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight, when youth contends with age!"
Thus in a wordy war their tongues display
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinous hears, and, in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train:
"This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And, lo! the gods conspire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon surly mendicants contentious stand;
Why urge we not to blows?" Well pleas'd they spring
Swift from their seats, and thickening form a ring.
To whom Antinous: "Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him bestow
The choicest portion who subdues his foe;
Grant him unrival'd in these walls to stay,
The sole attendant on the genial day."
The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:
"Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of disgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But swear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to stand neuter, while we cope in fight."
The peers assent: when straight his sacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said:
"Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong
Of this bold insolent; confide, be strong!
Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow,
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;
And these my friends[1] shall guard the sacred ties
Of hospitality, for they are wise."
Then, girding his strong loins, the king prepares
To close in combat, and his body bares;
Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs
By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise:
Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong
(Attendant on her chief): the suitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud;
"Irus! alas! shall Irus be no more?
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame?"
Then, pale with fears, and sickening at the sight,
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his black visage fled the coward blood,
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.
"Oh, that such baseness should disgrace the light!
O hide it, death, in everlasting night!"
(Exclaims Antinous) "Can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day:
Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd;
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant kind,
Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away."
While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke
In every joint the trembling Irus shook;
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or save his life; and soon his life to save
The king resolves, for mercy sways the brave.
That instant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends;
The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone broke;
Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood:
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.
The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies!
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:
"There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the beastial train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest Heaven in vengeance send some mightier woe."
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The brond-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung
Ill-join'd, and knotted to a twisted throng.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown king:
"Stranger, may Jove and all th' aërial powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe:
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king."
While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:

[1] Antinous and Eurymachus.

The bread from canisters of shining mould
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
"And, oh!" (he mildly cries) "may Heaven display
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care."
To whom with thought mature the king replies:
"The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;
Such was thy father; in imperial state,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declin'd;
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or grovelling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth:
To-day, with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes:
Anon from Heaven a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst Heaven the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe;
Too high when prosperous, when distress'd too low.
There was a day, when with the scornful great
I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to justify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd:
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts; unlike yon train
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey;
But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.
Oh may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian power,
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!
For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,
These lawless riots end in blood and death."
Then to the gods the rosy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.
Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,
He shook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe forestalls;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and mourns.
Meantime Minerva with instinctive fires
Thy soul, Penelope, from Heaven inspires:
With flattering hopes the suitors to betray,
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day:
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise;
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:
"Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulse, though my soul disdains;
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;
Who, smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there."
"Go, warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,"
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)
"But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears a-while suppress;
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.
Some joy remains: to thee a son is given,
Such as, in fondness, parents ask of Heaven."
"Ah me! forbear," returns the queen, "forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care;
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees
Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.
The day that bore Ulysses from this coast,
Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.
But instant bid Autonoè descend.
Instant Hippodamè our steps attend;
Ill suits it female virtue to be seen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men."
Then, while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From Heaven Minerva shoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her senses, as the couch she press'd,
She pours a pleasing, deep, and deathlike rest,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms;
In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires)
From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her bosom spreads.
Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound
She smoothly gliding swims th' harmonious round;
When with the Graces in the dance she moves,
And fires the gazing gods with ardent loves.
Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damsel-train descends;
Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes unclose;
The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes:
"Howe'er 'tis well, that sleep awhile can free,
With soft forgetfulness, a wretch like me;
Oh! were it giv'n to yield this transient breath,
Send, O Diana, send the sleep of death:
Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?
O my Ulysses! ever-honour'd name;
For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my fame."
Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends,
On either hand a damsel-train attends:
Full where the dome its shining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers she stands;
A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,
Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade:
Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And sudden flames in every bosom rise;
They send their eager souls with every look,
Till silence thus th' imperial matron broke:
"Oh why! my son, why now no more appears
That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger years!
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in stature, still a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably strong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero sprung;
But the just gods in vain those gifts bestow,
Oh wise alone in form, and brave in show!
Heavens! could a stranger feel oppression's hand
Beneath thy roof, and could'st thou tamely stand!
If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline,
His is the sufferance, but the shame is thine."
To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
"That generous soul with just resentment burns;
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe:
But, impotent these riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel:
Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,
And numbers leagued in impious union dread;
But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
Oh would to Jove; or her whose arms display
The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread
These courts, within these courts like Irus bled:
Whose loose head tottering, as with wine oppress'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast;

Powerless to move, his staggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly."
Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
"Oh justly lov'd, and not more fair than wise!
Should Greece through all her hundred states survey [sway;
Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy
In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,
Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind!" [shore
"Ah me!" returns the queen, "when from this
Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!
The gods decreed these eyes no more should keep
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues last; my brightest charm is love.
Now, grief, thou all art mine! the gods o'ercast
My soul with woes, that long! ah long must last!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That sadly tore my royal lord away:
He grasp'd my hand, and, 'O my spouse! I leave
'Thy arms,' (he cried) 'perhaps to find a grave:
Fame speaks the Trojans bold; they boast the skill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,
To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car
With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.
My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heaven that I must bleed!
My father, mother, all I trust to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But, when my son grows man, the royal sway
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!'
Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch and give me up to cares;
Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch the most complete that breathes the air!
Fall'n even below the rights to woman due!
Careless to please, with insolence ye woo!
The generous lovers, studious to succeed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow sincere display:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey."
Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive
The suitor train, and raise a thirst to give:
False hopes she kindles, but those hopes betray,
And promise, yet elude, the bridal day.
While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries:
"Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And custom bids thee without shame receive;
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of spousal love."
The peers dispatch their heralds, to convey
The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confusion rise
Rich from the artist's hand! Twelve clasps of gold
Close to the lessening loins the vest infold;
Down from the swelling waist the vest unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray,
Eurymachus presents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.
Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expressive of his heart,
A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,
And slow behind her damsel-train attends.

Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,
Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;
And now he raises, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening shades:
Three vases heap'd with copious fires display
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: "Ill suits your sex to stay
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away?
Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her care) the silver wool;
Be it my task the torches to supply,
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the sky;
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepless I watch; for I have learn'd to bear."
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho from the loins of Dolius sprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:
"Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,
Who, shortening with a storm of blows thy stay,
Shall send thee howling all in blood away!"
To whom with frowns: "O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue;
Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence;
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense."
With conscious shame they hear the stern rebuke,
Nor longer durst sustain the sovereign look.
Then to the servile task the monarch turns
His royal hands; each torch refulgent burns
With added day: meanwhile, in museful mood
Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.
And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors tongues,
Scornful of age to taunt the virtuous man;
Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began:
"Hear me" (he cries) "confederates and friends!
Some god, no doubt, this stranger kindly sends;
The shining baldness of his head survey,
It aids our torch-light and reflects the ray.—"
Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy,
"Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Those hands in work; to tend the rural trade,
To dress the walk, and form th' embowering shade?
So food and raiment constant will I give:
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive."
To whom incens'd: "Should we, O prince, engage
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,
Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field;
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wounds,
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds:
Beneath my labours how thy wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and shield,
And nodding helm, I'tread th' ensanguin'd field,

Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, would'st thou,—say,—
Misname me, glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.
Proud to seem brave among a coward train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight."
While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies;
With indignation flashing in his eyes:
"Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong!
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverent to the great, and uncontroll'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps these outrages from Irus flow,
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe!"
He said, and with full force a footstool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flew;
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound,
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,
He shricks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.
Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the sky,
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:
"Oh! had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkness and of death,
Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws
Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?
A vagabond! for him the great destroy,
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy."
To whom the stern Telemachus uprose:
"Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,
But from the license of the copious bowl?
Or Heaven delusion sends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey."
Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,
Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:
"True are his words, and he whom truth offends,
Not with Telemachus, but truth, contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend stranger, or the spotless maid;
Retire we hence, but crown with rosy wine
The flowing goblet to the powers divine;
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands,
This justice, this the social rite demands."
The peers assent: the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each peer successive his libation pours
To the blest gods who fill th' aërial bowers;
Then, swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds obey,
And, rushing forth, tumultuous reel away.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulysses, in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her, he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discoveries him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

Consulting secret with the blue-ey'd maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulysses stay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;
And thus the son the fervent sire address'd:
"Instant convey those steely stores of war
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:
The cause demanded by the suitor-train,
To soothe their fears, a specious reason feign:
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl."
The prince, obedient to the sage command,
To Euryclea thus: "The female band
In their apartments keep; secure the doors:
These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the smouldering flame."
"In happy hour," (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?"
"Without infringing hospitable rite,
This guest" (he cried) "shall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;
They share the meat that earn it ere they taste."
He said; from female ken she straight secures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors;
Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears
The plumy-crested helms, and pointed spears,
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewless on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends;
Not such the sickly beams, which, unsincere,
Gild the cross vapour of this nether sphere!
A present deity the prince confest,
And wrapt with ecstasy the sire address'd:
"What miracle thus dazzles with surprise!
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:
The walls, where'er my wondering sight I turn,
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace!"
"Be calm," replies the sire, "to none impart,
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:

The pensive queen, perchance, desires to know
The series of my toils, to soothe her woe."
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends:
Soft slumberous shades his drooping eye-lids close,
Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows.
Whilst, forming plans of deaths, Ulysses stay'd
In council secret with the martial maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, descending from her bower of state.
Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory silver'd thick the foot-stool shone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd;
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:
The golden goblet some, and some restor'd
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:
These to remove th' expiring embers came,
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho, with imperious mien,
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:
"Avaunt," she cry'd, "offensive to my sight!
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-state asquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening spy!
Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge"—and wav'd it hissing in her hand.
Th' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, "Why so turbulent of soul?" he cries;
"Can these lean shrivell'd limbs, unnerv'd with age,
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?
In crowds we wear the badge of hungry fate;
And beg, degraded from superior state!
Constrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth, and slaves, I late possess'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd:
My gate, an emblem of my open soul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyself exempt: that rosy prime
Must share the general doom of withering time:
To some new channel soon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys,
Potent to punish what he cannot praise."
Her keen reproach had reach'd the sovereign's ear;
"Loquacious insolent!" she cries, "forbear:
To thee the purpose of my soul I told;
Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The storied labours of my wandering lord,
To soothe my grief, he haply may record:
Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung:
Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the stranger-friend:
A seat, soft-spread with furry spoils, prepare;
Due-distant, for us both to speak, and hear."
The menial fair obeys with duteous haste:
A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd:
Due-distant for discourse the hero sate;
When thus the sovereign from her chair of state:
"Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land."
He thus: "O queen! whose far resounding fame
Is bounded only by the starry frame;
Consummate pattern of imperial sway,
Whose pious rule a warlike race obey:
In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd;
With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd;
And fish of every fin thy seas afford;
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess,
And bless the power that still delights to bless.
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;
In sweet oblivion let my sorrow sleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay censorious train appear
A wiry vapour melting in a tear."
"Their gifts the gods resum'd," (the queen re-
"Exterior grace, and energy of mind: [join'd)
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone would raise
My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!
Peers from the distant Samian shores resort;
Here with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,
And Ithaca, presumptuous, boast their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a second lord,
They press the Hymenæan rite abhorr'd.
Misrule thus mingling with domestic cares,
I live regardless of my state affairs:
Receive no stranger guest, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in secret grieve!—
This art, instinct by some celestial power,
I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour:
'Ye peers!' I cry, 'who press to gain a heart,
Where dread Ulysses claims no future part;
Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A pall of state, the ornament of death.
For when to fate he bows, each Grecian dame
With just reproach were licens'd to defame;
Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'
The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude;
The night still ravell'd what the day renew'd,
Three years successful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domestic spies,
The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falsify the breed.
My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,
And to their suffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—
But, stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,
Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race:
No poor unfather'd product of disgrace."
"Princess!" he cries, "renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land
Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source;
And tears repeat their long forgotten course!
So pays the wretch whom fate constrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home!—

But inward on my soul let sorrow prey,
Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.
" Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:
Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:
Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians share;
Cnossus, her capital of high command,
Where scepter'd Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
His son Deucalion bore successive sway;
His son, who gave me first to view the day!
The royal bed an elder issue blest,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields attest
Of matchless deeds: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete that great Ulysses came;
For elemental war, and wintry Jove,
From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the shelfy coast,
Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.
His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero speeded to the Cnossian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.
Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest:
Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign
A public treat, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aërial space,
My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And, when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore."
Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair similitude of truth beguiles
The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on the mountain freeze,
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:
So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her present lord laments him lost,
And views that object which she wants the most!
Withering at heart to see the weeping fair,
His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare;
Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;
Firm wisdom interdicts to softening tear.
A speechless interval of grief ensues,
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:
" Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof
Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof;
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record."
" 'Tis hard," he cries, " to bring to sudden sight
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight;
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd
O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast
The double-clasping gold the king confest.
In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,
Bore on full-stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn;
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone
A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun:
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.
A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,
I gave, enamell'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,
Dimension'd equal to his size express'd
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread;
Eurybates! in whose large soul alone
Ulysses view'd an image of his own."
His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd,
In all he told she recogniz'd her lord,
But when the storm was spent in plenteous showers;
A pause inspiriting her languish'd powers:
" Oh! thou," she cry'd, " whom first inclement fate
Made welcome to my hospitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor shall end:
Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!
The vest much envy'd on your native coast,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboss'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this blissful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to survive, and never to return!"
Then he, with pity touch'd: " O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondness of your soul reprove
For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin love
With the dear blessing of a fair increase;
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.
The royal object of your dearest care
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air;
In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly shore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,
To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea.
To better fate the blameless chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the storm; till, by the billows tost,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coast.
That race, who emulate the life of gods,
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,
To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.
But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul
High schemes of power in just succession roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring fate;
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.
Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)

That anchor'd in his port the vessel stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd
In dark disguise, or come a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam:
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the blest genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech; before the Sun
His annual longitude of Heaven shall run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign." ["are due,
"What thanks! what boon!" reply'd the queen,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true:
My lord's return should fate no more retard,
Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! presage,
The wounds of destiny's relentless rage.
I long must weep, nor will Ulysses come,
With royal gifts to send you honour'd home!—
Your other task, ye menial train, forbear:
Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare:
With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Uprising early with the purple morn,
His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the social feast
Partaking free, my sole invited guest;
Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due,
The breach of hospitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my sex I most exceed
In real fame, when most humane my deed:
And vainly to the praise of queen aspire,
If, stranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feastful bower. A narrow space
Confines the circle of our destin'd race;
'Tis ours with good the scanty round to grace.
Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,
Dreaded in life the mutter'd curse pursues;
By death disrob'd of all their savage powers,
Then licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,
Of gentle soul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,
And distant tongues extol the patron name."
"Princess," he cry'd, "in vain your bounties
On me, confirm'd and obstinate in woe. [flow
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;
The tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)
I chose the livery of a woeful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With splendid palls, and canopies of state:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To wash a wretched wanderer would disdain;
But if, in track of long experience try'd,
And sad similitude of woes ally'd,
Some wretch reluctant views aërial light,
To her mean hand assign the friendly rite."
Pleas'd with his wise reply, the queen rejoin'd:
"Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hospitable bower
I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.
Such servant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my desires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd
Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind;
Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd
Of strength superior to the toil assign'd.—
Rise, Eurycles! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:
This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulysses, and perhaps the same!
Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
For age untimely marks the careful brow!"
Instant, obsequious to the mild command,
Sad Eurycles rose: with trembling hand
She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impassion'd to herself replies:
"Son of my love, and monarch of my cares;
What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!
Are thus by Jove who constant beg his aid
With pious deed and pure devotion paid?
He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:
There oft implor'd his tutelary power,
Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;
That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognize an equal heir.
Oh destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;
His god forgets him on a foreign coast!—
Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride
The rich insult him, and the young deride!
Conscious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.
A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;
In thy whole form Ulysses seems express'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,
None imag'd e'er like thee my master lost."
Thus half discover'd through the dark disguise,
With cold composure feign'd, the chief replies:
"You join your suffrage to the public vote;
The same you think, have all beholders thought."
He said. Replenish'd from the purest springs,
The laver straight with busy care she brings:
In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The scar with which his manly knee was sign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
Thus cautious in the obscure he hop'd to fly
The curious search of Eurycles's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.
This on Parnassus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandsire sent him to the sylvan chase,
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame;
Hermes, his patron-god, those gifts bestow'd,
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to
load.)
His course to Ithaca this hero sped,
When the first product of Laertes' bed

Was new disclos'd to birth; the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the queen descends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends. [son;
"Receive," she cries, "your royal daughter's
And name the blessings that your prayers have won."
Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms;
A sure memorial of my dreaded fame
The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name!
And when with filial love the youth shall come
To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome
With gifts of price shall send him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulysses sought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient lord[1] an equal joy possest;
Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled,
Whose stately growth five flowery summers fed:
His sons divide, and roast with artful care
The limbs; then all the tasteful viands share.
Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul)
Till Phœbus, wheeling to the western goal,
Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the slumberous shade op-
Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest. [press'd,
Soon as the Morn, new rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night;
Ulysses and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyci, assay the chase.
Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,
With deepmouth'd hounds the hunter troop in-
vades:
What time the Sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wiles the woodmen fierce assail:
And, foremost of the train, his cornel spear
Ulysses wav'd, to rouse the savage war.
Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,
A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:
Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thunderous shower,
Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bower,
With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
Rous'd by the hounds' and hunters' mingling cries,
The savage from his leafy shelter flies:
With fiery glare his sanguine eyeballs shine,
And bristles high impale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;
The savage renders vain the wound decreed,
And springs impetuous with opponent speed:
His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aslope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone: Ulysses undismay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd;
To the right shoulder joint the spear apply'd:
His further flank the streaming purple dy'd:
On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vast surprise, th' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;
Then, chanting mystic lays, the closing wound
Of sacred melody confess'd the force;
The tides of life regain their azure course.

[1] Autolycus.

Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chase, and early praise achiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee, inseam'd, remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, th' ablution ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand re-
The mingled fluids from the vase redound; [leas'd.
The vase reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife express'd
Of grief and joy, alternate in her breast.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length, abrupt—"My son! my king!"—she
cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye she cast,
Ardent to speak the monarch safe restored:
But studious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,
"Art thou foredoom'd my pest?" the hero cried:
"Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:
At length return'd, some god inspires thy breast
To know thy king, and here I stand confess'd.
This heaven-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,
Reserve the treasure of thy inmost mind:
Else, if the gods my vengeful arm sustain,
And prostrate to my sword the suitor train:
With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage."
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
"What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips
severe!
Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd;
With ribs of steel, and marble heart, immur'd.
When Heaven, auspicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare."
"Thy aid avails me not," the chief replied;
"My own experience shall their doom decide;
A witness judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal."
He said: obsequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhausted vase:
The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil
With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.
Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,
His former seat receiv'd the stranger guest;
Whom thus, with pensive air, the queen address'd:
"Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,
Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize:
Awhile, reluctant to her pleasing force,
Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials and domestic cares, employ:
And unattended by sincere repose,
The night assists my ever wakeful woes:
When Nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,
My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.
As, when the months are clad in flowery green,
Sad Philomel in bowery shades unseen;

To vernal airs attunes her varied strains;
And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance misled the mother to destroy;
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,
A sad variety of woes I mourn!
My mind, reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care incessant strays.
Now, wavering doubt succeeds to long despair!
Shall I my virgin nuptial vow revere;
And, joining to my son's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and assist his reign!
Or, since, mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;
Shall I, reluctant, to his will accord;
And from the peers select the noblest lord?
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
A visionary thought I'll now relate;
Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate:
"A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain eyrie downward drove:
Each favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender sympathy to soothe my soul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
'O queen! no vulgar vision of the sky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the suitors fated to my sword.'
This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd.
When, from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,
Fast by the limpid lake my swanlike train
I found, insatiate of the golden grain."
"The vision self-explain'd" (the chief replies)
"Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:
Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;
And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed."
"Hard is the task, and rare," the queen re-join'd,
"Impending destinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the silent bower of sleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantastic train:
The gates oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with polish'd horn:
Where images of truth for passage wait,
With visions manifest of future fate.
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,
Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restor'd:
Delusive semblance!—but my remnant life
Heaven shall determine in a gameful strife:
With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,
For me the rival archers shall contend.
As on the listed field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to fix in equal space:
Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the Sun restores the purple day,
Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay:
To him the spousal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from these walls (where long the kinder hours!)
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful powers
On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;
The pleasure past supplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream."
"Propose the sportive lot" (the chief replies)
"Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:
Ulysses will surprise th' unfinish'd game
Avow'd, and falsify the suitors' claim."
To whom, with grace serene, the queen rejoin'd:
"In all thy speech, what pleasing force I find!
O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleasing tale.
But Heaven, that knows what all terrestrials need,
Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:
Grateful vicissitude! yet me withdraws,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy
Estrang'd, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!
Meantime instructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe."
Thus affable, her bower the queen ascends;
The sovereign step a beauteous train attends;
There imag'd to her soul Ulysses rose;
Down her pale cheek new streaming sorrow flows:
Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,
And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his waking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.

An ample hide divine Ulysses spread,
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor crowd
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd).
Then o'er the chief, Eurynomè the chaste,
With duteous care, a downy carpet cast:
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey;
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
Wavering his thought in dubious balance hung!

Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
And let the peers consummate the disgrace;
Round his swoln heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother mastiff growls,
And bays the stranger groom: so wrath compress'd,
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
"Poor suffering heart!" he cried, "support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years' toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed,
By patient prudence from the death decreed."
Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast
Tempests of wrath his soul no longer toss'd;
Restless his body roll'd, to rage resign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The savory cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast;
Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd,
In self-debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.
When, in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From Heaven descends the Jove-born martial maid;
And hovering o'er his head in view confess'd,
The goddess thus her favourite care address'd:
"O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bless'd in thy queen! bless'd in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers bow,
They name the standard of their dearest vow."
"Just is thy kind reproach," (the chief rejoin'd);
"Deeds full of fate distract my various mind
In contemplation wrapp'd. This hostile crew
What single arm hath prowess to subdue?
Or if, by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; Oh! say celestial maid:
Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?"
"Oh, impotence of faith!" Minerva cries,
"If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the gods? Lo! Pallas' self descends,
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
In me affiance'd, fortify thy breast,
Though myriads leagued thy rightful claim contest:
My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
Now pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded powers with balmy rest renew."
She ceas'd. Ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
His care dissolves in visionary joys:
The goddess, pleas'd, regains her natal skies.
Not so the queen: the downy bands of sleep
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pause ensued of dumb despair:
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent prayer:
"Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toss'd through the void illimitable space:
Or, if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyself untimely and thy consort dy'd,
But four celestials both your cares supply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind:
With shapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea sought the bower of Jove
(The god supreme, to whose eternal eye
The registers of fate expanded lie;)
Wing'd harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge
And to the Furies bore a greatful prey. [away
Be such my lot! Or thou, Diana, speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead;
To seek my lord among the warrior train,
Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail;
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches' care the torture ends;
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day distracting theme,
And airy terrours sable every dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies."
Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan;
The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear:
Misjudging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;
He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.
Upspringing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air;)
And thus the gods invok'd with ardent prayer:
"Jove, and ethereal thrones! with Heaven to friend,
If the long series of my woes shall end,
Of human race now rising from repose
Let one a blissful omen here disclose:
And, to confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above!"
Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
The pitying god his guardian aid avows.
Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
With springing hope the hero's heart resounds.
Soon, with consummate joy to crown his prayer,
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
Beneath a pile, that close the dome adjoin'd,
Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man),
Discharging to the day the labour due,
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;
And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:
"Father of gods and men, whose thunders roll
O'er the cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
Whoe'er from Heaven has gain'd this rare ostent
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)
In this blest moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor train,
For whom o'ertoil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,
And be this festival decreed their last!"
Big with their doom denounc'd in Earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy,

Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;
And Eurycléa thus he there address'd:
"Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection and repose
Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs).
The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
And modest worth with noble scorn retires."
She thus: "Oh! cease that ever honour'd name
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine suffic'd the guest:
In vain the queen the night-refection press'd;
Nor would he court repose in downy state,
Unbless'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!
A hide beneath the portico was spread,
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, cast with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air."
His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port,
To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth issuing from the dome the prince repair'd:
Two dogs of chase, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train,
"What marks of luxury the marble stain!
Its wonted lustre let the floor regain!
The seats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew:
Let some refresh the vase's sullied mould;
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assay
The lunar feast-rites to the god of day."
She said: with duteous haste a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
With varied toil the rest adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.
Some wield the sounding axe: the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:
In lodgements first secure his care he view'd,
Then to the king his friendly speech renew'd:
"Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train
Still treat they worth with lordly dull disdain;
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?"
"Some pitying god" (Ulysses sad reply'd)
"With vollied vengeance blast their towering pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right, restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are tost,
All cheaply sated at another's cost!"
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the suitor's feast preferr'd:
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs resound;
And to the chief austere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:
"Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
These arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!"
Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.
From Cephalenia cross the surgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful swain.
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
Imported in a shallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
"What guest is he, of such majestic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through th' eclipse of fate, the rays divine
Of sovereign state with faded splendour shine.
If monarchs by the gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!"
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd:
"Stranger; may fate a milder aspect show,
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove, for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies;
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulysses from his state a wanderer still,
Upbraids thy power, thy wisdom, or thy will;
O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor stranger-guest, denied his home,
Like thee, in rags obscene, decreed to roam!
Or, haply perish'd on some distant coast,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Oh! grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!
His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,
A stately breed! and blackens far the meads,
Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import
To cram these cormorants that crowd his court;
Who in partition seek his realm to share;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:
In opening prospects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud usurpers die."
To whom the chief: "In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in fate;
Attest, O Jove, the truth I now relate!
This sacred truth attest each genial power,
Who bless the board, and guard this friendly bower!

Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,
Thy wondering eyes shall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,
And to the shades devote the suitor-train."
" O Jove supreme!" the raptur'd swain replies,
" With deed consummate soon the promis'd joys!
These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,
In that blest cause should emulate the young"—
Assents Eumæus to the prayer address:
And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.
Meantime the suitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When, in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove:
Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd:
" The gods from force and fraud the prince defend;
O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:
Your future thought let sable fate employ;
And give the present hour to genial joy."
From council straight th' assenting peerage ceas'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.
Disrob'd their vests apart in order lay,
Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble spread.
With fire prepar'd, they deal the morsels round,
Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By sage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar supplied;
High canisters of bread Philætius plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repast.
Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat!
A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,
The prince appoints; but to his sire assigns
The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
" Partake, my guest," he cry'd, " without control
The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
From my great sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease,
Lest arms avenge the violated peace." [young,
Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave, and
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
" Be patient, peers!" at length Antinous cries;
" The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow."
Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:
Meanwhile the pomp of festival increas'd:
By heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger-guest:
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green
(Ctesippus nam'd); this lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out th' imposthumate with pride!
" The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of esteem bestow;
This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;
With which he nobly may discharge his seat,
And pay the menials for the master's treat."
He said: and of the steer before him plac'd,
That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,
Where to the pastern-bone, by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high the wall unseemly sign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:
When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
" Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor should thy sire, a queen his daughter boast;
The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost:
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless power
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth of age mature to know
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
Or, if each other's wrongs ye still support,
With rapes and riot to prophane my court;
What single arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted swords descend,
And with my life such vile dishonours end."
A long cessation of discourse ensued,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:
" A just reproof, ye peers! your rage restrain
From the protected guest, and menial train:
And, prince! to stop the source of future ill,
Assent yourself, and gain the royal will,
Whilst hope prevail'd to see your sire restor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a second lord.
But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,
To think he still survives to claim the state?
Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:
The lord selected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-contested prize;
Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty bless'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome possess'd."
Sage and serene Telemachus replies:
" By him at whose behest the thunder flies,
And by the name on Earth I most revere,
By great Ulysses and his woes, I swear,
(Who never must review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train!)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:
But from this dome my parent queen to chase!
From me, ye gods! avert such dire disgrace."
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The suitors' souls, insensate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd;
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to survey!
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay:
Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.
In vision rapt; the Hyperesian seer[1]
Uprose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:
" Oh race to death devote! with Stygian shade
Each destin'd peer impending fates invade:

[1] Theoclymenus.

With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts
To people Orcus and the burning coasts!
Nor gives the Sun his golden orb to roll,
But universal night usurps the pole!"
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the sure divine of fate;
And thus Eurymachus: "The dotard's mind
To every sense is lost, to reason blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;
Let him in open air behold the day."
"Tax not" (the Heaven-illumin'd seer rejoin'd)
"Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No clouds of errour dim th' ethereal rays,
Her equal power each faithful sense obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
Far hence, before yon hovering deaths descend;
Lest, the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun."
This said, to sage Piræus sped the seer,
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointless wit;
Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,
"Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice;
Why such profusion of indulgence shown
To this poor, timorous, toil-detesting drone?
That other feeds on planetary schemes,
And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once, at least, believe a friend,
To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send,
Where, if they yield their freight across the main,
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain."
Thus jovial they: but nought the prince replies;
Full on his sire he roll'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient straight to flesh his virgin sword,
From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen
To see the circlet sate, of all unseen.
Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare
An eve-repast, with equal cost and care:
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feast of death! the feasters doom'd to bleed!

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT.

THE BENDING OF ULYSSES'S BOW.

PENELOPE, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from Heaven; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rival fires,
With her own art Penelope inspires:
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow through the distant ring,
Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame;
But discord and black death await the game!
The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,
At distance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay;
There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long since when Sparta's shores he trod,
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd:
Beneath Orsilochus's roof they met;
One loss was private, one a public debt;
Messena's state from Ithaca detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd-swains;
And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wandering mares,
And mules, the strongest of the labouring kind;
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the social *rite* transgress'd;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest:
He gave the bow! and on Ulysses' part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges; for they met no more!
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.
Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round:
The bars fall back, the flying valves resound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
She moves majestic through the wealthy room,
Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung;
Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns,
Then silent to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud suitors bears in pensive state
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings.
Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:

On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air:
"Say you, whom these forbidden walls enclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife:
Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night!"
Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philœtius too relents, but secret shed
The tender drops. Antinous saw, and said:
"Hence to your fields, you rustics! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!
And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man."
He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king
Shall end those hopes, and fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: "Some god, I find,
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian state supplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycœna knows,
Than all our isles or continents enclose:
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of every tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay;
Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the destin'd ring,
Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;
But, blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne."
He spoke! then, rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made fast
(His perfect skill the wondering gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,
The fourth had drawn it. The great sire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.
His ardour straight th' obedient prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:
"Oh, lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For Heaven forbid such weakness should endure!)
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has blest,
Accept the trial, and the prize contest."
He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Epitheus' son
The bold Antinous to the rest begun:
"From where the goblet first begins to flow,
From right to left, in order take the bow;
And prove your several strengths."—The princes heard,
And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd:
The eldest born of Œnops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the suitor throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er:
"Take it who will," he cries, "I strive no more.
What numerous deaths attend this fatal bow!
What souls and spirits shall it send below!
Better, indeed, to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new Sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still tomorrow falser than today.
How long in vain Penelope we sought!
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give."
Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.
To him Antinous thus with fury said:
"What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled!
Thy coward function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.
Mark then what others can."—He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare;
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chase every knot, and supple every pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain;
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone
And bold Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown:
Those only now remain'd; but those confess'd
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.
Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The king observes them: he the hall forsakes
And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:
"Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell?
Say, should some favouring god restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign?
How beat your hearts? what aid would you afford,
To the proud suitors, or your ancient lord?"

Philætius thus: "Oh were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove restore that man again!
These aged sinews with new vigour strung
In his blest cause should emulate the young."
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each power above, with wishes for his lord.
He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
"Those vows the gods accord: behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapless land:
At length he comes: but comes despis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes, and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm succeed,
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions, and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chas'd the tusky boar."
His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:
Eager they view'd, with joy they stood amaz'd;
With tearful eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their power:
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower.
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their hands,
And moveless as a marble fountain stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting Sun,
But first the wise man ceas'd, and thus begun:
"Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty suitors will deny the bow:
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms, or shouts, or dying groans, they hear.
To thy strict charge, Philætius, we consign
The court's main gate: to guard that pass be thine."

This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:
"I mourn the common cause; for, oh, my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends!
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every shore)
But baffled thus; confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakness scorn!" Antinous thus reply'd:
"Not so, Eurymachus; that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away:
Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the sewer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day shall spring,
The choicest offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow."

They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, uprose the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated scheme began:
"If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
Chief if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion please;
Give Heaven this day, and rest the bow in peace.
Tomorrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!
But, since till then this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man?"

Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terrour at the bold emprize.
Antinous then: "Oh, miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this phrenzy stung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.
Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer;
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here."

To this the queen her just dislike express'd:
"'Tis impious, prince, to harm the stranger guest,
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.
What, if th' immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandering stranger for my lord?

A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain,
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean."
"Oh fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!"
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
"Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.
'Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave chief, whose bow they could not bend
In vain a beggar of the strolling crew, [bend.
And did what all those princes could not do.'
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name."
To whom the queen: "If fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence to reward his merit he shall bear
A two-edg'd falchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest."
"O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me," (cries Telemachus) "to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain;
To me alone my father's arms descend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy household task resume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me."
Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as she sate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.
Now through the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
"Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the suitors aid."
Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on: [words;
"Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand,
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expell!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!"
The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
The strifeful bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Eurycles calling them aside,
"Hear what Telemachus enjoins," (he cry'd)
"At every portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans, they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom."
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent and untry'd so long.
While some deriding—"How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals—"
"Heaven to this wretch" (another cry'd,) "be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find."
Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd shout and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.
A general horrour ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above ensued: th' unfolding sky
In lightning burst: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heaven's almighty lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board;
(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly the messengers of death).
Now sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through, the solid gate resounds.
Then to the prince: "Nor have I wrought thee
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim; [shame;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast the present hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;
Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight."
He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXII.

ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

Then fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a god.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store:
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the suitor crew:
"One venturous game this hand has won today
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain,
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain."
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings;
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full through his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavements with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
"Aim'st thou at princes?" (all amaz'd, they said)
"Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee."—Thus incens'd they spoke,
While each to chance ascrib'd the wondrous stroke,
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then, grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:
"Dogs, ye have had your day! ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While, to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of gods above:
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom."
Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd:
"If, as thy words impart," (he thus began)
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land;
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims; but juster Jove deny'd.
Since cold in death th' offender lies: oh, spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Brass, gold and treasures, shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen every prince shall pay:
The waste of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is just"—Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd:
"All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to resist or die;
And die I trust ye shall."—He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
"Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last."
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary chief the rushing foe repress'd,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion, roll
Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness driv'd, and Hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence through his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear

To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies,
And, "Arm, great father! arm," (in haste he cries.)
"Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain."
"Haste and return," (Ulysses made reply).
"While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Lest thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost."
With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.
There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus, there:
When Agelaüs thus: "Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour town? The town shall force the door,
And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more."
Melanthius then: "That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain,
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and king."
He said; and, mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets
All arm, and sudden round the hall appears [bears:
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.
The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe,
On every side he sees the labour grow:
"Oh curst event! and, oh! unlook'd for aid!
Melanthius, or the women have betray'd—
Oh, my dear son!"—the father with a sigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:
"Falsehood is folly, and 'tis just to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haste neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has supply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn, if by female fraud this deed was done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son."
While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,
Not unobserv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side:
"The miscreant we suspected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?"
"Not so" (reply'd Ulysses) "leave him there,
For us sufficient is another care:
Within the structure of this palace wall
To keep enclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you, and seize the felon: backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by strong cords extend
And on a column near the roof suspend:
So study'd tortures his vile days shall end."
The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they pass'd,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
The brass corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd the zealous swains fulfil
At every point their master's rigid will:
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then straighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon swung from side to side.
Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain:
"There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive thy victims to the suitors' feast."
This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dangerous post
Near great Ulysses; four against an host.
When, lo! descending to our hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, war's triumphant maid:
In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side;
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cry'd:
"Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend:
Oh, every sacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole series I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all."
Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd,
And first, loud threatening, Agelaüs cry'd:
"Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid;
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the sire and son's commix thy blood.
What hop'st thou here? Thee first the sword shall slay,
Then lop thy whole posterity away;
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend;
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend."
His barbarous insult ev'n the goddess fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires;
"Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans' daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?

If this, when Helen was the cause, were done;
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son?
Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!"
She spoke; but, willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the rising fight.
Damasto's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus succeeds;
With these, Pisander, great Polyctor's son,
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: these six survive;
The best of all, the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage desperate as they stand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band.
"The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor.
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast;
The four remain, but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain;
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain."
Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls:
The storm pass'd innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began: [throw
"'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to
(So speed them Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
That impious race to all their past misdeeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds."
He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat; the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely shower;
Again made frustrate by the virgin power.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall;
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless on the pavement sounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his javelin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear glanc'd
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd the next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain:
And Polybus renown'd, the faithful swain.
Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead. [dain;
"There end thy pompous vaunts and high dis-
Oh! sharp in scandal, voluble, and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To Heaven alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear."
Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damastorides that instant fell;
Fast by, Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.
Now Pallas shines confess'd! aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle
spring.
Not half so keen fierce vultures of the chase
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quivering net:
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.
Leiodes first before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls;
"Oh gracious hear! nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undishonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
Oh! spare an augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead!"
"Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Against Ulysses have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires."
Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook;
Full through his neck the weighty falchion sped;
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,
Phemius the sweet, the Heaven-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the reverend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive, thus with accent soft began:
"O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever gentle kind;
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown;
And (what the gods bestow) the lofty lay,
The gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force, and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;

And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay,
Nor servile flattery, stain'd the moral lay."
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His sire approaches, and the bard defends.
"Oh! mix not, father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live."
Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
"O prince! O friend! lo! here thy Medon stands;
Ah! stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood."
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
"Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;
Live an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the Heaven-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires"—With timorous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of protector Jove.
Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! complete the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So when, by hollow shores, the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element and bare,
The fishes pant and gasp in thinner air!
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiffening prey,
Till the warm Sun exhales their soul away.
And now the king commands his son to call
Old Eurycléa to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays:
The aged governess with speed obeys:
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete;
A scream of joy her feeble voice assay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said—
"Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
T' insult the dead, is cruel and unjust;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind;
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou, sincere, O Eurycléa! say
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?
Then she: "In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news"—the matron cry'd.
"Not so," (Ulysses more sedate reply'd) [deeds:"
"Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty
In haste the matron parts; the king proceeds:
"Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;
Th' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.
These (every table cleans'd, and every throne,
And all the melancholy labour done)
Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust."
He said: the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.
The chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor,
Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of gore.
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the prince: "To these shall we afford
A fate so pure as by the martial sword?
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?"
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground,
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below:
Thus, on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to Hell.
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way;
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Eurycléa then address'd the king:
"Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then, the queen attend,
And let her with her matron train descend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin band,
Assemble here to learn their lord's command."
Then Eurycléa: "Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away;
Permit me first the royal robes to bring:
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king." [cries)
"Bring sulphur straight, and fire," (the monarch
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.

With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls, and blood-polluted rooms,
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

EURYCLEA awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return, and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her; but supposes some god has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.

THEN to the queen, as in repose she lay,
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful heart supply
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly. [cries:
"And sleeps my child?" the reverend matron
"Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulysses comes! the suitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day!
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!"
Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,
"Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
The righteous powers, who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,
And human thought with unresisted sway,
Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
And folly, with the tongue of wisdom, speaks:
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,
Why must I wake to grieve; and curse thy shore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is sacred, and we spare thy age."
To whom with warmth: "My soul a lie disdains;
Ulysses lives, thy own Ulysses reigns:
That stranger, patient of the suitors' wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine. Thy son his latent guest
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes."
While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung:
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,
"Say, once more say, is my Ulysses here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, though by an hero's hand?"
"I saw it not," she cries, "but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan;
The damsel-train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we sate, and catch'd each passing sound;
When death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,
And at his nod the damsel-train descends;
There terrible in arms Ulysses stood,
And the dead suitors almost swam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd the hero to survey,
Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore now with sulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires:
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—
Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy every wish the beauteous gods bestow,
Enjoy the present good and former woe;
Ulysses lives, his vanquish'd foes to see;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!"
"Ah! no;" with sighs Penelope rejoin'd;
"Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind;
How bless'd this happy hour, should he appear,
Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!
Ah! no; some god the suitor's deaths decreed,
Some god descends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated and the powers defy'd;
But Heaven is just, and by a god they dy'd.
For never must Ulysses view this shore;
Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more!"
"What words" (the matron cries) "have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That fore'd Ulysses o'er the watery way,
A boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,
And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!"
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies:
"Wise is thy soul, but errours seize the wise;
The works of gods what mortal can survey?
Who knows their motives? who shall trace their way?
But learn we instant how the suitors trod
The paths of death, by man, or by a god."
Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear descends;
At every step debates her lord to prove!
Or, rushing to his arms, confess her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in state
Oppos'd, before the shining fire she sat.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:
Amaz'd she sate, and impotent to speak;
O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus—Oh! who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?

Why thus in silence? why with winning charms
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,
When twice ten years are pass'd of mighty woes:
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,
The gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!"
"O my Telemachus!" the queen rejoin'd,
"Distracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to question; doubts on doubts arise.
Oh! deign he, if Ulysses, to remove
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!"
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
"Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king;
No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our
The homicide retreats to foreign lands; [hands,
By us, in heaps the illustrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls."
"Be that thy care," Telemachus replies,
"The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind."
"Then instant to the bath" (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the swift lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence th' eluded passengers may say,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
The suitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by Jove."
Thus spoke the king: th' observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damsels from the sprightly dance.
The voice attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobserved: the Greeks, eluded say,
"Lo the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour."
Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.
Meanwhile the weary'd king the bath ascends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er every limb a shower of fragrance sheds:
Then, dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The warrior-goddess gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by some artist, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly skill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a god he moves;
More high he treads and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing consort sate.
And, "Oh my queen!" he cries, "what power above
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!
Canst thou, Penelope, when Heaven restores
Thy lost Ulysses to his native shores,
Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey
Thy lost Ulysses, on this signal day?
Haste, Euryclea, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:
My weary nature craves the balm of rest:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breast."
"Ah! no;" she cries, "a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see
Once more Ulysses, my belov'd, in thee!
Fix'd in my soul, as when he sail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!
Haste, from the bridal bower the bed translate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dress'd in state!"
Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with disguise;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies;
"Alas, for this! what mortal strength can move
The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole Earth must move, if Heaven commands.
Then hear sure evidence, while we display [Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; an olive spread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vast as some mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and shower:
The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
And bore it, regular, from space to space:
Athwart the frame, at equal distance, lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
Then, polishing the whole, the finish'd mould
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or still inviolate the olive stands,
'Tis thine, O queen, to say: and how impart,
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart?"
While yet he speaks, her powers of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew:
The tears pour'd down amain: and, "Oh!" she cries,
"Let not against thys pouse thine anger rise! [vers'd in every turn of human art,
Oh! vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous powers, that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
Oh! let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
'Twas caution, O my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms;
Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day;
Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But Heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed
That she should wander, and that Greece should bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.

But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield! I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My fathers' present in the spousal hour,
The sole atttendant on our genial bower).
Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield."

Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores
Delightful rise, when angry Neptune roars,
Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
And gulf'd in crowds at once the sailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempest raves,
Outlives the tumults of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,
And plunging forth with transport grasps the land:
The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the rising day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:
Whose flaming steeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light."

At length Ulysses with a sigh replies:
"Yet fate, yet cruel fate, repose denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By Heaven above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tiresias through th' eternal gates
Of Hell I trod, to learn my future fates.
But end we here—The night demands repose,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a while, my woes!"

To whom the queen: "Thy word we shall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the just gods, who tread the starry plains,
Restore thee safe, since my Ulysses reigns.
But what those perils Heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.
To this the king: "Ah! why must I disclose
A dreadful story of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
When thou must learn what I must speak with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghost, thy spouse decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
The unknown instrument with strange surprise,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;
Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence swift resailing to my native shores,
Due victims slay to all th' ethereal powers.
Then Heaven decrees in peace to end my days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age resign my breath,
When late stern Neptune points the shaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
My people blessing, by my people bless'd. [play
"Such future scenes th' all-righteous powers dis-
By their dread seer[1], and such my future day."

To whom thus firm of soul: "If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While Heaven a kind release from ills foreshows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!"

But Eurycleа with dispatchful care,
And sage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Instant they bid the blazing torch display
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repose her steps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè descends;
A torch she bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.
Then instant his fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;
But in discourse the king and consort lay,
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away:
Intent he hears Penelope disclose
A mournful story of domestic woes,
His servants' insults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,
His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
And the wild riots of the suitor train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates;
All he unfolds; his listening spouse turns pale
With pleasing horrour at the dreadful tale!
Sleepless devours each word; and hears how slain
Cicons on Cicons swell th' ensanguin'd plain;
How to the land of Lote unbless'd he sails;
And images the rills, and flowery vales!
How, dash'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore;
How, the loud storms in prison bound, he sails
From friendly Æolus with prosperous gales;
Yet fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars,
And whirls him groaning from his native shores:
How, on the barbarous Læstrigonian coast,
By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;
How scarce himself surviv'd; he paints the bower,
The spells of Circe, and her magic power;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To seek Tiresias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful mansions he survey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's shade;
And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts!
Then how, unarm'd, he pass'd the Syren-coasts,
The justling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thundering waves,
The cave of Death! How his companions slay
The oxen sacred to the god of day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempest guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides:
How, struggling through the surge, he reach'd the shores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypso's bowers;
Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
How, sav'd from storms, Phæacia's coasts he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a god,
Who gave him last his country to behold,
With change of raiment, brass, and heaps of gold.

He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.
Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva rushes through the aërial way,
And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels,
Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills:
Uprose Ulysses from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch said:

[1] Tiresias.

"My queen! my consort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord: while me th' immortal powers
Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
Now, blest again by Heaven, the queen display,
And rule our palace with an equal sway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds with gifts or spoils.
But now I haste to bless Laertes' eyes
With sight of his Ulysses ere he dies;
The good old man, to wasting woes a prey,
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.
But hear, tho' wise! This morning shall unfold
The deathful scene; on heroes, heroes roll'd.
Thou with thy maids within the palace stay,
From all the scene of tumult far away."
He spoke, and sheath'd in arms incessant flies
To wake his son, and bid his friends arise.
"To arms!" aloud he cries; his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And pass the city gate; Ulysses leads the way.
Now flames the rosy dawn, but Pallas shrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIV.

ARGUMENT.

The souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.

Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day;
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.
As in the cavern of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock;
So cowering fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
And now they reach'd the Earth's remotest ends,
And now the gates where evening Sol descends,
And Leuca's rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
And now pervade the dusky land of Dreams,
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impassive semblance, images of air!
Nought else are all that shin'd on Earth before;
Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
Yet, still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd,
The rest ador'd him, towering as he trod;
Still at his side in Nestor's son survey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus still attends his shade.
New as they were to that infernal shore,
The suitors stopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides; him in pomp pursued
And solemn sadness through the gloom of Hell,
The train of those who by Ægysthus fell.
"O mighty chief!" Pelides thus began,
"Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
Com'st thou the first to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun;
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might [raise
Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?"
"O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!"
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
"Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
'Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.
Nor ceas'd the strife, till Jove himself oppos'd,
And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.
Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news thy azure mother came;
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard: and terrour seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;
But Nestor spoke, they listen'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things.)
'Forbear your flight! fair Thetis from the main,
To mourn Achilles, leads her azure train.'
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee weep.
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till seventeen nights and seventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and sable oxen slay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And, like a god adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.

Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase
(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the same urn a separate space contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys;
Where all, from age to age, who pass the coast,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts, that blaz'd against the day.
Oft have I seen, with solemn funeral games,
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, O belov'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by stern Jove at home to end my life,
By curst Ægysthus, and a faithless wife!"

Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.
On each majestic form they cast a view,
And timorous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd:
"Son of Melanthius!" (he began) "oh say!
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates' cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest: for such I was of yore,
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wintery seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war."

"O king of men! I faithful shall relate"
(Reply'd Amphimedon) "our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame:
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in delusion spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
'Ye peers,' she cry'd, 'who press to gain my heart
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space your rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest, when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'
[plies,
"The fiction pleas'd: our generous train com-
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she ply'd; but, studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.
Forc'd, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.
"Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,
Ill-fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confederate to the city and the court.
First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to every wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath t' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The scattered arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasur'd in a private room:
Then to her suitors bade his queen propose
The archer's strife: the source of future woes,
And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood:
Pour'd forth the darts that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a god!
First bleeds Antinous: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some god assisted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
"Thus, great Atrides, thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest, from yon fair realms above.
Our mingled bodies, now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor,
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead."
"Oh, bless'd Ulysses!" (thus the king express'd
His sudden rapture) "in thy consort bless'd!
Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue shin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age shall last:
The gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a poet in her praise.
Not such, O Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed:
By whose dire hand her king and husband bled:
Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread; and theme of tragic song!

The general sex shall suffer in her shame,
And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name."
Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While, from the town, Ulysses and his band
Pass'd to Laertes' cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his rustic band
And martial son, Ulysses gave command:
"Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know,
(Their light and dearest object long ago)
Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with woe!"
Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter; and he seeks the field,
Through rows of shade, with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons, were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care;
To search the woods for sets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair;
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gardener stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his sire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his reverend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul.—
Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay:
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
Then to his sire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who, digging round the plant, still hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:
"Great is thy skill, O father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On every plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Nor for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:
I read a monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd,
(Some surly islander, of manners rude)
Nor further conference vouchsaf'd to stay;
Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd:
To him seven talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff with gold;
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames."
At this the father, with a father's fears,
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)
"This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possest the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more!
Full recompense thy bounty else had borne;
For every good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd,
What years have circled since thou saw'st that
That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone! [guest?
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
Or savage beasts his mangled relics tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead:
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropp'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?"
Then thus the son: "From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
Some adverse demon from Sicania bore
Our wandering course, and drove us on your shore;
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
Ulysses parting through the sable flood;
Prosperous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair shore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more."

Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran:
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
"I, I am he! O father, rise, behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old!
Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, O my sire, restrain!
The vengeance is complete; the suitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain."
Amaz'd, Laertes: "Give some certain sign,
(If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."
"Lo here the wound," he cries, "receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,
To old Autolycus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The several trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice."
Smit with the signs, which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
"Yes, I believe," he cries, "almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and gods there are above.
'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise!"
To this Ulysses: "As the gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends."
Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And, stooping, enter'd at a lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face. [proves?
"What god," he cry'd, "my father's form im-
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!"
"Oh! would to all the deathless powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!"
(Reply'd the king, elated with his praise)
"My strength were still, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last Sun beheld the suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;
Nor had the sire been separate from the son."
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the first, the venerable man:
And next his sons, a long succeeding train.
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the sire;
They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out: "Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
Conducted sure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bless'd, thy wish'd return? Oh, say,
To the chaste queen, shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?"
"Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known," (the king reply'd,
And straight resum'd his seat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying fame the swift report had spread
Through all the city, of the suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.
Then sad in council all the seniors sate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate.
Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The first who by Ulysses' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with sighs, he thus began:
"Great deeds, O friends! this wonderous man has wrought,
And mighty blessings to his country brought.
With ships he parted and a numerous train,
Those, and their ships, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and first essays his hand
In the best blood of all his native land.
Haste then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he flies,
Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies;
Arise, (or ye for ever fall) arise!
Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!
If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead."
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd a dumb sorrow touch'd them all;

When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along,
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke);
And Medon first th' assembled chiefs bespoke:
"Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present god,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with
In vain old Mentor's form the god bely'd; [blood:
'Twas Heaven that struck, and Heaven was on his
A sudden horrour all th' assembly shook, [side."
When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke:
(Reverend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew).
"Me too, ye fathers, hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain);
An absent hero's bed they sought to soil,
An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil:
Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!
Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin—Justice will prevail."
His moderate words some better minds persuade:
They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fir'd,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspir'd.
They case their limbs in brass; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the Sun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet; Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.
This pass'd on Earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
"May I presume to search thy secret soul?
O power supreme! O ruler of the whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state,
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?
Declare thy purpose; for thy will is fate."
"Is not thy thought my own?" (the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
"Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
The chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue: since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, Heaven shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, Oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd.
Let all be peace."—He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the god:
And, prompt to execute the eternal will,
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent;
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.
Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laertes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And brazen panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended maid:
The suffering hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd:
"Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the sight)
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead."
"Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste."
So spoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;
And, "Bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day!"
he cries;
"The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of th' Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!"
Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
"Son of Arcesius, reverend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's daughter first implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air,"
She said, infusing courage with the word:
Jove and Jove's daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear;
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
Before the father and the conquering son [run.
Heaps rush on heaps; they fight,—they drop, they
Now by the sword, and now the javelin, fall
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter: Peace descends to spare."
Fear shook the nations: at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then stopp'd the goddess, trembled, and retir'd.
"Descended from the gods! Ulysses, cease;
Offend not Jove; obey, and give the peace."
So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

END OF THE ODYSSEY.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

I MUST observe with what dignity Homer concludes the Odyssey: to honour his hero, he introduces two deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who interest themselves in his cause: he then paints Ulysses in the boldest colours, as he rushes upon the enemy with the utmost intrepidity, and his courage is so un-

governable, that Jupiter is forced to restrain it with his thunder. It is usual for orators to reserve the strongest arguments for the conclusion, that they may leave them fresh upon the reader's memory; Homer uses the same conduct: he represents his hero in all his terrour, he shows him to be irresistible, and by this method leaves us fully possessed with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already observed, that the end of the action of the Odyssey is the re-establishment of Ulysses in full peace and tranquillity; this is not effected, till the defeat of the suitors' friends: and, therefore, if the poet had concluded before this event, the Odyssey had been imperfect. It was necessary that the reader should not only be informed of the return of Ulysses to his country, and the punishment of the suitors, but of his re-establishment, by a peaceful possession of his regal authority; which is not executed, till these last disorders raised by Eupithes are settled by the victory of Ulysses; and, therefore, this is the natural conclusion of the action.

This book opens with the morning, and ends before night, so that the whole story of the Odyssey is comprehended in the compass of one and forty days. Monsieur Dacier upon Aristotle remarks, that an epic poem ought not to be too long: we should be able to retain all the several parts of it at once in our memory: if we lose the idea of the beginning when we come to the conclusion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its length destroys its beauty. What seems to favour this decision is, that the Æneid, Iliad, and Odyssey, are conformable to this rule of Aristotle; and every one of those poems may be read in the compass of a single day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the Odyssey, and laid together what occurred most remarkable in this excellent poem. I am not so vain as to think these remarks free from faults; nor so disingenuous as not to confess them: all writers have occasion for indulgence, and those most who least acknowledge it. I have sometimes used Madam Dacier as she has done others, in transcribing some of her remarks without particularizing them; but, indeed, it was through inadvertency only that her name is sometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in these, or in my part of the translation, (namely, in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. His other, and much more able assistant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular request, that our several parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be distinguished from his, we ought to be the less vain; since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revisal and correction. The most experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critic can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by those of their school; when the same master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing.

I must not conclude without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our best endeavours, which have contributed at least to his more speedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I must ascribe it to his friendship, in transmitting it to posterity by a participation in his labours. May the sense I have of this, and other instances of that friendship, be known as long as his name will cause mine to last: and may I to this end be permitted, at the conclusion of a work, which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inscription memorial of it:

ON THE ODYSSEY.

Let vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone:
Mere mortals! subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of Earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which worth alone can raise:
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:
Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
Then sink together, in the world's last fires,
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inspires.
If aught on Earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead:
Shakespeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now every scene with native brightness shines;
Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time [invades,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all-extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by Heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the towers of Heaven, Earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.

Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.
Proceed, great bard! awake th' harmonious [string.
Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
How long[1] that hero by unskilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robe, a beggar trod our lands:
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost?
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind,
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a god he moves.
Even I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Adventurous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like their's, our friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united—For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.
This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,
While hovering angels listen on the wing,
To hear from Earth, such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
Or, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath thy sway to bend;
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY MR. POPE.

I CANNOT dismiss this work without a few observations on the character and style of it. Whoever reads the Odyssey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of criticism, which is, to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyssey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person,

Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis, [hospes:
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, &
Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.

The Odyssey is the reverse of the Iliad, in moral, subject, manner, and style; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connection many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as *Longinus* seems not wholly free from it; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyssey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

"The Odyssey" (says he) "is an instance, how natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in narrations and fables. For that Homer composed the Odyssey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence, in my judgment, it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written while his spirit was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater part of the Odyssey is employed in narration, which is the taste of old age: so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting Sun, which has still the same greatness, but not the same ardour, or force. He speaks not in the same strain: we see no more that sublime of the Iliad, which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded: there appears no more that hurry, and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another: there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But Homer, like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest, and loses himself most in narrations and incredible fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the description of tempests, the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and many others. But, though all this be age, it is the age of Homer—And it may be said for the credit of these fictions, that they are beautiful dreams, or, if you will, the dreams of Jupiter himself. I spoke of the Odyssey only to show, that the greatest poets, when their genius wants strength and warmth for the pathetic, for the most part employ themselves in painting the manners. This Homer has done in characterising the suitors, and describing their way of life: which is properly a branch of comedy, whose peculiar business is to represent the manners of men."

We must first observe, it is the sublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the fire and sublimity of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the elevated spirit of the one, or the just moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury, of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus

[1] Odyssey, Lib. XVI.

breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense,

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad; but he does not say it wants the sublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a masterpiece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the sublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it; and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam Dacier observes) composed the Odyssey in his youth and the Iliad in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The Battle of Constantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquility, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been *im*perfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the poet or painter be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epistle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus: and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very fictions, and pictures of the manners, which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the Iliad.

In some points (and those the most essential to the epic poem) the Odyssey is confessed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the fable is also what the critics allow to be the better model for epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the cast of this poem than of the other in the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the Telemachus. In the manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix, nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of those of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyssey. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had suffered any decay; we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similiar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious, and as various.

The Odyssey is a perpetual source of poetry: the stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The Odyssey (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design, not with an eye to the Iliad. To censure Homer, because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is as if a gardener, who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this poem was "partly of the nature of comedy," ought not, for that very reason, to have considered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any such resemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that, although the character of Ulysses was there already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him not in that full light of glory, but *in the* shade of *common life*, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypso, though a goddess, is a character of intrigue; the suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians

are of the same cast; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we shall form an idea of the style. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complection of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyssey is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description, even of a low action. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil: and, perhaps, those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style, without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the Georgics: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore they may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follow: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expressson for low actions or thoughts, is the true sublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for epic poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock epic. It is so far from being the sublime of tragedy, that it is the cause of all bombast; when poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian: that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it, and which is not speaking, but vociferating.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in epic poetry than in tragic, to distinguish between that language of the gods proper to the Muse who sings, and is inspired: and that of men who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Further, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but less grave and majestic, and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of Tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of Rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments; which indeed fits only that language of the gods we have been speaking of, or that of a Muse under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an epic poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The sublime style is more easily counterfeited than the natural; something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony, (which are all the qualities of style) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest; nay,

sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear and harmonious. He shows not less invention, in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less judgment, in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the sublime are divided, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple narrative its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself I cannot pretend to determine; but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be, disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language, which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe, that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use; and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working of old abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality, requisite to a new work; I mean, without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not copies but caricaturas of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured contrary to the practice of all other epic poets, to imitate Homer's lownesses in the narrative, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the dramatic parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this, certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present translation, great pains have been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errours had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprise the Odyssey; I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this postscript here: but since I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last oppor-

tunity to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madam Dacier bestowed on the first part of my preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of *that* poem[1].

To write gravely an answer to them, would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Eustathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet; and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this however has happened; and Madam Dacier's criticisms on my preface flow from the very same errour, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean, the errour of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of criticism, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur de la Motte presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some French authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our island-tongue was as necessary to Madam Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monsieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles blind censurers, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censurers might have known of Homer's even from the translation of la Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleased me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to combat two or three similies; and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I will, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similies, taken by themselves, may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenour of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say, more than once, the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, or some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herself in those very articles on which she treats me like an heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer opinions, and she delivers doctrines; that my imagination represents Homer as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer against me, who, (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similies, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said the manners of those times were so much the better, the less they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confessed that in my opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well; but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting, or (if you will) stealing her sentiment. The truth is, she might have said her words, for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: though

[1] Second edition, à Paris, 1719.

I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in Eustathius, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark; only that in the first part of it, Madam Dacier is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in English: "Homer," I said, "opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;" which he translates, "Homere crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable."

Madam Dacier justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the translator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words. "If Homer was not the first who introduced the deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in Aristotle, and she is pleased to send me back to this philosopher's treatise of Poetry, and to her preface on the Odyssey, for my better instruction. Now though I am saucy enough to think that one may sometimes differ from Aristotle without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an errour by following him servilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never said, is a blunder; (but, by the way, to correct an author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder.) My words were these: "As there is a greater variety of characters in the Iliad than in any other poem, so there is of speeches. Every thing in it has manners, as Aristotle expresses it; that is, every thing is acted or spoken: very little passes in narration." She justly says, that "Every thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners merely because it is acted or spoken." Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners, since Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occasion of showing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, "Every thing has manners, as Aristotle calls them." But such a fault methinks might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes Eustathius call Cratisthenes the Phliasian, Callisthenes the Physician[2]. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material passage in the speech of Helen to Hector[3], Iliad vi. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much Greek, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of Homer as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been suspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in triumph proceed not from his friends but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of "correcting Homer, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution." It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own, that, as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of Homer. We stedfastly and unanimously believe, both his poem, and our constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any French or Englishman whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam Dacier mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

[2] Dacier Remarques sur le 4me livre de l' Odyss. p. 476.

[3] De la Corruption du Goût.

THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.

VERSES TO MR. DRYDEN.

TO

MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verse I see,
The pompous scene charms my admiring eye:
There different beauties in perfection meet;
The thoughts as proper, as the numbers sweet:
And when wild fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment steps in, and moderates her flight.
Wisely he manages his wealthy store,
Still says enough, and yet implies still more:
For though the weighty sense be closely wrought,
The reader's left to improve the pleasing thought.
Hence we despair to see an English dress
Should e'er his nervous energy express;
For who could that in fetter'd rhyme enclose,
Which without loss can scarce be told in prose!
But you, great Sir, his manly genius raise;
And make your copy share an equal praise.
Oh how I see thee in soft scenes of love,
Renew those passions he alone could move!
Here Cupid's charms are with new art exprest,
And pale Elisa leaves her peaceful rest:
Leaves her Elysium, as if glad to live,
To love, and wish, to sigh, despair, and grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.
Nor does the mighty Trojan less appear
Than Mars himself amidst the storms of war.
Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
And, though unwounded, seem to feel their fate.
Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
With barbarous spite, prophan'd his sacred page.
The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
Wrested his sense, and cramp'd his vigorous style;
No time, no pains, the drudging pedants spare;
But still his shoulders must the burden bear.
While through the mazes of their comments led,
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet, through these shades of undistinguish'd night
Appear'd some glimmering intervals of light;
Till mangled by a vile translating sect,
Like babes by witches in effigy rackt;
Till Ogleby, mature in dulness, rose,
And Holborn doggrel, and low chiming prose,
His strength and beauty did at once depose.
But now the magic spell is at an end,
Since ev'n the dead in you hath found a friend;
You free the bard from rude oppressors' power,
And grace his verse with charms unknown before:
He, doubly thus oblig'd, must doubting stand,
Which chiefly should his gratitude command;
Whether should claim the tribute of his heart,
The patron's bounty, or the poet's art.
Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The Roman genius in thy verse renew'd:
We saw thee raise soft Ovid's amorous fire,
And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
We saw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
And crabbed Perseus made politely plain:
Virgil alone was thought too great a task;
What you could scarce perform, or we durst ask:
A task! which Waller's Muse could ne'er engage;
A task! too hard for Denham's stronger rage:
Sure of success they some slight sallies try'd,
But the fenc'd coast their bold attempts defy'd.
With fear their o'ermatch'd forces back they drew,
Quitted the province fate reserv'd for you.
In vain thus Philip did the Persians storm;
A work his son was destin'd to perform.
"O had Roscommon liv'd to hail the day,
And sing loud Pæans through the crowded way;
When you in Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near:"
The happy author would with wonder see,
His rules were only prophecies of thee:
And were he now to give translators light,
He'd bid them only read thy work, and write.
For this great task our loud applause is due;
We own old favours, but must press for new:
Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,
To right his injur'd works, and set them free
From the lewd rhymes of groveling Ogleby.
Then shall his verse in grateful pomp appear,
Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar;
On those Greek cities we shall look with scorn,
And in our Britain think the poet born.

TO

MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WE read, how dreams and visions heretofore
The prophet and the poet could inspire;
And make them in unusual rapture soar,
With rage divine, and with poetic fire.

O could I find it now;—would Virgil's shade
But for a while vouchsafe to bear the light;
To grace my numbers, and that Muse to aid,
Who sings the poet that has done him right,

It long has been this sacred author's fate,
To lie at every dull translator's will; [weight
Long, long his Muse has groan'd beneath the
Of mangling Ogleby's presumptuous quill.

Dryden, at last, in his defence arose;
The father now is righted by the son:
And while his Muse endeavours to disclose
That poet's beauties, she declares her own.

In your smooth, pompous numbers drest, each line,
Each thought, betrays such a majestic touch;
He could not, had he finish'd his design,
Have wish'd it better, or have done so much.

You, like his hero, though yourself were free,
And disentangled from the war of wit;
You, who secure might other dangers see,
And safe from all malicious censures sit.

Yet because sacred Virgil's noble Muse,
O'erlay'd by fools, was ready to expire:
To risk your fame again, you boldly chuse,
Or to redeem, or perish with your sire.

Ev'n first and last, we owe him half to you,
For that his Æneids miss'd their threaten'd fate,
Was—that his friends by some prediction knew,
Hereafter, who correcting should translate.

But hold, my Muse, thy needless flight restrain,
Unless, like him, thou couldst a verse indite:
To think his fancy to describe is vain,
Since nothing can discover light, but light.

'Tis want of genius that does more deny:
'Tis fear my praise should make your glory less.
And therefore, like the modest painter, I
Must draw the veil, where I cannot express.

HENRY GRAHME.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

No undisputed monarch govern'd yet
With universal sway the realms of wit;
Nature could never such expense afford;
Each several province own'd a several lord.
A poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muse embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the stale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy lessen'd, and his fire destroy'd.
But Nature, grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treasures did adorn your mind.
The different powers were then united found,
And you wit's universal monarch crown'd.
Your mighty sway your great desert secures,
And every Muse and every Grace is yours,
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
Sated with this, you to another fly.
So sultan-like in your seraglio stand,
While wishing Muses wait for your command.
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
Sublime your fancy, boundless is your mind.
Not all the blasts of time can do you wrong;
Young, spite of age; in spite of weakness, strong
Time, like Alcides, strikes you to the ground:
You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. ST. JOHN

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS VIRGIL.

'Tis said that Phidias gave such living grace
To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
That the cold marble might even seem to be
The life; and the true life, the imagery.

You pass'd that artist, sir, and all his power,
Making the best of Roman poets ours;
With such effect, we know not which to call
The imitation, which th' original.

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight,
The charming beauty of the coin no less;
And such the majesty of your impress,
You seem the very author you translate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving destiny constrain
To dress his thoughts in English o'er again,
Himself could write no otherwise than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now; Romans and Greeks, submit,
Something of late is in our language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd Iliads were.

JA. WALSH

WORKS OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.

PASTORALS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HUGH LORD CLIFFORD,

BARON OF CHUDLEIGH.

MY LORD,

I HAVE found it not more difficult to translate Virgil, than to find such patrons as I desire for my translation. For though England is not wanting in a learned nobility, yet such are my unhappy circumstances, that they have confined me to a narrow choice. To the greater part, I have not the honour to be known; and to some of them I cannot show at present, by any public act, that grateful respect which I shall ever bear them in my heart. Yet I have no reason to complain of fortune, since, in the midst of that abundance I could not possibly have chosen better, than the worthy son of so illustrious a father. He was the patron of my manhood, when I flourished in the opinion of the world; though with small advantage to my fortune, till he awakened the remembrance of my royal master. He was that Pollio, or that Varus, who introduced me to Augustus: and though he soon dismissed himself from state-affairs, yet in the short time of his administration he shone so powerfully upon me, that, like the heat of a Russian summer, he ripened the fruits of poetry in a cold climate; and gave me wherewithal to subsist at least, in the long winter which succeeded. What I now offer to your lordship is the wretched remainder of a sickly age, worn out with study, and oppressed by fortune: without other support than the constancy and patience of a Christian. You, my lord, are yet in the flower of your youth, and may live to enjoy the benefits of the peace which is promised Europe. I can only bear of that blessing: for years, and, above all things, want of health, have shut me out from sharing in the happiness. The poets, who condemn their Tantalus to Hell, had added to his torments, if they had placed him in Elysium, which is the proper emblem of my condition. The fruit and the water may reach my lips, but cannot enter: and if they could, yet I want a palate as well as a digestion. But it is some kind of pleasure to me, to please those whom I respect. And I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may give your lordship some delight, though made English by one, who scarce remembers that passion which inspired my author when he wrote them. These were his first essay in poetry, (if the Ceiras was not his:) and it was more excuseable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old. He died at the age of fifty-two, and I begin this work in my great climacteric. But having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any modern language. And though this version is not void of errours, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent, in those Eclogues, wherein my master has raised himself above that humble style in which pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the education and converse of shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth preluding to his Georgics, and his Æneis. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight. Yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty, as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by his subject to descend, he came down gently circling in the air, and singing

to the ground. Like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights: still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and tuning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth Pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first he contains himself within his bounds; but addressing to Pollio, his great patron, and himself no vulgar poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is sublimity. Putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sibyl, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the Paulo Majora, which begins his fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an express command to a youthful courage which presages victory in the attempt? Encouraged with success, he proceeds farther in the sixth, and invades the province of philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing of wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus. In his eighth Eclogue, he has innovated nothing; the former part of it being the complaint and despair of a forsaken lover: the latter a charm of an enchantress, to renew a lost affection. But the complaint perhaps contains some topics which are above the condition of his persons; and our author seems to have made his herdsmen somewhat too learned for their profession: the charms are also of the same nature; but both were copied from Theocritus, and had received the applause of former ages in their original. There is a kind of rusticity in all those pompous verses; somewhat of a holiday shepherd strutting in his country buskins. The like may be observed, both in the Pollio, and the Silenus; where the similitudes are drawn from the woods and meadows. They seem to me to represent our poet betwixt a farmer and a courtier, when he left Mantua for Rome, and dressed himself in his best habit to appear before his patron: somewhat too fine for the place from whence he came, and yet retaining part of its simplicity. In the ninth Pastoral he collects some beautiful passages, which were scattered in Theocritus, which he could not insert into any of his former Eclogues, and yet was unwilling they should be lost. In all the rest he is equal to his Sicilian master, and observes like him a just decorum, both of the subject and the persons. As particularly in the third Pastoral, where one of his shepherds describes a bowl, or mazer, curiously carved.

In medio duo signa: Conon, et quis fuit alter
Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem.

He remembers only the name of Conon, and forgets the other on set purpose (whether he means Anaximander or Eudoxus I dispute not); but he was certainly forgotten, to show his country swain was no great scholar.

After all, I must confess that the boorish dialect of Theocritus has a secret charm in it, which the Roman language cannot imitate, though Virgil has drawn it down as low as possibly he could: as in the Cujum Pecus, and some other words, for which he was so unjustly blamed by the bad critics of his age, who could not see the beauties of that Merum Rus, which the poet described in those expressions. But Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted pastoral into his own country; and brought it there to bear as happily as the cherry-trees which Lucullus brought from Pontus.

Our own nation has produced a third poet in this kind, not inferior to the two former. For the Shepherd's Calendar of Spenser is not to be matched in any modern language. Not even by Tasso's Amyntas, which infinitely transcends Guarini's Pastor Fido, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning. I will say nothing of the Piscatory Eclogues, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. It is no wonder that rolling down through so many barbarous ages, from the spring of Virgil, it bears along with it the filth and ordure of the Goths and Vandals. Neither will I mention Monsieur Fontenelle, the living glory of the French. It is enough for him to have excelled his master Lucian, without attempting to compare our miserable age with that of Virgil or Theocritus. Let me only add, for his reputation,

——Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hâc defensa fuissent.

But Spenser being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners.

My lord, I know to whom I dedicate: and could not have been induced by any motive to put this part of Virgil, or any other into unlearned hands.

You have read him with pleasure, and I dare say, with admiration, in the Latin, of which you are a master. You have added to your natural endowments, which, without flattery, are eminent, the superstructures of study, and the knowledge of good authors. Courage, probity, and humanity are inherent in you. These virtues have ever been habitual to the ancient house of Cumberland, from whence you are descended, and of which our chronicles make so honourable mention in the long wars betwixt the rival families of York and Lancaster. Your forefathers have asserted the party which they chose till death, and died for its defence in the fields of battle. You have besides the fresh remembrance of your noble father; from whom you never can degenerate.

——Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

It being almost morally impossible for you to be other than you are by kind; I need neither praise nor incite your virtue. You are acquainted with the Roman history, and know without my information that patronage and clientship always descended from the fathers to the sons, and that the same plebeian houses had recourse to the same patrician line, which had formerly protected them; and followed their principles and fortunes to the last. So that I am your lordship's by descent, and part of your inheritance. And the natural inclination which I have to serve you, adds to your paternal right, for I was wholly yours from the first moment when I had the happiness and honour of being known to you. Be pleased therefore to accept the rudiments of Virgil's poetry: coarsely translated, I confess, but which yet retains some beauties of the author, which neither the barbarity of our language, nor my unskilfulness, could so much sully, but that they sometimes appear in the dim mirror which I hold before you. The subject is not unsuitable to your youth, which allows you yet to love, and is proper to your present scene of life. Rural recreations abroad, and books at home, are the innocent pleasures of a man who is early wise; and gives fortune no more hold of him, than of necessity he must. It is good, on some occasions, to think beforehand as little as we can; to enjoy as much of the present as will not endanger our futurity, and to provide ourselves with the virtuoso's saddle, which will be sure to amble, when the world is upon the hardest trot. What I humbly offer to your lordship is of this nature. I wish it pleasant, and am sure it is innocent. May you ever continue your esteem for Virgil; and not lessen it for the faults of his translator; who is, with all manner of respect and sense of gratitude,

my lord,
your lordship's
most humble and
most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST PASTORAL;
OR,
TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and as an instance of his gratitude composed the following pastoral; where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

Beneath the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan Muse:
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home:
While stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves;
And Amaryllis fills the shady groves.

TIT. These blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd:
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes:
And this you see I scarcely drag along,
Who, yeaning on the rocks, has left her young;
(The hope and promise of my failing fold.)
My loss by dire portents the gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have seen
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left presag'd the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.

So kids and whelps their sires and dams express:
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.

MEL. What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome? [slow to come:

TIT. Freedom, which came at length, though
Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amaryllis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went. [mourn;

MEL. We stood amaz'd to see your mistress
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whispering pines made vows for thy return.

TIT. What should I do? while here I was en-
No glimpse of godlike liberty remain'd; [chain'd,
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man! whose farm remains
For you sufficient, and requites your pains.
Though rushes overspread the neighbouring plains,
Though here the marshy grounds approach your
And there the soil a stony harvest yields, [fields,
Your teaming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor fear a rot from tainted company.
Behold yon bordering fence of sallow trees [bees:
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with
The busy bees with a soft murmuring strain
Invite to gentle sleep the labouring swain.
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural songs
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stockdoves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TIT. Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink:
Ere I, forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth. [known,

MEL. But we must beg our bread in climes un-
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone.
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold;
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.
The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rolling years return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?
Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our own!
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow? [flow!
Good Heaven, what dire effects from civil discord
Now let me graft my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewel my pastures, my paternal stock;
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
No more extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after, on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air.
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu!

TIT. This night, at least, with me forget your care;
Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare:
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.
For see yon sunny hill the shade extends:
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

THE SECOND PASTORAL;

OR,

ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome armour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
"Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
And must I die unpitied, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats:
While in the scorching Sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,
The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fry with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Amaryllis and her haughty reign,
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass:
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn: nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow:

What stores my dairies and my folds contain;
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain:
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails:
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were still, and if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
O leave the noisy town, O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browzing goats:
To pipe and sing, and in our country strain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join, with wax, unequal reeds,
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
Nor scorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damætas gave:
And said, 'This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deserv'st it after me.'
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward lift,
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.
Besides two kids that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And these shall be companions of thy play.
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies' head;
The short narcissus, and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell;
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue.
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myself will search our planted grounds at home,
For downy peaches and the glossy plum:
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amaryllis us'd to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree;
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy swain,
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolus yield, but offer more.
What have I done to name that wealthy swain,
So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring;
And southern winds to blast my flowery spring.
Ah cruel creature, whom dost thou despise?
The gods to live in woods have left the skies.
And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd Œnone's love.
In cities which she built, let Pallas reign;
Towers are for gods, but forests for the swain.
The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse:
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
All follow several games, and each his own.
See from afar the fields no longer smoke,
The sweating steers, unharness'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The shadows lengthen as the Sun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove;
Ah, cruel Heaven! that made no cure for love!
I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain:
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd,
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire:
Mind what the common wants of life require:
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an easier love, though not so fair."

THE THIRD PASTORAL;

OR,

PALÆMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at a song; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALÆMON.

MENALCAS.

Ho, swain, what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave them me to keep.

MEN. Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour:
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the dams;
And of their mother's dugs, the starving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young catamite, at least to men:
We know who did your business, how, and when.
And in what chapel too you play'd your prize;
And what the goats observ'd with leering eyes:
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there your safety lies.

MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the leys;
Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays.

DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts you broke:
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for mischief, you had dy'd for spite.

MEN. What nonsense would the fool, thy master, prate,
When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate!
Did I not see you, rascal, did I not?
When you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat?
His mongrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, "There, there he goes, stop, stop the thief!"
Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAM. An honest man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.

A solemn match was made; he lost the prize.
Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not; if he does, he lies.
MEN. Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was so prophan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:
Dunce at the best; in streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.
DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay;
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day:
And twice besides her beastings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail:
Now back your singing with an equal stake.
MEN. That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common stock?
A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my henpecked sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a-day the milky dams;
At once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
But since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay,
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd, of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made;
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The ivy's stem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
In various shapes around the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear;
Conon, and, what's his name who made the sphere,
And show'd the seasons of the sliding year,
Instructed in his trade the labouring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain?
DAM. And I have two, to match your pair, at home;
The wood the same, from the same hand they come:
The kimbo handles seem with bearsfoot carv'd;
And never yet to table have been serv'd:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove:
But these, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I set to stake.
MEN. No more delays, vain boaster, but begin:
I prophesy beforehand I shall win.
Palæmon shall be judge how ill you rhyme:
I'll teach you how to brag another time.
DAM. Rhymer, come on, and do the worst you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With silence, neighbour, and attention wait:
For 'tis a business of a high debate.
PAL. Sing then; the shade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloth'd with leaves, the fields with grass;
The blossoms blow; the birds on bushes sing;
And nature has accomplish'd all the spring.
The challenge to Damætas shall belong.
Menalcas shall sustain his under-song:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.
DAM. From the great father of the gods above
My Muse begins; for all is full of Jove;
To Jove the care of Heaven and Earth belongs;
My flocks he blesses, and he loves my songs.
MEN. Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muse inspires;
And in her songs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him the god of shepherds and their sheep,
My blushing hyacinths and my bays I keep.
DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies:
And wishes to be seen, before she flies.
MEN. But fair Amyntas comes unask'd to me,
And offers love; and sits upon my knee;
Not Delia to my dogs is known so well as he.
DAM. To the dear mistress of my lovesick mind,
Her swain a pretty present has design'd:
I saw two stockdoves billing, and ere long
Will take the nest, and hers shall be the young.
MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And stood on tiptoes, reaching from the ground;
I sent Amyntas all my present store;
And will, to morrow, send as many more.
DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all she said and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to Heaven her accents bear!
Such words as Heaven alone is fit to hear.
MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when absent from my sight!
I hold the nets, while you pursue the prey;
And must not share the dangers of the day.
DAM. I keep my birth-day: send my Phillis home;
At shearing-time, Iolas, you may come.
MEN. With Phyllis I am more in grace than you:
Her sorrow did my parting steps pursue:
"Adieu, my dear," she said, "a long adieu!
DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and storms, and winter-wind.
MEN. The kids with pleasure browse the bushy plain,
The showers are grateful to the swelling grain:
To teeming ewes the sallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.
DAM. Pollio my rural verse vouchsafes to read:
A heifer, Muses, for your patron, breed.
MEN. My Pollio writes himself; a bull he bred
With spurning heels, and with a butting head.
DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muse admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full desires.
Let myrrh instead of thorn his fences fill;
And showers of honey from his oaks distil.
MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The same ill taste of sense would serve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and shear the swine.
DAM. Ye boys, who pluck the flowers, and spoil the spring,
Beware the secret snake that shoots a sting.
MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly sheep,
The ground is false, the running streams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.
DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and sling your hook;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow brook.
MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milkmaid tugs an empty teat.
DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous pasture come!
But love, that drains the herd, destroys the groom.
MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look so thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their skin.
What magic has bewitch'd the woolly dams,
And what ill eyes beheld the tender lambs?

DAM. Say, where the round of Heaven, which all contains,
To three short ells on Earth our sight restrains:
Tell that, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.
MEN. Nay, tell me first, in what new region springs
A flower that bears inscrib'd the names of kings:
And thou shalt gain a present as divine
As Phœbus' self: for Phyllis shall be thine.
PAL. So nice a difference in your singing lies,
That both have won, or both deserv'd, the prize.
Rest equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter-sweets and pleasing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain:
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL;

OR,

POLLIO.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the son of Pollio, born in the consulship of his father, after the taking of Salonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verses are translated from one of the Sibyls, who prophesied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain!
Though lowly shrubs and trees, that shade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from Heaven descends:
O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains;
And haste the glorious birth: thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face!
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace;
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.
The father banish'd virtue shall restore,
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs, (the promises of spring)
As her first offerings to her infant king.
The goats, with strutting dugs, shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd;
The serpent's brood shall die: the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear,
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise;
Unlabour'd harvests shall the fields adorn,
And cluster'd grapes shall blush on every thorn.
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.
Yet of old fraud some footsteps shall remain,
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities shall with walls be compass'd round;
And sharpen'd shares shall vex the fruitful ground,
Another Typhis shall new seas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian shore.
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego;
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware;
For every soil shall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen shall disjoin,
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruninghook the vine,
Nor wool shall in dissembled colours shine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celestial seed! O foster-son of Jove!
See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main;
See, to their base restor'd, earth, seas, and air,
And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear,
To sing thy praise, would Heaven my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song;
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;
Though each his heavenly parent should inspire;
The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
Begin, auspicious boy, to cast about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a smile, thy mother single out;
Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail to requite.
Then smile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL;

OR,

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MOPSUS and Menalcas, two very expert shepherds at a song, begin one by consent to the memory of Daphnis; who is supposed, by the best critics, to represent Julius Cæsar. Mopsus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole eclogue consisting of an elegy and an apotheosis.

MENALCAS.

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,

Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?
MOPS. Whether you please that sylvan scene to take,
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make:
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?
MEN. Your merit and your years command the choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.
MOPS. What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?
MEN. Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays:
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.
MOPS. Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ:
I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.
MEN. Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.
MOPS. No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.
She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and, furious with despair,
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair:
Accusing all the gods, and every star.
The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,
They cast the sound to Libya's desert shore;
The Libyan lions hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear;
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain;
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:
So bright a splendour, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
When envious fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain;
No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn.
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the plain;
Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
And softly let the running waters glide,
A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
With this inscription to record his praise:
"Daphnis, the field's delight, the shepherd's love,
Renown'd on Earth, and deify'd above,
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains."
MEN. O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming, to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain, with cares oppress,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest:
As to the fev'rish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was so good to love whate'er was mine.
MOPS. How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.
MEN. Daphnis, the guest of Heaven, with wondering eyes,
Views in the milky way the starry skies.
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with cheerful cries the woods resound;
The purple spring arrays the various ground;
The nymphs and shepherds dance; and Pan himself is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils:
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting Nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted god.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold four hallow'd altars we design;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.
The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine;
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire; by summer in the shade.
Damœtas shall perform the rites divine:
And Lyctian Ægon in the song shall join.
Alphesibeus, tripping, shall advance;
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.
When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we survey:
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods;
While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew,
Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
Such annual honours shall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear, and shalt condemn thy suppliants to their vow.
MOPS. What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find!
Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
That play thro' trembling trees, delight me more;
Nor murmuring billows on the sounding shore;
Nor winding streams, that through the valley glide,
And the scarce cover'd pebbles gently chide.
Receive you first this tuneful pipe; the same
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
The same that sung Neæra's conquering eyes;
And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

MOPS. Accept from me this sheep-hook, in exchange,
The handle brass, the knobs in equal range;
Antigenes with kisses often try'd
To beg this present in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuse to his request,
Is yours unask'd, for you deserve it best.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL;

OR,

SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasylus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this pastoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song, in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happened in Nature since her birth. This pastoral was designed as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains:
Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan plains.
But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles, sung;
Apollo check'd my pride: and bade me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admonish'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars,
My pastoral Muse her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninspir'd she sings.
For all who read, and, reading, not disdain
These rural poems, and their lowly strain,
The name of Varus, oft inscrib'd shall see,
In every grove, and every vocal tree;
And all the sylvan reign shall sing of thee,
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muses known,
Shall in the front of every page be shown;
For he who sings thy praise, secures his own.
Proceed, my Muse: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his ease, their sire Silenus found.
Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him snoring in his dark abode;
And seiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His rosy wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boast the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unstring, and bind his hands:
For, by the fraudful god deluded long,
They now resolve to have their promis'd song.
Ægle came in, to make their party good;
The fairest Nais of the neighbouring flood,
And, while he stares around, with stupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples, dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a smile, demands
On what design the boys had bound his hands.
"Loose me!" he cry'd; "'twas impudence to find
A sleeping god, 'tis sacrilege to bind.
To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
The nymph shall be rewarded in her way."
He rais'd his voice; and soon a numerous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the song;
And sylvan Fauns, and savage beasts, advanced,
And nodding forests to the numbers danced.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper silence, or with more regard.
He sung the secret seeds of Nature's frame;
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiffening by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding seas.
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose;
And a new sun to the new world arose.
And mists, condens'd to clouds, obscure the sky;
And clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty ground supply.
The rising trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the savage race,
Yet few, and strangers, in th' unpeopled place.
From hence the birth of man the song pursued,
And how the world was lost, and how renew'd.
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage.
The cries of Argonauts for Hylas drown'd;
With whose repeated name the shores resound.
Then mourns the madness of the Cretan queen:
Happy for her, if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, seiz'd thy breast?
The maids of Argos (though with rage possess'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet shunn'd the guilt of thy preposterous love.
Nor sought the youthful husband of the herd,
Though labouring yokes on their own necks they fear'd; [heads rear'd.
And felt for budding horns on their smooth fore-
Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathless wood,
While on a flowery bank he chews the cud:
Or sleeps in shades, or through the forest roves;
And roars with anguish for his absent loves.
Ye nymphs, with toils his forest-walk surround,
And trace his wandering footsteps on the ground.
But ah! perhaps my passion he disdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We search th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
While they at home sustain his happy load.
He sung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the sex, betray'd:
The sister's mourning for the brother's loss;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moss.
How each a rising alder now appears:
And o'er the Po distils her gummy tears.
Then sung, how Gallus, by a Muse's hand,
Was led and welcom'd to the sacred strand,
The senate, rising to salute their guest;
And Linus thus their gratitude express'd;
"Receive this present, by the Muses made;
The pipe on which th' Ascræan pastor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain ashes to the plain.
Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble stood,

On this his ancient oracles rehearse,
And with new numbers grace the god of verse.
Why should I sing the double Scylla's fate,
The first by love transform'd, the last by hate.
A beauteous maid above, but magic arts,
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
What vengeance on the passing fleet she pour'd,
The master frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then ravish'd Philomel the song express'd;
The crime reveal'd; the sisters' cruel feast:
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
While Progne makes on chimney-tops her moan;
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever songs besides, the Delphian god
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
Silenus sung: the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the skies the sacred sound.
And now the setting Sun had warn'd the swain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet still th' unweary'd sire pursues the tuneful strain,
Till unperceiv'd the Heavens with stars were hung:
And sudden night surpris'd the yet unfinish'd song.

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL;

OR,

MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a sharp poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon; at which he himself and Daphnis were present: who both declared for Corydon.

Beneath a holm, repair'd two jolly swains;
Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains;
Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing, and answer as the song requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle seat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I inquir'd; he, smiling, said,
"Dismiss your fear," and pointed where he fed.
"And, if no greater cares disturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time, will seek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds:
And see from yon old oak, that mates the skies,
How black the clouds of swarming bees arise."
What should I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor absent Phyllis could my care supply,
To house, and feed by hand, my weaning lambs,
And drain the strutting udders of their dams?
Great was the strife betwixt the singing swains:
And I preferr'd my pleasure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions chose:
These Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrsis those.
COR. Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my numbers, and inspire my song.
With all my Codrus O inspire my breast,
For Codrus, after Phœbus, sings the best.
Or if my wishes have presum'd too high,
And stretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praise of artful numbers I resign:
And hang my pipe upon the sacred pine.
THYR. Arcadian swains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths: though surly Codrus frown.
Or if he blast my Muse with envious praise,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays:
Lest his ill arts, or his malicious tongue,
Should poison or bewitch my growing song.
COR. These branches of a stag, this tusky boar,
(The first essay of arms untry'd before)
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy shrine;
But speed his hunting with thy power divine.
Thy statue then of Parian stone shall stand;
Thy legs in buskins with a purple band.
THYR. This bowl of milk, these cakes, (our country fare)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Because a little garden is thy care.
But if the falling lambs increase my fold,
Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold.
COR. Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,
O, whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.
Come when my lated sheep at night return;
And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.
THYR. May I become as abject in thy sight,
As seaweed on the shore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and so monstrous let thy swain appear,
If one day's absence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field, for shame; the flock deserves
No better feeding, while the shepherd starves.
COR. Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,
Ye trees, whose leafy shades those mossy fountains keep,
Defend my flock; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.
THYR. With heapy fires our cheerful hearth is crown'd;
And firs for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.
COR. Our woods with juniper and chesnuts crown'd,
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores around.
But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.
THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.
COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall compare.
THYR. The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods:

But if my Lycidas will ease my pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.

MEL. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE EIGHTH PASTORAL;

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesiboeus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some enchantress, who endeavoured, by her spells and magic, to make Daphnis in love with her.

The mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The love rejected, and the lover's pains,
To which the savage lynxes listening stood,
The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood:
The hungry herd their needful food refuse;
Of two despairing swains I sing the mournful Muse.
Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast;
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me:
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine,
Thine was my earliest Muse; my latest shall be thine.
Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew;
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:
"Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come, Lucifer, drive on the lagging day?
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore;
Witness, ye powers, by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain;
Yet shall my dying breath to Heaven complain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
"The pines of Mænalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their god complain;
Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
"Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair!
Now griffons join with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst asswage
Promiscuous at the spring: prepare the lights,
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys,
For thee the Sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
"O, Nisa! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd;
For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eyebrows, and my shaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon sighs, and sings in vain:
While Nisa thinks no god regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
"I view'd thee first, how fatal was the view!
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
Then scarce the bending branches I could win,
The callow down began to clothe my chin;
I saw, I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
"I know thee, Love; in deserts thou wert bred;
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed:
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.
"Relentless love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to shed:
Love lent the sword; the mother struck the blow;
Inhuman she; but more unhappy thou.
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.
"Old doting Nature, change thy course anew:
And let the trembling lamb the wolf pursue:
Let oaks now glitter with Hesperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder shoot.
Fat amber let the tamarisk distil:
And hooting owls contend with swans in skill.
Hoarse Tityrus strive with Orpheus in the woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, oh! let Nature cease, and chaos reign:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strain.
"Let earth be sea; and let the whelming tide
The lifeless limbs of luckless Damon hide:
Farewell, ye secret woods and shady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conscious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main;
Take the last present of thy dying swain:
And cease, my silent flute, the sweet Mænalian strain."

Now take your turns, ye Muses, to rehearse
His friend's complaints; and mighty magic verse.
"Bring running water; bind those altars round
With fillets; and with vervain strow the ground:
Make fat with frankincense the sacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with desires,
'Tis done, we want but verse. Restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
"Pale Phœbe, drawn by verse, from Heaven descends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulysses' friends.
Verse breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern splits the snake.
Verse fires the frozen veins: restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
"Around his waxen image first I wind
Three woollen fillets of three colours join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the sacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers please the gods: my charms,
Restore my Daphnis to my longing arms.

" Knit with three knots the fillets, knit them straight;
Then say, 'These knots to love I consecrate.'
Haste, Amaryllis, haste; restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
" As fire this figure hardens, made of clay;
And this of wax with fire consumes away;
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be;
Hard to the rest of women; soft to me.
Crumble the sacred mole of salt and corn,
Next in the fire the bays with brimstone burn.
And while it crackles in the sulphur, say, [away.'
'This, I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn
This laurel is his fate: restore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
" As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with desire, pursues her wandering love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirst, and on the rushes rolls:
Careless of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitless fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
While I so scorn his love; restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
" These garments once were his; and left to me;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty:
Which underneath my threshold I bestow;
These pawns, O sacred Earth! to me my Daphnis
As these were his, so mine is he: my charms, [owe.
Restore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.
" These poisonous plants, for magic use design'd,
(The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind,)
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand,
And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with these powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:
And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts;
And from the roots to tear the standing corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne.
Such is the strength of spells: restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
" Bear out these ashes; cast them in the brook;
Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither gods, nor godlike verse can move,
Break out, ye smother'd fires, and kindle smother'd love.
Exert your utmost power, my lingering charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.
" See, while my last endeavours I delay,
The waking ashes rise, and round our altars play:
Run to the threshold, Amaryllis; hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good Heaven! may lovers what they wish believe;
Or dream their wishes, and those dreams deceive!
No more, my Daphnis comes; no more, my charms;
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my desiring arms."

THE NINTH PASTORAL;

OR,

LYCIDAS AND MŒRIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Augustus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the centurion, to whom those lands were assigned by the emperor, in reward of his service against Brutus and Cassius. This pastoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard usage; and the persons introduced, are the bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

Ho, Mœris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to town.

MŒR. O Lycidas, at last
The time is come I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)
When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
Cries out, " Pack up, ye rascals! and be gone."
Kick'd out, we set the best face on 't we cou'd,
And these two kids t' appease his angry mood
I bear, of which the Furies give him good!

LYC. Your country friends were told another tale:
That from the sloping mountain to the vale,
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his fortune with a song.

MŒR. Such was the news, indeed; but songs and rhymes
Prevail as much in these hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that rise
Against an eagle sousing from the skies.
And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the croak
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To shun debate, Menalcas had been slain,
And Mœris not surviv'd him, to complain. [induce

LYC. Now Heaven defend! could barbarous rage
The brutal son of Mars t' insult the sacred Muse!
Who then should sing the nymphs, or who rehearse
The waters gliding in a smoother verse!
Or Amaryllis praise, that heavenly lay,
That shorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and see them fed;
To morning pastures, evening waters, led:
And 'ware the Libyan ridgel's butting head.

MŒR. Or what unfinish'd he to Varus read;
Thy name, O Varus, (if the kinder powers
Preserve our plains, and shield the Mantuan towers,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime,)
The wings of swans, and stronger pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.

LYC. Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy swarms the baleful yew avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags distend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At least, the shepherds seem to like my lays,
But I discern their flattery from their praise:
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus' dare aspire;
But gabble like a goose, amidst the swan-like quire.

MŒR. 'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are the verses of a vulgar kind.
Come, Galatea, come, the seas forsake;
What pleasures can the tides with their hoarse murmurs make?
See, on the shore inhabits purple spring,
Where nightingales their lovesick ditty sing;
See, meads with purling streams, with flowers the ground,
The grottoes cool, with shady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.

Come then, and leave the waves' tumultuous roar,
Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.
LYC. Or that sweet song I heard with such delight:
The same you sung alone one starry night;
The tune I still retain, but not the words.
MŒR. Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old records,
To know the seasons when the stars arise?
See Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies:
The star, whose rays the blushing grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender shoot;
Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit.
The rest I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my soul to rhyme:
I could have once sung down a summer's sun,
But now the chime of poetry is done.
My voice grows hoarse; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had seen me first to day.
But these, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.
LYC. Thy faint excuses but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll silent to the shore.
Husht winds the topmost branches scarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can discern Bianor's tomb; [bow'r
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a
Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.
Rest here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A song will help the beating storm to bear.
And that thou may'st not be too late abroad,
Singing, I'll ease thy shoulders of thy load.
MŒR. Cease to request me; let us mind our way;
Another song requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL;

OR,

GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

GALLUS, a great patron of Virgil, and an excellent poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forsaken him for the company of a soldier. The poet therefore supposes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the solitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated scene of pastorals); where he represents him in a very languishing condition, with all the rural deities about him, pitying his hard usage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY sacred succour, Arethusa, bring,
To crown my labour: 'tis the last I sing.
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
The Muse is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuse me not a verse, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy silver streams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny seas, securely glide.
Sing then my Gallus, and his hopeless vows;
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browse.
The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
Nor steepy Pindus cou'd retard your course,
Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th' Aonian source:
Nothing that owns the Muses cou'd suspend
Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurel stands in tears,
And hung with humid pearls the lowly shrub ap-
Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan; [pears.
When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping stone.
The sheep surround their shepherd, as he lies:
Blush not, sweet poet, nor the name despise:
Along the streams his flock Adonis fed,
And yet the queen of beauty blest his bed.
The swains and tardy neat-herds came, and last
Menalcas, wet with beating winter mast.
Wondering they ask'd from whence arose thy
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came. [flame;
Flush'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes;
"Is she thy care? is she thy care?" he cries.
"Thy false Lycoris flies thy love and thee:
And for thy rival tempts the raging sea,
The forms of horrid war, and Heaven's inclemency."
Sylvanus came: his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too:
His cheeks and temples of vermillion hue.
"Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief," he cry'd:
"Think'st thou that love with tears is satisfy'd?
The meads are sooner drunk with morning dews;
The bees with flowery shrubs, the goats with browse."
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes he mourn'd;
He paus'd, and then these broken words return'd:
"'Tis past; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian swains, shall sing my grief:
And on your hills my last complaints renew;
So sad a song is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breast,
If you my sufferings in your songs exprest?
Ah! that your birth and business had been mine;
To penn the sheep, and press the swelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain,
Or any nymph, or any shepherd on the plain.
Though Phyllis brown, though black Amyntas were,
Are violets not sweet, because not fair?
Beneath the sallows, and the shady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine;
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And soft Amyntas sung away my care.
Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half so true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am sent afar,
And strive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I should find it so!)
To shun my sight, your native soil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal snow.
Ye frosts and snows, her tender body spare;
Those are not limbs for icicles to tear.

For me, the wilds and deserts are my choice;
The Muses, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I sing, forsaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves shall echo to my moan.
The rind of every plant her name shall know;
And as the rind extends, the love shall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chase
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the savage race.
Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er steepy rocks I go,
And rush through sounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow:
As if with sports my sufferings I could ease,
Or by my pains the god of love appease.
My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain tops to chase the tusky boar;
No game but hopeless love my thoughts pursue:
Once more, ye nymphs, and songs, and sounding woods, adieu."
Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze;
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian snow.
Or when the barks of elms are scorch'd, we keep
On Meroë's burning plains the Libyan sheep.
In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we must yield to love.
My Muses, here your sacred raptures end:
The verse was what I ow'd my suffering friend.
This while I sung, my sorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending osiers into baskets weav'd.
The song, because inspir'd by you, shall shine:
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and every moment rise in view:
As alders, in the spring, their boles extend;
And heave so fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades
The singer's voice who sings beneath the shades.
From juniper unwholsome dews distil, [kill;
That blast the sooty corn, the withering herbage
Away, my goats, away: for you have brows'd your fill.

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT begin my address to your lordship, better than in the words of Virgil,

——Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

Seven years together I have concealed the longing which I had to appear before you: a time as tedious as Æneas passed in his wandering voyage, before he reached the promised Italy. But I considered that nothing which my meanness could produce, was worthy of your patronage. At last this happy occasion offered, of presenting to you the best poem of the best poet. If I balked this opportunity, I was in despair of finding such another; and if I took it, I was still uncertain whether you would vouchsafe to accept it from my hands. It was a bold venture which I made, in desiring your permission to lay my unworthy labours at your feet. But my rashness has succeeded beyond my hopes: and you have been pleased not to suffer an old man to go discontented out of the world for want of that protection, of which he had so long been ambitious. I have known a gentleman in disgrace, and not daring to appear before king Charles the Second, though he much desired it. At length he took the confidence to attend a fair lady to the court, and told his majesty, that under her protection he had presumed to wait on him. With the same humble confidence I present myself before your lordship, and attending on Virgil hope a gracious reception. The gentleman succeeded, because the powerful lady was his friend; but I have too much injured my great author, to expect he should intercede for me. I would have translated him; but, according to the literal French and Italian phrases, I fear I have traduced him. It is the fault of many a well-meaning man, to be officious in a wrong place, and do a prejudice, where he had endeavoured to do a service. Virgil wrote his Georgics in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at the height, and before his fancy was declining. He had (according to our homely saying) his full swing at this poem, beginning it at about the age of thirty-five; and scarce concluding it before he arrived at forty. It is observed both of him and Horace, and I believe it will hold in all great poets: that though they wrote before with a certain heat of genius which inspired them, yet that heat was not perfectly digested. There is required a continuance of warmth to ripen the best and noblest fruits. Thus Horace, in his first and second book of Odes, was still rising, but came not to his meridian till the third. After which his judgment was an overpoise to his imagination; he grew too cautious to be bold enough, for he descended in his fourth by slow degrees, and in his Satires and Epistles, was more a philosopher and a critic than a poet. In the beginning of summer the days are almost at a stand, with little variation of length or shortness, because at that time the diurnal motion of the Sun partakes more of a right line, than of a spiral. The same is the method of nature in the frame of man. He seems at forty to be fully in his summer tropic; somewhat before, and somewhat after, he finds in his

soul but small increases or decays. From fifty to threescore the balance generally holds even, in our colder climates: for he loses not much in fancy; and judgment, which is the effect of observation, still increases: his succeeding years afford him little more than the stubble of his own harvest: yet if his constitution be healthful, his mind may still retain a decent vigour; and the gleanings of that Ephraim, in comparison with others, will surpass the vintage of Abiezer. I have called this somewhere, by a bold metaphor, a green old age, but Virgil has given me his authority for the figure.

Jam senior; sed cruda Deo, viridisque senectus.

Among those few who enjoy the advantage of a latter spring, your lordship is a rare example: who being now arrived at your great climacteric, yet give no proof of the least decay of your excellent judgment, and comprehension of all things which are within the compass of human understanding. Your conversation is as easy as it is instructive, and I could never observe the least vanity or the least assuming in any thing you said: but a natural unaffected modesty, full of good sense, and well digested. A clearness of notion, expressed in ready and unstudied words. No man has complained, or ever can, that you have discoursed too long on any subject; for you leave in us an eagerness of learning more; pleased with what we hear, but not satisfied, because you will not speak so much as we could wish. I dare not excuse your lordship from this fault; for though it is none in you, it is one to all who have the happiness of being known to you. I must confess the critics make it one of Virgil's beauties, that having said what he thought convenient, he always left somewhat for the imagination of his readers to supply: that they might gratify their fancies, by finding more in what he had written, than at first they could, and think they had added to his thoughts when it was all there beforehand, and he only saved himself the expense of words. However it was, I never went from your lordship, but with a longing to return, or without a hearty curse to him who invented ceremonies in the world, and put me on the necessity of withdrawing, when it was my interest, as well as my desire, to have given you a much longer trouble. I cannot imagine (if your lordship will give me leave to speak my thoughts) but you have had a more than ordinary vigour in your youth. For too much of heat is required at first, that there may not too little be left at last. A prodigal fire is only capable of large remains: and yours, my lord, still burns the clearer in declining. The blaze is not so fierce as at the first, but the smoke is wholly vanished; and your friends who stand about you are not only sensible of a cheerful warmth, but are kept at an awful distance by its force. In my small observations of mankind, I have ever found, that such as are not rather too full of spirit when they are young, degenerate to dulness in their age. Sobriety in our riper years is the effect of a well-concocted warmth; but where the principles are only phlegm, what can be expected from the waterish matter, but an insipid manhood, and a stupid old infancy; discretion in leading strings, and a confirmed ignorance on crutches? Virgil, in his third Georgic, when he describes a colt, who promises a courser for the race, or for the field of battle, shows him the first to pass the bridge, which trembles under him, and to stem the torrent of the flood. His beginnings must be in rashness; a noble fault: but time and experience will correct that errour, and tame it into a deliberate and well-weighed courage; which knows both to be cautious and to dare, as occasion offers. Your lordship is a man of honour, not only so unstained, but so unquestioned, that you are the living standard of that heroic virtue: so truly such, that if I would flatter you, I could not. It takes not from you, that you were born with principles of generosity and probity; but it adds to you, that you have cultivated nature, and made those principles the rule and measure of all your actions. The world knows this, without my telling; yet poets have a right of recording it to all posterity.

Dignum laude virum, Musa vetat mori.

Epaminondas, Lucullus, and the two first Cæsars, were not esteemed the worse commanders, for having made philosophy and the liberal arts their study. Cicero might have been their equal, but that he wanted courage. To have both these virtues, and to have improved them both, with a softness of manners, and a sweetness of conversation, few of our nobility can fill that character: one there is, and so conspicuous by his own light, that he needs not

Digito monstrari, et dicier hic est.

To be nobly born, and of an ancient family, is in the extremes of fortune, either good or bad; for virtue and descent are no inheritance. A long series of ancestors shows the native with great advantage at the first; but if he any way degenerate from his line, the least spot is visible on ermine. But to preserve this whiteness in its original purity, you, my lord, have, like that ermine, forsaken the common track of business,

which is not always clean: you have chosen for yourself a private greatness, and will not be polluted with ambition. It has been observed in former times, that none have been so greedy of employments, and of managing the public, as they who have least deserved their stations. But such only merit to be called patriots, under whom we see their country flourish. I have laughed sometimes (for who would always be an Heraclitus?) when I have reflected on those men, who from time to time have shot themselves into the world. I have seen many successions of them: some bolting out upon the stage with vast applause, and others hissed off, and quitting it with disgrace. But while they were in action, I have constantly observed, that they seemed desirous to retreat from business: greatness they said was nauseous, and a crowd was troublesome; a quiet privacy was their ambition. Some few of them I believe said this in earnest, and were making a provision against future want, that they might enjoy their age with ease: they saw the happiness of a private life, and promised to themselves a blessing, which every day it was in their power to possess. But they deferred it, and lingered still at court, because they thought they had not yet enough to make them happy: they would have more, and laid in to make their solitude luxurious. A wretched philosophy, which Epicurus never taught them in his garden: they loved the prospect of this quiet in reversion, but were not willing to have it in possession, they would first be old, and made as sure of health and life, as if both of them were at their dispose. But put them to the necessity of present choice, and they preferred continuance in power: like the wretch who called Death to his assistance, but refused him when he came. The great Scipio was not of their opinion, who indeed sought honours in his youth, and endured the fatigues with which he purchased them. He served his country when it was in need of his courage and conduct until he thought it was time to serve himself: but dismounted from the saddle when he found the beast which bore him began to grow restiff and ungovernable. But your lordship has given us a better example of moderation. You saw betimes that ingratitude is not confined to commonwealths; and therefore though you were formed alike, for the greatest of civil employments, and military commands, yet you pushed not your fortune to rise in either; but contented yourself with being capable, as much as any whosoever, of defending your country with your sword, or assisting it with your counsel, when you were called. For the rest, the respect and love which was paid you, not only in the province where you live, but generally by all who had the happiness to know you, was a wise exchange for the honours of the court: a place of forgetfulness, at the best, for well-deservers. It is necessary for the polishing of manners, to have breathed that air; but it is infectious even to the best morals to live always in it. It is a dangerous commerce, where an honest man is sure at the first of being cheated; and he recovers not his losses, but by learning to cheat others. The undermining smile becomes at length habitual; and the drift of his plausible conversation, is only to flatter one, that he may betray another. Yet it is good to have been a looker-on, without venturing to play; that a man may know false dice another time, though he never means to use them. I commend not him who never knew a court, but him who forsakes it because he knows it. A young man deserves no praise, who out of melancholy zeal leaves the world before he has well tried it, and runs headlong into religion. He who carries a maidenhead into a cloister, is sometimes apt to lose it there, and to repent of his repentance. He only is like to endure austerities, who has already found the inconvenience of pleasures. For almost every man will be making experiments in one part or another of his life; and the danger is the less when we are young; for, having tried it early, we shall not be apt to repeat it afterwards. Your lordship therefore may properly be said to have chosen a retreat, and not to have chosen it until you had maturely weighed the advantages of rising higher with the hazards of the fall. Res non parta labore, sed relicta, was thought by a poet to be one of the requisites to a happy life. Why should a reasonable man put it in the power of fortune to make him miserable, when his ancestors have taken care to release him from her? let him venture, says Horace, qui zonam perdidit. He who has nothing, plays securely; for we may win, and cannot be poorer if he loses. But he who is born to a plentiful estate, and is ambitious of offices at court, sets a stake to fortune, which she can seldom answer: if he gains nothing, he loses all, or part of what was once his own; and if he gets, he cannot be certain but he may refund.

In short, however he succeeds, it is covetousness that induced him first to play, and covetousness is the undoubted sign of ill sense at bottom. The odds are against him, that he loses; and one loss may be of more consequence to him than all his former winnings. It is like the present war of the Christians against the Turk;

every year they gain a victory, and by that a town; but if they are once defeated, they lose a province at a blow, and endanger the safety of the whole empire. You, my lord, enjoy your quiet in a garden, where you have not only the leisure of thinking, but the pleasure to think of nothing which can discompose your mind. A good conscience is a port which is landlocked on every side, and where no winds can possibly invade, no tempests can arise. There a man may stand upon the shore, and not only see his own image, but that of his Maker, clearly reflected from the undisturbed and silent waters. Reason was intended for a blessing, and such it is to men of honour and integrity: who desire no more than what they are able to give themselves: like the happy old Coricyan, whom my author describes in his fourth Georgic: whose fruits and sallads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth, and his own plantation. Virgil seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete, without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

O fortunatos nimiùm, bona si sua norint,
Agricolas!

It is but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: a foundation of good sense, and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. God has bestowed on your lordship the first of these, and you have bestowed on yourself the second. Eden was not made for beasts, though they were suffered to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the Devil have been happy there with all his knowledge, for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition into paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is Hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and in that solitude is prepared for them

Et secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.

As I began this dedication with a verse of Virgil, so I conclude it with another. The continuance of your health, to enjoy that happiness which you so well deserve, and which you have provided for yourself, is the sincere and earnest wish of

your lordship's
most devoted, and
most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in the beginning of this book, propounds the general design of each georgic: and, after a solemn invocation of all the gods who are any way related to his subject, he addresses himself in particular to Augustus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after strikes into his business. He shows the different kinds of tillage proper to different soils, traces out the original of agriculture, gives a catalogue of the husbandman's tools, specifies the employments peculiar to each season, describes the changes of the weather, with the signs in Heaven and Earth that forebode them, instances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæsar's death, and shuts up all with a supplication to the gods for the safety of Augustus, and the preservation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn
The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn;
The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raise on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to thee.

Ye deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct;
Bacchus and fostering Ceres, powers divine,
Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine:
Ye fawns, propitious to the rural swains, [plains,
Ye nymphs, that haunt the mountains and the
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful succour, for your gifts I sing.
And thou, whose trident struck the teeming Earth,
And made a passage for the courser's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan shore sustains
The milky herds, that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the shepherds tutelary god,
Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my song repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough and ploughman's toil;
And thou, whose hands the shroud-like cypress
Come, all ye gods and goddesses that wear [rear;
The rural honours, and increase the year.
You, who supply the ground with seeds of grain;
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd state
Is yet the business of the gods' debate;
Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar
Or o'er the fruits and seasons to preside, [guard,
And the round circuit of the year to guide;
Powerful of blessings, which thou strew'st around,
And with thy goddess mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæsar, choose the watery reign,
To smooth the surges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in storms, to thee shall pray,
Ev'n utmost Thulè shall thy power obey;
And Neptune shall resign the fasces of the sea.
The watery virgins for thy bed shall strive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.

Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And seated near the Balance, poise the days:
Where in the void of Heaven a space is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of Heaven thou shalt obtain,
For let not Hell presume of such a reign;
Nor let so dire a thirst of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
Though Greece admires Elysium's blest retreat,
Though Proserpine affects her silent seat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to those above.
But thou, propitious Cæsar! guide my course,
And, to my bold endeavours, add thy force.
Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,
Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
And use thyself betimes to hear and grant our prayers.

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain-snows dissolve against the Sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is bury'd in the soil.
That crop rewards the greedy peasant's pains,
Which twice the Sun, and twice the cold sustains,
And bursts the crowded barns, with more than promis'd gains.
But ere we stir the yet unbroken ground,
The various course of seasons must be found;
The weather, and the setting of the winds,
The culture suiting to the several kinds
Of seeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the soil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India, black ebon and white ivory bears;
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war.
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is th' original contract; these the laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's cause,
On sundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the desert world:
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn:
And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn.
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding suns may bake the mellow ground.
But if the soil be barren, only scar
The surface, and but lightly print the share,
When cold Arcturus rises with the Sun:
Lest wicked weeds the corn should over-run
In watery soils; or lest the barren sand
Should suck the moisture from the thirsty land.
Both these unhappy soils the swain forbears,
And keeps a sabbath of alternate years:
That the spent earth may gather heat again;
And, better'd by cessation, bear the grain.
At least, where vetches, pulse, and tares have stood,
And stalks of lupines grew, (a stubborn wood)
Th' ensuing season, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year.
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And sleepy poppies harmful harvests yield.
But sweet vicissitudes of rest and toil
Make easy labour, and renew the soil.
Yet sprinkle sordid ashes all around,
And load with fattening dung thy fallow ground:
Thus change of seeds for meagre soils is best;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at rest.

Long practice has a sure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground;
When the light stubble, to the flames resign'd,
Is driven along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of Earth
Is warm'd with secret strength for better birth;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire;
Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nourishment she takes;
Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
New knits the surface, and new strings the veins,
Lest soking showers should pierce her secret seat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat;
Or scorching suns too violently beat.

Nor is the profit small, the peasant makes,
Who smooths, with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
The crumbling clods: nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye;
Nor his, who ploughs across the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
For he with frequent exercise commands
Th' unwilling soil, and tames the stubborn lands.

Ye swains, invoke the powers who rule the sky,
For a moist summer, and a winter dry:
For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
Hence Mysia boasts her harvests, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
So fenc'd from cold; the pliant furrows break,
Before the surly clod resists the rake.
And call the floods from high, to rush amain
With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
Then, when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivell'd herbs on withering stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery stores, huge torrents flow;
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Tempering the thirsty fevor of the field.
And lest the stem, too feeble for the freight,
Should scarce sustain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade
The rising bulk of the luxuriant blade;
Ere yet th' aspiring offspring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
And drains the standing waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field.
But most in autumn, and the showery spring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring:
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells hasty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with slime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places spue their watery store.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring steer,
Sustain alone the hazards of the year;

But glutton geese, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops, invade the tender grain:
And towering weeds malignant shadows yield;
And spreading succory chokes the rising field.
The sire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease:
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exercise, with pains, the grudging soil.
Himself invented first the shining share,
And whetted human industry by care:
Himself did handycrafts and arts ordain,
Nor suffer'd sloth to rust his active reign.
Ere this, no peasant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Distinguish'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful Earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And swell'd, with raging storms, the peaceful flood:
Commission'd hungry wolves t' infest the fold,
And shook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
Remov'd from human reach the cheerful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire:
That studious need might useful arts explore:
From furrow'd fields to reap the foodful store;
And force the veins of clashing flints t' expire
The lurking seeds of their celestial fire.
Then first on seas the hollow'd alder swam;
Then sailors quarter'd Heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering star:
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then toils for beasts, and lime for birds were found,
And deepmouth'd dogs did forest-walks surround:
And casting-nets were spread in shallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then saws were tooth'd, and sounding axes made
(For wedges first did yielding wood invade);
And various arts in order did succeed.
(What cannot endless labour, urg'd by need?)
First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to sow,
And arm'd with iron shares the crooked plough,
When now Dodonian oaks no more supply'd
Their mast, and trees their forest-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
Then burs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue:
And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears.
So that unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and arrows the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field;
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
And Heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long abandon'd oak.
Nor must we pass untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whose aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
The crooked plough, the share, the towering height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight;
The sled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying sail.
These all must be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd blessing of a bounteous crop.

Young elms with early force in copses bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a fasten'd beam prepare,
On either side the head produce an ear,
And sink a socket for the shining share.
Of beech the ploughtail, and the bending yoke;
Or softer linden harden'd in the smoke.
I could be long in precepts, but I fear
So mean a subject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your threshing-floor:
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground;
Lest crack'd with summer heats the flooring flies,
Or sinks, and through the crannies weeds arise.
For sundry foes the rural realms surround:
The field-mouse builds her garner under ground,
For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
The hissing serpent, and the swelling toad:
The corn-devouring weasel here abides,
And the wise ant her wintry store provides.
Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood;
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will thy harvest be:
In vain the hind shall vex the threshing-floor,
For empty chaff and straw will be thy store.
Some steep their seed, and some in caldrons boil
With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires; th' exuberant juice to drain,
And swell the flattering husks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the success for years assur'd,
Though chosen is the seed, and fully cur'd;
Unless the peasant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largest grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curse,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate still to worse.
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream;
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
Nor must the ploughman less observe the skies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus rise,
Than sailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's stormy straits, and oyster-breeding sea.
But when Astrea's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the sky,
Then yoke your oxen, sow your winter grain;
Till cold December comes with driving rain.
Linseed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry season, and prevent the storm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten soil,
And millet, rising from your annual toil:
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year;
And Argos and the Dog forsake the northern sphere.
But if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her sisters first descend,
And the bright Gnosian diadem downward bend;
Before you trust in earth your future hope:
Or else expect a listless lazy crop.
Some swains have sown before, but most have found
A husky harvest, from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you sow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean?

Begin when the slow Waggoner descends;
Nor cease your sowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, through twelve bright signs Apollo guides
The year, and Earth in several climes divides.
Five girdles bind the skies, the torrid zone
Glows with the passing and repassing Sun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of Heaven,
To frosts and snows and bitter blasts are given.
Betwixt the midst and these, the gods assign'd
Two habitable seats for human kind:
And cross their limits cut a sloping way,
Which the twelve signs in beauteous order sway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one seen to rise
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan skies.
The first sublime in Heaven, the last is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the spiry Dragon glides,
And like a winding stream the Bears divides;
The Less and Greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the southern sea;
There, as they say, perpetual night is found
In silence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our northern sphere,
She lights the downward Heaven, and rises there.
And when on us she breathes the living light,
Red Vesper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain seasons we may know;
And when to reap the grain, and when to sow;
Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
To spread the flying canvas for the fleet.
Observe what stars arise or disappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather, and continued rain,
The labouring husband in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work with timely care,
Which else is huddled when the skies are fair:
Then let him mark the sheep, or whet the shining share,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store;
Or sharpen stakes, or head the forks, or twine
The sallow twigs to tie the straggling vine;
Or wicker baskets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can restrain
From necessary works the labouring swain.
Ev'n holydays and feasts permission yield,
To float the meadows, or to fence the field,
To fire the brambles, snare the birds, and steep
In wholesome waterfalls the woolly sheep.
And oft the drudging ass is driven, with toil,
To neighbouring towns with apples and with oil:
Returning late, and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.
The lucky days, in each revolving Moon,
For labour choose: the fifth be sure to shun:
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, against the skies, the sons of Earth.
With mountains piled on mountains, thrice they strove
To scale the steepy battlements of Jove:
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demolish'd works in ruin laid.
The seventh is, next the tenth, the best to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then, weavers, stretch your stays upon the weft:
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done;
Or when the morning dew prevents the Sun.
Parch'd meads and stubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolness of the night;
For moisture then abounds, and pearly rains
Descend in silence to refresh the plains.
The wife and husband equally conspire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire:
He sharpens torches in the glimmering room;
She shoots the flying shuttle through the loom:
Or boils in kettles must of wine, and skims
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She sings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the skies are clear,
By daylight reap the product of the year:
And in the Sun your golden grain display,
And thrash it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, swain, and naked sow the land,
For lazy winter numbs the labouring hand.
In genial winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends.
So sailors, when escap'd from stormy seas,
First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease.
Yet that's the proper time to thrash the wood
For mast of oak, your fathers' homely food.
To gather laurelberries and the spoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to press your oil.
For stalking cranes to set the guileful snare,
T' enclose the stags in toils, and hunt the hare.
With Balearic slings, or Gnosian bow,
To persecute from far the flying doe.
Then, when the fleecy skies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of rustling ice come rolling down the flood.
Now sing we stormy stars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days;
And sun's declining shine with feeble rays:
What cares must then attend the toiling swain;
Or when the lowering spring, with lavish rain,
Beats down the slender stem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly swell'd
With milky moisture, overlooks the field!
Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year:
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands:
Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne;
With such a force the flying rack is driven,
And such a winter wears the face of Heaven:
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising rivers float the nether ground; [bound.
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas re-
The father of the gods his glory shrouds;
Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds,
And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry god,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horrour seizes every human breast,
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd:
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:

The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.
In fear of this, observe the starry signs,
Where Saturn houses, and where Hermes joins.
But first to Heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when cheerful hours
Awake the spring, the spring awakes the flowers.
On the green turf thy careless limbs display,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleasing shades are crown'd,
And sleeps are sweeter on the silken ground:
With milder beams the Sun securely shines;
Fat are the lambs, and luscious are the wines.
Let every swain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with sparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the show,
In long procession, shouting as they go;
Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's heat,
Before the sickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain signs we may presage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The sovereign of the Heavens has set on high
The Moon, to mark the changes of the sky: [swain
When southern blasts shall cease, and when the
Should near their folds his feeding flocks restrain.
For, ere the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the shore:
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main;
When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
And, stretching to the covert, wing their way;
When sportful coots run skimming o'er the strand;
When watchful herons leave their watery stand;
And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight.
And oft before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies;
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light:
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain.
Wet weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
So plain the signs, such prophets are the skies:
The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of Heaven, and snuffs it in the wind.
The swallow skims the river's watery face, [race.
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious
The careful ant her secret cell forsakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
Huge flocks of rising rooks forsake their food,
And, crying, seek the shelter of the wood,
Besides, the several sorts of watery fowls,
That swim the seas, or haunt the standing pools:
The swans that sail along the silver flood,
And dive with stretching necks to search their food,
Then lave their backs with sprinkling dews in vain,
And stem the stream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow, with clamorous cries, the shower de
And single stalks along the desert sands. [mands,
The nightly virgin, while her wheel she plies,
Foresees the storms impending in the skies,
When sparkling lamps their sputtering light ad-
And in the sockets oily bubbles dance. [vance,
Then after showers, 'tis easy to descry
Returning suns, and a serener sky:
The stars shine smarter, and the Moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her sharpen'd horns.
The filmy gossamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons bask on the short sunny shore:
Their litter is not toss'd by sows unclean,
But a blue droughty mist descends upon the plain,
And owls, that mark the setting Sun, declare
A starlight evening, and a morning fair.
Towering aloft, avenging Nisus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Nisus follows, and pursues his prey.
Where injur'd Nisus takes his airy course,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and shuns his force.
This punishment pursues th' unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
Then, thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the settled fair.
Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the Sun: and seiz'd with secret joy,
When storms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forsaken nests, and callow care.
Not that I think their breasts with heavenly souls
Inspir'd, as man, who destiny controls;
But with the changeful temper of the skies,
As rains condense, and sunshine rarifies;
So turn the species in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and discompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds' harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and frisking lambs re-
Observe the daily circle of the Sun, [joice.
And the short year of each revolving Moon:
By them thou shalt foresee the following day;
Nor shall a starry night thy hopes betray.
When first the Moon appears, if then she shrouds
Her silver crescent, tipp'd with sable clouds;
Conclude she bodes a tempest on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or if her face with fiery flushing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the surest sign,)
With sharpen'd horns if glorious then she shine;
Next day, not only that, but all the Moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempests both by land and sea,
And sailors in the port their promis'd vows shall
Above the rest, the Sun, who never lies, [pay.
Foretels the change of weather in the skies;
For, if he rise, unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and spots upon his face;
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling streams:
Suspect a drizzling day, with southern rain,
Fatal to fruits, and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale sickly cheek, salute the skies,

How shall the vine, with tender leaves defend
Her teeming clusters, when the storms descend;
When rigid roofs and tiles can scarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But, more than all, the setting Sun survey,
When down the steep of Heaven he drives the day.
For oft we find him finishing his race
With various colours erring on his face;
If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
High winds and furious tempests he portends:
But if his cheeks are swoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his watery hue;
If dusky spots are vary'd on his brow,
And streak'd with red a troubled colour show;
That sullen mixture shall at once declare
Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
What desperate madman then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the shore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure Heaven resigns to quiet night,
No rising winds, or falling storms are nigh:
But northern breezes through the forest fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky.
Th' unerring Sun by certain signs declares,
What the late even, or early morn prepares:
And when the south projects a stormy day, [away.
And when the clearing north will puff the clouds

The Sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light the lie?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretel,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell,
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the Sun.
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below,
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men,
In silent groves, dumb sheep and oxen spoke,
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook:
The yawning Earth disclos'd th' abyss of Hell:
The weeping statues did the wars foretel;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.
Then rising in his might, the king of floods
Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods;
And rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and labouring hinds away.
Blood sprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky lightnings flash'd from such a sullen
Red meteors ran across th' ethereal space; [sky.
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this, th' Emathian plains once more were strow'd
With Roman bodies, and just Heaven thought good
To fatten twice those fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the labouring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake,
Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.

Ye homeborn deities, of mortal birth!
Thou, father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddess unmov'd! whose guardian arms extend
O'er Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman towers defend;
With youthful Cæsar your joint powers engage,
Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
O! let the blood, already spilt, atone
For the past crimes of curst Laomedon! [know,
Heaven wants thee there; and long the gods, we
Have grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world below:
Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound!
Where impious arms from every part resound,
And monstrous crimes in every shape are crown'd.
The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest;
The plain no pasture to the flock affords,
The crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords:
And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine rebellows with alarms;
The neighbouring cities range on several sides,
Perfidious Mars long plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce coursers starting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

THE SECOND BOOK OF

THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following book is planting. In handling of which argument, the poet shows all the different methods of raising trees: describes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best: and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy. After which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil; prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. and concludes the georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

Thus far of tillage, and of heavenly signs;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of generous vines;
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.

Great father Bacchus! to my song repair;
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine;
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come strip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at every pore.

Some trees their birth to bounteous Nature owe;
For some without the pains of planting grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
From the same principle gray willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But some from seeds enclos'd in earth arise;
For thus the mastful chesnut mates the skies.

Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.
Some from the root a rising wood disclose;
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.
These ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.
Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the shoot, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted stalks in deeper mould:
Some cloven stakes, and (wondrous to behold),
Their sharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race.
Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in distant arches rise again.
Others no root require, the labourer cuts
Young slips, and in the soil securely puts.
Ev'n stumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis usual now, an inmate graff to see
With insolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.
Then let the learned gardener mark with care
The kinds of stocks, and what those kinds will bear,
Explore the nature of each several tree;
And known, improve with artful industry;
And let no spot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground.
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive-trees.
The virtues of the several soils I sing.
Mæcenas, now thy needful succour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inspire thy poet, and thy poem crown;
Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
With flying sails and breezes from the shore:
Not that my song, in such a scanty space,
So large a subject fully can embrace:
Not though I were supply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But steer my vessel with a steady hand,
And coast along the shore in sight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themselves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but strongly built and fair:
Because the vigour of the native Earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet these, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence transplanted, change their savage mind;
Their wildness lose, and quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.
The same do trees, that, sprung from barren roots
In open fields, transplanted bear their fruits.
For where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the substance of the tree,
Starves and destroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren shade.
The plant that shoots from seed, a sullen tree
At leisure grows, for late posterity;
The generous flavour lost, the fruits decay,
And savage grapes are made the birds' ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild disorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well must the ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
New soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
Old stakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the same methods Paphian myrtles live;
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazles, and from cyons rise
Tall ash, and taller oak that mates the skies:
Palm, poplar, fir, descending from the steep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbute, hazle-graffs receives,
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chesnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears,
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.
But various are the ways to change the state
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t'inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees disclose
Their shooting gems, a swelling knot there grows;
Just in that space a narrow slit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the smoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree;
And in the solid wood the slip enclose,
The battening bastard shoots again and grows;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.
Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the same species are of several minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd,
So funeral cypress rising like a shroud.
Fat olive-trees of sundry sorts appear,
Of sundry shapes their unctuous berries bear.
Radii long olives, orchites round produce,
And bitter Pausia pounded for the juice.
Alcinous' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamots and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the shape,
Or taste, or flavour of the Lesbian grape.
The Thasian vines in richer soils abound,
The Meriotique grow in barren ground.
The Psythian grape we dry: Lagean juice
Will stammering tongues and staggering feet produce.
Rathe ripe are some, and some of later kind
Of golden some, and some of purple rind.
How shall I praise the Ræthean grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine!
Th' Aminean many a consulship survives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus king of Chian growth:
But for large quantities and lasting both,
The less Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn day,
In second services is pour'd to Jove;
And best accepted by the gods above.
Nor must Bumastus his old honours lose,
In length and largeness like the dugs of cows.
I pass the rest, whose every race and name,
And kinds, are less material to my theme.
Which who would learn, as soon may tell the sands,
Driven by the western wind on Lybian lands;
Or number, when the blustring Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian shores.
Nor every plant on every soil will grow:
The sallow loves the watery ground, and low;
The marshes, alders; nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign;
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns;
To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.

Regard th' extremest cultivated coast,
From hot Arabia to the Scythian frost:
All sorts of trees their several countries know,
Black ebon only will in India grow:
And odorous frankincense on the Sabæan bough.
Balm slowly trickles through the bleeding veins
Of happy shrubs, in Idumæan plains.
The green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good;
With Ethiop's hoary trees and woolly wood,
Let others tell: and how the Seres spin
Their fleecy forest in a slender twine.
With mighty trunks of trees on Indian shores,
Whose height above the feather'd arrow soars,
Shot from the toughest bow; and by the brawn
Of expert archers with vast vigour drawn.
Sharp-tasted citrons Median climes produce:
Bitter the rind, but generous is the juice:
A cordial fruit, a present antidote
Against the direful stepdame's deadly draught:
Who, mixing wicked deeds with words impure,
The fate of envy'd orphans would procure.
Large is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
And did it not a different scent disclose,
A laurel were: the fragrant flowers contemn
The stormy winds, tenacious of their stem.
With this the Medes to labouring age bequeath
New lungs, and cure the sourness of the breath.
But neither Median woods, (a plenteous land)
Fair Ganges, Hermus rolling golden sand,
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
Nor all the gummy stores Arabia yields;
Nor any foreign earth of greater name,
Can with sweet Italy contend in fame.
No bulls, whose nostrils breath a living flame,
Have turn'd our turf, no teeth of serpents here
Were sown, an armed host, an iron crop to bear.
But fruitful vines, and the fat olive's freight,
And harvests heavy with their fruitful weight,
Adorn our fields; and on the cheerful green,
The grazing flocks and lowing herds are seen.
The warrior horse, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
Whose waves for triumphs, after prosperous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.
Perpetual spring our happy climate sees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride.
Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame:
Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
See wanton streams in winding valleys flow.
Our twofold seas, that, washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide.
Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vext.
Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence;
There, where secure the Julian waters glide,
Or where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide;
Our quarries deep in Earth were fam'd of old
For veins of silver, and for ore of gold,
Th' inhabitants themselves their country grace;
Hence rose the Marsian and Sabellian race;
Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the wars inclin'd,
And hard Ligurians, a laborious kind;
And Volscians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Besides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name:
And mighty Cæsar, whose victorious arms
To farthest Asia carry fierce alarms;
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
Triumph abroad, secure our peace at home.
Hail, sweet Saturnian soil! of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men,
For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days:
Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And old Ascræan verse in Roman cities sing.
The nature of their several soils now see,
Their strength, their colour, their fertility:
And first for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty stones abound;
Where the poor soil all succour seems to want,
Yet this suffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted signs of such a soil are found,
For here wild olive shoots o'erspread the ground,
And heaps of berries strew the fields around.
But where the soil, with fattening moisture fill'd,
Is cloth'd with grass, and fruitful to be till'd,
Such as in cheerful vales we view from high;
Which dripping rocks with rolling streams supply,
And feed with ooze, where rising hillocks run
In length, and open to the southern Sun;
Where fern succeeds, ungrateful to the plough,
That gentle ground to generous grapes allow;
Strong stocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice;
Such as our priests in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the cheerful hour;
Then when the bloated Thuscan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then seek Tarentum's lawns and farthest coast,
Or such a field as hapless Mantua lost:
Where silver swans sail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood,
There crystal streams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food nor springs are wanting to thy sheep,
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and loose above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Resembling nature in an easy soil.
No land for seed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village-lord!
No toiling teams from harvest labour come
So late at night, so heavy laden home.
The like of forest land is understood,
From whence the surly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle stood.
Then birds forsake the ruins of their seat,
And flying from their nests their callow young forget.
The coarse lean gravel on the mountain sides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides:
Nor chalk nor crumbling stones, the food of snakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The soil exhaling clouds of subtle dews,
Imbibing moisture which with ease she spews,

Which rusts not iron, and whose mould is clean,
Well cloth'd with cheerful grass, and ever green,
Is good for olives, and aspiring vines,
Embracing husband elms, in amorous twines!
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to sow,
And equal to the pasture and the plough.
Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius yields;
And such a country could Acerra boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast.
I teach thee next the differing soils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Choose first a place for such a purpose fit,
There dig the solid earth, and sink a pit.
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
Then if it rise not to the former height
Of superfice, conclude that soil is light:
A proper ground for pasturage and vines.
But if the sullen earth, so press'd, repines,
Within its native mansion to retire,
And stays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that asks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious tasks.
Salt earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough,
Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits, declin'd
From their first flavorous taste, renounce their kind.
This truth by sure experiment is try'd:
For first an osier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (such toiling peasants twine,
When through strait passages they strain their wine;)
In this close vessel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholesome water first:
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taste disclose the ground.
The fatter earth by handling we may find,
With ease distinguish'd from the meagre kind:
Poor soil will crumble into dust, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moist earth produces corn and grass, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land so large a promise boast,
Lest the lank ears in length of stem be lost.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd:
'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight,
The colour of the soil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants, that prosper there, will show;
Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yew
These rules consider'd well, with early care
The vineyard destin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that cast a rising mound:
The clods expos'd to winter winds will bake,
For putrid earth will best in vineyards take,
And hoary frosts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow soil.
Some peasants not t' omit the nicest care,
Of the same soil their nursery prepare,
With that of their plantation; lest the tree
Translated, should not with the soil agree.
Beside, to plant it as it was, they mark
The Heaven's four quarters on the tender bark;
And to the north or south restore the side,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
So strong is custom, such effects can use
In tender souls of pliant plants produce.
Choose next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or on the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In close plantations there. But if the vine
On rising ground be plac'd, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either side:
But marshall'd all in order as they stand,
And let no soldier straggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front display,
To try the fortune of some doubtful day,
And move to meet their foes with sober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider space,
Before the battle joins; while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of sword;
So let thy vines in intervals be set,
But not their rural discipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy space,
That their extremest lines may scarce embrace:
Nor this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleasing prospect for the sight:
But for the ground itself, this only way
Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
Which, crowded, want the room their branches to display.
How deep they must be planted, would'st thou know?
In shallow furrows vines securely grow.
Not so the rest of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower skies, a bed profound:
High as his topmast boughs to Heaven ascend,
So low his roots to Hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrows
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of ages lasts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
Full in the midst of his own strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny arms, and leafy hands;
His shade protects the plains, his head the hills commands.
The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard shun;
Nor plant it to receive the setting Sun:
Nor break the topmost branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
For sparkling fire from hinds' unweary hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging winds.
For first the smouldering flame the trunk receives,
Ascending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aspires,
Involving all the wood in smoky fires,
But most, when driven by winds, the flaming storm
Of the long files destroys the beauteous form,
In ashes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blasted plants from ruin rise:
Nor will the wither'd stock be green again,
But the wild olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful plain.
Be not seduc'd with wisdom's empty shows,
To stir the peaceful ground when Boreas blows.
When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.

But when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear;
That season deem the best to plant thy vines,
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines;
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter Sun.
The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves,
The womb of Earth the genial seed receives.
For then almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers:
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her birth with kindly juice, and fosters teeming seeds.
Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by Nature stung, renew their love.
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And, while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground;
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new Sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail
Unhurt by southern showers or northern hail,
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust the buds in open air,
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by Heaven's imperial king:
In prime of all the year, and holydays of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear;
Nor other was the tenour of the year:
When laughing Heaven did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintery breath suspend:
Then sheep first saw the Sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds:
And golden stars flew up to light the skies,
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
Nor could the tender, new creation, bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year;
But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the Spring requir'd.
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And Heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.
For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;
And shells and gravel in the ground enclose;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
And press the plants with shreds of potters' clay.
This fence against immoderate rain they found:
Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
Be mindful, when thou hast entomb'd the shoot,
With store of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
Betwixt thy vines, and teach the feeble row
To mount on reeds and wands, and, upward led,
On ashen poles to raise their forky head.
On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, swerving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
They brave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.
But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nursling spare.
Nor exercise thy rage on newborn life,
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth:
But when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandmen, be bold
To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender germs but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain year;
Whose leaves are not alone foul winter's prey,
But oft by summer suns are scorch'd away;
And, worse than both, become th' unworthy browse,
Of buffalos, salt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's frost that burns the boughs,
Nor dog-days parching heat that splits the rocks,
Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks; [stocks.
Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the
For this the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the streets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and crossing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad, with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
Lept o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy:
With taunts, and laughter loud, their audience please,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praise the god of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine,
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine;
A madness so devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow vallies and on rising hills;
On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother-tongue resound his praise.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazle broach.
To dress thy vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at least, in compass of a year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer,
To turn the glebe; besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain:
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:
Ev'n then the naked vine he persecutes;
His pruning-knife at once reforms and cuts,
Be first to dig the ground, be first to burn
The branches lopt, and first the props return
Into thy house, that bore the burden'd vines;
But last to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'ershade
Th' encumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade;

Hard labour both! commend the large excess
Of spacious vineyards; cultivate the less.
Besides, in woods the shrubs of prickly thorn,
Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut: for vineyards useful found,
To stay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,
When husbands have survey'd the last degree,
And utmost files of plants, and order'd every tree;
Ev'n when they sing at ease in full content,
Insulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet still they find a future task remain:
To turn the soil, and break the clods again;
And after all, their joys are unsincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite opposite to these are olives found,
No dressing they require, and dread no wound;
No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The soil itself due nourishment supplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits arise;
Content with small endeavours till they spring.
Soft peace they figure, and sweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas sing.

Thus apple-trees, whose trunks are strong to bear
Their spreading boughs, exert themselves in air;
Want no supply, but stand secure alone,
Not trusting foreign forces, but their own;
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.

Thus trees of Nature, and each common bush,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries blush;
Vile shrubs are shorn for browse: the towering height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And shall we doubt (indulging easy sloth)
To sow, to set, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the shepherd or the sheep design'd;
Ev'n humble broom and osiers have their use,
And shade for sheep, and food for flocks, produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Besides the pleasing prospect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are seen
Narycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
Seems for retreat of heavenly Muses made!
But much more pleasing are those fields to see,
That need not ploughs, nor human industry.
Ev'n old Caucasean rocks with trees are spread,
And wear green forests on their hilly head.
Though bending from the blast of eastern storms,
Though shent their leaves, and shatter'd are their arms;
Yet Heaven their various plants for use designs:
For houses cedars, and for shipping pines;
Cypress provides for spokes, and wheels of wains;
And all for keels of ships that scour the watery plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war from stubborn myrtle shafts receives:
From cornels javelins; and the tougher yew
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their use are made,
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade.
Light alder stems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance with these gifts the fumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noise.
Wine urg'd to lawless lust the Centaurs' train,
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine were slain.

O happy, if he knew his happy state!
The swain, who, free from business and debate,
Receives his easy food from Nature's hand,
And just returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early visitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing figures of Corinthian brass.
No statues threaten from high pedestals;
No Persian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic vests; which, through their shady fold,
Betray the streaks of ill-dissembled gold.
He boasts no wool, whose native white is dy'd
With purple poison of Assyrian pride.
No costly drugs of Araby defile
With foreign scents the sweetness of his oil.
But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With homebred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide,
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare,
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train;
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Astrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravish'd, and my brain inspir'd;
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,
Would you your poet's first petition hear:
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know:
The depths of Heaven above, and Earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the Sun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again,
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood restrain the flight,
Of my free soul, aspiring to the height
Of Nature and unclouded fields of light;
My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life:
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hemus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down:
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.

Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause.
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.
And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of sylvans, and adores the rural powers:

Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can see;
Their glittering baits and purple slavery.
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown,
Nor when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults and descents, and distant war:
Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
For what befals at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their heapy store,
Nor his own peace disturbs, with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The senate's mad decrees he never saw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the seas and some to camps resort,
And some with impudence invade the court.
In foreign countries others seek renown;
With wars and taxes others waste their own,
And houses burn, and household gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchase:
To loll on couches, rich with Cytron steds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds,
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his bury'd store.
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire
Of public speeches, which worse fools admire;
While from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country sold;
And leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.
The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
And the round year with daily labour fills.
And hence the country-markets are supply'd:
Enough remains for household charge beside:
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield:
A crop so plenteous as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus every several season is employ'd:
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
The yeaning ewes prevent the springing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sunshine of ascending fields.
The winter comes, and then the falling mast
For greedy swine provides a full repast.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss;
His little children climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine, with swelling udders, ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
To rural powers a just oblation pays;
And on the green his careless limbs displays.
The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen, round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies;
And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes,
Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose,
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquer'd Earth;)
Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice;
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord;
Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword;
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old god his hunger did assuage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age;
But, overlabour'd with so long a course,
'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

THE THIRD BOOK OF

THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This book begins with the invocation of some rural deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the book he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the *Alps*.

Thy fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse;
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse,
Amphrysian shepherd; the Lycæan woods;
Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleasing floods.
All other themes that careless minds invite,
Are worn with use, unworthy me to write.
Busiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Eurystheus, every reader sees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring isle,
And Pelops' ivory shoulder, and his toil
For fair Hippodame, with all the rest
Of Grecian tales, by poets are exprest;
New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
I, first of Romans, shall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
With foreign spoils adorn my native place;
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
Of Parian stone a temple will I raise,
Where the slow Mincius thro' the valley strays;
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink;
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.

Full in the midst shall mighty Cæsar stand:
Hold the chief honours; and the dome command.
Then I, conspicuous in my Tyrian gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred coursers from the goal will drive;
The rival chariots in the race shall strive.
All Greece shall flock from far, my games to see;
The whorlbat and the rapid race shall be
Reserv'd for Cæsar, and ordain'd by me.
Myself, with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
Ev'n now methinks the public shouts I hear;
The passing pageants and the pomps appear.
I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
The sacrifice and sacrificers view;
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres disclose the scene:
Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
And show the triumph which their shame displays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd shall Cæsar's Indian war behold;
The Nile shall flow beneath; and on the side
His shatter'd ships on brazen pillars ride,
Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
And dropping sedge, shall his Armenia mourn;
And Asian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthian shall be there;
And, spurring from the fight, confess their fear.
A double wreath shall crown our Cæsar's brows,
Two differing trophies, from two different foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame shall join;
But neither shore his conquest shall confine.
The Parian marble, there, shall seem to move,
In breathing statues, not unworthy Jove;
Resembling heroes, whose ethereal root
Is Jove himself, and Cæsar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the sculptor shall employ;
And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herself, at last grown pale and dumb,
(By Cæsar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hands; and fear the curling snakes
Of lashing Furies, and the burning lakes:
The pains of famish'd Tantalus shall feel;
And Sisyphus, that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curst Ixion's wheel.
Mean time we must pursue the sylvan lands:
(Th' abode of nymphs untouch'd by former hands;)
For such, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I sing;
Come then, and with thyself thy genius bring:
With which inspir'd, I brook no dull delay,
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Tàygetus, open, and pursue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills and for his horses' breed:
From hills and dales the cheerful cries rebound:
For Echo hunts along and propagates the sound.
A time will come, when my maturer Muse
In Cæsar's wars, a nobler theme shall choose,
And through more ages bear my sovereign's praise,
Than have from Tithon past to Cæsar's days.
The generous youth, who, studious of the prize,
The race of running coursers multiplies;
Or to the plough the sturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
The mother cow must wear a lowering look,
Sour-headed, strongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin descends:
And at her thighs the ponderous burthen ends.
Long as her sides and large, her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour shining black, but fleck'd with white;
She tosses from the yoke; provokes the fight;
She rises in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's resemblance bears;
Her ample forehead with a star is crown'd;
And with her length of tail she sweeps the ground.
The bull's insult at four she may sustain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six seasons use; but then release the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.
Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the lusty sire;
Watch the quick motions of the frisking tail,
Then serve their fury with the rushing male,
Indulging pleasure lest the breed should fail.
In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliss is fugitive!
Discolour'd sickness, anxious labour come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair:
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care;
Still propagate, for still they fall away.
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
Like diligence require the courser's race;
In early choice, and for a longer space.
The colt, that for a stallion is design'd,
By sure presages shows his generous kind,
Of able body, sound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks on pasterns firm and straight,
His motions easy; prancing in his gait;
The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood;
Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd,
Brawny his chest, and deep; his colour grey;
For beauty dappled, or the brightest bay:
Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.
The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double; starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.
Such was the steed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
Such coursers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And such, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
In such a shape, grim Saturn did restrain
His heavenly limbs, and flow'd with such a mane;
When, half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
The lecher gallop'd from his jealous queen;
Ran up the ridges of the rocks amain, [plain.
And with shrill neighings fill'd the neighbouring
But worn with years when dire diseases come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and pains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
For when his blood no youthful spirits move,
He languishes and labours in his love.
And when the sprightly seed should swiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.

In vain he burns like hasty stubble fires;
And in himself his former self requires.
His age and courage weigh: nor those alone,
But note his father's virtues and his own;
Observe, if he disdains to yield the prize;
Of loss impatient, proud of victories.
Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Rush to the race; and, panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of fev'rish hope, and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force;
The flying chariot kindles in the course:
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd and cast backward on the follower's eyes.
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first;
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst.
Bold Erichthonius was the first, who join'd
Four horses for the rapid race design'd;
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sate;
The Lapithæ to chariots add the state
Of bits and bridles; taught the steed to bound;
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round.
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know:
T' obey the rider, and to dare the foe.
To choose a youthful steed, with courage fir'd;
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd masters, and in sundry ways:
Their labours equal, and alike their praise.
But once again the batter'd horse beware,
The weak old stallion will deceive thy care.
Though famous in his youth for force and speed,
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed, [ceed.
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himself pro-
These things premis'd, when now the nuptial
Approaches for the stately steed to climb; [time
With food enable him to make his court;
Distend his chine, and pamper him for sport.
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canst find,
Of generous warmth, and of salacious kind.
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirst again, with bran.
Instructed thus, produce him to the fair:
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the sire be faint, or out of case,
He will be copied in his famish'd race:
And sink beneath the pleasing task assign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with industious care
Take down their mettle, keep them lean and bare;
When conscious of their past delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the sport again;
With scanty measure then supply their food;
And, when athirst, restrain them from the flood;
Their bodies harass, sink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the Sun.
Starve them, when barns beneath their burthen
groan;
And winnow'd chaff by western winds is blown;
For fear the rankness of the swelling womb
Should scant the passage, and confine the room.
Lest the fat furrows should the sense destroy
Of genial lust, and dull the seat of joy.
But let them suck the seed with greedy force,
And close involve the vigour of the horse.
The male has done; thy care must now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
First let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let them not leap the ditch, or swim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads, or cross the wood:
But range the forest, by the silver side
Of some cool stream, where Nature shall provide
Green grass, and fattening clover, for their fare,
And mossy caverns for their noontide lare:
With rocks above to shield the sharp nocturnal air.
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly-green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Œstros the Grecians call: asylus, we;
A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their stings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curse the jealous Juno did invent,
And first employ'd for Io's punishment.
To shun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In summer's sultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, ere the Sun arise,
Or late at night, when stars adorn the skies.
When she has calv'd, then set the dam aside;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Distinguish all betimes, with branding fire;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the sire.
Whom to reserve for husband of the herd,
Or who shall be to sacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To smooth the furrows, and sustain the plough:
The rest, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in pastures, and at pleasure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade;
Set him betimes to school, and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break;
For his soft neck a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth pursue:
Join'd with his schoolfellows by two and two,
Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labouring yoke
And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land:
And minister the blade with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely sires have done:
Who fill'd the pail with beastings of the cow;
But all her udder to the calf allow.
If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride;
The generous labours of the courser, first
Must be with sight of arms and sound of trumpets
nurs'd:
Inur'd the groaning axletree to bear;
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
The loud applauses of his master's hand:
This from his weaning let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought:

Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,
But when to four full springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
Let him, to this, with easy pains be brought:
And seem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the wind;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins;
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course,
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
Untir'd at night, and cheerful all the day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low:
For his stout stomach with his food will grow;
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the rein.
Wouldst thou their courage and their strength improve,
Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or, in the stall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast;
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;
Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass.
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release:
But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land, to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage resents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he lost.
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own.
And therefore to repair his strength he tries:
Hardening his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree:
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite,
But, when he stands collected in his might,
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Nor with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the watery war,
And, mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and belching from below
Black sands, as from a forceful engine throw.
Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.
'Tis with this rage, the mother-lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young:
Demanding rites of love; she sternly stalks;
And haunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes;
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes.
Boars whet their tusks, to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that in the desert land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning sand.
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:
Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
Unruly torrents and unforded streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy lecher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise;
He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the youth, when love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and enflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his watery way he took;
About him, and above, the billows broke;
The sluices of the sky were open spread,
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
And every boding omen of the main.
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course.
No, not the dying maid, who must deplore
His floating carcase on the Sestian shore.
I pass the wars that spotted lynxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the females' sake:
The howling wolves, the mastiff's amorous rage;
When ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind engage.
But, far above the rest, the furious mare,
Barr'd from the male, is frantic with despair.
For when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harness, and she rends the rein;
For this (when Venus gave them rage and power),
Their masters' mangled members they devour;
Of love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.
When at the spring's approach their marrow burns
(For with the spring their genial warmth returns),
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide nostrils snuff the western air:
When (wondrous to relate) the parent-wind,
Without the stallion, propagates the kind.

Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight
Through plains, and mount the hills' unequal height;
Nor to the north, nor to the rising Sun,
Nor southward to the rainy regions run;
But boring to the west, and hovering there,
With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air:
With which impregnate, from their groins they shed
A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
The shepherd knows it well; and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
This, gather'd in the planetary hour, [power,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of
Dire stepdames in the magic bowl infuse;
And mix, for deadly draughts, the poisonous juice.
But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue;
Surveying Nature with too nice a view.
Let this suffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,
To raise my subject from a ground so low:
And the mean matter which my theme affords,
T' embellish with magnificence of words.
But the commanding Muse my chariot guides:
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take:
But first the way to new discoveries make.

Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
First, with assiduous care, from winter keep
Well-fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep:
Then spread with straw, the bedding of thy fold;
With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold.
That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd:
And led to living streams, to quench their thirst.
Feed them with winter-browse, and for their fare
A cote that opens to the south prepare:
Where, basking in the sunshine, they may lie,
And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's drizzly reign be done:
Till the new Ram receives th' exalted Sun:
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care. [juice,
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian
Is dearly sold; but not for needful use:
For the salacious goat increases more;
And twice as largely yields her milky store.
The still distended udders never fail;
But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
Meantime the pastor shears their hoary beards;
And eases of their hair, the loaden herds.
Their camolets, warm in tents, the soldier hold;
And shield the shivering mariner from cold.

On shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleating kids they come
At night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
And scarce their swelling bags the threshold over-
So much the more thy diligence bestow [come.
In depth of winter, to defend the snow:
By how much less the tender helpless kind,
For their own ills, can fit provision find.
Then minister the browse, with bounteous hand;
And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
But when the western winds with vital power
Call forth the tender grass, and budding flower;
Then, at the last, produce in open air
Both flocks, and send them to their summer fare.
Before the Sun, while Hesperus appears;
First let them sip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews; and after break their fast
On greensward ground (a cool and grateful taste);
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the Sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
When creaking grass-hoppers on shrubs complain,
Then lead them to their watering troughs again.
In summer's heat some bending valley find,
Clos'd from the Sun, but open to the wind:
Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
In ample breadth thy cattle to defend:
Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To shield them with its venerable shade.
Once more to watering lead; and feed again
When the low Sun is sinking to the main;
When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews,
And the cool evening breeze the meads renews;
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.

Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains;
Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains?
Where oft the flocks without a leader stray;
Or through continued deserts take their way;
And, feeding, add the length of night to day.
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hospitable harbour know;
Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:
His house and household gods! his trade of war,
His bow and quiver; and his trusty car.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long, laborious marches overcome:
Cheerly their tedious travels undergo;
And pitch their sudden camp before the foe.

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold:
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian strand;
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand.
Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forests wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there below
A hilly heap, seven cubits deep in snow:
And all the west allies of stormy Boreas blow.

The Sun from far peeps with a sickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chase;
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd;
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd.
An hostry now for waggons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
The brazen caldrons with the frost are flaw'd;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
With axes first they cleave the vine, and thence
By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard.
Meantime perpetual sleet, and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
Huge oxen stand enclos'd in wintery walls
Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.
The dextrous huntsman wounds not these afar,
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight;
But close engages in unequal fight,

And while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to subterranean caves retire;
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of Heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away,
And their cold stomachs with crown'd goblets cheer,
Of windy cider, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Riphean race; and such
The savage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where skins of beasts the rude barbarians wear,
The spoils of foxes, and the furry bear.
Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed;
Then of the purest white select thy breed.
Ev'n though a snowy ram thou shalt behold,
Prefer him not in haste for husband to thy fold.
But search his mouth; and if a swarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, lest he darken all the flock;
And substitute another from thy stock.
'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we
May trust report), Pan, god of Arcady,
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didst thou disdain,
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy design: with plenteous hand
Bring clovergrass; and from the marshy land
Salt herbage for the foddering rack provide
To fill their bags, and swell the milky tide:
These raise their thirst, and to the taste restore
The savour of the salt, on which they fed before.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply drain,
With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.
Their morning milk, the peasants press at night:
Their evening meal before the rising light
To market bear; or sparingly they steep
With seasoning salt, and stor'd, for winter keep.
Nor last, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
With fattening whey the mastiff's generous breed,
And Spartan race: who, for the fold's relief,
Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief:
Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, rushing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear
Of flying hares, and chase the fallow deer;
Rouse from their desert dens the bristled rage
Of boars, and beamy stags in toils engage.
With smoke of burning cedar scent thy walls,
And fume with stinking galbanum thy stalls:
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venom'd race.
For often under stalls unmov'd they lie, [eye.
Obscure in shades, and shunning Heaven's broad
And snakes, familiar to the hearth, succeed,
Disclose their eggs, and near the chimney breed.
Whether to roofy houses they repair,
Or sun themselves abroad in open air,
In all abodes of pestilential kind
To sheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, shepherd, take, a plant of stubborn oak;
And labour him with many a sturdy stroke:
Or with hard stones, demolish from afar
His haughty crest, the seat of all the war;
Invade his hissing throat, and winding spires;
'Till, stretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides:
And in some secret cranny slowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and batter'd sides.
In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing head:
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back:
While springs are broken, while the southern air
And dropping heavens the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes and trembling bogs;
He fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs;
But when, in muddy pools, the water sings,
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks:
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground;
And hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threats.
Oh let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer livery rolls along,
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young;
And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison, for the following year.
The causes and the signs shall next be told,
Of every sickness that infects the fold.
A scabby tetter on their pelts will stick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
Or searching frosts have eaten through the skin;
Or burning icicles are lodg'd within:
Or when the fleece is shorn, if sweat remains
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins:
When their defenceless limbs the brambles tear;
Short of their wool, and naked from the shear.
Good shepherds after shearing drench their sheep,
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or from the founts where living sulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs;
With scum that on the molten silver swims.
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to these,
Besides the waxen labour of the bees:
And hellebore, and squills deep rooted in the seas,
Receipts abound, but, searching all thy store,
The best is still at hand—to lance the sore,
And cut the head, for till the core be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground:
While, making fruitless moan, the shepherd stands,
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle prayers, from Heaven demands.
Deep in their bones when fevers fix their seat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian shepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,
The Gelons use it, when for drink and food
They mix their curdled milk with horses' blood.
But, when thou seest a single sheep remain
In shades aloof, or crouch'd upon the plain;
Or listlessly to crop the tender grass;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread.
On winter seas we fewer storms behold,
Than foul diseases that infect the fold.

Nor do those ills on single bodies prey;
But oftener bring the nation to decay;
And sweep the present stock and future hope away.
A dire example of this truth appears:
When, after such a length of rolling years,
We see the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of scatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains:
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the shepherd's happy reigns.
Here from the vicious air, and sickly skies,
A plague did on the dumb creation rise:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle, and the beasts of nature slew.
Poisoning the standing lakes, and pools impure:
Nor was the foodful grass in fields secure.
Strange death! For when the thirsty ire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were shrunk;
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, even then
A waterish humour swell'd and ooz'd again;
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.
The victim ox, that was for altars prest,
Trimm'd with white ribbons, and with garlands drest,
Sunk of himself, without the gods' command:
Preventing the slow sacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inspected entrails could no fates foretel:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames arise;
But clouds of smouldering smoke forbade the sacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was redden'd with his gore,
Or the black poison stain'd the sandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forsake,
And render their sweet souls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad, the weasing swine
With coughs is chok'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horse, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears,
A doubtful sweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the symptoms of the young disease;
But in time's process, when his pains increase,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient sobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath: which from his lungs supply'd,
And fetch'd from far, distends his labouring side.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue succeeds;
And ropy gore he from his nostrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with success been us'd;
And through a horn the generous juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his closing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cause.
For the too vigorous dose too fiercely wrought,
And added fury to the strength it brought.
Recruited into rage, he grinds his teeth
In his own flesh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men dispose,
And turn that impious errour on our foes!
The steer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies, and dying spews a flood
Of foamy madness, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team disjoins:
With many a groan forsakes his fruitless care,
And in th' unfinish'd furrow leaves the share.
The pining steer no shades of lofty woods,
Nor flowery meads, can ease; nor crystal floods,
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decrease;
His eyes are settled in a stupid peace.
His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil,
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil!
And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxuriously did join;
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his beverage, homely was his food;
The wholesome herbage, and the running flood.
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.
'Twas then that buffaloes, ill pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the labouring swain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain:
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf, that round th' enclosure prowl'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
And flying flag, amidst the greyhounds go;
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases are driven aground:
And mighty phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The watersnake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native Heavens contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.
Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain;
Or trust to physic: physic is their bane.
The learned leaches in despair depart:
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round;
Before her drives diseases and affright;
And every moment rises to the sight:
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings and with dying bleats resound.
At length, she strikes an universal blow:
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing species in confusion lie.
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground,
For, useless to the currier were their hides;
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth: nor could Vulcanian flame
The stench abolish, or the savour tame.
Nor safely could they shear their fleecy store
(Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with gore);
Or touch the web; but if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget:
Till the slow creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF

THE GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

VIRGIL has taken care to raise the subject of the georgic. In the first he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals: and in the last singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject. In this georgic he shows us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey; how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kind; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of repairing their kind, supposing their whole breed lost, and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of Heaven my following song pursues,
Aërial honey, and ambrosial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings;
A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose:
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
If Heaven assist, and Phœbus hear my call.
First, for thy bees a quiet station find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive.
Far from the cows' and goats' insulting crew,
That trample down the flowers, and brush the dew:
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air;
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:
And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to stop)
Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop,
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the venturous colony to swarm; [wing,
When first their way through yielding air they
New to the pleasures of their native spring;
The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat:
And neighbouring trees, with friendly shade, invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake,
A passage for thy weary people make;
With osier-floats the standing water strow;
Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow:
That basking in the Sun thy bees may lie,
And resting there, their flaggy pinions dry:
When, late returning home, the laden host
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
Wild thyme and savory set around their cell;
Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell;
Set rows of rosemary with flowering stem,
And let the purple violets drink the stream.
Whether thou build the palace of thy bees,
With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees;
Make but a narrow mouth: for as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold;
So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat,
And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
With dawby wax and flowers the chinks have lin'd,
And with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive
To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idean pitch, produce
A more tenacious mass of clammy juice.
Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
In chambers of their own, beneath the ground:
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.
But plaster thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay.
Nor place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yew, their poisonous neighbour, grows:
Nor roast red crabs t' offend the niceness of their nose;
Nor near the steaming stench of muddy ground:
Nor hollow rocks that render back the sound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.
For what remains, when golden suns appear,
And under earth have driven the winter year:
The winged nation wanders through the skies,
And o'er the plains and shady forest flies:
Then, stooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
They skim the floods, and sip the purple flowers.
Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
The young succession all their cares employ:
They breed, they brood, instruct, and educate,
And make provision for the future state:
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to sustain their lives.
But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,
The motions of their hasty flight attend;
And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they bend.
Then milfoil beat, and honeysuckles pound,
With these alluring savours strew the ground,
And mix with tinkling brass, the cymbal's droning sound.
Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air
The reconcil'd deserters will repair.
But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire strive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murmuring sounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain,
With shouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds:
Then to their common standard they repair;
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
And every knight is proud to prove his worth.

Press'd for their country's honour, and their king's,
On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings;
And exercise their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride,
The trusty guards come up, and close the side;
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
Thus in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light,
The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailstones lie nor thicker on the plain,
Nor shaken oaks such showers of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of sovereign sway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midst of danger go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty souls in narrow bodies prest,
They challenge, and encounter breast to breast;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or die;
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only reign).
Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay;
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are sunder'd from the fight,
Then to the lawful king restore his right.
And let the wasteful prodigal be slain,
That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honest open face:
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold,
And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in disgrace,
Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face:
And like their grizzly prince appears his gloomy race:
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
That long have travell'd through a desert plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust again.
The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue;
Glittering and ardent, though in body less:
From these, at 'pointed seasons, hope to press
Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only sweet, but pure, and fit for use:
T' allay the strength and hardness of the wine,
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.
But when the swarms are eager of their play,
And loath their empty hives, and idly stray,
Restrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The task is easy, but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
At their command, the people swarm away;
Confine the tyrant, and the slaves will stay.
Sweet gardens, full of saffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight.
Besides the god obscene, who frights away,
With his lath sword, the thieves and birds of prey.
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pines, may search the mountain trees:
And with wild thyme and savory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.
Now, did I not so near my labours end,
Strike sail, and hastening to the harbour tend,
My song to flowery gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts to sing
The Prænestan roses, and their double spring:
How succory drinks the running stream, and bow
Green beds of parsley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the surface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late narcissus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with stately towers Tarentum stands,
And deep Galesus soaks the yellow sands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren too;
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow:
Yet, labouring well his little spot of ground,
Some scattering pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholesome poppy-flowers to mend his homely board:
For late returning home he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less:
The little of his own, because his own, did please.
To quit his care, he gather'd first of all
In spring the roses, apples in the fall:
And when cold winter split the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did restrain,
He stripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling western winds, accus'd the spring of sloth;
He therefore first among the swains was found,
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And squeeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were first in flowers; his lofty pines,
With friendly shade, secur'd his tender vines.
For every bloom his trees in spring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale restor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows:
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to dispose:
And tame to plums, the sourness of the sloes.
With spreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To shade good fellows from the summer's heat.
But, straiten'd in my space, I must forsake
This task; for others afterwards to take.
Describe we next the nature of the bees,
Bestow'd by Jove for secret services;
When, by the tinkling sound of timbrels led,
The king of Heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common sons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a several stall:
All is the state's, the state provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they share the pain:
And hoard, for winter's use, the summer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preside,
And some are sent new forage to provide:
These drudge in fields abroad, and those at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew; narcissus' leaves, and clammy gum.

To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive;
Some nurse the future nation of the hive:
Sweet honey some condense, some purge the grout;
The rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' almighty nod,
New thunder hasten for their angry god:
Subdued in fire the stubborn metal lies,
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies;
And draws, and blows, reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare:
With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and such their busy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful swain, the grave experienc'd bee:
That in the field; this in affairs of state,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, lest the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions, come
The labouring youth, and heavy laden home.
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies;
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
He spoils the saffron flowers, he sips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their sleep;
They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Rush through the city-gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day:
Then, having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night:
When hollow murmurs of their evening-bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep,
'Tis sacred silence all. Nor dare they stray,
When rain is promis'd, or a stormy day:
But near the city-walls their watering take,
Nor forage far, but short excursions make.
And as when empty barks on billows float,
With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat,
So bees bear gravel-stones, whose poising weight
Steers thro' the whistling winds their steady flight.
But, what's more strange, their modest appetites,
Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
No lust enervates their heroic mind,
Nor wastes their strength on wanton womankind,
But in their mouths reside their genial powers,
They gather children from the leaves and flowers.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal seat:
And thus their little citizens create:
And waxen cities build, the palaces of state.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And sink beneath the burthens which they bear.
Such rage of honey in their bosom beats:
And such a zeal they have for flowery sweets.
Thus through the race of life they quickly run;
Which in the space of seven short years is done;
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains:
And grandsires' grandsons the long list contains.

Besides, not Egypt, India, Media, more
With servile awe, their idol-king adore:
While he survives, in concord and content,
The commons live, by no divisions rent;
But the great monarch's death dissolves the government.
All goes to ruin, they themselves contrive
To rob the honey, and subvert the hive.
The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys;
The servile rout their careful Cæsar praise:
Him they extol, they worship him alone:
They crowd his levees, and support his throne:
They raise him on their shoulders with a shout:
And, when their sovereign's quarrel calls them out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.
Induc'd by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of etherial thought:
Endu'd with particles of heavenly fires:
For God the whole created mass inspires;
Through Heaven, and Earth, and Ocean's depth he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beasts, and fowls,
With breath are quicken'd, and attract their souls.
Hence take the forms his prescience did ordain,
And into him at length resolve again.
No room is left for death, they mount the sky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.
Now when thou hast decreed to seize their stores,
And by prerogative to break their doors:
With sprinkled water first the city choke,
And then pursue the citizens with smoke.
Two honey-harvests fall in every year:
First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And, springing upward, spurn the briny seas:
Again, when their affrighted quire surveys
The watery Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection find.
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, assault th' aggressor's face:
And through the purple veins a passage find;
There fix their stings, and leave their souls behind.
But if a pinching winter thou foresee,
And wouldst preserve thy famish'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to save the state,
For lurking lizards often lodge, by stealth,
Within the suburbs, and purloin their wealth:
And lizards, shunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the seat.
Or lazy drones, without their share of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the grain:
Or wasps infest the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms:
Or secret moths are there in silence fed;
Or spiders in the vault their snary webs have spread.
The more oppress'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increase thy care to save the sinking kind,
With greens and flowers recruit their empty hives,
And seek fresh forage to sustain their lives.
But since they share with man one common fate,
In health and sickness, and in turns of state;
Observe the symptoms when they fall away,
And languish with insensible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they stare,
Lean are their looks, and shagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never must return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the hearse, the next relations mourn.

The sick, for air, before the portal gasp,
Their feeble legs within each other clasp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, or listless of their gain.
Soft whispers then and broken sounds are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are stirr'd,
Such stifled noise as the close furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This when thou seest, Galbanean odours use,
And honey in the sickly hive infuse.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food:
Mix it with thicken'd juice of sodden wines,
And raisins from the grapes of Psythian vines:
To these add pounded galls, and roses dry,
And with Cecropian thyme, strong-scented centaury.
A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and easy to be found:
For from one root the rising stem bestows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
The flower itself is glorious to behold,
And shines on altars like refulgent gold:
Sharp to the taste, by shepherds near the stream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this restoring root in generous wine,
And set beside the door the sickly stock to dine.
But if the labouring kind be wholly lost,
And not to be retriev'd with care or cost,
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian master did of old impart:
And how he stock'd his empty hives again;
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen slain.
An ancient legend I prepare to sing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal spring:
For where, with sevenfold horns, mysterious Nile
Surrounds the skirts of Egypt's fruitful isle,
And where in pomp the sunburnt people ride,
On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide,
Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific sands;
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a sure relief have found.
First, in a place, by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike
To the four winds oppos'd their beams oblique.
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread:
They stop his nostrils, while he strives, in vain,
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.
Extended thus, in his obscene abode, [strow'd
They leave the beast; but first sweet flowers are
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime.
This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;
Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings:
And more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly.
At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,
That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattled foes,
With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
And such a form the winged squadrons bear.
What god, O Muse! this useful science taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought?
Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled,
His bees with famine, or diseases, dead;
On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy head.
And while his falling tears the stream supply'd,
Thus mourning, to his mother goddess cry'd:
"Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood:
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
The third, by him and thee, from Heaven's high king?
O! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate!
Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful plough,
The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou.
Proceed, inhuman parent, in thy scorn;
Root up my trees, with blights destroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my sheep-folds burn.
Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown,
Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son."
But from her mossy bower below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive sound,
Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.
One common work they ply'd: their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
And sweet Phyllodoce, with long dishevell'd hair:
Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
And one that once had call'd Lucina's aid.
Clio and Beroe, from one father both,
Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd cloth.
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Nisæa lofty, with Ligæa loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyrè the sad,
And Arethusa, once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To these, Clymene the sweet theft declares
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing tears:
And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful sound invades the sister's ears:
Starting at once from their green seats, they rise;
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head;
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said:
"O sister! not with causeless fear possest,
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands,
With downcast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands:
Upbraiding Heaven from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name."
Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out, "Conduct my son, conduct him here:

'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes."
At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's watery palace leads.
With wondering eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that, pent in hollow caverns, roar.
He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
And where, distinguish'd in their several cells,
The fount of Phasis and of Lycus dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tyber his majestic forehead rears.
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks thro' th' opposing rocks with raging sound.
Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods,
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears.
With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With water drawn from their perpetual spring,
From earthly dregs his body purify,
And rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
Then load the tables with a liberal feast,
And honour with full bowls their friendly guest.
Their sacred altars are involv'd in smoke,
And the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
Two bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
Then thus: "Let these be pour'd, with rites divine,
To the great author of our watery line.
To father Ocean, this; and this," she said,
"Be to the nymphs, his sacred sisters, paid,
Who rule the watery plains, and hold the woodland shade."
She sprinkled thrice, with wine, the vestal fire,
Thrice to the vaulted roof the flames aspire.
Rais'd with so blest an omen, she begun,
With words like these, to cheer her drooping son.
"In the Carpathian bottom makes abode
The shepherd of the seas, a prophet and a god;
High o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,
His azure car and finny coursers guides:
Proteus his name: to his Pallenian port
I see from far the weary god resort.
Him, not alone, we river-gods adore,
But aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
With sure foresight, and with unerring doom,
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.
This Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
His scaly flocks, that graze the watery deep.
Implore his aid, for Proteus only knows
The secret cause, and cure of all thy woes.
But first the wily wizard must be caught,
For, unconstrain'd, he nothing tells for naught;
Nor is with prayers, or bribes, or flattery, bought.
Surprise him first, and with hard fetters bind;
Then all his frauds will vanish into wind.
I will myself conduct thee on thy way,
When next the southing Sun inflames the day:
When the dry herbage thirsts for dews in vain,
And sheep, in shades, avoid the parching plain;
Then will I lead thee to his secret seat;
When, weary with his toil, and scorch'd with heat,
The wayward sire frequents his cool retreat.
His eyes with heavy slumber overcast;
With force invade his limbs, and bind him fast:
Thus surely bound, yet be not over bold,
The slippery god will try to loose his hold:
And various forms assume to cheat thy sight;
And with vain images of beasts affright.
With foamy tusks will seem a bristly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snare,
Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stare:
Or with a wile, thy caution to betray,
In fleeting streams attempt to slide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To strain his fetters with a stricter care:
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true shape, in which he first was seen."
This said, with nectar she her son anoints:
Infusing vigour through his mortal joints:
Down from his head the liquid odours ran:
He breath'd of Heaven, and look'd above a man.
Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes;
Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
In form of war, their watery ranks divide;
And there, like sentries set, without the mouth abide;
A station safe for ships, when tempests roar,
A silent harbour, and a cover'd shore.
Secure within resides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
Hither with silent steps, secure from sight,
The goddess guides her son, and turns him from the light:
Herself, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the sultry dog-star from the sky
Scorch'd Indian swains, the rivell'd grass was dry;
The Sun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd for shelter to his wonted caves:
His finny flocks about their shepherd play,
And, rolling round him, spirt the bitter sea.
Unwieldily they wallow first in ooze,
Then in the shady covert seek repose.
Himself their herdsman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muster'd flocks a just account.
So, seated on a rock, a shepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home:
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.
Th' occasion offers, and the youth complies:
For scarce the weary god had clos'd his eyes,
When rushing on, with shouts, he binds in chains
The drowsy prophet, and his limbs constrains.
He, not unmindful of his usual art,
First in dissembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beasts and running streams he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having shifted every form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape;
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
"Audacious youth, what madness could provoke
A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?
What business brought thee to my dark abode?"
To this th' audacious youth: "Thou know'st full well
My name, and business, god, nor need I tell:

No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come t' implore
Thy help, my perish'd people to restore."
The seer, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage;
And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, "No vulgar god
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward,
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard;
For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife;
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou 'scape
The just revenge of that intended rape.
To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side:
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian shores rebound.
Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
And sought his mournful mind with music to re-
On thee, dear wife, in deserts all alone, [store.
He call'd, sigh'd, sung, his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting Sun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through forests void of light:
And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, listening, crowd the sweet musician's side.
Nor flocks of birds, when driven by storms or night,
Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight,
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarry'd maid,
The mighty hero's more majestic shade[1];
And youths on funeral piles before their parents
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds, [laid.
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompasses around, [ground.
With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy
Ev'n from the depths of Hell the damn'd advance,
Th' infernal mansions nodding seem to dance:
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl,
The Furies hearken, and their snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing wheel.
"All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He first, and close behind him follow'd she,
For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
When strong desires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd;
A fault which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could Hell forgive.
For near the confines of ethereal light,
And longing for the glimmering of a sight,
Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flashes of blue lightning gave the sign
Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.

[1] This whole line is taken from the marquis of Normanby's translation. DRYDEN.

Then thus the bride: 'What fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
An iron slumber shut my swimming eyes.
And now farewell, involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In sweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!'
She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air;
And left her hopeless lover in despair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise:
But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes.
Nor would th' infernal ferryman once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.
What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
And shivering in the leaky sculler sate.
For seven continued months, if fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrows did renew;
By Strymon's freezing streams he sate alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs:
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone,
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence;
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.
"Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
"The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
Of love disdain'd, and marriage-rites refus'd,
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length, against his sacred life conspir'd.
Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field,
Then, when his head from his fair shoulders torn,
Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
With his last voice, 'Eurydice!' he cry'd,
'Eurydice!' the rocks and river-banks reply'd."
This answer Proteus gave, nor more he said,
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely spread.
The nymph return'd, her drooping son to cheer,
And bade him banish his superfluous fear:
"For now," said she, "the cause is known, from whence
Thy wo succeeded, and for what offence:
The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
This punishment upon thy crimes have laid;
And sent a plague among thy thriving bees.
With vows and suppliant prayers their powers appease;
The soft Napæan race will soon repent [pease;
Their anger, and remit the punishment:
The secret in an easy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for sacrifice,

Which on Lycæus graze, without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:
For these, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland powers with prayer.
From the slain victims pour the streaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the shady wood:
Nine mornings thence, Lethean poppy bring,
T' appease the manes of the poets' king:
And, to propitiate his offended pride,
A fatted calf, and a black ewe, provide:
This finish'd, to the former woods repair."
His mother's precepts he performs with care;
The temple visits, and adores with prayer.
Four altars raises, from his herd he culls,
For slaughter, four the fairest of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and prayers,
The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for, from within
The broken bowels, and the bloated skin,
A buzzing noise of bees his ears alarms,
Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms,
Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighbouring tree, descending light:
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependance from the bough.
Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of labouring bees:
While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war;
With conquering arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad Earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to Heaven pursues.
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise:
And bold, thro' youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

JOHN,

LORD MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, EARL OF MULGRAVE, &c.

AND

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

An heroic poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of a man is capable to perform. The design of it is to form the mind to heroic virtue by example; it is conveyed in verse, that it may delight while it instructs: the action of it is always one, entire, and great. The least and most trivial episodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary, or convenient, to carry on the main design. Either so necessary, that without them the poem must be imperfect; or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength: but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. Even the least portions of them must be of the epic kind; all things must be grave, majestical, and sublime: nothing of a foreign nature, like the trifling novels, which Ariosto and others have inserted in their poems: by which the reader is misled into another sort of pleasure, opposite to that which is designed in an epic poem. One raises the soul, and hardens it to virtue; the other softens it again, and unbends it into vice. One conduces to the poet's aim, the completing of his work, which he is driving on, labouring and hastening in every line; the other slackens his pace, diverts him from his way, and locks him up like a knight-errant in an enchanted castle, when he should be pursuing his first adventure. Statius, as Bossu has well observed, was ambitious of trying his strength with his master Virgil, as Virgil had before tried his with Homer. The Grecian gave the two Romans an example, in the games which were celebrated at the funerals of Patroclus. Virgil imitated the invention of *Homer*, but changed the sports. But both the Greek and Latin poet took their occasions from the subject; though, to confess the truth, they were both ornamental, or, at best, convenient parts of it, rather than of necessity arising from it. Statius, who, through his whole poem, is noted for want of conduct and judgment, instead of staying, as he might have done, for the death of Capaneus, Hippomedon, Tydeus, or some other of his seven champions (who are heroes all alike), or more properly for the tragical end of the two brothers, whose exequies the next successor had leisure to perform, when the siege was raised, and in the interval betwixt the poet's first action and his second, went out of his way, as it were on prepense malice, to commit a fault: for he took his opportunity to kill a royal infant, by the means of a serpent (that author of all evil), to make way for those funeral honours which he intended for him. Now if this innocent had been of any relation to his Thebais; if he had either furthered or hindered the taking of the town, the poet might have found some sorry excuse at least for the detaining the reader from the promised siege. On these terms, this Capaneus of a poet engaged his two immortal predecessors, and his success was answerable to his enterprise.

If this economy must be observed in the mi-

nutest parts of an epic poem, which, to a common reader, seem to be detached from the body, and almost independent of it, what soul, though sent into the world with great advantages of nature, cultivated with the liberal arts and sciences, conversant with histories of the dead, and enriched with observations on the living, can be sufficient to inform the whole body of so great a work? I touch here but transiently, without any strict method, on some few of those many rules of imitating nature, which Aristotle drew from Homer's Iliads and Odysses, and which he fitted to the drama; furnishing himself also with observations from the practice of the theatre, when it flourished under Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. For the original of the stage was from the epic poem. Narration, doubtless, preceded acting, and gave laws to it: what at first was told artfully, was, in process of time, represented gracefully to the sight and hearing. Those episodes of Homer, which were proper for the stage, the poets amplified each into an action: out of his limbs they formed their bodies: what he had contracted they enlarged: out of one Hercules were made infinity of pygmies; yet all endued with human souls: for from him, their great creator, they have each of them the divinæ particulam auræ. They flowed from him at first, and are at last resolved into him. Nor were they only animated by him, but their measure and symmetry was owing to him. His one, entire, and great action was copied by them according to the proportions of the drama: if he finished his orb within the year, it sufficed to teach them, that their action being less, and being also less diversified with incidents, their orb, of consequence, must be circumscribed in a less compass, which they reduced within the limits either of a natural or an artificial day: so that as he taught them to amplify what he had shortened, by the same rule applied the contrary way, he taught them to shorten what he had amplified. Tragedy is the miniature of human life: an epic poem is the draught at length. Here, my lord, I must contract also: for, before I was aware, I was almost running into a long digression, to prove that there is no such absolute necessity that the time of a stage-action should so strictly be confined to twenty-four hours, as never to exceed them, for which Aristotle contends, and the Grecian stage has practised. Some longer space, on some occasions, I think may be allowed, especially for the English theatre, which requires more variety of incidents than the French. Corneille himself, after long practice, was inclined to think, that the time allotted by the ancients was too short to raise and finish a great action: and better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken, than a great beauty were omitted. To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions, to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries, which befal the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance, and introduce compassion, are the great effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as true as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours' warning? Are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste: it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure: for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass: the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four-and-twenty hours. He might prove as well that a mushroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great: is the Moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days, and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circumvolutions, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem: where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristical virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire: and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's

chief quality be vicious, as for example, the choler and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliads, that his anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor the selling his body to his father. We abhor these actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shows them like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

By this example, the critics have concluded that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good if they are of a piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, it is more lovely: for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Æneas of our author: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuaries have only in their minds; and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a god in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts, and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles: for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections. Therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. After all, on the whole merits of the cause, it must be acknowledged that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent: and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind are, like chronical diseases, to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: wherein though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper ends. The stage is more active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is acted too, when need requires. For dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The Sun enlightens and cheers us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and is reaped for use in process of time, and in its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action, to the dignity of the actors, I mean the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, it is true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king inferior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention, because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read: and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontended excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say, without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the Ruelle; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet by those who see and hear his extravagancies with delight. They are a sort of stately fustian, and lofty childishness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure; where that is not imitated, it is grotesque painting, the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

I might also add, that many things, which not only please, but are real beauties in the reading, would appear absurd upon the stage: and those not only the speciosa miracula, as Horace calls them, of transformations, of Scylla, Antiphanes, and the Lestrigons, which cannot be represented even in operas, but the prowess of Achilles, or Æneas, would appear ridiculous in our dwarf-heroes of the theatre. We can believe they routed armies in Homer, or in Virgil; but ne Hercules contra duos in the drama. I forbear to instance in many things, which the stage cannot, or ought not to represent. For I have said already more than I intended on this subject, and should fear it might be turned against me, that I plead for the pre-eminence of epic poetry, because I have taken some pains in translating Virgil; if this were the first time that I had delivered my opinion in this dispute. But I have more than once already maintained the rights of my two masters against their rivals of the scene, even while I wrote trage-

dies myself, and had no thoughts of this present undertaking. I submit my opinion to your judgment, who are better qualified than any man I know to decide this controversy. You come, my lord, instructed in the cause, and needed not that I should open it. Your essay of poetry, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction: and, without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not without some envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed, in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others. A native of Parnassus, and bred up in the studies of its fundamental laws, may receive new lights from his contemporaries; but it is a grudging kind of praise which he gives his benefactors. He is more obliged than he is willing to acknowledge: there is a tincture of malice in his commendations. For where I own I am taught, I confess my want of knowledge. A judge upon the bench may, out of good-nature, or at least interest, encourage the pleadings of a puny counsellor; but he does not willingly commend his brother sergeant at the bar; especially when he controls his law, and exposes that ignorance which is made sacred by his place. I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess: but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure. We are naturally displeased with an unknown critic, as the ladies are with a lampooner; because we are bitten in the dark, and know not where to fasten our revenge. But great excellencies will work their way through all sorts of opposition. I applauded rather out of decency than affection; and was ambitious, as some yet can witness, to be acquainted with a man with whom I had the honour to converse, and that almost daily, for so many years together. Heaven knows, if I have heartily forgiven you this deceit. You extorted a praise, which I should willingly have given, had I known you. Nothing had been more easy than to commend a patron of a long standing. The world would join with me, if the encomiums were just; and if unjust, would excuse a grateful flatterer. But to come anonymous upon me, and force me to commend you against my interest, was not altogether so fair, give me leave to say, as it was politic. For, by concealing your quality, you might clearly understand how your work succeeded; and that the general approbation was given to your merit, not your titles. Thus, like Apelles, you stood unseen behind your own Venus, and received the praises of the passing multitude: the work was commended, not the author: and I doubt not, this was one of the most pleasing adventures of your life.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended in this dispute of preference betwixt the epic poem and the drama: and yet have not formally answered any of the arguments which are brought by Aristotle on the other side, and set in the fairest light by Dacier. But I suppose, without looking on the book, I may have touched on some of the objections. For, in this address to your lordship, I design not a treatise of heroic poetry, but write in a loose epistolary way, somewhat tending to that subject, after the example of Horace, in his first epistle of the second book to Augustus Cæsar, and of that to the Pisos, which we call his Art of Poetry. In both of which he observes no method that I can trace, whatever Scaliger the father, or Heinsius, may have seen, or rather think they had seen. I have taken up, laid down, and resumed, as often as I pleased, the same subject: and this loose proceeding I shall use through all this prefatory dedication. Yet all this while I have been sailing with some side-wind or other toward the point I proposed in the beginning: the greatness and excellency of an heroic poem, with some of the difficulties which attend that work. The comparison therefore which I made betwixt the epopee, and the tragedy, was not altogether a digression: for it is concluded on all hands, that they are both the master-pieces of human wit.

In the mean time, I may be bold to draw this corollary from what has been already said, that the file of heroic poets is very short: all are not such who have assumed that lofty title in ancient or modern ages, or have been so esteemed by their partial and ignorant admirers.

There have been but one great Ilias, and one Æneis, in so many ages. The next, but the next with a long interval betwixt, was the Jerusalem: I mean not so much in distance of time, as in excellency. After these three are entered, some lord chamberlain should be appointed, some critic of authority should be set before the door, to keep out a crowd of little poets, who press for admission, and are not of quality. Mævius would be deafening your lordship's ears, with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum.

Mere fustian, as Horace would tell you from be-

hind, without pressing forward, and more smoke than fire. Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto, would cry out, make room for the Italian poets, the descendants of Virgil in a right line. Father Le Moin, with his Saint Louis; and Scudery with his Alaric, for a godly king, and Gothic conqueror; and Chapelain would take it ill that his maid should be refused a place with Helen and Lavinia. Spenser has a better plea for his Fairy Queen, had his action been finished, or had been one. And Milton, if the devil had not been his hero, instead of Adam, if the giant had not foiled the knight, and driven him out of his strong hold, to wander through the world with his lady-errant; and if there had not been more machining persons than human, in his poem. After these, the rest of our English poets shall not be mentioned. I have that honour for them which I ought to have; but if they are worthies, they are not to be ranked amongst the three whom I have named, and who are established in their reputation.

Before I quitted the comparison betwixt epic poetry and tragedy, I should have acquainted my judge with one advantage of the former over the latter, which I now casually remember out of the preface of Segrais before his translation of the Æneis, or out of Bossu, no matter which. The style of the heroic poem is, and ought to be, more lofty than that of the drama. The critic is certainly in the right, for the reason already urged: the work of tragedy is on the passions; and, in a dialogue, both of them abhor strong metaphors, in which the epopee delights. A poet cannot speak too plainly on the stage: for, volat irrevocabile verbum; the sense is lost, if it be not taken flying; but what we read alone, we have leisure to digest. There an author may beautify his sense by the boldness of his expression, which, if we understand not fully at the first, we may dwell upon it, till we find the secret force and excellence.—That which cures the manners by alterative physic, as I said before, must proceed by insensible degrees; but that which purges the passions, must do its business all at once, or wholly fail of its effect, at least in the present operation, and without repeated doses. We must beat the iron while it is hot, but we may polish it at leisure.—Thus my lord, you pay the fine of my forgetfulness; and yet the merits of both causes are where they were, and undecided, till you declare whether it be more for the benefit of mankind to have their manners in general corrected, or their pride and hard-heartedness removed.

I must now come closer to my present business; and not think of making more invasive wars abroad, when, like Hannibal, I am called back to the defence of my own country. Virgil is attacked by many enemies: he has a whole confederacy against him, and I must endeavour to defend him as well as I am able. But their principal objections being against his moral, the duration or length of time taken up in the action of the poem, and what they have to urge against the manners of his hero; I shall omit the rest as mere cavils of grammarians: at the worst but casual slips of a great man's pen, or inconsiderable faults of an admirable poem, which the author had not leisure to review before his death. Macrobius has answered what the ancients could urge against him; and some things I have lately read in Tanneguy, le Fevre, Valois, and another whom I name not, which are scarce worth answering. They begin with the moral of his poem, which I have elsewhere confessed, and still must own, not to be so noble as that of Homer. But let both be fairly stated; and, without contradicting my first opinion, I can show that Virgil's was as useful to the Romans of his age, as Homer's was to the Grecians of his: in what time soever he may be supposed to have lived and flourished. Homer's moral was to urge the necessity of union, and of a good understanding betwixt confederate states and princes engaged in a war with a mighty monarch; as also of discipline in an army, and obedience in their several chiefs, to the supreme commander of the joint forces. To inculcate this, he sets forth the ruinous effects of discord in the camp of those allies, occasioned by the quarrel betwixt the general, and one of the next in office under him. Agamemnon gives the provocation, and Achilles resents the injury. Both parties are faulty in the quarrel, and accordingly they are both punished: the aggressor is forced to sue for peace to his inferior on dishonourable conditions; the deserter refuses the satisfaction offered, and his obstinacy costs him his best friend. This works the natural effect of choler, and turns his rage against him by whom he was last affronted, and most sensibly. The greater anger expels the less; but his character is still preserved. In the mean time the Grecian army receives loss on loss, and is half destroyed by a pestilence into the bargain.

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

As the poet, in the first part of the example, had shown the bad effects of discord, so after the reconcilement he gives the good effects of unity.—For Hector is slain, and then Troy must fall. By

this it is probable, that Homer lived when the Median monarchy was grown formidable to the Grecians; and that the joint endeavours of his countrymen were little enough to preserve their common freedom from an encroaching enemy.—Such was his moral, which all critics have allowed to be more noble than that of Virgil, though not adapted to the times in which the Roman poet lived. Had Virgil flourished in the age of Ennius, and addressed to Scipio, he had probably taken the same moral, or some other not unlike it. For then the Romans were in as much danger from the Carthaginian commonwealth, as the Grecians were from the Assyrian or Median monarchy. But we are to consider him as writing his poem in a time when the old form of government was subverted, and a new one just established by Octavius Cæsar: in effect by force of arms, but seemingly by the consent of the Roman people. The commonwealth had received a deadly wound in the former civil wars betwixt Marius and Sylla. The commons, while the first prevailed, had almost shaken off the yoke of the nobility; and Marius and Cinna, like the captains of the mob, under the specious pretence of the public good, and of doing justice on the oppressors of their liberty, revenged themselves, without form of law, on their private enemies. Sylla, in his turn, proscribed the heads of the adverse party: he, too, had nothing but liberty and reformation in his mouth (for the cause of religion is but a modern motive to rebellion, invented by the christian priesthood, refining on the heathen). Sylla, to be sure, meant no more good to the Roman people than Marius before, whatever he declared; but sacrificed the lives, and took the estates of all his enemies, to gratify those who brought him into power: such was the reformation of the government by both parties. The senate and the commons were the two bases on which it stood; and the two champions of either faction, each destroyed the foundations of the other side: so the fabric of consequence must fall betwixt them, and tyranny must be built upon their ruins. This comes of altering fundamental laws and constitutions. Like him, who, being in good health, lodged himself in a physician's house, and was over-persuaded by his landlord to take physic, of which he died, for the benefit of his doctor: Stavo ben (was written on his monument) ma, perstar meglio, sto qui.

After the death of those two usurpers, the commonwealth seemed to recover, and held up its head for a little time. But it was all the while in a deep consumption, which is a flattering disease. Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, had found the sweets of arbitrary power; and, each being a check to the other's growth, struck up a false friendship amongst themselves, and divided the government betwixt them, which none of them was able to assume alone. These were the public-spirited men of their age, that is, patriots of their own interest. The commonwealth looked with a florid countenance in their management, spread in bulk, and all the while was wasting in the vitals. Not to trouble your lordship with the repetition of what you know: after the death of Crassus, Pompey found himself outwitted by Cæsar; broke with him, overpowered him in the senate, and caused many unjust decrees to pass against him: Cæsar, thus injured, and unable to resist the faction of the nobles, which was now uppermost (for he was a Marian) had recourse to arms; and his cause was just against Pompey, but not against his country; whose constitution ought to have been sacred to him; and never to have been violated on the account of any private wrong. But he prevailed; and Heaven declaring for him, he became a providential monarch, under the title of perpetual dictator. He being murdered by his own son, whom I neither dare commend, nor can justly blame, (though Dante, in his Inferno, has put him and Cassius, and Judas Iscariot betwixt them, into the great devil's mouth) the commonwealth popped up its head for the third time, under Brutus and Cassius, and then sunk for ever.

Thus the Roman people were grossly gulled, twice or thrice over; and as often enslaved in one century, and under the same pretence of reformation. At last the two battles of Philippi gave the decisive stroke against liberty; and not long after, the commonwealth was turned into a monarchy, by the conduct and good fortune of Augustus. It is true, that the despotic power could not have fallen into better hands, than those of the first and second Cæsar. Your lordship well knows what obligations Virgil had to the latter of them: he saw, beside, that the commonwealth was lost without resource: the heads of it destroyed; the senate new moulded, grown degenerate; and either bought off, or thrusting their own necks into the yoke, out of fear of being forced. Yet I may safely affirm for our great author (as men of good sense are generally honest) that he was still of republican principles in his heart—

Secretisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

I think, I need use no other argument to justify my opinion, than that of this one line, taken from the eighth book of the Æneis. If he had not well

studied his patron's temper, it might have ruined him with another prince. But Augustus was not discontented, at least that we can find, that Cato was placed, by his own poet, in Elysium; and there giving laws to the holy souls, who deserved to be separated from the vulgar sort of good spirits. For his conscience could not but whisper to the arbitrary monarch, that the kings of Rome were at first elective, and governed not without a senate: that Romulus was no hereditary prince, and though, after his death, he received divine honours, for the good he did on Earth, yet he was but a god of their own making: that the last Tarquin was expelled justly for overt-acts of tyranny, and male-administration; for such are the conditions of an elective kingdom: and I meddle not with others: being, for my own opinion, of Montaigne's principles, that an honest man ought to be contented with that form of government, and with those fundamental constitutions of it, which he received from his ancestors, and under which himself was born. Though at the same time he confessed freely, that if he could have chosen his place of birth, it should have been at Venice: which, for many reasons, I dislike, and am better pleased to have been born an Englishman.

But to return from my long rambling: I say that Virgil having maturely weighed the condition of the times in which he lived; that an entire liberty was not to be retrieved: that the present settlement had the prospect of a long continuance in the same family, or those adopted into it: that he held his paternal estate from the bounty of the conqueror, by whom he was likewise enriched, esteemed, and cherished: that this conqueror, though of a bad kind, was the very best of it: that the arts of peace flourished under him: that all men might be happy, if they would be quiet: that now he was in possession of the whole, yet he shared a great part of his authority with the senate: that he would be chosen into the ancient offices of the commonwealth, and ruled by the power which he derived from them; and prorogued his government from time to time: still, as it were, threatening to dismiss himself from public cares, which he exercised more for the common good, than for any delight he took in greatness: these things, I say, being considered by the poet, he concluded it to be the interest of his country to be so governed: to infuse an awful respect into the people towards such a prince: by that respect to confirm their obedience to him: and by that obedience to make them happy. This was the moral of his divine poem: honest in the poet: honourable to the emperor, whom he derives from a divine extraction; and reflecting part of that honour on the Roman people, whom he derives also from the Trojans; and not only profitable, but necessary to the present age; and likely to be such to their posterity. That it was the received opinion that the Romans were descended from the Trojans, and Julius Cæsar from Iulus the son of Æneas, was enough for Virgil: though perhaps he thought not so himself: or that Æneas ever was in Italy, which Bochartus manifestly proves. And Homer, where he says that Jupiter hated the house of Priam, and was resolved to transfer the kingdom to the family of Æneas, yet mentions nothing of his leading a colony into a foreign country, and settling there; but that the Romans valued themselves on their Trojan ancestry, is so undoubted a truth, that I need not prove it. Even the seals which we have remaining of Julius Cæsar, which we know to be antique, have the star of Venus over them, though they were all graven after his death, as a note that he was deified. I doubt not but one reason, why Augustus should be so passionately concerned for the preservation of the Æneis, which its author had condemned to be burnt, as an imperfect poem, by his last will and testament, was, because it did him a real service, as well as an honour; that a work should not be lost, where his divine original was celebrated in verse, which had the character of immortality stamped upon it.

Neither were the great Roman families which flourished in his time, less obliged to him than the emperor. Your lordship knows with what address he makes mention of them, as captains of ships or leaders in the war; and even some of Italian extraction are not forgotten. These are the single stars which are sprinkled through the Æneis; but there are whole constellations of them in the fifth book. And I could not but take notice, when I translated it, of some favourite families to which he gives the victory, and awards the prizes, in the person of his hero, at the funeral games which were celebrated in honour of Anchises. I insist not on their names; but am pleased to find the Memmii amongst them, derived from Menestheus, because Lucretius dedicates to one of that family, a branch of which destroyed Corinth. I likewise either found or formed an image to myself of the contrary kind: that those who lost the prizes, were such as disobliged the poet, or were in disgrace with Augustus, or enemies to Mæcenas: and this was the poetical revenge he took. For genus irritabile Vatum, as Horace says. When

a poet is thoroughly provoked, he will do himself justice, however dear it cost him, animamque in vulnere ponit. I think these are not bare imaginations of my own, though I find no trace of them in the commentators; but one poet may judge of another, by himself. The vengeance we defer, is not forgotten. I hinted before, that the whole Roman people were obliged by Virgil, in deriving them from Troy: an ancestry which they affected. We, and the French, are of the same humour: they would be thought to descend from a son, I think, of Hector: and we would have our Britain both named and planted by a descendant of Æneas. Spenser favours this opinion what he can. His prince Arthur, or whoever he intends by him, is a Trojan. Thus the hero of Homer was a Grecian, of Virgil a Roman, of Tasso an Italian.

I have transgressed my bounds, and gone farther than the moral leads me. But if your lordship is not tired, I am safe enough.

Thus far, I think, my author is defended. But as Augustus is still shadowed in the person of Æneas, of which I shall say more when I come to the manners which the poet gives his hero, I must prepare that subject, by showing how dextrously he managed both the prince and people, so as to displease neither, and to do good to both: which is the part of a wise and an honest man, and proves, that it is possible for a courtier not to be a knave. I shall continue still to speak my thoughts like a freeborn subject, as I am: though such things perhaps, as no Dutch commentator could, and I am sure no Frenchman durst. I have already told your lordship my opinion of Virgil; that he was no arbitrary man: obliged he was to his master for his bounty; and he repays him with good counsel, how to behave himself in his new monarchy, so as to gain the affections of his subjects, and deserve to be called the father of his country. From this consideration it is, that he chose the ground-work of his poem, one empire destroyed, and another raised from the ruins of it. This was the just parallel. Æneas could not pretend to be Priam's heir, in a lineal succession: for Anchises, the hero's father, was only of the second branch of the royal family; and Helenus, a son of Priam, was yet surviving, and might lawfully claim before him. It may be, Virgil mentions him on that account. Neither has he forgotten Priamus, in the fifth of his Æneis, the son of Polites, youngest son to Priam; who was slain by Pyrrhus, in the second book. Æneas had only married Creüsa, Priam's daughter, and by her could have no title, while any of the male issue were remaining. In this case, the poet gave him the next title, which is that of an elective king. The remaining Trojans chose him to lead them forth, and settle them in some foreign country. Ilioneus, in his speech to Dido, calls him expressly by the name of king. Our poet, who all this while had Augustus in his eye, had no desire he should seem to succeed by any right of inheritance, derived from Julius Cæsar: such a title being but one degree removed from conquest. For what was introduced by force, by force may be removed. It was better for the people that they should give, than he should take. Since that gift was indeed no more at bottom than a trust; Virgil gives us an example of this, in the person of Mezentius. He governed arbitrarily, he was expelled; and came to the deserved end of all tyrants. Our author shows us another sort of kingship, in the person of Latinus: he was descended from Saturn, and, as I remember, in the third degree. He is described a just and gracious prince; solicitous for the welfare of his people; always consulting with his senate, to promote the common good. We find him at the head of them, when he enters into the council-hall. Speaking first, but still demanding their advice, and steering by it, as far as the iniquity of the times would suffer him. And this is the proper character of a king by inheritance, who is born a father of his country. Æneas, though he married the heiress of the crown, yet claimed no title to it during the life of his father-in-law. Pater arma Latinus habeto, &c. are Virgil's words. As for himself, he was contented to take care of his country-gods, who were not those of Latium: wherein our divine author seems to relate to the after-practice of the Romans, which was to adopt the gods of those they conquered, or received as members of their commonwealth. Yet withal, he plainly touches at the office of the high priesthood, with which Augustus was invested: and which made his person more sacred and inviolable, than even the tribunitial power. It was not therefore for nothing, that the most judicious of all poets made that office vacant, by the death of Pantheus, in the second book of the Æneis, for his hero to succeed in it; and consequently for Augustus, to enjoy. I know not that any of the commentators have taken notice of that passage. If they have not, I am sure they ought; and if they have, I am not indebted to them for the observation; the words of Virgil are very plain,

Sacra, suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates.

As for Augustus, or his uncle Julius, claiming by descent from Æneas; that title is already out of doors, Æneas succeeded not, but was elected. Troy was foredoomed to fall for ever.

Postquam res Asiæ, Priamique evertere regnum
Immeritum visum Superis,— Æneis, lib. iii. 1.

Augustus, it is true, had once resolved to rebuild that city, and there to make the seat of empire; but Horace writes an ode on purpose to deter him from that thought: declaring the place to be accursed, and that the gods would as often destroy it, as it should be raised. Hereupon the emperor laid aside a project so ungrateful to the Roman people. But by this, my lord, we may conclude that he had still his pedigree in his head; and had an itch of being thought a divine king, if his poets had not given him better counsel.

I will pass by many less material objections, for want of room to answer them; what follows next is of great importance, if the critics can make out their charge: for it is levelled at the manners which our poet gives his hero, and which are the same which were eminently seen in his Augustus: those manners were, piety to the gods, and a dutiful affection to his father; love to his relations; care of his people; courage and conduct in the wars; gratitude to those who had obliged him, and justice in general to mankind.

Piety, as your lordship sees, takes place of all, as the chief part of his character: and the word in Latin is more full than it can possibly be expressed in any modern language; for there it comprehends not only devotion to the gods, but filial love and tender affection to relations of all sorts. As instances of this, the deities of Troy, and his own penates, are made the companions of his flight: they appear to him in his voyage, and advise him; and at last he replaces them in Italy, their native country. For his father, he takes him on his back; he leads his little son; his wife follows him; but, losing his footsteps through fear or ignorance, he goes back into the midst of his enemies to find her; and leaves not his pursuit till her ghost appears, to forbid his farther search. I will say nothing of his duty to his father while he lived, his sorrow for his death; of the games instituted in honour of his memory; or seeking him, by his command, even after his death, in the Elysian fields. I will not mention his tenderness for his son, which every where is visible: of his raising a tomb for Polydorus, the obsequies for Misenus, his pious remembrance of Deiphobus; the funeral of his nurse; his grief for Pallas, and his revenge taken on his murderer, whom otherwise, by his natural compassion, he had forgiven; and then the poem had been left imperfect: for we could have had no certain prospect of his happiness, while the last obstacle to it was unremoved. Of the other parts which compose his character, as a king, or as a general, I need say nothing; the whole Æneis is one continued instance of some one or other of them; and where I find any thing of them taxed, it should suffice me, as briefly as I can, to vindicate my divine master to your lordship, and by you to the reader. But herein, Segrais, in his admirable preface to his translation of the Æneis, as the author of the Dauphin's Virgil justly calls it, has prevented me. Him I follow, and what I borrow from him, am ready to acknowledge to him. For, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English, as they are worse poets. Thus we generally allow, that they better understand the management of a war, than our islanders; but we know we are superiour to them in the day of battle. They value themselves on their generals, we on our soldiers. But this is not the proper place to decide that question, if they make it one. I shall perhaps say as much of other nations, and their poets, excepting only Tasso; and hope to make my assertion good, which is but doing justice to my country; part of which honour will reflect on your lordship, whose thoughts are always just; your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the mean time, that little you have written is owned, and that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not over lavish of praise to their contemporaries), as a principal ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses.

When I speak of your lordship, it is never a digression, and therefore I need beg no pardon for it; but take up Segrais where I left him, and shall use him less often than I have occasion for him. For his preface is a perfect piece of criticism, full and clear, and digested into an exact method; mine is loose, and, as I intended it, epistolary. Yet I dwell on many things which he durst not touch: for it is dangerous to offend an arbitrary master; and every patron who has the power of Augustus, has not his clemency. In short, my lord, I would not translate him, because I would bring you somewhat of my own. His notes and observations on every book are of the same ex-

cellency; and, for the same reason, I omit the greater part.

He takes no notice that Virgil is arraigned for placing piety before valour; and making that piety the chief character of his hero. I have already said, from Bossu, that a poet is not obliged to make his hero a virtuous man: therefore neither Homer nor Tasso are to be blamed, for giving what predominant quality they pleased to their first character. But Virgil, who designed to form a perfect prince, and would insinuate that Augustus, whom he calls Æneas in his poem, was truly such, found himself obliged to make him without blemish; thoroughly virtuous: and a thorough virtue both begins and ends in piety. Tasso, without question, observed this before me; and therefore split his hero in two: he gave Godfrey piety, and Rinaldo fortitude, for their chief qualities or manners. Homer, who had chosen another moral, makes both Agamemnon and Achilles vicious; for his design was, to instruct in virtue, by showing the deformity of vice. I avoid repetition of what I have said above. What follows is translated literally from Segrais.

Virgil had considered, that the greatest virtues of Augustus consisted in the perfect art of governing his people; which caused him to reign above forty years in great felicity. He considered that his emperor was valiant, civil, popular, eloquent, politic, and religious: he has given all these qualities to Æneas. But, knowing that piety alone comprehends the whole duty of man towards the gods, towards his country, and towards his relations, he judged that this ought to be his first character, whom he would set for a pattern of perfection. In reality, they who believe that the praises which arise from valour, are superior to those which proceed from any other virtues, have not considered (as they ought) that valour, destitute of other virtues, cannot render a man worthy of any true esteem. That quality, which signifies no more than an intrepid courage, may be separated from many others which are good, and accompanied with many which are ill. A man may be very valiant, and yet impious and vicious. But the same cannot be said of piety, which excludes all ill qualities, and comprehends even valour itself, with all other qualities which are good. Can we, for example, give the praise of valour to a man who should see his gods profaned, and should want the courage to defend them? to a man who should abandon his father, or desert his king in his last necessity?

Thus far Segrais, in giving the preference to piety, before valour. I will now follow him where he considers this valour, or intrepid courage, singly in itself; and this also Virgil gives to his Æneas, and that in an heroical degree.

Having first concluded that our poet did for the best in taking the first character of his hero from that essential virtue on which the rest depend, he proceeds to tell us, that in the ten years' war of Troy, he was considered as the second champion of his country; allowing Hector the first place; and this, even by the confession of Homer, who took all occasions of setting up his own countrymen the Grecians, and of undervaluing the Trojan chiefs. But Virgil (whom Segrais forgot to cite) makes Diomede give him a higher character for strength and courage. His testimony is this, in the eleventh book:

——Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tulisset
Terra viros; ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus, & versis lugere Græcia fatis.
Quicquid apud duræ cessatum est mœnia Trojæ,
Hectoris, Æneæque manu victoria Graiûm
Hæsit, & in decumum vestigia retulit annum.
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis:
Hic pietate prior.——

I give not here my translation of these verses; though I think I have not ill succeeded in them: because your lordship is so great a master of the original, that I have no reason to desire that you should see Virgil and me so near together. But you may please, my lord, to take notice, that the Latin author refines upon the Greek, and insinuates that Homer has done his hero wrong, in giving the advantage of the duel to his own countryman; though Diomedes was manifestly the second champion of the Grecians; and Ulysses preferred him before Ajax, when he chose him for the champion of his nightly expedition; for he had a head-piece of his own; and wanted only the fortitude of another, to bring him off with safety; and that he might compass his design with honour.

The French translator thus proceeds: they who accuse Æneas for want of courage, either understand not Virgil, or have read him slightly; otherwise they would not raise an objection so easy to be answered. Hereupon he gives so many instances of the hero's valour, that to repeat them after him would tire your lordship, and put me to the unnecessary trouble of transcribing the greatest part of the three last Æneids. In short, more

could not be expected from an Amadis, a sir Lancelot, or a whole round table, than he performs. Proxima quæque metit gladio, is the perfect account of a knight errant. If it be replied, continued Segrais, that it was not difficult for him to undertake and achieve such hardy enterprises, because he wore enchanted arms; that accusation, in the first place, must fall on Homer ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though he was invulnerable without them: and Ariosto, the two Tassos, Bernardo, and Torquato, even our own Spenser; in a word, all modern poets have copied Homer, as well as Virgil; he is neither the first nor last, but in the midst of them; and therefore is safe, if they are so. Who knows, says Segrais, but that his fated armour was only an allegorical defence, and signified no more than that he was under the peculiar protection of the gods? born, as the astrologers will tell us, out of Virgil (who was well versed in the Chaldean mysteries), under the favourable influence of Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. But I insist not on this, because I know you believe not there is such an art; though not only Horace and Persius, but Augustus himself thought otherwise. But, in defence of Virgil, I dare positively say, that he has been more cautious in this particular, than either his predecessor or his descendants. For Æneas was actually wounded, in the twelfth of the Æneis; though he had the same god-smith to forge his arms, as had Achilles. It seems he was no war-luck, as the Scots commonly call such men, who, they say, are iron-free, or lead-free. Yet after this experiment, that his arms were not impenetrable, when he was cured indeed by his mother's help: because he was that day to conclude the war by the death of Turnus, the poet durst not carry the miracle too far, and restore him wholly to his former vigour: he was still too weak to overtake his enemy; yet we see with what courage he attacks Turnus, when he faces and renews the combat. I need say no more: for Virgil defends himself without needing my assistance; and proves his hero truly to deserve that name. He was not then a second-rate champion, as they would have him, who think fortitude the first virtue in a hero. But being beaten from this hold, they will not yet allow him to be valiant: because he wept more often, as they they think, than well becomes a man of courage.

In the first place, if tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous, because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Æneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes are described, lamenting their lost loves: Briseïs was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creüsa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt-sea shore; and, like a booby, was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Æneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground. And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Æneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles. And Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But, if we observe more closely, we shall find, that the tears of Æneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion, and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deplores the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Æneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin-hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice: when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps, but trembles at an approaching storm.

Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.

But to this I have answered formerly; that his fear was not for himself, but for his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he showed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of compassion. Thus much

I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed, by Mr. Moyle, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that, if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects. I think our adversaries can carry this argument no farther, unless they tell us that he ought to have had more confidence in the promise of the gods: but how was he assured that he had understood their oracles aright? Helenus might be mistaken, Phœbus might speak doubtfully; even his mother might flatter him, that he might prosecute his voyage, which, if it succeeded happily, he should be the founder of an empire. For that she herself was doubtful of his fortune, is apparent by the address she made to Jupiter on his behalf. To which the god makes answer in these words:

Parce metu, Cytherea; manent immota tuorum
Fata tibi, &c.

Notwithstanding which, the goddess, though comforted, was not assured: for even after this, through the course of the whole Æneis, she still apprehends the interest which Juno might make with Jupiter against her son. For it was a moot point in Heaven whether he could alter fate, or not. And indeed, some passages in Virgil would make us suspect that he was of opinion Jupiter might defer fate, though he could not alter it. For, in the latter end of the tenth book, he introduces Juno begging for the life of Turnus, and flattering her husband with the power of changing destiny. Tua quæ potes, orsa reflectas. To which he graciously answers:

Si mora præsentis lethi temporisque caduco
Oratur juveni, meque hoc ita ponere sentis;
Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis.
Hactenus indulsisse vacat. Sin altior istis
Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
Mutarive putas bellum, spes pascis inanes.

But that he could not alter those decrees, the king of gods himself confesses, in the book above cited: when he comforts Hercules, for the death of Pallas, who had invoked his aid before he threw his lance at Turnus:

——Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
Tot nati cecidere Deûm quin occidit unâ
Sarpedon mea progenies: etiam sua Turnum
Fata manent, metasque dati pervenit ad ævi.

Where he plainly acknowledges, that he could not save his own son, or prevent the death which he foresaw. Of his power to defer the blow, I once occasionally discoursed with that excellent person sir Robert Howard: who is better conversant, than any man that I know, in the doctrine of the Stoics, and he set me right, from the concurrent testimony of philosophers and poets, that Jupiter could not retard the effects of fate, even for a moment. For when I cited Virgil, as favouring the contrary opinion in that verse,

Tolle fugâ Turnum, atque instantibus eripe fatis,

he replied, and I think with exact judgment, that when Jupiter gave Juno leave to withdraw Turnus from the present danger, it was because he certainly foreknew that his fatal hour was not come: that it was in destiny for Juno at that time to save him; and that himself obeyed destiny, in giving her that leave.

I need say no more in justification of our hero's courage, and am much deceived if he ever be attacked on this side of his character again. But he is arraigned with more show of reason by the ladies: who will make a numerous party against him, for being false to love, in forsaking Dido. And I cannot much blame them; for, to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow. Yet, if I can bring him off with flying colours, they may learn experience at her cost; and, for her sake, avoid a cave, as the worst shelter they can choose from a shower of rain, especially when they have a lover in their company.

In the first place, Segrais observes, with much acuteness, that they who blame Æneas for his insensibility of love, when he left Carthage, contradict their former accusation of him, for being always crying, compassionate, and effeminately sensible of those misfortunes which befel others. They give him two contrary characters; but Virgil makes him of a piece, always grateful, always tender-hearted. But they are impudent enough to discharge themselves of this blunder, by laying the contradiction at Virgil's door. He, say they, has shown his hero with these inconsistent characters: acknowledging and ungrateful, compassionate and hard-hearted; but, at the bottom, fickle and self-interested. For Dido had not only received his weather-beaten troops before she saw him, and given them her protection, but had also offered them an equal share in her dominion.

Vultis & his mecum pariter considere regnis?
Urbem quam statuo, vestra est.

This was an obligement never to be forgotten; and the more to be considered, because antecedent to her love. That passion, it is true, produced the usual effects of generosity, gallantry, and care to please; and thither we refer them. But when she had made all these advances, it was still in his power to have refused them: after the intrigue of the cave, call it marriage, or enjoyment only, he was no longer free to take or leave, he had accepted the favour; and was obliged to be constant, if he would be grateful.

My lord, I have set this argument in the best light I can, that the ladies may not think I write booty: and perhaps it may happen to me, as it did to Dr. Cudworth, who has raised such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them. You may please at least to hear the adverse party. Segrais pleads for Virgil, that no less than an absolute command from Jupiter could excuse this insensibility of the hero, and this adrupt departure, which looks so like extreme ingratitude. But, at the same time, he does wisely to remember you, that Virgil had made piety the first character of Æneas: and this being allowed, as I am afraid it must, he was obliged, antecedent to all other considerations, to search an asylum for his gods in Italy, for those very gods, I say, who had promised to his race the universal empire. Could a pious man dispense with the commands of Jupiter, to satisfy his passion; or, take it in the strongest sense, to comply with the obligations of his gratitude? Religion, it is true, must have moral honesty for its ground-work, or we shall be apt to suspect its truth; but an immediate revelation dispenses with all duties of morality. All casuists agree, that theft is a breach of the moral law: yet, if I might presume to mingle things sacred with profane, the Israelites only spoiled the Egyptians, not robbed them; because the property was transferred by a revelation to their lawgiver. I confess, Dido was a very infidel in this point; for she would not believe, as Virgil makes her say, that ever Jupiter would send Mercury on such an immoral errand. But this needs no answer, at least no more than Virgil gives it:

Fata obstant, placidasque viri Deus obstruit aures.

This notwithstanding, as Segrais confesses, he might have shown a little more sensibility, when he left her: for that had been according to his character.

But let Virgil answer for himself. He still loved her, and struggled with his inclinations to obey the gods:

——Curam sub corde premebat,
Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore.

Upon the whole matter, and humanely speaking, I doubt there was a fault somewhere; and Jupiter is better able to bear the blame than either Virgil or Æneas. The poet, it seems, had found it out, and therefore brings the deserting hero and the forsaken lady to meet together in the lower regions: where he excuses himself when it is too late, and accordingly she will take no satisfaction, nor so much as hear him. Now Segrais is forced to abandon his defence, and excuses his author, by saying that the Æneis is an imperfect work, and that death prevented the divine poet from reviewing it, and for that reason he had condemned it to the fire: though, at the same time, his two translators must acknowledge, that the sixth book is the most correct of the whole Æneis. Oh, how convenient is a machine sometimes in an heroic poem! This of Mercury is plainly one, and Virgil was constrained to use it here, or the honesty of his hero would be ill defended. And the fair sex, however, if they had the deserter in their power, would certainly have shown him no more mercy than the Bacchanals did Orpheus. For if too much constancy may be a fault sometimes; then want of constancy, and ingratitude, after the last favour, is a crime that never will be forgiven. But of machines, more in their proper place; where I shall show, with how much judgment they have been used by Virgil: and, in the mean time, pass to another article of his defence, on the present subject; where, if I cannot clear the hero, I hope at least to bring off the poet; for here I must divide their causes. Let Æneas trust to his machine, which will only help to break his fall, but the address is incomparable. Plato, who borrowed so much from Homer, and yet concluded for the banishment of all poets, would at least have rewarded Virgil, before he sent him into exile. But I go farther, and say, that he ought to be acquitted; and deserved, beside, the bounty of Augustus, and the gratitude of the Roman people. If, after this, the ladies will stand out, let them remember, that the jury is not all agreed; for Octavia was of his party, and was of the first quality in Rome: she was also present at the reading of the sixth Æneid, and we know not that she condemned Æneas; but we are sure she presented the poet, for his admirable elegy on her son Marcellus.

But let us consider the secret reasons which Virgil had, for thus framing this noble episode, wherein the whole passion of love is more exactly described than in any other poet: love was the theme of his fourth book; and though it is the shortest of the whole Æneis, yet there he has given its beginning, its progress, its traverses, and its conclusion: and has exhausted so entirely this subject, that he could resume it but very slightly in the eight ensuing books.

She was warmed with the graceful appearance of the hero, she smothered those sparkles out of decency, but conversation blew them up into a flame. Then she was forced to make a confidant of her whom she best might trust, her own sister, who approves the passion, and thereby augments it; then succeeds her public owning it; and, after that, the consummation. Of Venus and Juno, Jupiter and Mercury, I say nothing, for they were all machining work: but possession having cooled his love, as it increased her's, she soon perceived the change, or at least grew suspicious of a change: this suspicion soon turned to jealousy, and jealousy to rage; then she disdains and threatens, and again is humble and entreats: and, nothing availing, despairs, curses, and at last becomes her own executioner. See here the whole process of that passion, to which nothing can be added. I dare go no farther, lest I should lose the connection of my discourse.

To love our native country, and to study its benefit and its glory, to be interested in its concerns, is natural to all men, and is indeed our common duty. A poet makes a farther step; for, endeavouring to do honour to it, it is allowable in him even to be partial in its cause: for he is not tied to truth, or fettered by the laws of history. Homer and Tasso are justly praised, for choosing their heroes out of Greece and Italy. Virgil indeed made his a Trojan, but it was to derive the Romans and his own Augustus from him; but all the three poets are manifestly partial to their heroes, in favour of their country: for Dares Phrygius reports of Hector, that he was slain cowardly; Æneas, according to the best account, slew not Mezentius, but was slain by him; and the Chronicles of Italy tell us little of that Rinaldo d'Estè, who conquers Jerusalem in Tasso. He might be a champion of the church; but we know not that he was so much as present at the siege. To apply this to Virgil, he thought himself engaged in honour to espouse the cause and quarrel of his country against Carthage. He knew he could not please the Romans better, or oblige them more to patronize his poem, than by disgracing the foundress of that city. He shows her ungrateful to the memory of her first husband; doting on a stranger; enjoyed, and afterwards forsaken by him. This was the original, says he, of the immortal hatred betwixt the two rival nations. It is true he colours the falsehood of Æneas by an express command from Jupiter, to forsake the queen, who had obliged him; but he knew the Romans were to be his readers, and them he bribed, perhaps at the expense of the hero's honesty, but he gained his cause however, as pleading before corrupt judges. They were content to see their founder false to love, for still he had the advantage of the amour: it was their enemy whom he forsook, and she might have forsaken him if he had not got the start of her; she had already forgotten her vows to her Sichæus: and varium & mutabile semper femina, is the sharpest satire in the fewest words that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and animal must be understood to make them grammar. Virgil does well to put those words into the mouth of Mercury: if a god had not spoken them, neither durst he have written them, nor I translated them. Yet the deity was forced to come twice on the same errand: and the second time, as much a hero as Æneas was, he frighted him. It seems he feared not Jupiter so much as Dido. For your lordship may observe, that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it, until the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning. Notumque furens quid femina possit; she was injured, she was revengeful, she was powerful. The poet had likewise before hinted, that the people were naturally perfidious: for he gives their character in the queen, and makes a proverb of Punica fides, many ages before it was invented.

Thus I hope, my lord, that I have made good my promise, and justified the poet, whatever becomes of the false knight. And sure a poet is as much privileged to lie, as an ambassador, for the honour and interest of his country; at least as sir Henry Wotton has defined.

This naturally leads me to the defence of the famous anachronism, in making Æneas and Dido contemporaries. For it is certain that the hero lived almost two hundred years before the building of Carthage. One who imitates Boccaline says, that Virgil was accused before Apollo for this errour. The god soon found that he was not

able to defend his favourite by reason, for the case was clear: he therefore gave this middle sentence; that any thing might be allowed to his son Virgil, on the account of his other merits; that, being a monarch, he had a dispensing power, and pardoned him. But, that this special act of grace might never be drawn into example, or pleaded by his puny successors in justification of their ignorance, he decreed for the future, no poet should presume to make a lady die for love two hundred years before her birth. To moralize this story, Virgil is the Apollo, who has this dispensing power. His great judgment made the laws of poetry, but he never made himself a slave to them: chronology, at best, is but a cobweb-law, and he broke through it with his weight. They who will imitate him wisely, must choose, as he did, an obscure and a remote era, where they may invent at pleasure, and not be easily contradicted. Neither he, nor the Romans, had ever read the Bible, by which only his false computation of times can be made out against him. This Segrais says in his defence, and proves it from his learned friend Bochartus, whose letter on this subject he has printed at the end of the fourth Æneid, to which I refer your Lordship and the reader. Yet the credit of Virgil was so great, that he made this fable of his own invention pass for an authentic history, or, at least, as credible as any thing in Homer. Ovid takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her, just before her death, to the ingrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own, he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession; and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem. But let them like for themselves, and not prescribe to others: for our author needs not their admiration.

The motives that induced Virgil to coin this fable, I have shown already; and have also begun to show that he might make this anachronism, by superseding the mechanic rules of poetry, for the same reason that a monarch may dispense with, or suspend, his own laws, when he finds it necessary so to do; especially if those laws are not altogether fundamental. Nothing is to be called a fault in poetry, says Aristotle, but what is against the art: therefore a man may be an admirable poet, without being an exact chronologer. Shall we dare, continues Segrais, to condemn Virgil, for having made a fiction against the order of time, when we commend Ovid and other poets who have made many of their fictions against the order of nature? For what are the splendid miracles of the Metamorphoses? Yet these are beautiful as they are related; and have also deep learning and instructive mythologies couched under them; but to give, as Virgil does in this episode, the original cause of the long wars betwixt Rome and Carthage, to draw truth out of fiction, after so probable a manner, with so much beauty, and so much for the honour of his country, was proper only to the divine wit of Maro; and Tasso, in one of his discourses, admires him for this particularly. It is not lawful, indeed, to contradict a point of history which is known to all the world; as, for example, to make Hannibal and Scipio contemporaries with Alexander; but, in the dark recesses of antiquity, a great poet may and ought to feign such things as he finds not there, if they can be brought to embellish that subject which he treats. On the other side, the pains and diligence of ill poets is but thrown away, when they want the genius to invent and feign agreeably. But if the fictions be delightful (which they always are, if they be natural); if they be of a piece; if the beginning, the middle, and the end, be in their due places, and artfully united to each other, such works can never fail of their deserved success. And such is Virgil's episode of Dido and Æneas: where the sourest critic must acknowledge, that if he had deprived his Æneis of so great an ornament, because he found no traces of it in antiquity, he had avoided their unjust censure, but had wanted one of the greatest beauties of his poem. I shall say more of this in the next article of their charge against him, which is, want of invention. In the mean time, I may affirm in honour of this episode, that it is not only now esteemed the most pleasing entertainment of the Æneis, but was so accounted in his own age: and before it was mellowed into that reputation which time has given it: for which I need produce no other testimony than that of Ovid, his contemporary.

Nec pars ulla magis legitur de corpore toto
Quam non legitimo fœdere junctus amor.

Where by the way, you may observe, my lord, that Ovid in those words, non legitimo fœdere

junctus amor, will by no means allow it to be a lawful marriage betwixt Dido and Æneas: he was in banishment when he wrote those verses, which I cite from his letter to Augustus: "You, sir," saith he, "have sent me into exile for writing my Art of Love, and my wanton elegies; yet your own poet was happy in your good graces, though he brought Dido and Æneas into a cave, and left them there not over honestly together: may I be so bold to ask your majesty, is it a greater fault to teach the art of unlawful love, than to show it in the action?" But was Ovid, the court-poet, so bad a courtier as to find no other plea to excuse himself than by a plain accusation of his master? Virgil confessed it was a lawful marriage betwixt the lovers; that Juno, the goddess of matrimony, had ratified it by her presence: for it was her business to bring matters to that issue; that the ceremonies were short, we may believe, for Dido was not only amorous, but a widow. Mercury himself, though employed on a quite contrary errand, yet owns it a marriage by an inuendo.—Pulchramque uxorius urbem extruis.—He calls Æneas not only a husband, but upbraids him for being a fond husband, as the word, "uxorious" implies. Now mark a little, if your lordship pleases, why Virgil is so much concerned to make this marriage (for he seems to be the father of the bride himself, and to give her to the bridegroom), it was to make way for the divorce which he intended afterwards: for he was a finer flatterer than Ovid: and I more than conjecture, that he had in his eye the divorce, which not long before had passed betwixt the emperor and Scribonia. He drew this dimple in the cheek of Æneas, to prove Augustus of the same family, by so remarkable a feature in the same place. Thus, as we say in our homespun English proverb, "He killed two birds with one stone;" pleased the emperor, by giving him the resemblance of his ancestor, and gave him such a resemblance as was not scandalous in that age. For to leave one wife and take another, was but a matter of gallantry at that time of day among the Romans. Neque hæc in fœdera veni, is the very excuse which Æneas makes when he leaves his lady. I made no such bargain with you at our marriage, to live always drudging on at Carthage; my business was Italy, and I never made a secret of it. If I took my pleasure, had not you your share of it? I leave you free at my departure, to comfort yourself with the next stranger who happens to be shipwrecked on your coast: be as kind an hostess as you have been to me, and you can never fail of another husband. In the mean time, I call the gods to witness, that I leave your shore unwillingly: for though Juno made the marriage, yet Jupiter commands me to forsake you. This is the effect of what he saith, when it is dishonoured out of Latin verse into English prose. If the poet argued not aright, we must pardon him for a poor blind heathen, who knew no better morals.

I have detained your lordship longer than I intended on this objection, which would indeed weigh something in a spiritual court; but I am not to defend our poet there. The next, I think, is but a cavil, though the cry is great against him, and hath continued from the time of Macrobius to this present age: I hinted it before. They lay no less than want of invention to his charge: a capital crime, I must acknowledge: for a poet is a maker, as the word signifies: and he who cannot make, that is, invent, hath his name for nothing. That which makes this accusation look so strange at the first sight, is, that he has borrowed so many things from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius, and others who preceded him. But, in the first place, if invention is to be taken in so strict a sense, that the matter of a poem must be wholly new, and that in all its parts, then Scaliger hath made out, saith Segrais, that the history of Troy was no more the invention of Homer, than of Virgil. There was not an old woman, or almost a child, but had it in their mouths, before the Greek poet or his friends digested it into this admirable order in which we read it. At this rate, as Solomon hath told us, There is nothing new beneath the Sun. Who then can pass for an inventor, if Homer, as well as Virgil, must be deprived of that glory? Is Versailles the less a new building, because the architect of that palace hath imitated others which were built before it? Walls, doors, and windows, apartments, offices, rooms of convenience and magnificence, are in all great houses. So descriptions, figures, fables, and the rest, must be in all heroic poems; they are the common materials of poetry, furnished from the magazine of nature: every poet hath as much right to them, as every man hath to air or water. Quid prohibetis aquas? usus communis aquarum est. But the argument of the work, that is to say, its principal action, the economy and disposition of it: these are the things which distinguish copies from originals. The poet who borrows nothing from others is yet to be born; he and the Jews' Messias will come together. There are parts of the Æneis which resemble some parts both of the Ilias and of the Odysses: as, for example, Æneas descend-

ed into Hell, and Ulysses had been there before him: Æneas loved Dido, and Ulysses loved Calypso: in few words, Virgil hath imitated Homer's Odysses in his first six books, and in his six last the Ilias. But from hence can we infer, that the two poets write the same history? Is there no invention in some other parts of Virgil's Æneas? The disposition of so many various matters, is not that his own? From what book of Homer had Virgil his episode of Nisus and Euryalus, of Mezentius and Lausus? From whence did he borrow his design of bringing Æneas into Italy? of establishing the Roman empire on the foundations of a Trojan colony: to say nothing of the honour he did his patron, not only in his descent from Venus, but in making him so like her in his best features, that the goddess might have mistaken Augustus for her son. He had indeed the story from common fame, as Homer had his from the Egyptian priestess. Æneadum genitrix was no more unknown to Lucretius, than to him. But Lucretius taught him not to form his hero; to give him piety or valour for his manners: and both in so eminent a degree, that, having done what was possible for man to save his king and country, his mother was forced to appear to him and restrain his fury, which hurried him to death in their revenge. But the poet made his piety more successful; he brought off his father and his son; and his gods witnessed to his devotion, by putting themselves under his protection, to be replaced by him in their promised Italy. Neither the invention nor the conduct of this great action were owing to Homer, or any other poet. It is one thing to copy, and another thing to imitate from nature. The copier is that servile imitator, to whom Horace gives no better name than that of animal: he will not so much as allow him to be a man. Raphael imitated nature; they who copy one of Raphael's pieces, imitate but him, for his work is their original. They translate him, as I do Virgil; and fall as short of him, as I of Virgil. There is a kind of invention in the imitation of Raphael: for though the thing was in nature, yet the idea of it was his own. Ulysses travelled, so did Æneas; but neither of them were the first travellers: for Cain went into the land of Nod, before they were born: and neither of the poets ever heard of such a man. If Ulysses had been killed at Troy, yet Æneas must have gone to sea, or he could never have arrived in Italy. But the designs of the two poets were as different as the courses of their heroes, one went home, and the other sought a home. To return to my first similitude. Suppose Apelles and Raphael had each of them painted a burning Troy; might not the modern painter have succeeded as well as the ancient, though neither of them had seen the town on fire? For the draughts of both were taken from the ideas which they had of nature. Cities have been burnt, before either of them were in being. But, to close the simile as I began it, they would not have designed it after the same manner: Apelles would have distinguished Pyrrhus from the rest of all the Grecians, and showed him forcing his entrance into Priam's palace; there he had set him in the fairest light, and given him the chief place of all his figures: because he was a Grecian, and he would do honour to his country. Raphael, who was an Italian, and descended from the Trojans, would have made Æneas the hero of his piece; and, perhaps, not with his father on his back; his son in one hand, his bundle of gods in the other; and his wife following (for an act of piety is not half so graceful in a picture as an act of courage:) he would have rather drawn him killing Androgeus, or some other, hand to hand; and the blaze of the fires should have darted full upon his face, to make him conspicuous amongst his Trojans. This, I think, is a just comparison betwixt the two poets, in the conduct of their several designs. Virgil cannot be said to copy Homer; the Grecian had only the advantage of writing first. If it be urged, that I have granted a resemblance in some parts, yet therein Virgil has excelled him. For what are the tears of Calypso, for being left to the fury and death of Dido? Where is there the whole process of her passion, and all its violent effects to be found, in the languishing episode of the Odysses? If this be a copy, let the critics show us the same disposition, features, or colouring, in their original. The like may be said of the descent to Hell, which was not of Homer's invention neither; he had it from the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. But to what end did Ulysses make that journey? Æneas undertook it by the express commandment of his father's ghost: there he was to show him all the succeeding heroes of his race: and next to Romulus (mark, if you please, the address of Virgil) his own patron Augustus Cæsar. Anchises was likewise to instruct him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with his honour; that is, in other words, to lay the foundations of that empire which Augustus was to govern. This is the noble invention of our author; but it hath been copied by so many sign-post daubers, that now it is grown fulsome; rather by their want of skill, than by the commonness.

In the last place I may safely grant, that by

reading Homer, Virgil was taught to imitate his invention: that is, to imitate like him: which is no more than if a painter studied Raphael, that he might learn to design after his manner. And thus I might imitate Virgil, if I were capable of writing an heroic poem, and yet the invention be my own; but I should endeavour to avoid a servile copying. I would not give the same story under other names, with the same characters, in the same order, and with the same sequel; for every common reader to find me out at the first sight for a plagiary, and cry, "This I read before in Virgil, in a better language, and in better verse." This is like Merry-Andrew on the low rope, copying lubberly the same tricks which his master is so dextrously performing on the high.

I will trouble your lordship but with one objection more, which I know not whether found in Le Fevre, or Valais; but I am sure I have read it in another French critic, whom I will not name, because I think it is not much for his reputation. Virgil, in the heat of action, suppose, for example, in describing the fury of his hero in a battle, when he is endeavouring to raise our concernments to the highest pitch, turns short on the sudden into some similitude, which diverts, say they, your attention from the main subject, and mis-spends it on some trivial image. He pours cold water into the caldron, when his business is to make it boil.

This accusation is general against all who would be thought heroic poets; but I think it touches Virgil less than any. He is too great a master of his art to make a blot which may so easily be hit. Similitudes, as I have said, are not for tragedy, which is all violent, and where the passions are in a perpetual ferment: for there they deaden where they should animate; they are not of the nature of dialogue, unless in comedy: a metaphor is almost all the stage can suffer, which is a kind of similitude comprehended in a word. But this figure has a contrary effect in heroic poetry; there it is employed to raise the admiration, which is its proper business. And admiration is not of so violent a nature as fear or hope, compassion or horrour, or any concernment we can have for such or such a person on the stage. Not but I confess, that similitudes and descriptions, when drawn into an unreasonable length, must needs nauseate the reader. Once I remember, and but once, Virgil makes a similitude of fourteen lines; and his description of Fame is about the same number. He is blamed for both; and I doubt not but he would have contracted them, had he lived to have reviewed his work: but faults are no precedents. This I have observed of his similitudes in general, that they are not placed, as our unobserving critics tell us, in the heat of any action; but commonly in its declining: when he has warmed us in his description as much as possibly he can, then, lest that warmth should languish, he renews it by some apt similitude, which illustrates his subject, and yet palls not his audience. I need give your lordship but one example of this kind, and leave the rest to your observation, when next you review the whole Æneis in the original, unblemished by my rude translation. It is in the first book, where the poet describes Neptune composing the ocean, on which Æolus had raised a tempest, without his permission. He had already chidden the rebellious winds for obeying the commands of their usurping master: he had warned them from the seas: he had beat down the billows with his mace; dispelled the clouds, restored the sunshine, while Triton and Cymothoë were heaving the ships from off the quick-sands, before the poet would offer at a similitude for illustration.

Ac, veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces, & saxa volant, furor arma ministrat;
Tum pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet:
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, æquora postquam
Prospiciens genitor, cœloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.

This is the first similitude which Virgil makes in this poem, and one of the longest in the whole, for which reason I the rather cite it. While the storm was in its fury, any allusion had been improper: for the poet could have compared it to nothing more impetuous than itself: consequently he could have made no illustration. If he could have illustrated, it had been an ambitious ornament out of season, and would have diverted our concernment: Nunc non erat his locus: and therefore he deferred it to its proper place.

These are the criticisms of most moment which have been made against the Æneis, by the ancients or moderns. As for the particular exceptions against this or that passage, Macrobius and Pontanus have answered them already. If I desired to appear more learned than I am, it had been as easy for me to have taken their objections and solutions, as it is for a country parson to take the expositions of the fathers out of Junius and Tremellius. Or not to have named the authors from whence I had them: for so Ruæus, otherwise a most judicious commentator on Virgil's works, has

used Pontanus, his greatest benefactor: of whom he is very silent, and I do not remember that he once cites him.

What follows next, is no objection; for that implies a fault: and it had been none in Virgil, if he had extended the time of his action beyond a year. At least, Aristotle has set no precise limits to it. Homer's, we know, was within two months; Tasso, I am sure, exceeds not a summer: and, if I examined him, perhaps he might be reduced into a much less compass. Bossu leaves it doubtful whether Virgil's actions were within the year, or took up some months beyond it. Indeed, the whole dispute is of no more concernment to the common reader, than it is to a ploughman, whether February this year had twenty-eight or twenty-nine days in it. But, for the satisfaction of the more curious, of which number I am sure your lordship is one, I will translate what I think convenient out of Segrais, whom perhaps you have not read: for he has made it highly probable, that the action of the Æneis began in the spring, and was not extended beyond the autumn. And we have known campaigns that have begun sooner, and have ended later.

Ronsard, and the rest whom Segrais names, who are of opinion that the action of this poem takes up almost a year and a half, ground their calculation thus: Anchises died in Sicily at the end of winter, or beginning of the spring. Æneas, immediately after the interment of his father, puts to sea for Italy: he is surprised by the tempest described in the beginning of the first book; and there it is that the scene of the poem opens, and where the action must commence. He is driven by this storm on the coasts of Afric: he stays at Carthage all that summer, and almost all the winter following: sets sail again for Italy just before the beginning of the spring; meets with contrary winds, and makes Sicily the second time: this part of the action completes the year. Then he celebrates the anniversary of his father's funeral, and shortly after arrives at Cumæ, and from thence his time is taken up in his first treaty with Latinus; the overture of the war; the siege of his camp by Turnus; his going for succours to relieve it; his return; the raising of the siege by the first battle; the twelve days' truce; the second battle; the assault of Laurentum, and the single fight with Turnus: all which, they say, cannot take up less than four or five months more; by which account we cannot suppose the entire action to be contained in a much less compass than a year and a half.

Segrais reckons another way; and his computation is not condemned by the learned Ruæus, who compiled and published the commentaries on our poet, which we call the Dauphin's Virgil.

He allows the time of the year when Anchises died, to be in the latter end of winter, or in the beginning of the spring; he acknowledges that when Æneas is first seen at sea afterwards, and is driven by the tempest on the coast of Afric, is the time when the action is naturally to begin: he confesses farther, that Æneas left Carthage in the latter end of winter: for Dido tells him in express terms, as an argument for his longer stay,

Quinetiam hiberno moliris sidere classem.

But whereas Ronsard's followers suppose that when Æneas had buried his father, he set sail immediately for Italy, (though the tempest drove him on the coast of Carthage) Segrais will by no means allow that supposition, but thinks it much more probable that he remained in Sicily till the midst of July, or the beginning of August, at which time he places the first appearance of his hero on the sea, and there opens the action of the poem. From which beginning, to the death of Turnus, which concludes the action, there need not be supposed above ten months of intermediate time: for, arriving at Carthage in the latter end of summer, staying there the winter following, departing thence in the very beginning of the spring, making a short abode in Sicily the second time, landing in Italy, and making the war, may be reasonably judged the business but of ten months. To this the Ronsardians reply, that having been for seven years before in quest of Italy, and having no more to do in Sicily than to inter his father, after that office was performed, what remained for him, but, without delay, to pursue his first adventure? To which Segrais answers, that the obsequies of his father, according to the rites of the Greeks and Romans, would detain him for many days: that a longer time must be taken up in the refitting of his ships, after so tedious a voyage, and in refreshing his weather-beaten soldiers on a friendly coast. These, indeed, are but suppositions on both sides, yet those of Segrais seem better grounded. For the feast of Dido, when she entertained Æneas first, has the appearance of a summer's night, which seems already almost ended when he begins his story: therefore the love was made in autumn; the hunting followed properly, when the heats of that scorching country were declining: the winter was passed in jollity, as the season and their love required: and he left her in the latter end of winter, as is already proved. This opinion is fortified by the arrival of Æneas at the mouth of the Tyber, which marks the season

of the spring; that season being perfectly described by the singing of the birds, saluting the dawn; and by the beauty of the place: which the poet seems to have painted expressly in the seventh Æneid:

Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
Cùm venti posuere; variæ circumque, supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres, & fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu.

The remainder of the action required but three months more; for when Æneas went for succour to the Tuscans, he found their army in a readiness to march, and wanting only a commander: so that, according to this calculation, the Æneis takes not up above a year complete, and may be comprehended in less compass.

This, amongst other circumstances, treated more at large by Segrais, agrees with the rising of Orion, which caused the tempest described in the beginning of the first book. By some passages in the Pastorals, but more particularly in the Georgics, our poet is found to be an exact astronomer according to the knowledge of that age. Now Ilioneus (whom Virgil twice employs in embassies, as the best speaker of the Trojans) attributes that tempest to Orion, in his speech to Dido:

Cùm subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion.

He must mean either the heliacal or achronical rising of that sign. The heliacal rising of a constellation is when it comes from under the rays of the Sun, and begins to appear before day-light. The achronical rising, on the contrary, is when it appears at the close of the day, and in opposition of the Sun's diurnal course.

The heliacal rising of Orion is at present computed to be about the sixth of July; and about that time it is, that he either causes or presages tempests on the seas.

Segrais has observed farther, that when Anna counsels Dido to stay Æneas during winter, she speaks also of Orion:

Dum pelago desævit hyems, & aquosus Orion.

If therefore Ilioneus, according to our supposition, understand the heliacal rising of Orion; Anna must mean the achronical, which the different epithets given to that constellation seem to manifest. Ilioneus calls him nimbosus; Anna aquosus. He is tempestuous in the summer when he rises heliacally, and rainy in the winter when he rises achronically. Your lordship will pardon me for the frequent repetition of these cant words, which I could not avoid in this abbreviation of Segrais, who, I think, deserves no little commendation in this new criticism. I have yet a word or two to say of Virgil's machines, from my own observation of them. He has imitated those of Homer, but not copied them. It was established long before this time, in the Roman religion as well as in the Greek, that there were gods; and both nations, for the most part, worshipped the same deities, as did also the Trojans; from whom the Romans, I suppose, would rather be thought to derive the rites of their religion, than from the Grecians, because they thought themselves descended from them. Each of those gods had his proper office, and the chief of them their particular attendants. Thus Jupiter had, in propriety, Ganymede and Mercury, and Juno had Iris. It was not for Virgil then to create new ministers; he must take what he found in his religion. It cannot therefore be said that he borrowed them from Homer, any more than Apollo, Diana, and the rest, whom he uses as he finds occasion for them, as the Grecian poet did; but he invents the occasions for which he uses them. Venus, after the destruction of Troy, had gained Neptune entirely to her party; therefore we find him busy, in the beginning of the Æneis, to calm the tempest raised by Æolus, and afterwards conducting the Trojan fleet to Cumæ in safety, with the loss only of their pilot, for whom he bargains. I name those two examples amongst a hundred which I omit: to prove that Virgil, generally speaking, employed his machines in performing those things which might possibly have been done without them. What more frequent than a storm at sea, upon the rising of Orion? what wonder, if amongst so many ships, there should one be overset, which was commanded by Orontes, though half the winds had not been there which Æolus employed? Might not Palinurus, without a miracle, fall asleep, and drop into the sea, having been over-wearied with watching, and secure of a quiet passage, by his observation of the skies? at least Æneas, who knew nothing of the machine of Somnus, takes it plainly in this sense:

O nimium cœlo & pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.

But machines sometimes are specious things to amuse the reader, and give a colour of probability to things otherwise incredible. And besides, it soothed the vanity of the Romans, to find the gods so visibly concerned in all the actions of their predecessors. We who are better taught by our religion, yet own every wonderful accident which befals us for the best, to be brought to pass by

some special providence of Almighty God, and by the care of guardian angels: and from hence I might infer, that no heroic poem can be writ on the Epicurean principles: which I could easily demonstrate, if there were need to prove it, or I had leisure.

When Venus opens the eyes of her son Æneas, to behold the gods who combated against Troy in that fatal night when it was surprised, we share the pleasure of that glorious vision (which Tasso has not ill copied in the sacking of Jerusalem.) But the Greeks had done their business: though neither Neptune, Juno, or Pallas, had given them their divine assistance. The most crude machine which Virgil uses is in the episode of Camilla, where Opis, by the command of her mistress, kills Aruns. The next is in the twelfth Æneid, where Venus cures her son Æneas. But in the last of these, the poet was driven to a necessity: for Turnus was to be slain that very day; and Æneas, wounded as he was, could not have engaged him in single combat, unless his hurt had been miraculously healed. And the poet had considered, that the dittany, which she brought from Crete, could not have wrought so speedy an effect, without the juice of ambrosia, which she mingled with it. After all, that his machine might not seem too violent, we see the hero limping after Turnus. The wound was skinned; but the strength of his thigh was not restored. But what reason had our author to wound Æneas at so critical a time? And how came the cuisses to be worse tempered than the rest of his armour, which was all wrought by Vulcan and his journeymen? These difficulties are not easily to be solved, without confessing that Virgil had not life enough to correct his work; though he had reviewed it, and found those errours which he resolved to mend; but being prevented by death, and not willing to leave an imperfect work behind him, he ordained, by his last testament, that his Æneis should be burned. As for the death of Aruns, who was shot by a goddess, the machine was not altogether so outrageous as the wounding Mars and Venus by the sword of Diomede. Two divinities, one would have thought, might have pleaded their prerogative of impassibility, or at least not have been wounded by any mortal hand. Beside that the ἰχὼρ which they shed, were so very like our common blood, that it was not to be distinguished from it, but only by the name and colour. As for what Horace says in his Art of Poetry, that no machines are to be used, unless on some extraordinary occasion,

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus;

that rule is to be applied to the theatre, of which he is then speaking; and means no more than this, that when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the discovery, then, and not otherwise, let a god descend upon a rope, and clear the business to the audience; but this has no relation to the machines which are used in an epic poem.

In the last place, for the Dira, or flying pest, which flapping on the shield of Turnus, and fluttering about his head, disheartened him in the duel, and presaged to him his approaching death, I might have placed it more properly amongst the objections. For the critics, who lay want of courage to the charge of Virgil's hero, quote this passage as a main proof of their assertion. They say our author had not only secured him before the duel, but also, in the beginning of it, had given him the advantage in impenetrable arms, and in his sword: that of Turnus was not his own (which was forged by Vulcan for his father) but a weapon which he had snatched in haste, and, by mistake, belonging to his charioteer Metiscus. That, after all this, Jupiter, who was partial to the Trojan, and distrustful of the event, though he had hung the balance, and given it a jog of his hand to weigh down Turnus, thought convenient to give the fates a collateral security by sending the screech-owl to discourage him. For which they quote these words of Virgil:

——Non me tua turbida virtus
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.

In answer to which, I say, that this machine is one of those which the poet uses only for ornament, and not out of necessity. Nothing can be more beautiful, or more poetical, than this description of the three Diræ, or the setting of the balance, which our Milton has borrowed from him, but employed to a different end: for the first he makes God Almighty set the scales for St. Gabriel and Satan, when he knew no combat was to follow: then he makes the good angel's scale descend, and the devil's mount: quite contrary to Virgil, if I have translated the three verses according to my author's sense:

Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances
Sustinet; & fata imponis diversa duorum:
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere letum.

For I have taken these words, Quem damnet labor, in the sense which Virgil gives them in another place; Damnabis tu quoque votis; to signify a prosperous event. Yet I dare not condemn so great a genius as Milton: for I am much

mistaken if he alludes not to the text in Daniel, where Belshazzar was put into the balance, and found too light. This is digression, and I return to my subject. I said above, that these two machines of the balance and the Dira were only ornamental, and that the success of the duel had been the same without them: for, when Æneas and Turnus stood fronting each other before the altar, Turnus looked dejected, and his colour faded in his face, as if he desponded of the victory before the fight; and not only he, but all his party, when the strength of the two champions was judged by the proportion of their limbs, concluded it was impar pugna, and that their chief was over-matched. Whereupon Juturna (who was of the same opinion) took this opportunity to break the treaty and renew the war. Juno herself had plainly told the nymph beforehand, that her brother was to fight;

Impar: bus fatis; nec Diis, nec viribus æquis;

so that there was no need of an apparition to fright Turnus: he had the presage within himself of his impending destiny. The Dira only served to confirm him in his first opinion, that it was his destiny to die in the ensuing combat. And in this sense are those words of Virgil to be taken;

——Non mea tua turbida virtus
Terret, ait; Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.

I doubt not but the adverb (solùm) is to be understood, "it is not your valour only that gives me this concernment; but I find also, by this portent, that Jupiter is my enemy." For Turnus fled before when his first sword was broken, till his sister supplied him with a better: which indeed he could not use: because Æneas kept him at a distance with his spear. I wonder Ruæus saw not this, where he charges his author so unjustly, for giving Turnus a second sword, to no purpose. How could he fasten a blow, or make a thrust, when he was not suffered to approach? Besides, the chief errand of the Dira was, to warn Juturna from the field, for she could have brought the chariot again, when she saw her brother worsted in the duel. I might further add, that Æneas was so eager in the fight, that he left the city, now almost in his possession, to decide his quarrel with Turnus by the sword: whereas Turnus had manifestly declined the combat, and suffered his sister to convey him as far from the reach of his enemy as she could. I say, not only suffered her, but consented to it: for it is plain he knew her by these words:

O soror & dudum agnovi, cùm prima per artem
Fœdera turbasti, teque hæc in bella dedisti;
Et nunc nequicquam fallis Dea.

I have dwelt so long on this subject, that I must contract what I have to say, in reference to my translation: unless I would swell my preface into a volume, and make it formidable to your lordship, when you see so many pages yet behind. And indeed what I have already written, either in justification or praise of Virgil, is against myself: for presuming to copy, in my coarse English, the thoughts and beautiful expressions of this inimitable poet, who flourished in an age when his language was brought to its last perfection, for which it was particularly owing to him and Horace. I will give your lordship my opinion, that those two friends had consulted each other's judgment, wherein they should endeavour to excel; and they seem to have pitched on propriety of thought, elegance of words, and harmony of numbers. According to this model, Horace writ his *Odes and Epodes: for his Satires and Epistles, being intended* wholly for instruction, required another style:

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri.

And therefore, as he himself professes, are sermoni propriora, nearer prose than verse. But Virgil, who never attempted the lyric verse, is every where elegant, sweet, and flowing, in his hexameters. His words are not only chosen, but the places in which he ranks them for the sound; he who removes them from the station wherein their master set them, spoils the harmony. What he says of the Sibyl's prophecies, may be as properly applied to every word of his: they must be read, in order as they lie; the least breath discomposes them, and somewhat of their divinity is lost. I cannot boast that I have been thus exact in my verses, but I have endeavoured to follow the example of my master: and am the first Englishman, perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound. On this last consideration, I have shunned the cæsura as much as possibly I could. For wherever that is used, it gives a roughness to the verse; of which we can have little need, in a language which is over-stocked with consonants. Such is not the Latin, where the vowels and consonants are mixed in proportion to each other: yet Virgil judged the vowels to have somewhat of an over-balance, and therefore tempers their sweetness with cæsuras. Such difference there is in tongues, that the same figure which roughens one,

gives majesty to another: and that was it which Virgil studied in his verses. Ovid uses it but rarely: and hence it is that this versification cannot so properly be called sweet, as luscious. The Italians are forced upon it, once or twice in every line, because they have a redundancy of vowels in their language. Their metal is so soft, that it will not coin without alloy to harden it. On the other side, for the reason already named, it is all we can do to give sufficient sweetness to our language: we must not only choose our words for elegance, but for sound; to perform which, a mastery in the language is required, the poet must have a magazine of words, and have the art to manage his few vowels to the best advantage, that they may go the farther. He must also know the nature of the vowels, which are more sonorous, and which more soft and sweet; and so dispose them as his present occasions require; all which, and a thousand secrets of versification beside, he may learn from Virgil, if he will take him for his guide. If he be above Virgil, and is resolved to follow his own verve (as the French call it,) the proverb will fall heavily upon him: Who teaches himself, has a fool for his master.

Virgil employed eleven years upon his Æneis; yet he left it, as he thought himself, imperfect. Which when I seriously consider, I wish, that instead of three years which I have spent in the translation of his works, I had four years more allowed me to correct my errours, that I might make my version somewhat more tolerable than it is: for a poet cannot have too great a reverence for his readers, if he expects his labours should survive him. Yet I will neither plead my age nor sickness, in excuse of the faults I have made: that I wanted time, is all that I have to say: for some of my subscribers grew so clamorous, that I could no longer defer the publication. I hope, from the candour of your lordship, and your often experienced goodness to me, that, if the faults are not too many, you will make allowances with Horace:

Si plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parùm cavit natura.

You may please also to observe, that there is not, to the best of my remembrance, one vowel gaping on another for want of a cæsura, in this whole poem: but where a vowel ends a word, the next begins either with a consonant, or what is its equivalent; for our W and H aspirate, and our diphthongs are plainly such; the greatest latitude I take is in the letter Y, when it concludes a word, and the first syllable of the next begins with a vowel. Neither need I have called this a latitude, which is only an explanation of this general rule: that no vowel can be cut off before another, when we cannot sink the pronunciation of it; as he, she, me, I, &c. Virgil thinks it sometimes a beauty to imitate the licence of the Greeks, and leave two vowels opening on each other, as in that verse of the third pastoral:

Et succus pecori, & lac subducitur agnis.

But, nobis non licet esse tam disertis: at least, if we study to refine our numbers. I have long had by me the materials of an English prosodia, containing all the mechanical rules of versification, wherein I have treated with some exactness of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses. The French and the Italians know nothing of the two first; at least their best poets have not practised them. As for the pauses, Malherbe first brought them into France, within this last century; and we see how they adorn their Alexandrians. But, as Virgil propounds a riddle which he leaves unsolved,

Dic quibus in terris, inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores, & Phyllida solus habeto,

so will I give your lordship another, and leave the exposition of it to your acute judgment. I am sure there are few who make verses, have observed the sweetness of these two lines in Cooper's-Hill;

Though deep yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

And there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness. I have given it to some of my friends in conversation, and they have allowed the criticism to be just. But, since the evil of false quantities is difficult to be cured in any modern language; since the French and the Italians, as well as we, are yet ignorant what feet are to be used in heroic poetry; since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others; since I pretend to no dictatorship among my fellow-poets; since if I should instruct some of them to make well-running verses, they want genius to give them strength as well as sweetness; and above all, since your lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public. In the mean time, that I may arrogate

nothing to myself, I must acknowledge that Virgil in Latin, and Spenser in English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use sometimes of his Alexandrian line: which we call, though improperly, the Pindaric, because Mr. Cowley has often employed it in his odes. It adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line. Formerly the French, like us, and the Italians, had but five feet, or ten syllables, in their heroic verse; but since Ronsard's time, as I suppose, they found their tongue too weak to support their epic poetry, without the addition of another foot. That indeed has given it somewhat of the run and measure of a trimeter; but it runs with more activity than strength: their language is not strung with sinews like our English: it has the nimbleness of a greyhound, but not the bulk and body of a mastiff. Our men and our verses overbear them by their weight; and pondere non numero, is the British motto. The French have set up purity for the standard of their language; and a masculine vigour is that of ours. Like their tongue is the genius of their poets, light and trifling in comparison of the English; more proper for sonnets, madrigals, and elegies, than heroic poetry. The turn on thoughts and words is their chief talent; but the epic poem is too stately to receive those little ornaments. The painters draw their nymphs in thin and airy habits, but the weight of gold and of embroideries is reserved for queens and goddesses. Virgil is never frequent in those turns, like Ovid; but much more sparing of them in his Æneis, than in his Pastorals and Georgics:

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

That turn is beautiful indeed; but he employs it in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, not in his great poem. I have used that licence in his Æneis sometimes; but I own it as my fault. It was given to those who understand no better. It is like Ovid's

Semivirumque bovem, semibovemque virum.

The poet found it before his critics, but it was a darling sin which he would not be persuaded to reform. The want of genius, of which I have accused the French, is laid to their charge by one of their own great authors, though I have forgotten his name, and where I read it. If rewards could make good poets, their great master has not been wanting on his part in his bountiful encouragements: for he is wise enough to imitate Augustus, if he had a Maro. The triumvir and proscriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him and Horace. I confess the banishment of Ovid was a blot in his escutcheon; yet he was only banished; and who knows but his crime was capital, and then his exile was a favour. Ariosto, who, with all his faults, must be acknowledged a great poet, has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist; but whether they will pass for gospel now, I cannot tell:

Non fu si santo ni benigno Augusto,
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona;
L'haver havuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrittione iniqua gli pardona.

But heroic poetry is not of the growth of France, as it might be of England, if it were cultivated. Spenser wanted only to have read the rules of Bossu: for no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it. But the performance of the French is not equal to their skill: and hitherto we have wanted skill to perform better. Segrais, whose preface is so wonderfully good, yet is wholly destitute of elevation; though his version is much better than that of the two brothers, or any of the rest who have attempted Virgil. Hannibal Caro is a great name amongst the Italians; yet his translation of the Æneis is most scandalously mean, though he has taken the advantage of writing in blank verse, and freed himself from the shackles of modern rhyme (if it be modern, for Le Clerc has told us lately, and I believe has made it out, that David's Psalms were written in as arrant rhyme as they are translated). Now if a Muse cannot run when she is unfettered, it is a sign she has but little speed. I will not make a digression here, though I am strangely tempted to it; but will only say, that he who can write well in rhyme, may write better in blank verse. Rhyme is certainly a constraint even to the best poets, and those who make it with most ease: though perhaps I have as little reason to complain of that hardship as any man, excepting Quarles and Withers. What it adds to sweetness, it takes away from sense; and he who loses the least by it, may be called a gainer: it often makes us swerve from an author's meaning: as if a mark be set up for an archer at a great distance, let him aim as exactly as he can, the least wind will take his arrow, and divert it from the white. I return to our Italian translator of the Æneis: he is a foot-poet, he lacquies by

the side of Virgil at the best, but never mounts behind him. Doctor Morelli, who is no mean critic in our poetry, and therefore may be presumed to be a better in his own language, has confirmed me in this opinion by his judgment, and thinks withal, that he has often mistaken his master's sense. I would say so, if I durst, but am afraid I have committed the same fault more often, and more grossly: for I have forsaken Ruæus (whom generally I follow) in many places, and made expositions of my own in some, quite contrary to him: of which I will give but two examples, because they are so near each other, in the tenth Æneid.

——Sorti pater æquus utrique.

Pallas says it to Turnus, just before they fight. Ruæus thinks that the word pater is to be referred to Evander, the father of Pallas. But how could he imagine that it was the same thing to Evander, if his son were slain, or if he overcame? The poet certainly intended Jupiter, the common father of mankind: who, as Pallas hoped, would stand an impartial spectator of the combat, and not be more favourable to Turnus, than to him. The second is not long after it, and both before the duel is begun. They are the words of Jupiter, who comforts Hercules for the death of Pallas, which was immediately to ensue, and which Hercules could not hinder (though the young hero had addressed his prayers to him for his assistance): because the gods cannot control destiny.—The verse follows:

Sic ait; atque oculos Rutulorum rejicit arvis.

Which the same Ruæus thus construes: "Jupiter, after he had said this, immediately turns his eyes to the Rutilian fields, and beholds the duel." I have given this place another exposition, that he turned his eyes from the field of combat, that he might not behold a sight so unpleasing to him. The word rejicit, I know, will admit of both senses; but Jupiter having confessed that he could not alter fate, and being grieved he could not, in consideration of Hercules, it seems to me that he should avert his eyes, rather than take pleasure in the spectacle. But of this I am not so confident as the other, though I think I have followed Virgil's sense.

What I have said, though it has the face of arrogance, yet it is intended for the honour of my country; and therefore I will boldly own, that this English translation has more of Virgil's spirit in it, than either the French, or the Italian. Some of our countrymen have translated episodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great success. As particularly your lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended. I say nothing of sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; it is the utmost of my ambition to be thought their equal, or not to be much inferior to them, and some others of the living. But it is one thing to take pains on a fragment, and translate it perfectly, and another thing to have the weight of a whole author on my shoulders. They who believe the burden light, let them attempt the fourth, sixth, or eight Pastoral; the first or fourth Georgic; and amongst the Æneids, the fourth, the fifth, the seventh, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, or the twelfth; for in these I think I have succeeded best.

Long before I undertook this work, I was no stranger to the original. I had also studied Virgil's design, his disposition of it, his manners, his judicious management of the figures, the sober retrenchments of his sense, which always leaves somewhat to gratify our imagination, on which it may enlarge at pleasure; but, above all, the elegance of his expression, and the harmony of his numbers. For, as I have said in a former dissertation, the words are in poetry, what the colours are in painting. If the design be good, and the draught be true, the colouring is the first beauty that strikes the eye. Spenser and Milton are the nearest in English to Virgil and Horace in the Latin; and I have endeavoured to form my style in imitating their masters. I will further own to you, my lord, that my chief ambition is to please those readers who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue. Such spirits as he desired to please, such would I choose for my judges, and would stand or fall by them alone. Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes (he might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased). In the lowest form he places those whom he calls les petits esprits: such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house: who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit; prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense, and elegant expression: these are mob-readers: if Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Hugonots, or Dutch boors, brought

over in herds, but not naturalized: who have not land of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level: fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden. Yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them: and when the torrent from the mountains falls no more, the swelling writer is reduced into his shallow bed, like the Mancanares at Madrid, with scarce water to moisten his own pebbles. There are a middle sort of readers (as we hold there is a middle state of souls) such as have a farther insight than the former, yet have not the capacity of judging right (for I speak not of those who are bribed by a party, and know better if they were not corrupted); but I mean a company of warm young men, who are not yet arrived so far as to discern the difference betwixt fustian, or ostentatious sentences, and the true sublime. These are above liking Martial or Owen's epigrams; but they would certainly set Virgil below Statius or Lucan. I need not say their poets are of the same taste with their admirers. They affect greatness in all they write, but it is a bladdered greatness, like that of the vain man whom Seneca describes—an ill habit of body, full of humours, and swelled with dropsy. Even these too desert their authors, as their judgment ripens. The young gentlemen themselves are commonly misled by their pedagogue at school, their tutor at the university, or their governor in their travels: and many of those three sorts are the most positive blockheads in the world. How many of those flatulent writers have I known, who have sunk in their reputation, after seven or eight editions of their works! for indeed they are poets only for young men. They had great success at their first appearance; but not being of God, as a wit said formerly, they could not stand.

I have already named two sorts of judges, but Virgil wrote for neither of them; and, by his example, I am not ambitious of pleasing the lowest or the middle form of readers.

He chose to please the most judicious; souls of the highest rank, and truest understanding: these are few in number; but whoever is so happy as to gain their approbation, can never lose it, because they never give it blindly. Then they have a certain magnetism in their judgment, which attracts others to their sense. Every day they gain some new proselyte, and in time become the church. For this reason, a well-weighed, judicious poem, which at its first appearance gains no more upon the world than to be just received, and rather not blamed, than much applauded, insinuates itself by insensible degrees into the liking of the reader: the more he studies it, the more it grows upon him; every time he takes it up, he discovers some new graces in it. And whereas poems, which are produced by the vigour of imagination only, have a gloss upon them at first, which time wears off; the works of judgment are like the diamond, the more they are polished, the more lustre they receive. Such is the difference betwixt Virgil's Æneis, and Marini's Adone: and, if I may be allowed to change the metaphor, I would say, that Virgil is like the fame which he describes:

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Such a sort of reputation is my aim, though in a far inferior degree, according to my motto in the title-page; Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis: and therefore I appeal to the highest court of judicature, like that of the peers, of which your lordship is so great an ornament.

Without this ambition which I own, of desiring to please the judices natos, I could never have been able to have done any thing at this age, when the fire of poetry is commonly extinguished in other men. Yet Virgil has given me the example of Entellus for my encouragement: when he was well heated, the younger champion could not stand before him: and we find the elder contended not for the gift, but for the honour; Nec dona moror. For Dampier has informed us, in his voyages, that the air of the country which produces gold is never wholesome.

I had, long since, considered, that the way to please the best judges, is not to translate a poet literally; and Virgil least of any other; for his peculiar beauty lying in his choice of words, I am excluded from it by the narrow compass of our heroic verse, unless I would make use of monosyllables only, and those clogged with consonants, which are the dead weight of our mother tongue. It is possible, I confess, though it rarely happens, that a verse of monosyllables may sound harmoniously; and some examples of it I have seen. My first line of the Æneis is not harsh:

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate, &c.

But a much better instance may be given from the

last line of Manilius, made English by our learned and judicious Mr. Creech:

Nor could the world have borne so fierce a flame.

Where the many liquid consonants are placed so artfully, that they give a pleasing sound to the words, though they are all of one syllable.

It is true, I have been sometimes forced upon it in other places of this work, but I never did it out of choice: I was either in haste, or Virgil gave me no occasion for the ornament of words: for it seldom happens but a monosyllable line turns verse to prose, and even that prose is rugged and unharmonious. Philarchus, I remember, taxes Balzac for placing twenty monosyllables in file, without one dissyllable betwixt them. The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase: some things too I have omitted, and sometimes have added of my own; yet the omissions, I hope, are but of circumstances, and such as would have no grace in English; and the additions, I also hope, are easily deduced from Virgil's sense. They will seem, (at least I have the vanity to think so) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. He studies brevity more than any other poet; but he had the advantage of a language wherein much may be comprehended in a little space. We, and all the modern tongues, have more articles and pronouns, besides signs of tenses and cases, and other barbarities on which our speech is built by the faults of our forefathers. The Romans founded theirs upon the Greek: and the Greeks, we know, were labouring many hundred years upon their language, before they brought it to perfection. They rejected all those signs, and cut off as many articles as they could spare; comprehending in one word, what we are constrained to express in two: which is one reason why we cannot write so concisely as they have done. The word pater, for example, signifies not only a father, but your father, my father, his or her father, all included in a word.

This inconvenience is common to all modern tongues; and this alone constrains us to employ more words than the ancients needed. But having before observed, that Virgil endeavours to be short and at the same time elegant, I pursue the excellence, and forsake the brevity: for there is he like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body, that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language.

On the whole matter, I thought fit to steer betwixt the two extremes of paraphrase and literal translation, to keep as near my author as I could, without losing all his graces, the most eminent of which are in the beauty of his words, and those words, I must add, are always figurative. Such of these as would retain their elegance in our tongue, I have endeavoured to graft on it; but most of them are of necessity to be lost, because they will not shine in any but their own. Virgil has, sometimes, two of them in a line; but the scantiness of our heroic verse is not capable of receiving more than one: and that too must expiate for many others which have none. Such is the difference of the languages, or such my want of skill in choosing words. Yet I may presume to say, and I hope with as much reason as the French translator, that, taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English, as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in this present age. I acknowledge with Segrais, that I have not succeeded in this attempt according to my desire; yet I shall not be wholly without praise, if in some sort I may be allowed to have copied the clearness, the purity, the easiness, and the magnificence of his style. But I shall have occasion to speak farther on this subject, before I end the preface.

When I mentioned the Pindaric line, I should have added, that I take another licence in my verses; for I frequently make use of triplet rhymes, and for the same reason, because they bound the sense: and therefore I generally join these two licences together, and make the last verse of the triplet a Pindaric: for, besides the majesty which gives, it confines the sense within the barriers of three lines, which would languish if it were lengthened into four. Spenser is my example for both these privileges of English verses: and Chapman hath followed him in his translation of Homer. Mr. Cowley has given into them after both, and all succeeding writers after him. I regard them now as the Magna Charta of heroic poetry; and am too much an Englishman to lose what my ancestors have gained for me. Let the French and Italians value themselves on their regularity: strength and elevation are our standard. I said before, and I repeat it, that the affected purity of the French has unsinewed their heroic verse. The language of an epic poem is almost wholly figurative; yet they are so fearful of a metaphor, that no example of Virgil can encourage them to be bold with safety. Sure they might warm themselves by that sprightly blaze, without approach-

ing it so close as to singe their wings: they may come as near it as their master: not that I would discourage that purity of diction in which he excels all other poets. But he knows how far to extend *his* franchises; and advances to the verge, without venturing a foot beyond it. On the other side, without being injurious to the memory of our English Pindar, I will presume to say, that his metaphors are sometimes too violent, and his language is not always pure: but, at the same time, I must excuse him; for, through the iniquity of the times, he was forced to travel, at an age when, instead of learning foreign languages, he should have studied the beauties of his mother tongue, which, like all other speeches, is to be cultivated early, or we shall never write it with any kind of elegance. Thus by gaining abroad, he lost at home: like the painter in the Arcadia, who, going to see a skirmish, had his arms lopped off: and returned, says sir Philip Sidney, well instructed how to draw a battle, but without a hand to perform his work.

There is another thing in which I have presumed to deviate from him and Spenser. They both make hemistichs, (or half verses) breaking off in the middle of a line. I confess, there are not many such in the Fairy Queen: and even those few might be occasioned by his unhappy choice of so long a stanza. Mr. Cowley had found out, that no kind of staff is proper for an heroic poem, as being all too lyrical; yet though he wrote in couplets, where rhyme is freer from constraint, he frequently affects half verses: of which we find not one in Homer, and I think not in any of the Greek poets, or the Latin, excepting only Virgil; and there is no question but he thought he had Virgil's authority for that licence. But, I am confident, our poet never meant to leave him, or any other, such a precedent; and I ground my opinion on these two reasons: first, we find no example of a hemistich in any of his Pastorals or Georgics: for he had given the last finishing strokes to both these poems. But his Æneis he left so uncorrect, at least so short of that perfection at which he aimed, that we know how hard a sentence he passed upon it; and, in the second place, I reasonably presume, that he intended to have filled up all those hemistichs, because, in one of them, we find the sense imperfect:

Quem tibi jam Trojâ——

which some foolish grammarian has ended for him with half a line of nonsense:

. . . peperit fumante Creüsa.

For Ascanius must have been born some years before the burning of that city, which I need not prove. On the other side, we find also, that he himself filled up one line of the sixth Æneid, the enthusiasm seizing him while he was reading to Augustus:

Misenum Æolidem, quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros.

To which he added, in that transport, Martemque accendere cantu: and never was a line more nobly finished, for the reasons which I have given in the book of Painting. On these considerations I have shunned hemistichs; not being willing to imitate Virgil to a fault: like Alexander's courtiers, who affected to hold their necks awry, because he could not help it. I am confident your lordship is, by this time, of my opinion; and that you will look on those half lines hereafter, as the imperfect products of a hasty Muse: like the frogs and the serpents in the Nile; part of them kindled into life, and part a lump of unformed, unanimated mud.

I am sensible that many of my whole verses are as imperfect as those halves, for want of time to digest him better; but give me leave to make the excuse of Boccace, who, when he was upbraided that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest, returned this answer: that Charlemain, who made the Palladins, was never able to raise an army of them. The leaders may be heroes, but the multitude must consist of common men.

I am also bound to tell your lordship, in my own defence, that, from the beginning of the first Georgic to the end of the last Æneid, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same thing in the same words; and often repeated two or three whole verses, which he had used before. Words are not so easily coined as money; and yet we see that the credit not only of banks, but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in, and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word; and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt: so that the latter end must needs be more burthensome than the beginning or the middle; and conse-

quently the twelfth Æneid cost me double the time of the first and second. What had become of me, if Virgil had taxed me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money for want of milled: that is, in the same old words which I had used before. And the receivers must have been forced to have taken any thing, where there was so little to be had.

Besides this difficulty, (with which I have struggled, and made a shift to pass it over) there is one remaining, which is insuperable to all translators. We are bound to our author's sense, though with the latitudes already mentioned (for I think it not so sacred, as that one iota must not be added or diminished, on pain of an anathema). But slaves we are, and labour on another man's plantation: we dress the vineyard, but the wine is the owner's: if the soil be sometimes barren, then we are sure of being scourged: if it be fruitful, and our care succeeds, we are not thanked: for the proud reader will only say, "The poor drudge has done his duty." But this is nothing to what follows; for, being obliged to make his sense intelligible, we are forced to untune our own verses, that we may give his meaning to the reader. He who invents, is master of his thoughts and words: he can turn and vary them as he pleases, till he renders them harmonious. But the wretched translator has no such privilege: for being tied to thoughts, he must make what music he can in the expression; and for this reason it cannot always be so sweet as that of the original. There is a beauty of sound, as Segrais has observed, in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in any modern language. He instances in that mollis amaracus, on which Venus lays Cupid in the first Æneid. If I should translate it sweet-marjoram, as the word signifies, the reader would think I had mistaken Virgil: for those village-words, as I may call them, give us a mean idea of the thing; but the sound of the Latin is so much more pleasing, by the just mixture of the vowels with the consonants, that it raises our fancies, to conceive somewhat more noble than a common herb; and to spread roses under him, and strew lilies over him—a bed not unworthy the grandson of the goddess.

If I cannot copy his harmonious numbers, how shall I imitate his noble flights, where his thoughts and words are equally sublime?

Quem quisquis studet æmulari,
——ceratis ope Dedaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto;

What modern language, or what poet can express the majestic beauty of this one verse amongst a thousand others!

Aude hospes contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo.

For my part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I contemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it.

Lay by Virgil, I beseech your lordship, and all my better sort of judges, when you take up my version, and it will appear a passable beauty when the original Muse is absent; but, like Spenser's false Florimel, made of snow, it melts and vanishes when the true one comes in sight. I will not excuse, but justify myself for one pretended crime, with which I am liable to be charged by false critics, not only in this translation, but in many of my original poems, that I latinize too much. It is true, that when I find an English word significant and sounding, I neither borrow from the Latin, or any other language; but when I want at home, I must seek abroad.

If sounding words are not of our growth and manufacture, who shall hinder me to import them from a foreign country? I carry not out the treasure of the nation, which is never to return; but what I bring from Italy I spend in England: here it remains, and here it circulates: for, if the coin be good, it will pass from one hand to another. I trade both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but if we will have things of magnificence and splendour, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament, and that is not to be had from our old Teuton monosyllables; therefore if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalized, by using it myself; and, if the public approves of it, the bill passes. But every man cannot distinguish betwixt pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate. Upon the whole matter, a poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce is beautiful in the Latin; and is to consider, in the next place, whether it will agree with the English idiom: after this, he ought to take the opinion of judicious friends, such as are learned in both languages; and lastly, since no man is infallible, let him use this licence very sparingly: for if too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed, not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.

I am now drawing towards a conclusion, and suspect your lordship is very glad of it. But permit me first to own what helps I have had in this undertaking. The late earl of Lauderdale sent me over his new translation of the Æneis, which he had ended before I engaged in the same design; neither did I then intend it; but some proposals being afterwards made me by my bookseller, I desired his lordship's leave, that I might accept them, which he freely granted; and I have his letter yet to show for that permission. He resolved to have printed his work, which he might have done two years before I could publish mine; and had performed it, if death had not prevented him. But having his manuscript in my hands, I consulted it as often as I doubted of my author's sense: for no man understood Virgil better than that learned nobleman. His friends, I hear, have yet another and more correct copy of that translation by them: which had they pleased to have given the public, the judges must have been convinced that I have not flattered him. Besides this help, which was not inconsiderable, Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to review the Æneis, and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has showed me many faults, which I have endeavoured to correct. It is true, he might have easily found more, and then my translation had been more perfect.

Two other worthy friends of mine, who desire to have their names concealed, seeing me straitened in my time, took pity on me, and gave me the life of Virgil; the two prefaces to the Pastorals and the Georgics, and all the arguments in prose to the whole translation: which, perhaps, has caused a report that the two first poems are not mine. If it had been true that I had taken their verses for my own, I might have gloried in their aid; and, like Terence, have fathered the opinion that Scipio and Lælius joined with me. But the same style being continued through the whole, and the same laws of versification observed, are proofs sufficient that this is one man's work: and your lordship is too well acquainted with my manner to doubt that any part of it is another's.

That your lordship may see I was in earnest when I promised to hasten to an end, I will not give the reasons why I writ not always in the proper terms of navigation, land-service, or in the cant of any profession. I will only say, that Virgil has avoided those proprieties, because he writ not to mariners, soldiers, astronomers, gardeners, peasants, &c. but to all in general, and in particular to men and ladies of the first quality, who have been better bred than to be too nicely knowing in the terms. In such cases, it is enough for a poet to write so plainly that he may be understood by his readers; to avoid impropriety, and not affect to be thought learned in all things.

I have omitted the four preliminary lines of the first Æneid, because I think them inferior to any four others in the whole poem, and consequently believe they are not Virgil's. There is too great a gap betwixt the adjective vicina in the second line, and the substantive arva in the latter end of the third, which keeps his meaning in obscurity too long; and is contrary to the clearness of his style.

Ut quamvis avido,

is too ambitious an ornament to be his; and,

Gratum opus agricolis,

are all words unnecessary, and independent of what he said before.

Horrentia Martis arma.

is worse than any of the rest. *Horrentia* is such a flat epithet as Tully would have given us in his verses. It is a mere filler, to stop a vacancy in the hexameter, and connect the preface to the work of Virgil. Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:

Arma, virumque cano; Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

Scarce a word without an r, and the vowels, for the greater part, sonorous. The prefacer began with Illè ego, which he was constrained to patch up in the fourth line with At nunc, to make the sense cohere. And if both those words are not notorious botches, I am much deceived, though the French translator thinks otherwise. For my own part, I am rather of the opinion, that they were added by Tucca and Varius, than retrenched.

I know it may be answered by such as think Virgil the author of the four lines, that he asserts his title to the Æneis, in the beginning of this work, as he did to the two former, in the last lines of the fourth Georgic. I will not reply otherwise to this, than by desiring them to compare these four lines with the four others, which we know are his, because no poet but he alone could write them. If they cannot distinguish creeping from flying, let them lay down Virgil, and take up Ovid de Ponto in his stead. My

master needed not the assistance of that preliminary poet to prove his claim. His own majestic mien discovers him to be the king, amidst a thousand courtiers. It was a superfluous office, and therefore I would not set those verses in the front of Virgil, but have rejected them to my own preface:

I, who before, with shepherds in the groves,
Sung to my oaten pipe their rural loves,
And issuing thence, compell'd the neighbouring field
A plenteous crop of rising corn to yield,
Manur'd the glebe, and stock'd the fruitful plain,
(A poem grateful to the greedy swain), &c.

If there be not a tolerable line in all these six, the prefacer gave me no occasion to write better. This is a just apology in this place. But I have done great wrong to Virgil in the whole translation: want of time, the inferiority of our language, the inconvenience of rhyme and all the other excuses I have made, may alleviate my fault, but cannot justify the boldness of my undertaking. What avails it me to acknowledge freely, that I have not been able to do him right in any line! For even my own confession makes against me; and it will always be returned upon me, Why then did you attempt it? to which no other answer can be made, than that I have done him less injury than any of his former libellers.

What they called his picture, had been drawn at length so many times by the daubers of almost all nations, and still so unlike him, that I snatched up the pencil with disdain; being satisfied beforehand that I could make some small resemblance of him, though I must be content with a worse likeness. A sixth Pastoral, a Pharmaceutria, a single Orpheus, and some other features, have been exactly taken; but those holiday-authors write for pleasure, and only showed us what they could have done, if they would have taken pains to perform the whole.

Be pleased, my lord, to accept, with your wonted goodness, this unworthy present which I make you. I have taken off one trouble from you, of defending it, by acknowledging its imperfections: and, though some part of them are covered in the verse (as Ericthonius rode always in a chariot to hide his lameness), such of them as cannot be concealed you will please to connive at, though, in the strictness of your judgment, you cannot pardon. If Homer was allowed to nod sometimes, in so long a work, it will be no wonder if I often fall asleep. You took my Aurengzeb into your protection, with all his faults; and I hope here cannot be so many, because I translate an author who gives me such examples of correctness. What my jury may be, I know not; but it is good for a criminal to plead before a favourable judge; if I had said partial, would your lordship have forgiven me? Or will you give me leave to acquaint the world, that I have many times been obliged to your bounty since the Revolution? Though I never was reduced to beg a charity, nor ever had the impudence to ask one, either of your lordship or your noble kinsman the earl of Dorset, much less of any other; yet, when I least expected it, you have both remembered me: so inherent it is in your family not to forget an old servant. It looks rather like ingratitude on my part, that where I have been so often obliged, I have appeared so seldom to return my thanks, and where I was also so sure of being well received. Somewhat of laziness was in the case, and somewhat too of modesty, but nothing of disrespect or unthankfulness. I will not say that your lordship has encouraged me to this presumption, lest, if my labours meet with no success in public, I may expose your judgment to be censured. As for my own enemies, I shall never think them worth an answer; and if your lordship has any, they will not dare to arraign you for want of knowledge in this art, till they can produce somewhat better of their own, than your Essay on Poetry. It was on this consideration that I have drawn out my preface to so great a length. Had I not addressed to a poet and a critic of the first magnitude, I had myself been taxed for want of judgment, and shamed my patron for want of understanding. But neither will you, my lord, so soon be tired as any other, because the discourse is on your art: neither will the learned reader think it tedious, because it is ad clerum. At least, when he begins to be weary, the church-doors are open. That I may pursue the allegory with a short prayer, after a long sermon,

May you live happily and long, for the service of your country, the encouragement of good letters, and the ornament of poetry! which cannot be wished more earnestly by any man, than by

your lordship's
most humble, most obliged,
and most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy; but are overtaken by the dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of an huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage: where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore;
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore;
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town:
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O, Muse! the causes and the crimes relate,
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of Heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man!
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show;
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tyber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea:
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade.
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot, here, if Heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the sky)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor, thus confin'd, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd:
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host:
And seven long years th' unhappy wandering train
Were toss'd by storms and scatter'd through the main.
Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.
Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and oars
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores;
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring still with endless discontent,
The queen of Heaven did thus her fury vent.
"Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield," said she,
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hissing with her father's flame,
She strongly seiz'd, and, with a burning wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of Heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my slighted altars lay?"
Thus rag'd the goddess, and, with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought;
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds,
This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend:
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way:
Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would roll,
And Heaven would fly before the driving soul!
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with mountain loads:
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her prayers addrest,
And thus the tenour of her suit express'd.
"O Æolus! for to thee the king of Heaven
The power of tempests and of winds has given:
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main:
A race of wandering slaves abhorr'd by me,
With prosperous passage cut the Thuscan sea:
To fruitful Italy their course they steer, [there.
And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples
Raise all thy winds, with night involve the skies;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.

Twice seven; the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish, and second my design,
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine;
And make thee father of a happy line."
To this the god—"'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand;
Yours is my sovereign's grace, and as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you!"
He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quivering spear, and all the god apply'd!
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground:
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep;
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep!
South, east, and west, with mixt confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack, the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And Heaven itself is ravish'd from their eyes!
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears!
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief!
"And thrice, and four times happy those," he cry'd,
"That under Ilian walls before their parents dy'd!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain:
O great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!"
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets: the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies:
Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow:
While those astern descending down the steep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep!
Three ships were hurry'd by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast!
Those hidden rocks, th' Ausonian sailors knew,
They call'd them altars, when they rose in view,
And show'd their spacious backs above the flood!
Three more fierce Eurus in his angry mood
Dash'd on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land!
Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves was overborn:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round, the ship was tost,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was lost!
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men!
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And suck'd through loosen'd planks the rushing sea!
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not less: their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams!

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main:
Serene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes
Around this space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintery heaven oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue:
He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast:
Then thus rebuk'd: "Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence? [reign.
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—But first 'tis fit the billows to restrain,
And then you shall be taught obedience to my
Hence, to your lord my royal mandate bear,
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his: by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His power to hollow caverns is confin'd,
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind:
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall!"
He spoke; and while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day:
Cymothoë, Triton, and the seagreen train
Of beauteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands;
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;
Then heaves them off the shoals: where'er he guides
His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle, and the sea subsides.
As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling vollies fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood:
So when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sovereign trident rears,
Their fury fails: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and with loosen'd reins
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.
Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side:
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.
No hawsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.
Seven ships within this happy harbour meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes;
Short flame succeeds; a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground;
Some dry their corn infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below:
If Capys thence, or Antheus, he could spy;
Or see the streamers of Caïcus fly.
No vessels there in view: but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads; the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver, and the trusty bow
Achates used to bear; the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Seven mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the seven ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
The jars of generous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief,
With cheerful words, allay'd the common grief:
"Endure, and conquer; Jove will soon dispose,
To future good, our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd.
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?
Resume your courage, and dismiss your care.
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of fate.
Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise.
Endure the hardships of your present state,
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."
These words he spoke; but spoke not from his heart:
His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste:
Some strip the skin, some portion out the spoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil:
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine;
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends;
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
Whether to deem them dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
At length on Libyan realms he fixt his eyes:
Whom, pondering thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lively look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly sire bespoke:
"O king of gods and men, whose awful hand
Disperses thunder on the seas and land;
Disposes all with absolute command:
How could my pious son thy power provoke?
Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only lost
On various seas, by various tempests tost, [coast.
But shut from every shore, and barr'd from every
You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In aftertimes should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labours has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts:
Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves,
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:
But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your Heaven and rites divine,
Are banish'd Earth, and for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
Are these our sceptres? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"
To whom, the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:
"Daughter, dismiss thy fears: to thy desire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish'd Lavinian walls,
And, ripe for Heaven, when fate Æneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me;
No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search'd the mystic rolls of fate:
Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sovereign laws impose, and cities build.
Till, after every foe subdued, the Sun
Thrice through the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Ascanius then,
Now call'd Iülus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear:
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer:
And, with hard labour, Alba Longa build;
The throne with his succession shall be fill'd,
Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen,
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen.
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws
Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain,
Then Romulus his grandsire's throne shall gain,
Of martial towers the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them, no bounds of empire I assign;
Nor term of years to their immortal line,

From haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and Heaven, and Jove himself turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly power shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state:
And sweet revenge her conquering sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies,
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,
Our Heaven, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate, and impious war, shall cease,
And the stern age be softened into peace:
Then banish'd faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests: lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and state:
Down from the steep of Heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod;
The surly murmurs of the people cease,
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.
Meantime, in shades of night Æneas lies;
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes:
But when the Sun restor'd the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore:
But whether human kind, or beasts alone,
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
Tall trees surround the mountains' shady sides:
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo, in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
A huntress in her habit and her mien;
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind.
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With such array Harpalice bestrode
Her Thracian courser, and outstripp'd the rapid flood.
"Ho! strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
"One of my sisters, like myself array'd;
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
A painted quiver at her back she bore,
Vary'd with spots, a lynx's hide she wore:
And at full cry pursu'd the tusky boar."
Thus Venus: thus her son reply'd again,
"None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style; O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day;
Or one, at least, of chaste Diana's train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain:
But tell a stranger, long in tempests tost, [coast?
What earth we tread, and who commands the
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall."
"I dare not," she reply'd, "assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honours claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ancles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are:
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phœnician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate,
Which I will sum in short. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed: and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian sceptre sway'd:
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensu'd, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed:
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily coin'd,
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the spectre stares,
And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals:
Then warns the widow and her household gods
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.
Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosperous winds, a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driven,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by Heaven!
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise:
There bought a space of ground, which, Byrsa call'd
From the bull's hide, they first enclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"
To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate!

Through such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came,
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name:
On various seas, by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast:
The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes;
To fruitful Italy my course was bent,
And from the king of Heaven is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce seven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your harbour meet:
Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan deserts wander thus alone."
His tender parent could no longer bear;
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
"Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by Heaven,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driven,
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success, for more:
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold, in beauteous order move,
And stoop, with closing pinions, from above:
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And, through the clouds, pursu'd the scattering throng:
Now all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuits of the skies in rings:
Not otherwise your ships, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful, but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view."
Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair; ground,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
The prince pursu'd the parting deity,
With words like these: "Ah! whither dost thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own!"
Against the goddess these complaints he made;
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds,
With mists, their persons, and involves in clouds:
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddess flies sublime,
To visit Paphos, and her native clime:
Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with solemn prayer,
A hundred altars in her temple smoke,
A thousand bleeding hearts her power invoke.
They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now, at a nearer distance, view the town.
The prince, with wonder, sees the stately towers,
Which late were huts and shepherds' homely bowers;
The gates and streets; and hears from every part
The noise and busy concour[illegible]
The toiling Tyrians on each
To ply their labour: some e
Some build the citadel; the
Or dig, or push unwieldy st
Some for their dwellings cho
Which, first design'd, with d
Some laws ordain, and some
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre:
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flowery plains;
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the Sun:
Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
"Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise;"
Æneas said; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty towers; then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.
Full in the centre of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
And, digging here, a prosperous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreshew:
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build and consecrate:
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclose:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wandering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd;
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists and their arts' renown:
He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said, "O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."
He said: his tears a ready passage find,
Devouring what he saw so well design'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind.

For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their [illegible] betray'd to nightly view.
And wakeful [illegible], whose cruel sword
The centries slew, nor spar'd their slumbering lord.
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troïlus defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
Then where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
Was by his horses hurry'd o'er the plains:
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound;
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear:
But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with prayer.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd, [breast:
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain:
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthesilea, there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race;
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes:
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Pix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido with a numerous train,
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labour to her future sway she speeds,
And, passing with a gracious glance, proceeds:
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine;
In crowds around the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines every private cause.
Their tasks, in equal portions, she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends:
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cleanthus strong,
And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng;
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And, from the hollow cloud, his friends surveys:
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate;
And why they came, and what was their request:
For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:
"O queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods,
To found an empire in these new abodes;
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign:
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on every shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore:
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race.
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away:
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire,
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold:
Th Œnotrians held it once, by common fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and every warring element
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the south with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here;
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again!
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Æneas was our prince; a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword:
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we his friends of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars:
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men! the fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main;
And if our young Iülus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore;
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn."
Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew,
With cries and clamours, his request renew.
The modest queen awhile, with down-cast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:

" Trojans, dismiss your fears: my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes:
Who has not heard the story of your woes?
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or, driven by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Aeestes' government;
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly powers,
To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers,
My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
And would to Heaven the storm, you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of every winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest."
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
" From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants: and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main!
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid,
The rest agrees with what your mother said."
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine;
And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold.
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
" He whom you seek am I: by tempests tost,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast:
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress,
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receiv'd the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore;
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wandering train,
And strangers in your palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who, scatter'd through the world, in exile mourn?
The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd,
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;
And more than all the gods, your generous heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth:
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of Heaven the radiant Sun:
While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise, shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has ass[igned]
Your image shall be pres[ent]
Thus having said: he tur[ned]
And joyful his expecting f[riend]
With his right hand Ilione
Serestus with his left; then
Cloanthus and the noble Gy[as]
And so by turns descended.
The Tyrian queen stood fi[xed]
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace:
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected stood; and thus began:
" What fate, O goddess-born, what angry powers
Have cast you shipwreck'd on our barren shores?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idean shore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And conquering, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble guest; and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind.
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd;
Till Heaven afforded me this place of rest.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes, so like my own."
She said, and to the palace led her guest,
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends:
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
And jars of generous wine, and spacious bowls,
She gives to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine.
And antic vases all of gold emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost):
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men:
From their first founder to the present queen.
The good Æneas, whose paternal care
Iülus' absence could no longer bear,
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past;
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire;
From Argos by the fam'd adulteress brought:
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought;
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
To ruin Troy, and set the world on flame.
The sceptre Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore;
Of double texture; glorious to behold;
One order set with gems, and one with gold.
Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes:
And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries; and new designs prepares:
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace:
She did bring her presents, in her nephew's stead,
And in [illegible] the gentle poison shed.
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke;
And thus alarm'd to winged Love she spoke:
"My son, my strength, whose mighty power alone
Controls the thunderer on his awful throne;
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succour, and thy faith relies.
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life.
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains;
Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind;
Ascanius, by his father, is design'd
To come, with presents, laden from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bowers to keep,
Or high Cythera: that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat,
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving space;
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face.
That when, amidst the fervour of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."
The god of love obeys, and sets aside
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
He walks Iülus in his mother's sight;
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.
The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
And, in a pleasing slumber, seals his eyes;
Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves:
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid, meantime, assum'd his form and face,
Following Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sat,
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed: her princely guest
Was next her side, in order sat the rest.
Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high;
Th' attendants water for their hands supply;
And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
Next, fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore.
Then youths, and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze;
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze!
His rosy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes, [guise.
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's dis-
Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen; she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god she drew so near her breast.
But he, not mindless of his mother's prayer,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair; [care.
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former
The dead is to the living love resign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.
Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and every guest was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace cheerful cries resound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she
"O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke, [spoke;
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power!
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting concord, from this day combine.
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here:
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To Heaven with mine, to ratify the peace."
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground),
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias, whom she call'd, a thirsty soul,
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl:
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
The goblet goes around; Iöpas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught.
The various labours of the wandering Moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of Sun.
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense;
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence.
What shakes the solid Earth, what cause delays
The summer-nights, and shortens winter-days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song;
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
Of Priam much inquir'd, of Hector more;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore;
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore.
The steeds of Diomede vary'd the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force.
At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd:
"Relate at large, my godlike guest," she said,
"The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd;
The fatal issue of so long a war, [clare.
Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes, de-
For, since on every sea, on every coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Seven times the Sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter-banish'd, and the spring renew'd."

THE SECOND BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken, not to survive the ruin of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

All were attentive to the godlike man,
When, from his lofty couch, he thus began:
"Great queen! what you command me to relate,
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate,
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every wo the Trojans underwent:
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was,
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
But, since you take such interest in our woe,
And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befel.
"By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which, like a steed of monstrous height, appear'd;
The sides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it
For their return, and this the vow they paid. [made
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle,
(While fortune did on Priam's empire smile)
Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
Where ships expos'd to winds and weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for Greece
The sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and, with delight survey
The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the several chiefs they show'd,
'Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode.'
Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ
(The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.)
Thymætes first ('tis doubt
Or so the Trojan destiny
Mov'd that the ramparts
To lodge the monster-fabr
But Capys, and the rest o
The fatal present to the fl
Or to the watery deep: at
The hollow sides, and hidd
The giddy vulgar, as their
With noise say nothing, an
Laocoon, followed by a nun
Ran from the fort; and cry
'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone,
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must enclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd; by fraud or force;
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierc'd return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks enclos'd come issuing through the wound.
And had not Heaven the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind:
Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood.
Mean time, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands, before the king:
Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray,
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd,
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound:
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around;
Then said, 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!'
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.'
"His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, 'Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare, my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name:
Though plung'd by fortune's power in misery,
'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lie.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame;
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times;
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes:
Because the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament;

Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care:
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the people's hearts;
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell; then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state:
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent Heaven once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head:
New crimes invented, left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own.
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought:
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on *my* nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know,
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts;
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:
"'Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And weary'd with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintery seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene:
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus, t' inquire their fate, was sent;
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought:
"'O Grecians! when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought!
So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main!'
The spreading rumour round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the state.
Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood.
Till, tir'd with endless clamours, and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute:
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die!
All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends or native soil again?
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require?
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine!
Which, O, if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.'
False tears true pity move: the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words; 'Dismiss thy fears,
Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs:
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd this pile.'
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudful arts,
This well invented tale for truth imparts:
'Ye lamps of Heaven!' he said, and lifted high
His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky,
Inviolable powers, ador'd with dread,
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled,
Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king! preserve the faith you gave,
If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands:
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd,
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid,
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat;
Her heavenly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield!
Then Calchas bad our host for flight prepare,
And hope no conquest from the tedious war: [sought
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with prayers be-
Her injur'd power, and better omens brought.
And now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd: as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
For her stol'n statue, and her tower betray'd;
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:

So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates.
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast.
For so religion and the gods ordain;
That if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands,
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.'
" With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts,
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege had done:
False tears and fawning words the city won.
A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer.
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spy'd
Two serpents rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And, on the sounding shore, the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest, thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots,
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all; the general cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd, to th' offended maid.
A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare,
And fasten to the horse's feet: the rest
With cables haul along th' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls:
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.

Thus rais'd aloft, and then [illegible]
It enters o'er our heads, a [illegible] threat
O sacred city! built by hands
O valiant heroes of the Trojan
Four times he stuck; as often
Of arms was heard, and in the
Yet, mad with zeal, and blind
We haul along the horse:
Then place the dire portent
Cassandra cry'd, and curs[illegible]
Foretold our fate; but, by [illegible]
All heard, and none believ'd, the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
Our men secure, nor guards nor centries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores;
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light.
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
Nor was the Podalirian hero last:
Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake first meet their fate,
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears.
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils:
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire:
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds, he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran:
I wept to see the visionary man:
And, while my trance continu'd, thus began:
' O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
With length of labours, and with toils of war?
After so many funerals of thy own,
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?'
To this the spectre no reply did frame;
But answer'd to the cause for which he came:
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning, in these mournful words, express'd:
' O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrours of this fatal night.

The foes, already, have possess'd the wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.'
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods.
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

"Now peals of shouts come thundering from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war!
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms!
Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey:
And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey!
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn:
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of labouring oxen, and the peasant's gains:
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey!
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees, from far,
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd!
The palace of Deïphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends,
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright [light.
With splendour not their own; and shine with Trojan
New clamours and new clangours now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries!
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms!
But first to gather friends, with them t' oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.
Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
With sense of honour, and revenge inspir'd!

"Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the
With relics loaden, to my doors he fled, [flame;
And, by the hand, his tender grandson led.
'What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?'
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan,
'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands!
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse!
Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
The flames, and foes for entrance press without.
With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To several posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide.
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprise; [flies.
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who
The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.'
I heard; and Heaven, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me, through lifted swords and rising fires,
To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the walls!
Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
With young Chorœbus, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid:
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all;
'Brave souls,' said I, 'but brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain,
You see the desperate state of our affairs;
And Heaven's protecting powers are deaf to prayers.
The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town involv'd in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
Despair of life, the means of living shows.'
So bold a speech encouraged their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire!

"As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour through the fields, not fear the stormy night,
Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood,
So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try!
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
Th' unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend, our leader was Despair.
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night!
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright!
An ancient and imperial city falls,
The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
Houses and holy temples float in blood,
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but, in their turn,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from despair and night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly death in sundry shapes appears!
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land:
'From whence,' said he, 'my friends, this long
delay?
You loiter, while the spoils are borne away.
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store,
And you, like truants, come too late ashore.'
He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found by the doubtful answers which we make:
Amaz'd he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight,
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant, in a bushy brake,
Has, with unwary footing, press'd a snake,
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies!
In vain; for him and his we compass round,
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first endeavour smil'd;
Chorœbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with success, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally design'd.

'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune shows the way,
'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans' good?
Then change we shields, and their devices bear,
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler, and his plumy crest.
Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
And strew, with Grecian carcases, the street.
Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat:
And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.
"But ah! what use of valour can be made,
When Heaven's propitious powers refuse their aid!
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, drag'd by her dishevell'd hair;
Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands,
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On Heaven she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd,
('Twas all she could), her tender arms were ty'd.
So sad a sight Chorœbus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair,
Amid the barbarous ravishers he flew;
Our leader's rash example we pursue;
But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.
They aim at the mistaken crests, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free:
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.
"Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep, the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
The troops we squander'd first, again appear
From several quarters, and enclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our different speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Chorœbus first,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heaven thought not so: Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre, nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there:
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
Witness, ye Heavens! I live not by my fault:
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' invested palace ring;
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space:
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter only there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling-ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolish'd towers the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
(Such arms their last necessity provides):
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death:
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's closet led, a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne:
Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.
Through this we pass, and mount the tower from whence,
With unavailing arms, the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft descry'd
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from his lofty height with swords we hew;
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew,
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and feet:
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake:
And, casting off his slough, when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the Sun, and, rais'd on spires, he rides;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes, by fits, his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Entering the court, with shouts the skies they rend,
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows,
And, with his ax, repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.

He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his ax, and unresisted strength.
A mighty breach is made; the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd:
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sat.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
With not a door, and scarce a space between.
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain;
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill;
Those few defendants whom they find they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood:
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother-kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise of a progeny).
The posts of plated gold and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter, and possess the place.
Perhaps you may of Priam's fate inquire:
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every side inevitable woes;
In arms disus'd, invests his limbs decay'd
Like them, with age: a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
Despairing of success: ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by Heaven, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
'What rage,' she cry'd, 'has seiz'd my husband's mind;
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids: were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd."
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he flies
Through empty courts, and open galleries:
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes.
Whom, gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal rage:
As sure they will, barbarian; sure they must,
If there be gods in Heaven, and gods be just:
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight,
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted sire.
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold,
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent.'
"This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.
"Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate;
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die:' with that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
Sliddering through clotter'd blood and holy mire
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made),
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare;
His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs, like domestic slaves, obey'd,
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
A headless carcase, and a nameless thing[1].
"Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone,
Deserted at my need, my friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.
Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sat, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames, that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan's sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard;
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew;
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?

[1] This whole line is taken from sir John Denham.

For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood!
'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
And boast no conquest from a woman slain;
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease:
And murmuring manes of my friends appease.'
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasant light
Spread o'er the place, and, shining heavenly bright,
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight.
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Nor her own star confess'd a light so clear.
Great in her charms, as when the gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break:
Then, from her rosy lips, began to speak:
'My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your hapless father yet survive;
Or if Ascanius, or Creüsa, live.
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around; while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve:
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil:
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from stones, where clouds of dust arise,
Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place:
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace:
And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands,
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
See Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
See Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labour end:
Haste where your trembling spouse and sire attend:
Haste, and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.'
She said: and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw, nor could prevent;
And Ilium from its old foundations rent.
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds;
And stood the sturdy strokes of labouring hinds:
About the roots the cruel ax resounds,
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds.
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.
To their united force it yields, though late; [fate:
And mourns, with mortal groans, th' approaching
The roots no more their upper load sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through the plain.

"Descending thence, I 'scape through foes, and fire:
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey; resolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy:
Rather than exile and old age sustain.
'Go you, whose blood runs warm in every vein:
Had Heaven decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew;
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils: and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulchre let Heaven take care.
'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life:
Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from Heaven by Jove's avenging fire.'
This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die:
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a dolcful cry.
What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve?
He still persists his reasons to maintain;
Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
"Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death must give?
Can I without so dear a father live?
You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?
If fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain;
And you conspire with fortune, to be slain;
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who slew
The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.
"O goddess-mother, give me back to fate;
Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires to see my house a prey?
Shall I, my father, wife, and son, behold
Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haste! gird my sword, though spent and overcome:
'Tis the last summons to receive your doom.
I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
Restore me yet to the unfinish'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.
Arm'd once again, my glittering sword I wield!
While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield:
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.
I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And, cross the threshold, in my passage lay;
Embrac'd my knees; and when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble sire, and tender son.
'If death be your design, at least,' said she,
'Take us along to share your destiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love maintain.

To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife!'
While thus she fills the house with clamorous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;
For while I held my son, in the short space,
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,
Strange to relate, from young Iülus' head
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hand to Heaven, and this request preferr'd:
'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd
to send.'
Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move;
And trailing vanish'd in th' Idean grove.
It swept a path in Heaven, and shone a guide;
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur dy'd.
"The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay,
I yield, I follow where Heaven shows the way.
Keep (O my country-gods!) our dwelling place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race:
This tender child; these omens are your own;
And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'
"He said; the crackling flames appear on high,
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire;
And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
'Haste, my dear father, ('tis no time to wait)
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befals, your life shall be my care,
One death, or one deliverance, we will share.
My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once, a cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high;
By long religion kept: there bend your feet;
And, in divided parties, let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war:
Till, in some living stream, I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
Thus, ordering all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,
And yellow spoils: then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take.
While, on my better hand, Ascanius hung,
And, with unequal paces, tript along.
Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
Through every dark and every devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shocks of lances bore,
At every shadow now am seiz'd with fear:
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.
Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear;
My father, looking through the shades with fear,
Cry'd out, 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh!
Their swords and shining armour I descry.'
Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense:
For while, through winding ways, I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sat, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now-deserted seat:
We met: not one was wanting, only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuse!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now-forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country-gods, I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
I tread my former tracks: through night explore
Each passage, every street I cross'd before.
All things were full of horrour and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
Then to my father's house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there:
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
Driven on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
And search the citadel, and desert court.
Then, unobserv'd, I pass'd by Juno's church;
A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch:
There Phœnix and Ulysses watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.
The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
The peoples' treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name.
Creüsa still I call: at length she hears;
And, sudden, thro' the shades of night appears,
Appears no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair,
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree:
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past,
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast:

Where gentle Tyber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils: and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame:
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
My goddess-mother, or my royal race.
And now farewell: the parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
I trust our common issue to your care.'
She said: and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
I strove to speak, but horrour ty'd my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung:
And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.
" Thus, having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
I to my longing friends return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught.
Resolv'd, and willing under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor led the day:
Before the gates the Grecians took their post:
And all pretence of late relief were lost.
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire."

THE THIRD BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete: his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream: he follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily: where his father Anchises dies. This is the place he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

" WHEN Heaven had overturn'd the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate:
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians' prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in ashes lay:
Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut;
And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign'd.
Friends daily flock, and scarce the kindly spring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing:
When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
The crew, my father, and the fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once; and cleave the briny floods.
" Against our coast appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command:
Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care.
A hospitable realm, while fate was kind;
With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
I land, with luckless omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the powers that rising labours aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels, grew.
There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull'd a plant (with horrour I relate
A prodigy so strange, and full of fate),
The rooted fibres rose; and from the wound,
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terrour stood;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood:
Mann'd once again, another plant I try,
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone;
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast:
That they, or he, these omens would avert;
Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
' Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears distil not from the wound'd wood;
But every drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:
O fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'
" My faltering tongue and shivering limbs declare
My horrour, and in bristles rose my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent.
Loaded with gold, he sent his darling far
From noise and tumults, and destructive war:
Committed to the faithless tyrant's care:
Who, when he saw the power of Troy decline,
Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join:
Broke every bond of nature, and of truth:
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold,
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!
Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers:
Relate the prodigies of Heaven, require
What he commands, and their advice desire.
All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore.
But ere we sail, his funeral rites prepare;
Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round:
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd;
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.
"Now when the raging storms no longer reign;
But southern gales invite us to the main;
We launch our vessels, with a prosperous wind;
And leave the cities and the shores behind.
"An island in th' Ægean main appears;
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore:
And the Sun's temple and his town adore.
"Anius the priest, and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend:
Invites him to his palace: and, in sign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went;
And thus before the shrine my vows present:
'Give, O Thymbræus! give a resting-place
To the sad relics of the Trojan race:
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix, where shall our labours end,
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my prayers a doubtful answer find,
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.'
Scarce had I said; he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around:
And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.
Prostrate we fell, confess'd the present god;
Who gives this answer from his dark abode:
'Undaunted youths, go seek that mother Earth
From which your ancestors derive their birth,
The soil that sent you forth; her ancient race,
In her old bosom, shall again embrace.
Through the wide world th' Ænean house shall reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain.'
Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose:
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.
"All are concern'd to know what place the god
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: 'Ye princes, hear
Your pleasing fortune; and dispel your fear.
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies with large command;
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there; and we
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhætean shores old Teucer came;
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan towers arose.
In humble vales they built their soft abodes:
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals, charm'd th' Idean woods,
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.
Let us the land, which Heaven appoints, explore;
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnossian shore.
If Jove assist the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.'
Thus having said, the sacrifices, laid
On smoking altars, to the gods he paid;
A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo slew:
A milk-white ewe the western winds to please:
And one coal-black to calm the stormy seas.
Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy:
We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea.
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way:
Then green Donysa pass; and sail in sight
Of Paros isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of Cycladες,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas.
The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvass, and they ply their oars.
'All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete!' they cry,
And swiftly through the foaming billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itself was grateful; I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort.
Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand:
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws, and dwellings I divide by lot.
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year:
The trees, devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn.
Nor scape the beasts: for Sirius from on high
With pestilential heat infects the sky:
My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct.
"'Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd)
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me stood; majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.
Thon'thus they spoke, and eas'd my troubled mind:
'What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,
He tells thee here; and sends us to relate:
Those powers are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain;
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:

But change thy seat: for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
Th' Œnotrians held it once; by later fame,
Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
Jasius there, and Dardanus were born:
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and the sire with these glad tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.
" Astonish'd at their voices, and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night;
I saw, I knew their faces, and descry'd
In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd);
I started from my couch, and clammy sweat
On all my limbs and shivering body sat.
To Heaven I lift my hands with pious haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More cheerful to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news: in little space
He found his errour of the double race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful seat.
Then said, 'O son! turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
Such things as these Cassandra did relate;
This day revives within my mind, what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought?
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way.'
He said, and we with glad consent obey:
Forsake the seat; and, leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our gallies move,
With only seas around, and skies above.
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night, with sable clouds, involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise;
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways;
The face of Heaven is ravish'd from our eyes,
And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found [around.
Betwixt the night and day, such darkness reign'd
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays
Without distinction, and three sunless days.
The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,
We view a rising land like distant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight,
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvass falls, their oars the sailors ply,
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas:
Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main,
The dire abode where the foul harpies reign:
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
Monsters more fierce, offended Heaven ne'er sent
From Hell's abyss, for human punishment,
With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean:
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
" We landed at the port, and soon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field;
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feast:
And Jove himself the chief invited guest.
We spread the tables on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock again we sit,
New-dress the dinner, and the beds refit;
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn,
And once again the ravenous birds return:
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the grass their glittering weapons hide;
Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
Their clattering wings, and saw the foes appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmost force the monsters to destroy.
In vain; the fated skin is proof to wounds:
And, from their plumes, the shining sword rebounds.
At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
Yet one remain'd the messenger of fate,
High on the craggy cliffs Celæno sat,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:
' What, not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with Heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the harpies from their native reign?
Heed, therefore, what I say, and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd:
And I, the fury's queen, from both relate:
You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate;
Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot, for this misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.'
She said, and to the neighbouring forest flew:
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to prayers we fall,
And on th' offended harpies humbly call.
And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchises, offering sacrifice,
And lifting up to Heaven his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: ' Avert,' said he,
' These omens; render vain this prophecy;
And, from th' impending curse, a pious people free.'
Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our hausers, and obey,
And soon, with swelling sails, pursue our watery way.
Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,
And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.

Resolv'd to breathe a while from labour past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here safe, beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way,
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrestlers' noble toil.
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The Sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The verse beneath my name and action speaks,
'These arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks.'
Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars, the smoking billows fly.
The sight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by fame,
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece: that Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne.
And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate,
I leave my gallies riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd
And sacred priests in order stand around,
And thrice she name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood,
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when, at nearer distance, she beheld
My shining armour, and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, she falls; and, scarce recovering strength, [length:
Thus, with a faultering tongue, she speaks at
"'Are you alive, O goddess-born!' she said,
'Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?'
At this she cast a loud and frightful cry:
With broken words I made this brief reply:
'All of me that remains appears in sight.
I live; if living be to loath the light.
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord?
By what strange blessings are you now restor'd?
Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause, she thus begun:
'Oh only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foes' embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity;
Or in a haughty master's arms to lie.
In Grecian ships unhappy we were borne:
Endur'd the victor's lust; sustain'd the scorn:
Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed,
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd:
And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd.
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
At least one half with Helenus remain'd;
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls:
And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
But you, what fates have landed on our coast,
What gods have sent you, or what storms have toss'd?
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears?'
She spoke: and mix'd her speech with mournful cries;
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp attended with a numerous train:
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see;
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran:
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertain'd,
And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around,
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.
Then to the royal seer I thus began:
'O thou, who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of Heaven, and what the stars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught th' unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare:
O say; for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a prosperous end;
And every power and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destin'd Italy.
But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes:
O say what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.'
"The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores:
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine:
'O goddess-born (for Heaven's appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects):
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal;
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
First then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly:
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars:

Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer,
And, after this, to Circe's island veer.
And last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies.
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
When in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
The dam and offspring white as falling snow:
These on thy city shall their name bestow,
And there shall end thy labour and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,
For Phœbus will assist, and fate the way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent;
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd:
The savage Locrians here the shores infest.
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields.
And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore;
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes;
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.
" 'When parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits:
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaving tides
The passage broke, and land from land divides:
And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides.
Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields (so much can time invade
The mouldering work that beauteous Nature made).
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left presides;
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides:
Then spouts them from below; with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and wash the face of Heaven.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws;
Then clashes on the rocks: a human face,
And virgin-bosom, hides her tail's disgrace.
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs enclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, though with more delay;
Than once to view mishapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.
" 'Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget:
Which therefore more than once I must repeat.
Above the rest great Juno's name adore:
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd;
And mollify with prayers her haughty mind,
Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
And you shall safe descend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She sings the fates, and in her frantic fits,
The notes and names inscrib'd, to leaves commits.
What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but if a blast of wind
Without, or vapours issue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
And she resumes no more her museful care:
Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse:
Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid;
And, with loud curses, leave the mystic shade.
" 'Think it not loss of time awhile to stay:
Though thy companions chide thy long delay,
Though summon'd to the seas, though pleasing gales
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails,
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With swelling words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show;
And all thy wars and all thy future woe; [dergo.
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must un-
She shall direct thy course; instruct thy mind;
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what Heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.'
" This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me licence, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant.
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And every ship with sums of silver stor'd.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament:
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
Then flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy sends;
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores:
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.
Meantime my sire commands to hoist our sails:
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.
The prophet blest the parting crew: and last,
With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd:
'Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost,
Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:
There land; but take a larger compass round;
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes;
Bless'd in a son, and favour'd by the gods:
For I with useless words prolong your stay,
When southern gales have summon'd you away.'
" Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flowers on golden tissue wrought;
A Phrygian vest; and loads, with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
'Accept,' she said, 'these monuments of love;
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:

Regard these trifles for the giver's sake;
'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.
Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:
In thee his features and his form I find.
His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions, such was all his frame;
And, ah! had Heaven so pleas'd, his years had been the same.'

"With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
'Your fortune, happy fair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wish: my different state,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet seat the gods allow,
You have no shores to search, no seas to plough,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase:
(Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!)
You see another Simois, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy;
With better auspice than her ancient towers,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore:
If ever I ascend the Latian throne:
And build a city I may call my own,
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lives in concord live;
And both in acts of equal friendship strive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,
The double Troy shall differ but in name:
That what we now begin, may never end;
But long, to late posterity descend.'

"Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore
(The shortest passage to th' Italian shore).
Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night,
We land: and, on the bosom of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found;
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise, and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of Heaven, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd every breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watery force;
And both the Bears is careful to behold;
And bright Orion arm'd with burnish'd gold.
Then, when he saw no threatening tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled sky;
He gave the sign to weigh: we break our sleep;
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plough the deep.
And now the rising morn, with rosy light,
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight:
When we from far, like bluish mists, descry
The hills, and then the plains of Italy.
Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
Then Italy the cheerful crew rebound;
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
And offering, thus implor'd the powers divine:
'Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas,
And you who raging winds and waves appease,
Breathe on our swelling sails a prosperous wind,
And smooth our passage to the port assign'd.
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view.
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight;
Plac'd as a landmark, on the mountain's height;
We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar;
The land lies open to the raging east,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks comprest,
Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within; on either side
Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flowery field.
'War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,'
(My father cry'd) 'where warlike steeds are found.
Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may succeed to war.' Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hills ascend
There prostrate to the fierce virago pray;
Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head;
And all commands of Helenus obey'd;
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and stand
To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view;
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands:
Caulonian towers, and Scylacæan strands
For shipwrecks fear'd: Mount Ætna thence we spy,
Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the sounding strand;
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old,
'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold:
And those the promis'd rocks; bear off to sea:'
With haste the frighted mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
To Heaven aloft on rigid waves we ride;
Then down to Hell descend, when they divide.
And thrice our gallies knock'd the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dews around.
The flagging winds forsook us with the Sun;
And, weary'd, on Cyclopean shores we run.
The port capacious, and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thundring Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly;
And flakes of mountain flames, that lick the sky.
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that burn below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
With blasted limbs came trembling from above:
And when he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary sides,
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the Heavens hides.
In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright;
Of which no cause is offered to the sight.
For not one star was kindled in the sky;
Nor could the Moon her borrow'd light supply:

For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The stars were muffled, and the Moon was pent.
Scarce had the rising Sun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly-dews dispell'd;
When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite.
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
We look behind; then view his shaggy beard;
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs besmear'd;
The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew:
Stood still, and paus'd; thence all at once began
To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus, with tears and sighs, for pity calls:
'Now by the powers above and what we share
From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence; I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy shore!
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town;
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands:
I die content, to die by human hands.'
He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past;
His present state, his lineage, and his name;
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came,
The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
'From Ithaca my native soil I came
To Troy, and Achæmenides my name.
Me, my poor father with Ulysses sent;
(Oh had I stay'd with poverty content!)
But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies,
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food:
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd, Ulysses bore their fate
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state;
For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine,
While fast asleep the giant lay supine:
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw:
We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand:
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye
(For only one did the vast frame supply);
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the Sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends;
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly;
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep to steep.
And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright;
And, in deserted caverns, lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice resound;
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels, and savage berries of the wood,
And roots, and herbs, have been my meagre food.
"'While all around my longing eyes are cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last:
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run,
'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun:
What other death you please yourselves, bestow.'
Scarce had he said, when, on the mountain's brow,
We saw the giant-shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore,
A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight,
His staff a trunk of pine to guide his steps aright.
His ponderous whistle from his neck descends;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends:
This only solace his hard fortune sends.
Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the waves,
From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves:
He gnash'd his teeth and groan'd; through seas he strides,
And scarce the topmast billows touch his sides.
"Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
The cables cut, and silent haste away:
The well-deserving stranger entertain; [main.
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the
The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound:
But when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward; and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.
The neighbouring Ætna trembling all around:
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar:
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.
We saw their stern distorted looks from far,
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war.
A dreadful council with their heads on high;
The misty clouds about their foreheads fly:
Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail,
We tug at every oar, and hoist up every sail;
And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus we strive to shun
Charybdis' gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal fate on either side appears;
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears;

For from Pelorus' point, the north arose,
And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we pass, and make our way
By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay;
This passage Achæmenides had shown,
Tracing the course which he before had run.
Right o'er against Plemmyrium's watery strand
There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land:
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a secret passage under ground:
By love to beauteous Arethusa led, [bed.
And mingling here, they roll in the same sacred
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectress of the shore.
With prosperous gales we pass the quiet sounds
Of still Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camarine from far we see:
And fenny lake undrain'd, by fate's decree.
In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was:
Then Agragas with lofty summits crown'd:
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd;
We pass Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely shun the Lilybean strand,
Unsafe, for secret rocks, and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd:
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endless labours, often tost
By raging storms, and driven on every coast,
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost:
Ease of my cares and solace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain.
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd,
And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill:
This my last labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode."
Thus, to the listening queen, the royal guest
His wandering course, and all his toils express'd,
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him: she perpares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his design; and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover: when nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought:
"My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
My labouring soul; what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest?
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then what he suffer'd, when by fate betray'd,
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was my first,
To this one errour I might yield again:
For since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first, let yawning Earth a passage rend,
And let me through the dark abyss descend:
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,
Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, shall ever have:
For whom I lov'd on Earth, I worship in the grave."
She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
"O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghost below?
I grant, that while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman and a queen
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject;
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land, which Heaven bestows,
On every side is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Getulian cities here are spread around;
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand:
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious Heaven, and gracious Juno led
This wandering navy to your needful aid;
How will your empire spread, your city rise
From such an union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above,
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay;
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet."

These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On every altar sacrifice renew:
A chosen ewe of two-years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day:
Preferring Juno's power: for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage-joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And while the priests with prayer the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke.
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful shepherd from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods;
With fruitless care: for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shows to tempt her wandering guest;
Her faltering tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight:
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er: but still in vain;
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends.
Thus, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when every guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears,
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears:
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.
Meantime the rising towers are at a stand:
No labours exercise the youthful band:
Nor use of arts nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height that seem'd to threat the sky.
But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love;
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
"High praises, endless honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy son:
Two gods a silly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
Poor Dido, with consuming love, is fir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey."
Then Venus, who her hidden fraud descry'd,
(Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
To Libyan shores), thus artfully reply'd:
"Who but a fool would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse?
If Fortune with our joint desires comply:
The doubt is all from Jove, and Destiny:
Lest he forbid with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land.
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wishes are your own."
"Mine," said imperial Juno, "be the care;
Time urges now to perfect this affair:
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays;
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
With hail and thunder, and tempestuous rain:
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites."
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.
The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early through the city-gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state
For the slow queen in anti-chambers wait:
Her lofty courser in the court below
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flower'd cymarr, with golden fringe she wore;
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins:
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintery Xanthus, and the Lycian coast:

When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports:
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands.
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair enclose;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien. [seat
Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the
Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat:
The cry pursues the mountain-goats; they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain;
And a long chase, in open view, maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs through the vale, and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way;
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend. [skies:
Meantime the gathering clouds obscure the
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding showers.
The company dispers'd, to coverts ride, [side.
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling Earth the signal gave;
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs were conscious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose
Debate and death and all succeeding woes.
The queen whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love;
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.
The loud report through Libyan cities goes;
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows,
Swift from the first; and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on Earth, her forehead in the skies:
Enrag'd against the gods revengeful Earth
Produc'd her, last of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste:
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast:
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong:
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue:
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head she shews:
And spreads, through trembling crowds, disastrous news
With court-informers haunts, and royal spies,
This done relates, not done she feigns; and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her business; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name;
Who, lost to honour, and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights;
And wastes in luxury long winter-nights;
Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust;
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.
The goddess widely spreads the loud report;
And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celestial sire;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And through his vast dominions priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim-beasts enrich the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
Mad with despair, impatient with desire.
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his sire divine:
"Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance;
A wandering woman builds, within our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough.
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed:
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess;
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Libyan dress:)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name."
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty thunderer heard,
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair, in lawless pleasure drown'd.
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
By whom his menacing command he sends:
"Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate;
To him this message from my mouth relate:
Not so, fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with prayers; nor promis'd such a son.
Her's was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race; and rule the Latian land:
Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw;
And, on the conquer'd world, impose the law.

If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame;
And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
What are his vain designs? what hopes he more,
From his long lingering on a hostile shore?
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast!
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake;
With this command the slumbering warrior wake."
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps, within his awful hand,
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight;
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;
Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies;
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends:
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends;
Then, rested thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight:
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood:
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies:
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands:
Here shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence:
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waste he wore;
A sword with glittering gems diversify'd,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began
(Resuming his own shape): "Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who sways the world below, and Heaven above,
Has sent me down, with this severe command:
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land?
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise, from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir;
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear;
To whom th' Ausonian sceptre and the state
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate."
So spoke the god; and speaking took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.
The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair;
Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What should he say, or how should he begin,
What course, alas! remains, to steer between
Th' offended lover, and the powerful queen!
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries and none can find:
Fixt on the deed, but doubtful of the means;
After long thought to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men with silent care:
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sovereign power decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
Nor impious fame was wanting, to report
The ships repair'd; the Trojans thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round:
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.
At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
"Base and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
Ev'n when the wintery winds command your stay,
You dare the tempest, and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See whom you fly; am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows so late begun,
By this right hand, (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before)
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place;
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate;
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone I suffer in my fame:
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame:
Whom have I now to trust? (ungrateful guest!
That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty?
Or till Hiarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd at least your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight;

Some young Æneas to supply your place:
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain, to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left!" [eyes,
Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd he holds his
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
"Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence;
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence:
Much less pretended to the lawful-claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For if indulgent Heaven would leave me free,
And not submit my life to fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore;
Those relics to review, their dust adore;
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn;
Why may not we, like you a foreign race,
Like you seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Of his defrauded fate, and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd,
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight.
The sender and the sent, I both attest,
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd:
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land."
Thus while he spoke, already she began,
With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:
"False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lend a listening ear;
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice, why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
Faithless is Earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore:
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed:
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat
The rest, I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet:
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads!
And makes Heaven accessary to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:
Yet, if the Heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come, in a black sulphury flame;
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame:
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep;
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And fame shall spread the pleasing news below."
Abruptly here she stops: then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led;
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.
But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
To give that pity, which her grief requir'd,
Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love,
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove: [love,
Reviews his forces; they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride:
And well-caulk'd gallies in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On every side are seen, descending down,
Thick swarms of soldiers loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some set their shoulders on the ponderous grain;
Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
All ply their several tasks, and equal toil sustain.
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When, from the tower, she saw the cover'd shore;
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
All-powerful love, what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends;
To prayers and mean submissions she descends.
No female art or aids she left untry'd,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd.
"Look, Anna, look; the Trojans crowd to sea:
They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh!
The shouting crew, their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threatening blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my last request deny,
With you perfidious man your interest try;
And bring me news, if I must live or die.
You are his favourite, you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusty secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.

Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go;
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy;
Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's dust;
Why should he then reject a suit so just!
Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly?
Can he this last, this only prayer deny!
Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more;
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now,
A pause of grief, an interval from woe:
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;
Again she comes, and is refus'd again. [move;
His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatenings
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from every quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the
The hollow valleys echo to the sound; [ground,
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie:
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of Heaven to hate,
And loaths to live: then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees;
Strange to relate: for when, before the shrine,
She pours, in sacrifice, the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat:
And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears,
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears
Disdainful as by day: she seems alone
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark: or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain.
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd;
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief:
The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears):
"Rejoice," she said, "instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling Sun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
There a Massylian princess I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind.
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry;
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air;
Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms and presents of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire,
For so the priestess and her charms require."
Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears:
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret funeral in these rites design'd,
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell:
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,
And every baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread:
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the powers below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground:
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night.
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal;
Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds, and next the highest altar stands:

One tender foot was shod, her other bare,
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
The Heavens and planets, conscious of her death;
And every power, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods,
The stars in silent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
The flocks and herds, and partycolour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of Nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.
Then thus she said within her secret mind:
"What shall I do; what succour can I find?
Become a suppliant to Hiarba's pride,
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true: but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
And with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind;
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and still my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair:
But shar'd, with savage beasts, the common air;
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast;
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight,
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And, with this new alarm, invades his ears:
"Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes? nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate;
And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
Fixt on revenge, and obstinate to die;
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen; and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear:
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay.
"Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh;
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
A god commands; he stood before my sight;
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred power, what power soe'er thou art,
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And prosper the design thy will commands."
He said, and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twisted cord:
An emulating zeal inspires his train;
They run, they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with labouring oars.
Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the Heavens o'erspread,
When from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies:
She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd;
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go," she said,
"My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not rush from every street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haste; haul my gallies out; pursue the foe:
Bring flaming brands; set sail, and swiftly row.
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain, and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods and to the Phrygian shore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piece-meal; strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods;
Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the fire,
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful which on battle wait;
Yet where's the doubt to souls secure of fate!
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the funeral flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below,
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes;
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods,
All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her death.
If so the fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppress with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd;
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace:

First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand.
These are my prayers, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil;
Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful offerings on my grave bestow;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know:
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood;
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood:
Our arms, our seas, our shores oppos'd to theirs,
And the same hate descend on all our heirs."
This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
(For when she left her country her's was dead),
"Go, Barce, call my sister; let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare:
The sheep, and all the atoning offerings bring,
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops: then let her come, and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love.
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire."
The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face,
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace:
Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the funeral pile, with furious haste:
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
"Dear pledges of my love, while Heaven so pleas'd,
Receive a soul of mortal anguish eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd, and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?"
Then kiss'd the couch; "and must I die," she said,
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive;
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames from far may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue."
She said, and struck. Deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And, with loud cries, the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frighted court the yell began,
Redoubled thence from house to house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
Her sister hears, and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair:
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
"Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
These fires, this funeral pile, these altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd," said she,
"All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb.
Was I to raise the pile, the powers invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me;
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath."
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd:
Her temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore,
To staunch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed.
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so lingering, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.
For, since she dy'd, not doom'd by Heaven's [decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know,
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light:
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, "I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to th' infernal gods I bear:"
Thus while she spoke she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS, setting sail from Afric, is driven, by a storm, on the coast of Sicily: where he is

hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships; who, upon her instigation, set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous shower, extinguished it. Upon this Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

Meantime the Trojan cuts his watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage through the curling sea:
Then, casting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Seos, on the Punic shore, the mounting blaze.
The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd:
He knew the stormy souls of woman-kind,
What secret springs their eager passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw,
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound,
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the Heavens with shadows were o'erspread;
A swelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head:
Livid it look'd, the threatening of a storm;
Then night and horrour ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
"What gusts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest roars
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind:"
The frighted crew perform the task assign'd.
Then, to his fearless chief, "Not Heaven," said he,
"Though Jove himself should promise Italy,
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea!
Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies!
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea;
Much less against the tempest force their way;
'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate we must obey.
Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
The southing of the stars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies; whose hospitable shores
In safety we may reach with struggling oars."
Æneas then reply'd, "Too sure I find,
We strive in vain against the seas and wind:
Now shift your sails: what place can please me more
Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore;
Whose hollow'd earth Anchises' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!"
The course resolv'd, before the western wind
They send amain, and make the port assign'd.
Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,
Beheld the fleet descending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,
And held the hero in a strict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His sire Crinisius, a Sicilian flood;
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates, and homely store.
Now, when the following morn had chas'd away
The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground:
"Off'spring of Heaven, divine Dardanian race,
The Sun revolving through th' ethereal space,
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since first this isle my father's ashes held:
And now the rising day renews the year
(A day for ever sad, for ever dear).
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Though banish'd to Getulia's barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands:
But since this happy storm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of Heaven)
Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchises; and his blest remains,
Let us with joy perform his honours due, renew.
And pray for prosperous winds, our voyage to
Pray that in towns and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchises may be known,
And yearly games may spread the god's renown.
Our sports, Acestes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two steers on every ship the king bestows;
His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.
Besides, if nine days hence, the rosy morn
Shall, with unclouded light, the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace:
Light gallies on the seas shall run a watery race.
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend:
The strong with iron gauntlets arm'd shall stand,
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd;"
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
His temples ty'd, and all the Trojan race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd through the flowery plain,
To great Anchises' tomb: which, when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hollow'd ground,
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.
With roses then the sepulchre he strow'd;
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:
"Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
The gods permitted not that you, with me,
Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy;
Or Tyber's flood, what flood soe'er it be."
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
His hugy bulk on seven high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly gold,

Thus, riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the Sun:
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And, with his lolling tongue, assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd:
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew,
As many swine, and steers of sable hue;
Now generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghost, from Hell restor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchises' tomb;
Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil;
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.
Now came the day desir'd: the skies were bright
With rosy lustre of the rising light;
The bordering people, rous'd by sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts, and great Acestes' name,
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel wreaths, and palm (the victor's grace):
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangour then the feast proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four gallies first, with equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the watery lists appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
Bore Mnesthens, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands,
Which rising like a towering city stands:
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.
Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place:
Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood,
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock; the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie basking in the Sun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former shores.
The lots decide their place: above the rest,
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest:
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows.
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine:
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign.
They gripe their oars, and every panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depress'd.
The clangour of the trumpet gives the sign;
At once they start advancing in a line.
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row:
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace.
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash; and, ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.
Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before;
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast;
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.
The Centaur, and the Dolphin brush the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line:
And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head:
Now board to board the rival vessels row;
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
They reach'd the mark: proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode the victors of the main:
But steering round, he charg'd his pilot stand
More close to shore, and skim along the sand.
Let others bear to sea. Menætes heard,
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd:
And, fearing, sought the deep; and still aloof he steer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd again;
"Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main."
He spoke, and, speaking at his stern, he saw
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw:
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,
And, in a closer compass, plough'd the flood:
He pass'd the mark, and wheeling got before:
Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown
His rising rage) and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and over-board he threw.
This done he seiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.
Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain;
The crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the distant shore, and loudly laugh'd,
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark: Sergesthus takes the place:
Mnestheus pursues; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind.
Then on the deck amidst his mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd:
"My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour; tug the labouring oar; [crew,
Stretch'd to your strokes, my still-unconquer'd
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.

In this, our common interest, let me find
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malæan flood,
And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet—But ah, that haughty wish is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be last, the lags of all the race,
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace."
Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow
The sea beneath them sinks: their labouring sides
Are swell'd, and sweat runs guttering down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success;
Sergesthus, eager with his beak, to press
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts th' unwieldy Centaur in the lock.
The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.
The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the shores;
And gather from the sea their floating oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
Urge their success, and call the willing winds:
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compass on the roomy sea.
As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
Rous'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes,
The cavern rings with clattering; out she flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies;
At first she flutters; but at length she springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings;
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea,
And flying with a force, that force assists his way.
Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practises to row with shatter'd oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies:
The ship without a pilot yields the prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he pursues, and all his vigour strains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude arise,
Applauding echo to the shouts replies; [the skies.
Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling through
These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward:
Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran
(For they can conquer who believe they can):
Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies,
And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize:
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And succour from the watery powers demands:
"Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row,
If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Assist to make me guilty of my vow.
A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain,
His offer'd entrails cast into the main:
And ruddy wine, from golden goblets thrown,
Your graceful gift and my return shall own."
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunos, with his breadth of hand,
Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land.
Swift as a shaft, on winged wind, she flies;
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.
The herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
And three fat steers are to his vessel led;
The ship's reward: with generous wine beside,
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are distinguished from the rest,
The victor honour'd with a nobler vest:
Where gold and purple strive in equal rows.
And needle-work its happy cost bestows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart;
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue:
When from aloft descends, in open view,
The bird of Jove; and, sousing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him soaring through the skies,
And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries.
Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd;
And summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd:
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore,
In single combat on the Trojan shore.
This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess,
In war for his defence; for ornament in peace:
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet, so ponderous with its plates of gold,
That scarce two servants could the weight sustain,
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Pursued, and lightly seiz'd the Trojan train.
The third succeeding to the last reward,
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd;
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two brass cauldrons from Dodona brought.
Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.
And now Sergesthus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.
Forlorn she look'd without an aiding oar,
And hooted by the vulgar, made to shore.
As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
Is crush'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground,
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along,
Yet fierce above, she brandishes her tongue:
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales,
But, grovelling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails!
So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But what she wants in oars with sails amends:
Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense.
Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins, as fair.
From thence his way the Trojan hero bent,
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood:
Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theatre, which rising slow,
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a sylvan throne the leader sate,
A numerous train attend in solemn state;
Here those, that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honour and the prize invite:
The rival runners without order stand,
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
First Nisus with Euryalus appears,
Euryalus a boy of blooming years;

With sprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd:
Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.
Diores, next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius; join'd with Patron, took their place:
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these,
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes,
Both jolly huntsmen, both in forest bred,
And owning old Acestes for their head.
With several others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd:
In words, which general approbation gain'd:
"One common largess is for all design'd;
The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd,
Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,
A silver-studded ax alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed;
The first of these obtains a stately steed
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supply'd;
A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be ty'd:
The third this Grecian helmet shall content."
He said: to their appointed base they went:
With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'er-pass'd;
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
The next, but though the next, yet far disjoin'd,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores ply'd,
Step after step, and almost side by side:
His shoulders pressing, and in longer space
Had won, or left at least a dubious race.
Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last;
When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,
Sok'd with the blood of oxen newly slain:
The careless victor had not mark'd his way;
But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor
He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,
And caught the foot of Salius as he rose:
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
Next Helymus, and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
But Salius enters; and, exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd:
Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
And pleads, the prize is wrongfully preferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize;
Besides, Diores fills the court with cries:
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: "Let no disputes arise:
Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize:
But fortune's errours give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend."
He said: and, from among the spoils, he draws
(Ponderous with shaggy mane and golden paws)
A lion's hide, to Salius this he gives;
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
"If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,"
He said, "and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune try'd;
Would fortune for my fall so well provide!"
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands, and all his habit smear'd with blood.
Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest;
And equal justice in his gifts express'd.
The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
Once more the prince bespeaks the attentive crowd:
"If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His opposite sustain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide:
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief;
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief."
Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears,
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
And loud applauses echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand,
The match of mighty Paris hand to hand;
The same at Hector's funerals undertook
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amician stock;
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back, an ample breast he shows;
His lifted arms around his head he throws;
And deals in whistling air his empty blows.
His match is sought; but thro' the trembling band,
Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awless insolence;
And, having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
"If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away."
The crowd assents; and, with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize.
Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see
The palm usurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
"Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown?
A prize in triumph, borne before your sight,
And shun for fear the danger of the fight;
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?
Where now your baffled honour, where the spoil
That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?"

Entellus, thus: "My soul is still the same;
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaster is so vain!
The brave who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize."
He said; and, rising at the word, he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And sheath his hands with in the listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with seven distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull hides; the space within is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight,
Astonish'd at their weight the hero stands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
"What had your wonder," said Entellus, "been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green!
These which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm;
And these I wielded while my blood was warm:
This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my head.
But, if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
If great Æneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right."
This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;
Stript of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
A goodly towering object, on the sands.
Then just Æneas equal arms supply'd,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they tyd;
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent;
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his sinews and his giant size.
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow,
He heaves for breath: he staggers to and fro;
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow.
Yet, equal in success, they ward, they strike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound:
A storm of strokes well-meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes:
Nor always errs: for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke, along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But, with his warping body, wards the wound:
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place;
And, like a captain, who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle, on a rising ground,
Views all th' approaches with observing eyes,
This, and that other part, in vain he tries;
And more on industry than force relies,
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
And slipt aside, and shunn'd the long-descending blow.
Entellus wastes his forces on the wind;
And thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breast,
And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd,
So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots: the differing nations rise,
And shouts, and mingled murmurs, rend the skies.
Acestes runs, with eager haste, to raise
The fall'n companion of his youthful days:
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd,
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burn'd:
Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,
And, with redoubled force, his foe he press'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain,
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allows,
But storms of strokes descend about his brows;
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease:
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
First on the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
"What fury seiz'd my friend? the gods," said he,
"To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine;
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine."
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng;
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The sword and casque are carry'd by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.
The champion, then, before Æneas came;
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
"O goddess-born! and you, Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending fate, you sav'd my foe."
Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead, aiming full,
The deadly stroke descending, pierc'd the skull.
Down drops the beast: nor needs the second wound;
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.
Then thus. "In Dares' stead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice:
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield;
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field."
This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers with contending bows.
The mast, Sergesthus' shatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raises on the shore:
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance;
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names. The lots are drawn;
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon:
The people shout; upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd:
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame:
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.

Acestes in the bottom last remain'd;
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows,
And, from the quiver, each his arrow chose:
Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands;
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands;
And the tree trembled; and the shouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above;
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove.
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord
Which fasten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood,
And, having first invok'd his brother god,
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped;
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft: she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames ascending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way
Across the skies, as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare;
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace:
Then, honouring him with gifts above the rest,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
"The gods," said he, "this miracle have wrought;
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give."
He said; and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytion envy'd him the prize;
Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son;
And whisper'd thus: "With speed Ascanius find,
And if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horseback let him grace his grandsire's day;
And lead his equals arm'd in just array."
He said; and, calling out, the cirque he clears:
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers in a line:
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory shine.
Thus marching on, in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques, adorn'd with laurel wreaths, they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before:
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a space between.
The first young Priam led; a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was th' unhappy king of Troy:
His race, in after-time, was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name;
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.
White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
And on his front a snowy star he bore:
Then beauteous Atis, with Iülus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view:
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace:
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.
Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
First make the circuit of the sandy plain,
Around their sires: and, at th' appointed sign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The second signal sounds: the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd guides.
Again they close, and once again disjoin,
And troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afar
With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.
Broken they break, and rallying, they renew,
In other forms, the military shew.
At last, in order, undiscern'd they join;
And march together, in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round errour, which deny'd recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and still a different way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase,
In circles, when they swim around the watery race.
This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought;
Show'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires impart,
To their succeeding sons, the graceful art:
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game;
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:
But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate:
For while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below:
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way;
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends;
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gathering crowd; and gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons on the sands alone,
With sighs and tears, Anchises' death bemoan.

Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
"Alas!" said one, "what oceans yet remain
For us to sail! what labours to sustain!"
All take the word; and, with a general groan,
Implore the gods for peace; and places of their own.
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains;
And, in a woman's form, her heavenly limbs restrains.
In face and shape, old Beroë she became,
Doriclus' wife, a venerable dame;
Once bless'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:
"O wretched we, whom not the Grecian power,
Nor flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now seven revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsperous voyage we begun;
Since toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands;
Wandering in exile, through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,
What should our rest, and rising walls, withstand?
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O, country lost! and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or streams of some dissembled Simois view?
Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume:
Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
With these," said she, "these wandering ships destroy;
These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.
Time calls you now, the precious hour employ.
Slack not the good presage, while Heaven inspires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See Neptune's altars minister their brands;
The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands."
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,
And, toss'd in air, amidst the gallies threw.
Wrapp'd in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's numerous race,
"No Beroë this, though she belies her face:
What terrours from her frowning front arise!
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heavenly face are seen,
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!
Beroë but now I left; whom, pin'd with pain,
Her age and anguish from these rites detain."
She said; the matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddess, having done her task below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons prosecute their mad design:
They shriek aloud, they snatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
Green boughs, and saplings, mingled in their haste;
And smoking torches on the ships they cast.
The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
And seizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:
A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.
Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing steed.
And spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd,
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haste.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew:
"What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn,
Behold your own Ascanius:" while he said,
He drew his glittering helmet from his head;
In which the youths to sportful arms he led.
By this, Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight;
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light:
Their friends acknowledge, and their errour find;
And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.
Not so the raging fires their fury cease;
But lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
Work on their way, amid the smouldering tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.
The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To Heaven his hands, and with his hands his vows:
"O Jove!" he cry'd, "if prayers can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train.
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free:
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below."
Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise;
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain;
Heaven bellies downward, and descends in rain;
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which, hissing through the planks, the flames prevent:
And stop the fiery pest: four ships alone
Burn to the waste, and for the fleet atone.
But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom alone
The will of Heaven by Pallas was fore-shown;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the fates requir'd:
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With cheerful words reliev'd his labouring mind:
"O goddess-born, resign'd in every state,
With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.

By suffering well, our fortune we subdue;
Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind;
To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
Trust in his hands your old and useless train,
Too numerous for the ships which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
With all their dastard crew, who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land;
Here you may build a common town for all;
And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call."
The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his slumbering eyes,
His father's shade descended from the skies;
And thus he spoke: "O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
O son! in various toils and troubles tost,
The king of Heaven employs my careful ghost
On his commands; the god who sav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire:
The wholesome counsel of your friend receive;
And here the coward train, and women, leave:
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The stern Italians with their courage try;
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
But first to Pluto's palace you should go,
And seek my shade among the blest below.
For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey;
And blood of offer'd victims free the way;
There shall you know what realms the gods assign;
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now, farewell: I vanish with the night;
And feel the blast of Heaven's approaching light."
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy flight.
"Whither so fast?" the filial duty cry'd,
"And why, ah why! the wish'd embrace deny'd!"
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires.
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense; and their aid implores.
Next for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision and the gods' intent,
With his own purpose. All, without delay,
The will of Jove and his desires obey.
They list with women each degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life, for future fame.
These they cashier: the brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables, half consum'd, renew.
The prince designs a city with the plough;
The lots their several tenements allow.
This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new king ascends the throne with joy.
A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then on the top of Eryx, they begin
A rising temple to the Paphian queen:
Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god;
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
And groves are planted round his blest abode.
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then, from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners on board.
Now loud laments along the shores resound,
Of parting friends, in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war;
Whom good Æneas cheers; and recommends
To their new master's care his fearful friends.
On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his hausers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the god-like hero stands;
With olive crown'd, a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
Fresh gales arise, with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.
Meantime the mother goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
"The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
The malice, which no sufferings can assuage,
Compel me to these prayers: since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.
Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' *imperial* crown;
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains;
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
But you can witness its effects too well.
You saw the storms she rais'd on Lybian floods,
That mix'd the mountain billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main,
And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames
To burn their fleet with execrable flames:
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast:
For what remains, your godhead I implore;
And trust my son to your protecting power.
If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land."
Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
"What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's reign?
My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I attest:
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against their walls the trembling train,
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain:
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood up on ridges to behold the sea;
New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way:
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will 's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:
Their lives are given; one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone."

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
Then adds a foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides;
Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And choirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.
The martial powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better side
Enclose, and on the worse the nymphs and nereids ride.
Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
A-head of all the master pilot steers,
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The steeds of night had travell'd half the sky,
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie;
When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
"The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room supply."
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
"Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous deep!
The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the syren south again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster-main?"
He said, his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,
And, fix'd on Heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquish'd by the power divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
The victor demon mounts obscure in air;
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy flies:
Glides by the syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost;
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars;
And rocks rebellow from resounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
"For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie."

THE SIXTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy: she attends him to Hell: describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises: who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration: and shows him that glorious race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity.

He said, and wept: then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumæan shore:
Their anchors dropt, his crew the vessels moor.
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land;
And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian strand.
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks the kindled flames to feed;
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through vallies the discover'd floods.
Thus, while their several charges they fulfil,
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd, and seeks the shade
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
(The first who sail'd in air) 'tis sung by fame,
To the Cumæan coast at length he came;
And here alighting, built this costly frame.
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cuts the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghost:
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
The mournful parents stand around in tears;
And rising Crete against their shore appears.
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen:
Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye:
The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beast, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.
Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze;
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways;
Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief;
And all those erring paths describ'd so well,
That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
Here hapless Icarus had found his part;
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.

All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame;
The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.
"Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes
With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choose,
And for Diana seven unspotted ewes."
This said, the servants urge the sacred rites;
While to the temple she the prince invites.
A spacious cave, within its farmost part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
Through the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
A hundred doors, a hundred entries grace:
As many voices issue; and the sound
Of Sibyls' words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come: aloud she cries,
"This is the time; inquire your destinies.
He comes, behold the god!" Thus while she said
(And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breast.
Greater than human-kind she seem'd to look:
And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,
"Why this delay?" she cried; "the powers invoke:
Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."
She said no more: the trembling Trojans hear;
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
"Indulgent god, propitious power to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
Through ambient seas, and through devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
And now, at length, the flying coast is found;
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has pursued her wandering race:
Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengeance end;
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid! inspir'd to see
Th' event of things in dark futurity,
Give me, what Heaven has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian state:
To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and solemn prayer;
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names;
Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land,
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
Preserv'd in shrines: and every sacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
But, oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,
Lest they dispense in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate."
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more, and far superior force, he press'd:
Commands his entrance, and, without control,
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice restores:
"Escap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
The coast so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops shall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars, I view; a field of blood;
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there;
A new Achilles shall in arms appear:
And he, too, goddess-born: fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort!
Driven to solicit aid at every court!
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd,
A foreign mistress and a foreign guest:
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose:
The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown,
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town."
Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,
And the resisting air the thunder broke;
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring breast,
In these mysterious words his mind exprest:
"Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest."
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: "No terrour to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
The fates, without my power, shall be without my care.
This let me crave, since near your grove the road
To Hell lies open, and the dark abode
Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood:
Conduct me through the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's sight:
For him, a thousand dangers I have sought;
And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.
He, for my sake, the raging ocean try'd
And wrath of Heaven, my still auspicious guide,
And bore beyond the strength decrepit age supply'd.
Oft since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,
His reverend image stood before my sight;
Enjoin'd to seek below his holy shade;
Conducted there by your unerring aid:
But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the son.
Yours is the power; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
And from the shades below redeem his wife;
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother, and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below:

Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend!
Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
My mother greater, my descent the same."
So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.
Then thus reply'd the prophetess divine:
"O goddess-born! of great Anchises' line,
The gates of Hell are open night and day:
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.
Betwixt those regions, and our upper light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space. Th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds:
But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling shades;
If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake,
Receive my counsel. In the neighbouring grove
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold,
The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies:
The first thus rent, a second will arise,
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain,
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel are vain.
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathless he lies, and his unbury'd ghost,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead,
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led:
Then, living turfs upon his body lay;
This done, securely take the destin'd way,
To find the regions destitute of day."
She said: and held her peace. Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of discontent;
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breast,
Goes grieving by his side with equal cares oppress'd.
Walking they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
What friend the priestess, by those words, design'd:
But soon they found an object to deplore;
Misenus lay extended on the shore;
Son of the god of winds; none so renown'd,
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound:
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.
He serv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear,
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He chose Æneas, and he chose as well.
Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore;
With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
Then cast his mangled carcase on the strand;
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep, but most Æneas mourns his fate,
And hastens to perform the funeral state.
In altar-wise a stately pile they rear;
The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
(The shady covert of the savage kind)
The Trojans found: the sounding ax is ply'd:
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
"O may thy power, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."
Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
"Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid;
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
Whose glittering shadow gilds the sacred ground:
And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
In this distress, be present to my prayer."
Thus having said, he stopp'd: with watchful sight
Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs they shew:
They fed, and, fluttering, by degrees withdrew
Still farther from the place, but still in view:
Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
To the slow lake: whose baleful stench to shun,
They wing'd their flight aloft; then stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
Through the green leaves the glittering shadows glow;
As on the sacred oak, the wintery mistletoe
Where the proud mother views her precious brood;
And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
Such was the glittering, such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold
And rent away, with ease, the lingering gold:
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Meantime, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.
First from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front, with cypress twigs they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew,
The topmost part, his glittering arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen cauldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint:
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away
(Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay).

Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
These gifts, the greedy flames to dust devour;
Then, on the living coals, red wine they pour:
And last, the relics by themselves dispose,
Which in a brazen urn the priests enclose.
Old Chorineus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd.
But good Æneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb; whose top a trumpet bore;
A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.
These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.
Deep was the cape; and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove descends;
And here th' unnavigable lake extends.
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought;
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation
Invoking Hecate hither to repair. [burns,
(A powerful name in Hell, and upper air).
The sacred priests with ready knives bereave
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
(The sable wool without a streak of white)
Æneas offers: and, by fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills:
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours:
Late, the nocturnal sacrifice begun;
Nor ended, till the next returning Sun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
Ere Hecate came: "Far hence be souls profane,"
The Sibyl cry'd, "and from the grove abstain.
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford,
Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword."
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space,
The prince pursu'd her steps with equal pace.
Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.
Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead:
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the Moon's doubtful and malignant light:
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.
Just in the gate, and in the jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell;
And pale Diseases, and repining Age;
Wan Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage:
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:
The Furies' iron beds, and Strife that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
The god of Sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more;
Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door:
Before the passage horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands:
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Offering his brandish'd weapon at their face,
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what those empty phantoms were:
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast:
A sordid god; down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends: uncomb'd, unclean;
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
He spreads his canvass, with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood,
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarry'd maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries:
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flights to happier lands:
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.
Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore;
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?
Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd?
"Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,"
The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred streams, which Heaven's imperial state
Attest in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected, are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchres, and funeral due.
The boatman Charon; those, the bury'd host,
He ferries over to the farther coast.
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves,
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er."
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd;
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves, graves.
Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew;
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew:
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas the tempests met;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.
Amidst the spirits Palinurus press'd;
Yet fresh from life; a new admitted guest.
Who while he, steering, view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric, to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow knew. [friend,
Then thus the prince: "What envious power, O
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
Has, in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.
The god foretold, you should not die, before
You reach, secure from seas, the Italian shore.
Is this th' unerring power?" The ghost reply'd,
"Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers ly'd;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
But while the stars, and course of Heaven I keep,
My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds, and raging waves, I swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care:
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
There blustering nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mountain wave my head I bore;
Forcing my strength, and gathering to the shore:
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast:
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are tost:
Which O avert, by yon ethereal light
Which I have lost, for this eternal night:
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead sire, and by your living son,
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost,
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast;
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose:
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake;
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore."
Scarce had he said, the prophetess begun,
"What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
To view the furies, and infernal gods;
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long, revolving years:
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
The wrath of Heaven, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows, and solemn prayer;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."
This calm'd his cares, sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw:
Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath;
"Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee stand,
And tell thy name, and business in the land.
Know this, the realm of night; the Stygian shore:
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear;
Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty fame;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came."
In fetters one the barking porter ty'd
And took him trembling from his sovereign's side:
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride.
To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind:
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops constrain
Of airy ghosts; and vex the guilty train:
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his sire, in your Elysian grove.
If neither piety, nor Heaven's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
This fatal present shall prevail at least;"
Then show'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.
No more was needful, for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod:
Admir'd the destin'd offering to the queen
(A venerable gift so rarely seen):
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:
The pressing water pours within her sides.
His passengers at length, are wafted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry shore.
No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus; who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop in honey steep'd to charm the guard.
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before
His greedy, grinding jaws, just op'd to roar:
With three enormous mouths he gapes, and straight,
With hunger prest, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears: then those whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears,
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
The next in place, and punishment, are they
Who prodigally throw their souls away;
Fools, who repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live.

Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of Heaven, and breathe the vital air.
But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
And with nine circling streams, the captive soul enclose.
Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;
So call'd, from lovers that inhabit there.
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude, and myrtle shades,
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood.
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
(Doubtful as he who runs through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the Moon's uncertain light);
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade,
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
"Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas, the cause! By Heaven, I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state:
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate.
Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
Have sent me to these regions, void of light:
Through the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows,
'Tis the last interview that fate allows!"
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love:
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground:
And what he says, and swears, regards no more,
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night.
Then sought Sichæus, through the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.
Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade.
Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls remain'd.
Tideus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train:
All much lamented, all in battle slain.
Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest:
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend,
And, with unweary'd eyes, behold their friend,
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What business brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady plain,
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thundering sword and pointed spear
Drove headlong to their ships, and gleam'd the routed rear.
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.
Here Priam's son, Deiphobus he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound.
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be known.
And therefore first began: "O Teucer's race,
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire disgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night,
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight:
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed:
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I sought; and, had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground."
The ghost reply'd; "Your piety has paid
All needful rites to rest my wandering shade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
These are the monuments of Helen's love:
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we past
The night, that was by Heaven decreed our last.
For, when the fatal horse descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares opprest,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislay'd;
And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd;
The door unlatch'd; and with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way:
Avenging power! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
"But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state?
Driven by the winds and errours of the sea,
Or did you Heaven's superior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way?
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats?"
While thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass,
The Sun had finish'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay, which Heaven had lent.

But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
"Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right, to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."
Then thus Deiphobus: "O sacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd:
Lo to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found."
He said; and while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, espy'd
A lofty tower, and strong on every side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise resounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threats the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and Heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd,
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward.
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward way:
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise?
And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air?
She thus reply'd: "The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through those dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state:
He hears and judges each commited crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal:
Loth to confess, unable to conceal:
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To this last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the fury shakes
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes:
And the pale simer, with her sisters, takes.
Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door:
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within;
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulph, low to the centre lies;
And twice as deep as Earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd space.
Here lie th' Alœan twins (I saw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth;
Who dar'd in fight the thunderer to defy;
Affect his Heaven, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus suffering cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew:
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew;
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches, of resounding brass;
To rival thunder, in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force.
But he, the King of Heaven, obscure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and lanching from the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From Heaven; his nursing from the foodful Earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Enfold nine acres of infernal space.
A ravenous vulture in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd:
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
The growing liver still supply'd the feast.
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithous I could name;
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at every blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts, with regal pomp, are made.
The queen of furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat.
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears:
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.
Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold:
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend;
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adultery slain.
Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold:
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty stone; some laid along,
And, bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels are hung.
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fixt by fate on his eternal chair:
And wretched Phlegias warns the world with cries
(Could warning make the world more just or wise)
Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.
To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold:
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made;
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd.
All dar'd the worst of ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues, a voice of brass,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.
But let us haste our voyage to pursue;
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view:
The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
On anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.

Before our farther way the fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough."
She said; and through the gloomy shades they past,
And chose the middle path: arriv'd at last,
The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body, then approach'd the door,
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of Heaven may vie;
With ether vested, and a purple sky:
The blissful seats of happy souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And, on the green, contend the wrestler's prize.
Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing,
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest,
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at once they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race;
Born better times, and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:
Their lances fixt in earth, their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.
The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
Some cheerful souls, were feasting on the plain;
Some did the song and some the choir maintain:
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood;
Priests of unblemish'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their aspiring god:
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts.
Those who, to worth, their bounty did extend;
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To these, the Sibyl thus her speech address'd;
And first to him surrounded by the rest;
Towering his height, and ample was his breast:
"Say, happy souls, divine Musæus say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?"
To this the sacred poet thus reply'd:
"In no fixt place the happy souls reside;
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end."
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shows them all the shining fields below;
They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows go.
But old Anchises, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale.
Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
For future being, and new bodies wait,
With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
In nature's order as they pass'd along.
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates, and successful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race,
O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more tis' given me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?
How have I fear'd your fate! But fear'd it most
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast."
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
"Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shade, nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!"
He said, and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw:
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A separate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through the trees,
And just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
In summer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed.
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wondering stood: then ask'd the cause,
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood
Are those, to whom, by fate, are other bodies owed;
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste;
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race.
That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
To seek the shores by destiny design'd."
"O father, can it be, that souls sublime,
Return to visit our terrestrial clime?
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?"
Anchises, then, in order thus begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
"Know first, that Heaven and Earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind infus'd through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain;
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.

Th' ethereal vigour is in all the same,
And every soul is fill'd with equal flame:
As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay
Of mortal members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of Heaven and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts;
And grief and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind.
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains:
But long-contracted filth, e'en in the soul, remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear:
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rest expires!
All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No speck is left of their habitual stains;
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But when a thousand rolling years are past
(So long their punishments and penance last;)
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood:
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours, and their irksome years.
That, unremembering of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."
Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
"Survey," pursu'd the sire, "this airy throng;
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian names, which fate will join
With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear;
Silvius is he: thy last-begotten race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place.
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a shady wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat:
And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
And second Silvius after these appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
For arms and justice equally renown'd:
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
How great they look, how vigorously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found;
And raise Colatian towers on rocky ground.
All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to restore
The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
This prince, a priestess of your blood shall bear;
And, like his sire, in arms he shall appear.
Two rising crests his royal head adorn;
Born from a god, himself to godhead born.
His sire, already, signs him for the skies,
And marks the seat amidst the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race in times to come
Shall spread the conquest of imperial Rome.
Rome, whose ascending towers shall Heaven invade;
Involving earth and ocean in her shade.
High as the mother of the gods in place;
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd,
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
"The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd power:
But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric and India shall his power obey,
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way.
Where Atlas turns the rolling Heavens around:
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempests from afar,
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his seven-fold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
But what's the man, who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
His hoary head and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain:
Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds;
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword, his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings: th' avenging sword
Of Brutus justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
He first renews the rods, and ax severe;
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd: asserting public right.

Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of Nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And next, the two devoted Decii view.
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards wall redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
The pair you see in equal armour shine;
(Now, friends below, in close embraces join:
But when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light)
With mortal heat each other shall pursue: [ensue!
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall
From Alpine heights the father first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
Embrace again, my sons; be foes no more:
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim;
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the capitol his chariot guide;
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws:
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause:
Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace:
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conquering Cossus goes with laurels crown'd,
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see,
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire!
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of medals, and inform the breathing brass;
And soften into flesh a marble face:
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace, and war, thy own majestic way,
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."
He paus'd: and while with wondering eyes they view'd
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
"See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright:
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;
Then to the capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."
Æneas, here, beheld of form divine
A godlike youth, in glittering armour shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face:
He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
What, and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side?
His son, or one of his illustrious name,
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
But hovering mists around his brows are spread,
And night, with sable shades, involves his head.
"Seek not to know," the ghost reply'd with tears,
"The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on Earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state;
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give:
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast;
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe unpunish'd in the fighting field,
Shall dare thee foot to foot, with sword and shield:
Much less, in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When the sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Ah, couldst thou break through fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow,
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least I may bestow!"
This having said, he leal the hero round
The confines of the blest Elysian ground,
Which, when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars ordain'd by fate;
The strength and customs of the Latian state:
The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn;
True visions through transparent horn arise;
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, through the gate of ivory, he dismiss'd
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way;
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea:
Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his gallies moor:
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

KING Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his

crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces, and the names of their commanders, are particularly related.

And thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is called from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the Moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the Sun)
A dangerous coast: the godless wastes her days
In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars; and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves, that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horrour and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
(That watch'd the Moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in wicked shapes confin'd.
Which monsters, lest the Trojan pious host
Should bear or touch upon th' enchanted coast:
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
Supply'd with these, they skim the sounding shore,
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
Now when the rosy Morn began to rise,
And weav'd her saffron streamer through the skies;
When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds are blown,
A sudden silence sat upon the sea,
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horrour stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd,
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and leave the main.
Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was: her ancient kings:
Declare the past, and present state of things:
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought,
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage.
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursu'd and found their fate:
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd,
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.
Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd:
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame
His mother, fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as Heaven decreed,
Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed:
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate:
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand;
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.
Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair
Was kept, and cut with superstitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
And last, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy)
A swarm of bees that cut the liquid sky,
Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmast branch in clouds alight:
There, with their clasping feet together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesy'd from hence:
"Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
From the same parts of Heaven his navy stands,
To the same parts on Earth: his army lands;
The town he conquers, and the tower commands."
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire;
Strange to relate, the flames involv'd the smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke:
Caught her dishevell'd hair and rich attire;
Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories dane'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views;
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews:
"The nymph who scatters flaming fires around
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state."
Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent,
For counsel to his father Faunus went:
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's sulphurous fountain lie.
To those the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief demand.
The priest on skins of offerings takes his ease;
And nightly visions in his slumber sees:

A swarm of thin aërial shapes appears,
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears:
These he consults, the future fates to know,
From powers above, and from the fiends below.
Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears: and thus the vision spoke:
"Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the Sun surveys around."
These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame thro' all the neighbouring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view.
Beneath a shady tree the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
They sat, and (not without the god's command)
Their homely fare dispatch'd: the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling, said,
"See, we devour the plates on which we fed!"
This speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes)
"All hail, O Earth! all hail, my household gods!
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold.
'When on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
Then ease your weary Trojans will attend:
And the long labours of your voyage end.
Remember on that happy coast to build:
And with a trench enclose the fruitful field.'
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.
Then, on to morrow's dawn, your care employ
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men: but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught;
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought."
Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then Earth, the mother of the heavenly race;
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne:
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove;
And last his sire below, and mother queen above.
Then Heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew:
The time was come their city to renew:
Then every brow with cheerful green is crown'd,
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy Morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to several parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns, explore
The coast, and treadings of the crooked shore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs
(The spacious palace where the prince resides:)
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace;
And carry presents to procure success.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
The new-elected seat, and draws the lines:
The Trojans round the place a rampart cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.
Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town, and lofty towers, survey:
At length approach the walls: without the gate
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bough for victory:
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop, advis'd their aged prince;
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood!
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sovereign power:
In state the monarch march'd, the licters bore
Their awful axes, and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines:
And studiously surveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long-divining wand.
Girt in his gabin gown the hero sat:
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
Then mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering pye.

In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sat;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train,
And thus, with pleasing accents, he began:
"Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own;
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown;
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by stress of weather cast a-ground?
Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
And oft befal to miserable men.
Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want; the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told, that Dardanus, though born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before:
From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth.
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and as a god augments their sacrifice."
He said. Ilioneus made this reply:
"O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintery winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wandering course betray.
Willing we sought your shores, and hither bound,
The port so long desir'd, at length we found.
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the Sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above,
And as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town, devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what dire alarms,
Shook Asia's crown with European arms!
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea:
And such as, born beneath the burning sky
And sultry Sun, betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, through the watery waste,
Such length of years, such various perils past:
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you, without your want, may spare;
The common water, and the common air.
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Besides what endless honour you shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train!
Now, by my sovereign, and his fate, I swear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
Despise not then, that in our hands we bear
These holy boughs, and sue with words of prayer.
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends,
Where Thuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his sire possess'd,
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ;
This royal robe, and this tiara, wore
Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore
In full assemblies, and in solemn games;
These purple vests were wear'd by Dardan dames."
Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
Intent he seem'd; and anxious in his breast;
Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest:
But pondering future things of wondrous weight:
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate:
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind
And then resolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed.
This was the race that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke:
"The powers," said he, "the powers we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury.
Have what you ask: your presents I receive;
Land where, and when you please, with ample leave;
Partake and use my kingdom as your own;
It shall be yours, while I command the crown.
And if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring:
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request:
One only daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom, not our oracles, nor Heaven, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Ausonian line.
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far,
(Such is our doom) a chief renown'd in war:
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And thro' the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire."
He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed;
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd:
Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
To mount the Trojan troop; at his command,
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand:
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ, betwixt their teeth, the foaming gold.
Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of coursers, born of heavenly breed:
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire;
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire;
By substituting mares, produc'd on Earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends;
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.
But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main!
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
Th' embassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:

" O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fate of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall, unpity'd, on the plain,
But slain revive, and taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay, [their way.
Through fires, and swords, and seas, they fore'd
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursued their exil'd race:
Engag'd the Heavens, oppos'd the stormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storm's and Juno's hate.
Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs bathe,
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath:
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?
But I, the consort of the thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war:
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
If native power prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without?
If Jove and Heaven my just desires deny,
Hell shall the power of Heaven and Jove supply.
Grant that the fates have firm'd, by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At least, I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought;
And both the people near destruction brought.
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires her native land!
A second Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame."
Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound;
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This fury, fit for her intent, she chose,
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own mis-shapen race;
Her sister furies fly her hideous face:
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
" O virgin daughter of eternal night,
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of profter'd peace, delude the Latian prince:
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war."
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight.
There sought the queen's apartments, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossest,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black, bloody locks, the fury shakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart:
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen, and her naked limbs.
His baleful breath inspiring as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And, with her circling volumes, folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees.
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war;
And thus bespoke her husband: " Shall," she said,
" A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In show of friendship, sought the Spartan shore;
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word;
And think on Turnus, her once-plighted lord:
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care; and if the god,
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus, of Argive race."
But when she saw her reason ill spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke:
Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowds, and kindles as she goes.
Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
she flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along:
Wandering thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.

" Evoe, O Bacchus!" thus began the song,
And " Evoe!" answer'd all the female throng:
" O virgin! worthy thee alone," she cry'd;
" O worthy thee alone!" the crew reply'd;
" For thee she feeds her hair, she leads the dance,
And with the winding ivy wreathes her lance."
Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
All clad in skins of beasts the javelin bear,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air.
The queen, herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine:
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song!
" Ho, ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here," she said, " who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain,
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare."
Amata's breast the fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades.
Then, when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold:
Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears,
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep: the fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd
The foulness of th' infernal form to hide:
Propp'd on a staff, she takes the trembling mien,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene:
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws,
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws:
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd; and thus began:
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man.
" Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain,
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize?
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
The bride and sceptre which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers, and foreign heirs are sought:
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain.
Repel the Tuscan foes, their city seize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
This dream all-powerful Juno sends: I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
Haste, arm your Ardeans, issue to the plain,
With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train:
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
Own his old promise, and his new forget;
Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
For such is Heaven's command." The youthful prince
With scorn reply'd; and made this bold defence:
" You tell me, mother, what I knew before;
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore:
I neither fear, nor will provoke, the war:
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care,
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
Go, be the temple and the gods your care;
Permit the men the thought of peace and war."
These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.
Her eyes grew stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn,
Her hideous looks, and hellish form, return:
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face!
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, lingering, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes;
Her chain she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
" Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms, imagin'd in her lowly cell:
Behold the fate's infernal minister;
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear!"
Thus having said, her smouldering torch impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread:
" Arms, arms!" he cries; " my sword and shield prepare!"
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So when with crackling flames a caldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
Above their brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threatening embassy: then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guests:
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore:
Himself alone, an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutili prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house, and his own fame, engage.
While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies:
From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.
The stately beast, the two Tyrrhedæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did their fodder bring;
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare

To hang his budding horns: with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide;
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and, growing, us'd to hand.
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood:
Where, gazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds;
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possest with fear, and seeks his known abodes;
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.
He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans;
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend who lay
In the close woody covert urg'd their way.
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist:
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath; the rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possest,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.
The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The powers of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Nor theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the Sun with equal rays.
Thus when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies:
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
Fixt in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise;
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies:
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The fury bath'd them in each other's blood.
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies;
To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold 'tis done;
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete, nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood,
Speak, and my power shall add this office more;
The neighbouring nations of th' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.
Then Juno thus: "The grateful work is done;
The seed of discord sow'd, the war begun;
Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate:
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to Night and Hell repair,
For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear
Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me." Saturnia said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.
In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake, Amsanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts on either side;
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood;
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of Hell.
To this infernal lake the fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the skies.
Saturnian Juno, now, with double care,
Attends the fatal process of the war.
The clowns return'd from battle bear the slain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corpse of Almon and the rest are shown,
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears:
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
A foreign son is sought, and a mixt mongrel brood.
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with dishevell'd hair;
Increase the clamour, and the war demand
(Such was Amata's interest in the land)
Against the public sanctions of the peace;
Against all omens of their ill success;
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves,
Propp'd on himself he stands; his solid sides
Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides;
So stood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,

He calls the gods to witness their offence,
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
"Hurry'd by fate," he cries, "and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore:
O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear.
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to Heaven for peace; but pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away."
He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd:
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.
A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
Their standard when in fighting fields they rear
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
Their eagles lost in Carrhæ's bloody plain:
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,
And still are worship'd with religious fear,)
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
The Roman consul their decree declares,
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
These rites, of old by sovereign princes us'd,
Were the king's office, but the king refus'd:
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war:
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then Heaven's imperious queen shot down from high;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar,
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare:
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the general cry.
Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part
New grind the blunted ax, and point the dart:
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangour pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian powers,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian towns:
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;
The corslet some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and share
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old falchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.
The word is given, with eager speed they lace
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd;
The trusty weapon sits on every side.

And now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway th' Ausonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command:
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.
Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain;
Scorn sat upon his brows, and sour disdain:
Defying Earth and Heaven: Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire:
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face;
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample shield.
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs.
Of heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led;
On Tuscan Tiber's flowery banks they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine, the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.
For arms his men long piles and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself, his son appears,
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the god his father, horribly dress'd,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.
Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name);
Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.
Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's height,
With rapid course descending to the fight,
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.
Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns.
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land;
Besides the succour which old Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field;
But whirl from leathern strings huge balls of lead:
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next, (great Neptune was his sire)
Secure from steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears; and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscians he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king.
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
Which homeward from their watery pastures borne,
They sing; and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war:
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land:
And in himself alone an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot:
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of high renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town;
And all th' Eretian powers: besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land:
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear:
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion sets in wintery rain;
Nor thicker harvest on rich Hermes rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies;
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around; [ground.
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid

High in his chariot then Halesus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born: to Turnus' aid,
A thousand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Aruncans from their hilly ground:
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where, with shoaly fords, Vulturnus roars;
Cales and Osca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with leather thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
And, on their warding arms, like bucklers bear.

Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon sprung:
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd;
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway;
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea:
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight:
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain-troops that Nursia sent.
The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd; [trade.
Hunting their sport, and plundering was their
In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd:
Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest, the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wound of serpents, could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there;
Fam'd as his sire, and as his mother fair.
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore;
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame
In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame sought to share her bed:
But when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore,
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd.
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre with his fuming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove:
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood
Are coursers driven, who shed their master's blood;
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd.

Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which, with belching flames, Chimæra burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Io grac'd his shield, but Io now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to lowe:
(A noble charge) her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd;
And on the brims her sire, the watery god,
Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood:
A cloud of soot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords and pointed spears, and clattering shields:
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plough the rich Satulian lands;
Aurunean youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields.
And those who near Numician streams reside,
And those whom Tiber's holy forests hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide:
Where Ufens glide along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.

Last, from the Volscians fair, Camilla came;
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought:
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wandering eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at her sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face:
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his own son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his powers;
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers;
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd;
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These, through the country took their wasteful course;
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend:
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
Æneas landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host:
Yet now inspir'd to conquest of the state;
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate.
What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name:
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprize,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common interest was involv'd in theirs.
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare,
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself, in vain, in every part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
"So when the Sun by day, or Moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glittering species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side:
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep;
And beasts, and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then through the shadows of the poplar wood
Arose the father of the Roman flood:
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
"Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place, [gods,
Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace;
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
"And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son, Ascanius, on this empty space
Shall build a royal town, of lasting frame;
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driven with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder Pallanteum calls:
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony;
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams:
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams:
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's power thy just devotion pay.
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease:
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name: among the rolling floods
Renown'd on Earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat: in times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome."
He said, and plung'd below, while yet he spoke;
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing and the day arise.
Then, water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood; and thus the powers bespoke:

" Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are
And father Tiber, in thy sacred bed [fed,
Receive Æneas; and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery stores; where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies,
Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Diffuses fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shall share my morning song, and evening vows.
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid;
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made."
Thus having said, two gallies, from his stores,
With care he chooses; mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found:
Wondrous to tell; she lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young;
Æneas takes the mother, and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
The following night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tiber smooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood:
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore:
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships, that stem the stream.
One summer's night, and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
The fiery Sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising towers,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bowers:
Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries. [flood,
But when they saw the ships that stemm'd the
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast;
Till dauntless Pallas re-assur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself, without delay,
A javelin seiz'd, and singly took his way.
Then gain'd a rising ground; and call'd from far;
" Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are;
Your business here, and bring you peace or war?"
High on the stern, Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: " The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy [see,
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made:
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd,
This message bear: the Trojans and their chief,
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief."
Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies, " Whatever you require
Your fame exacts: upon our shores descend,
A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."
He said; and downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
" Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you; though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe:
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim,
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown,
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Grecks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your sire is Mercury; whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore.
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky:
Thus from one common source our streams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
The same Rutilians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
" Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their power athwart the land;
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith; and give us thine:
Ours is a generous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare."
He said; and while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise,
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face,
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
" O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine,
Now I recal Anchises, how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train with vast delight,
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
And with a loving force to Pheneus brought,
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver, and a Gnossian bow:
A vest embroider'd glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
The league you ask I offer, as your right:
And when tomorrow's Sun reveals the light,

With swift supplies you shall be sent away:
Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day;
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast; and take your seat
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat."
Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd; and soon restor'd the cheer.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers round;
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread.
The loaves were serv'd in canisters, the wine
In bowls, the priest renew'd the rites divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continued chine.
But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:
"These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
From no vain fears, or superstition, spring;
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky,
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie:
Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's den; enclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground:
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the Sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot; and, like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load:
And brought the needful presence of a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph from Geryon slain;
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent.
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd:
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
The tracts averse, a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave:
Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass:
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, th' aërial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach: trembling he springs,
As terrour had increas'd his feet with wings:
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
His body; on his back the door he drew.
The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
He broke the heavy links: the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste:
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed, the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left: the hero stood
Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: Heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.
Tumbling it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide:
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So pent the vapours with a rumbling sound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
A sounding flaw succeeds: and, from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading Sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Enclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above; and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires.
Gathering, with each repeated blast, the night:
To make uncertain aim, and erring fight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights, and wades through fumes, and gropes his way:
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasp'd his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;
He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound.
Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes;
Roll'd on a heap the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls redeem'd, breathe open air again:
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wondering neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size, [eyes.
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd
From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,
As priests, were added the Pinarian house:
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood:
And, with deep draughts, invoke our common god."
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd:
And poplars, black and white, his temples bind.

Then brims his ample bowls with like design
The rest invoke the god, with sprinkled wine.
Meantime the Sun descended from the skies;
And the bright evening-star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led:
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands:
Then with a second course the tables load;
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
With Saban smoke; their heads with poplar bound.
One choir of old, another of the young;
To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labour, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands.
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' Œchalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.
Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's, and Euristheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew.
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood:
Nor he the roaring terrour of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at the sight;
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
"Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
To Heaven, and the great author of thy race,
Receive the grateful offerings, which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day."
In numbers, thus they sung: above the rest,
The den, and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas, and his aged sire
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey;
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
The stranger cast around his curious eyes:
New objects viewing still, with new surprise.
With greedy joy inquires of various things:
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
"These woods were first the seat of sylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fawns, and savage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor law they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of labouring oxen, nor the shining share:
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase: the running flood
Supply'd their thirst; the trees supply'd their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught:
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
With his mild empire peace and plenty came:
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and discolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Ausonians, then, and wild Sicanians came;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tibris, and the rest,
With arbitrary sway, the land oppress'd.
For Tiber's flood was Albula before;
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
By fortune's power, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land:
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by Heaven's command." [gate,
Thus, walking on, he spoke: and show'd the
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:
Who to her son foretold th' Æthenean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place.
Then shows the forest, which, in after times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A sacred refuge made: with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rocks had rites divine.
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A reverend fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidst the sacred horrour dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
The mighty thunderer with majestic awe;
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around;
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins; once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood.
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
And either place the founder's name retains.
Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
Then, stooping, through the narrow gates they press'd,
When thus the king address'd his Trojan guest:
"Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor, accept our homely food
Which feasted him; and emulate a god."
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince; and laid him on a bed:
The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.
Now night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
Couch'd with her husband, in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid;
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
"While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian powers,
To level with the ground the Trojan towers,
I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore;
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain.
Though I much ow'd to Priam's house; and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.
But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious power that rules my heart!

A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields; and grace,
With fated arms, a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind:
With fire and sword my people to destroy;
And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy."
She said; and straight her arms of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
Then thus, the power obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
"Why seek you reasons for a cause so just:
Or your own beauties, or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy; nor Jove, nor fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date:
And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage,
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours; your anxious fears remove:
And think no task is difficult to love."
Trembling he spoke: and, eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god;
The time when early housewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they spread;
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise,
With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;
They ply the distaff by the twinkling light;
And to their daily labour add the night.
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread:
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging power.
Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipara,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and deep below,
In hollow caves, the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts for angry Jove they daily cast;
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts the dreadful mixture frame:
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers for Mars prepare
His broken axle-trees and blunted war:
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets' loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
"My sons," said Vulcan, "set your tasks aside;
Your strength, and master-skill, must now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge: arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire."
He said: they set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a shield prepare;
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Seven orbs within a spacious round they close:
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes;
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side;
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide,
Two menial dogs before their master press'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid he mends his pace;
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a secret seat they choose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews.
"Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom, here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds;
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building and of high renown;
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race;
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd: it flourish'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike people strong:
Till curst Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint those execrable times;
The subjects' sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race:
The living, and the dead, at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand:
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
The lingering wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more,
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore

The raging monster: but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd; and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms their king to punishment require:
Their numerous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon their coast: they cry
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With those foreboding words restrains their hate:
'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this; no native of our land may lead
This powerful people: seek a foreign head.'
"Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide;
And wait, with longing looks, their promis'd guide.
Torchan, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and every regal ornament:
The people join their own with his desire;
And all, my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son;
And half a native: but in you combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
Where fate and smiling fortune show the way,
Pursue the ready path to sovereign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own.
In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare:
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war.
Your matchless courage and your conduct view;
And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command:
Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed: and my son
As many more has added in his own."
Scarce had he said: Achates and his guest,
With down-cast eyes, their silent grief exprest:
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
And, in a Heaven serene, refulgent arms appear;
Reddening the skies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine:
Æneas only conscious to the sign,
Presag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love:
Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war: th' expected sign
Is given of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
My goddess-mother, whose indulgent care
Foresaw the dangers of this growing war,
This omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn:
And corpse and swords, and shields, on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms,
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms."
He said, and rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun:
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires:
Then cheerful to his household gods retires.
There offers chosen sheep: th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next of his men, and ships, he makes review,
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded works, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city spreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breasts; dissolve in tears;
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright:
And rises every moment to the sight.
Then, old Evander, with a close embrace, [face.
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his
"Would Heaven," said he, "my strength and youth recal,
Such as I was beneath Preneste's wall,
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore;
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more:
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms,
Nor proud Mezentius thus unpunish'd boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father, and a king.
If fate and you reserve those eyes to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy should bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length, let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But if your hard decrees, which, O! I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head,
This, O this very moment, let me die;
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie.
While yet possest of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms:
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!"
He said, and swooning, sunk upon the ground:
His servants bore him off; and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along.
Last, follows in the rear, th' Arcadian throng,
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of Heaven are led:

Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews;
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives, the walls and turrets crowd.
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,
Which winds disperse by fits, and show from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er healthy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around:
The neighing coursers answer to the sound;
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.
A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town;
Encompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horrour to the grove.
The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd:
The guardian of their flocks and fields; they pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide!
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Æneas cast his wondering eyes around,
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plains from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led:
Refresh'd his men, and weary horses fed.
Mean-time the mother-goddess, crown'd with charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She shows her heavenly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
"Behold," she said, "perform'd in every part,
My promise made; and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy;
And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
She said: and having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold:
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh:
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold.
For these, embost, the heavenly smith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future time untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors, issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
There, by the wolf, was laid the martial twins:
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs; and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from hence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs, before Jove's altar stand;
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led;
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green;
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.
There Porsenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings;
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies:
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half threatening, half disdaining, stood:
While Cocles broke the bridge; and stemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide:
Scap'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius stood;
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Romè was poor, and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew; and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
She told the Gauls' approach: th' approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold dissembled well their golden hair:
And golden chains on their white necks they wear. [wield:
Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance:
And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance
In caps of wool. The targets dropt from Heaven:
Here modest matrons in soft litters driven,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen:
Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Cataline;
Hung on a rock the traitor; and around
The furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea:
But foaming surges, there, in silver play.
The dancing dolphins, with their tails, divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous gales;
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war,

And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him; th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars, and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
It seems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet:
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed javelins fly:
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers warms.
Fool as she was; who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
Mars, in the middle of the shining shield,
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ souse from heaven, with swift descent:
And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the peace: her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows: at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield:
And soft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails:
And, shrinking from the sight, invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks; and heaves her breast for breath:
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms, and ample bosom, to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast;
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
The victor, to the god his thanks express'd:
And Rome triumphant; with his presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne;
Before Apollo's porch, of Parian stone:
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory;
And hangs the monumental crown on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row;
And Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides:
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides.
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;
And Morini, the last of human kind.
These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace;
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

THE NINTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TURNUS takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are tranformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.
Retir'd alone she found the daring man:
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
"What none of all the gods could grant thy vows;
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows!
Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence;
And, short of succours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains:
Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs,
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines."
This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
"Iris, the grace of Heaven, what power divine
Has sent thee down, through dusky clouds to shine?
See, they divide! immortal day appears;
And glittering planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy, these happy omens I obey;
And follow to the war the god that leads the way."
Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then, with his hands, the drops to Heaven he throws,
And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.
Now march the bold confederates through the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train:
Messapus leads the van; and in the rear,
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus towers above the rest:
Silent they move; majestically slow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far;
And the dark menace of the distant war.
Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Blackening the fields, and thickening through the skies.
Then, to his fellows, thus aloud he calls:
"What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm, arm, and man the works: prepare your spears
And pointed darts; the Latian host appears;"
Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend.

For their wise general, with foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them, not to tempt the doubtful war:
Nor, though provok'd, in open fields advance;
But close within their lines attend their chance:
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command;
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest,
A pye-ball'd steed of Thracian strain he press'd;
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his crest.
With twenty horse to second his designs,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
"Is there," he said, "in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour, and his danger, share?"
Then, spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
In sign of war; applauding shouts ensue.
Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And stops at every post; and every passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with descending showers, and stiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
Securely swig the dug beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain:
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies;
Close underneath the walls; the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his presence, every soul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scattering sparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.
What power, O Muses, could avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.
'Tis said that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun:
"Grant me," she said, "the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd Heaven has own'd you for its king:
On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;
And on the summit rose a sacred grove,
Where I was worship'd with religious love;
These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince to speed his flight.
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves entomb,
The floating forests of the sacred pine;
But let it be their safety to be mine."
Then thus reply'd her awful son; who rolls
The radiant stars, and Heaven and Earth controls:
"How dare you, mother, endless date demand,
For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
At my command shall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine; and plough the watery way,
Like Doris and the daughters of the sea."
To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore;
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:"
He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.
And now, at length, the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung,
A light that sing'd the Heavens, and shot along;
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs:
And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horrour wounds.
"O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear;
And know, my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command."
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient ships their hausers break;
And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast,
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
Old Tiber roar'd, and, raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock;
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
"These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black presages sent.
He takes the cowards' last relief away:
For fly they cannot; and constrain'd to stay,
Must, yield, unfought, a base inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is lost;
Heaven shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.
Theirs is no more than that small spot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men surround.
Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
'Tis given to Venus, they should cross the seas;
And land secure upon the Latian plains:
Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy,
With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy,
Shall such affronts as these alone inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a second time?
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more.
Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
A slight partition, a thin interval,

Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though built
By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
Less than a thousand ships will end this war;
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
Let all the Tuscans all th' Arcadians join,
Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onset shall be made in open light.
No wooden engine shall their town betray,
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, since the Sun is rolling to the west,
Give me the silent night to needful rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
The morn shall end the small remains of war."
The post of honour to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand:
And twice seven hundred horse their chiefs command:
All clad in shining arms the works invest;
Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day;
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.
The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tower to tower:
Thus all things needful for defence abound;
Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round:
Commission'd by their absent prince to share
The common danger, and divide the care,
The soldiers draw their lots; and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance
To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus' chance.
His father Hyrtieus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the wood;
And sent him to the wars; well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:
But, better skill'd unerring shafts to send,
Beside him stood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast.
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.
Then Nisus, thus: "Or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A generous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest;
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou seest the foe secure, how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires! the most in sleep supine
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie;
The wakeful few the flaming flaggon ply:
All hush around. Now hear what I revolve;
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand on thee
(For fame is recompense enough for me),
Methinks beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my passage guide."
Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
"All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
And think it over-sold to purchase fame."
Then Nisus, thus: "Alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears:
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance, as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life; I would not perish all.
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date;
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
To bear my mangled body from the foe;
Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow.
Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O let me not the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When every weary matron stay'd behind."
To this Euryalus: "You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain:
No more delays, but haste." With that he wakes
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the generous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures else forgot their daily care;
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share:
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sat
In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
They vote a message to their absent chief;
Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose;
Remote their clamour, and secure from foes,
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admission, eager to be heard,
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids them be conducted in;
Ordering the more experienc'd to begin.
Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears,
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine:
And where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Covering the plain, and curling to the skies,

Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to see him safe again,
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
The rising turrets, and the stream between:
And knew the winding course, with every ford."
He ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word.
"Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race:
While we behold such dauntless worth appear
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.
Then into tears of joy the father broke;
Each in his longing arms by turns he took:
Panted, and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:
"Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompense of such desert, decree?
The greatest, sure and best, you can receive,
The gods, and your own conscious worth, will give.
The rest our grateful general will bestow;
And young Ascanius till his manhood owe."
"And I, whose welfare in my father lies,"
Ascanius adds, "by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my household gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both (on you my fortune stands,
That and my faith I plight into your hands:)
Make me but happy in his safe return,
Whose wonted presence I can only mourn,
Your common gift shall two large goblets be,
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery;
And high embost, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conquering sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd.
And more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
With two great talents of the finest gold:
Beside a costly bowl, engrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave when first she gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve labouring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.
And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend;
My life's companion, and my bosom friend;
My peace shall be committed to thy care,
And to thy conduct my concerns in war."
Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:
"Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
"This only from your goodness let me gain
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain:)
Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
And sure the best that ever bore the name:
Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily, could hold
From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
My fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life, deceive.
By this right hand, and conscious night, I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place,
(Permit me to presume so great a grace)
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd;
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears."
He said: the mov'd assistants melt in tears.
Then thus Ascanius (wonder-struck to see
That image of his filial piety):
"So great beginnings, in so green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim
Creüsa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it) what returning here,
Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share."
He said; and, weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great Mnestheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good Alethes furnish'd him beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With prayers and vows, above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years.
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.
The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain: plain,
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore:
Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Observing Nisus show'd his friend the sight;
"Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight!
Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd:
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage through the sleeping foe."
Softly he spoke; then, striding, took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes
His head rais'd high, on tapestry beneath, lay:
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath:
A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd;
Him, and his sleeping slaves, he slew. Then spies
Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies:
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels
And his lov'd horses: last invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
Which, by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,
He slew; and then Serranus, fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fumy god from out his breast:

Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it lasted till the day.
The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
And tears the peaceful flocks; with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhætus slew.
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But Rhætus, wakeful, and observing all,
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood:
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.
Now where Messapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive.
The warrior-horses tied in order fed;
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said:
"Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts: no more, my friend,
Here let our glutted execution end:
A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made:"
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
A precious load; but these they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
To make the rich caparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
This present Cedicus the rich bestow'd
On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd:
And absent, join'd in hospitable ties;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering Ardean troops opprest,
He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
These glittering spoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body suits; but suits in vain.
Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd
Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.
The queen a legion to king Turnus sent,
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent:
And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
They saw the pair; for, thro' the doubtful shade,
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the Moon with full reflection play'd.
"'Tis not for nought," cry'd Volscens, from the crowd,
"These men go there;" then rais'd his voice aloud:
"Stand, stand! why thus in arms, and whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?"
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way,
And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd:
And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around:
"Ah, wretch!" he cry'd, "where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take!" Again he ventures back:
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and listening hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the rider's voice.
The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
The foes enclosing, and his friend pursu'd:
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove, in vain,
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt? What arms employ?
What fruitless force to free the captive boy!
Or desperate should he rush, and lose his life,
With odds oppress, in such unequal strife?
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he took;
And, casting on the Moon a mournful look,
"Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night,
Fair queen," he said, "direct my dart aright:
If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make;
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung the holy roofs with savage spoils,
Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round; his eye-balls roll in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd; a second javelin flies
With equal strength, and quivers through the skies:
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou," he cries,
"Shalt pay for both!" and at the prisoner flies
With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep despair,
That cruel sight the lover could not bear:
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:
"Me, me," he cry'd, "turn all your swords alone
On me! the fact confest, the fault my own.
He neither could, nor durst, the guiltless youth;
Ye Moon and Stars, bear witness to the truth!
His only crime (if friendship can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend."
Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
Driven with full force had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flower by the keen share oppress'd:
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd:

Volscens he seeks: on him alone he bends;
Some back, and bor'd, by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight;
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazen broke:
Dying he flew; and, staggering on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain:
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd so well.
O happy friends! for, if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live:
Fixt as the capitol's foundation lies;
And spread where'er the Roman eagle flies!
The conquering party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found:
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround;
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Messapus lost;
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
Now rose the ruddy Morn from Tithon's bed;
And, with the dawn of day, the skies o'erspread.
Nor long the Sun his daily course withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.
When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.
This done, to give new terrour to his foes,
The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears: a ghastly sight;
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.
Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they stood:
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.
But casting from their towers a frightful view,
They saw the faces which too well they knew;
Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame through the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears:
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
"Thus, then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was 't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed!
Ah, how unlike the living is the dead!
And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu, before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies:
To call about his corpse his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour, spare.
Where shall I find his corpse? What earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas! I left my needful ease,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,
And send me thunder-struck to shades below!"
Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears:
Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain:
But Actor and Idæus, jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
With rattling clangour, rouse the sleepy war.
The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds,
And Heaven, from pole to pole, their noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed;
These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.
But where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught by their ten years' siege defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unresisted weight:
To break the penthouse with the ponderous blow;
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo.
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads became an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.
Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls to scale the town.
Calliope begin: ye sacred Nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design;
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made:
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade:
What fame the soldiers with their captain share,
And the vast circuit of the fatal war.
For you in singing martial facts excel;
You best remember; and alone can tell.
There stood a tower, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join!
The wary Trojans obviate their design:
With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
Shoot thro' the loop-holes, and sharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thundering hand,
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts: it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire pursu'd amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence, and the defenders, fall.

The mighty flaw makes Heaven itself resound,
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.
The tower that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All the same equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only 'scape;
Sav'd, how they know not, from the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth,
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the war
(A privilege which none but freemen share).
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield,
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And, rising, found himself amidst his foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay:
And like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
Of eager huntsmen, and invading hounds,
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:
So dares the youth, secure of death, and throws
His dying body on his thickest foes.
But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war:
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey,
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind):
"Fool," said the chief, "tho' fleeter than the wind,
Could'st thou presume to 'scape when I pursue?"
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard: at the tug he falls,
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.
Thus on some silver swan, or timorous hare,
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truss the fearful fray:
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.
Then rushing onward, with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Tost firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.
Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Asylas slew;
To bend the bow young Liger better knew:
Asylas best the pointed javelin threw.
Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus slain.
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar and Ida, standing on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found;
Hurt by Themilla first, but slight the wound;
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The second shaft came swift and unespy'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side:
Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the [illegible]
In glittering armour and a purple vest.
Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love
Bred by his father in the Martian grove
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And sent in arms to purchase early fame.
Him when he spy'd from far, the Thusc[illegible]
Laid by the lance, and took him to the [illegible]
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his h[illegible]
The heated lead, half melted as it flew:
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his bra[illegible]
The youth came tumbling down, and sp[illegible]
plain.
Then young Ascanius, who before this
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage [illegible]
First bent in martial strife the twanging
And exercis'd against a human foe.
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defy'd:
"Twice conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown,
Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a shield.
Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force!
What gods, what madness hither steer'd your course!
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There, bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports but what belong to war they know,
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free;
No change in age, or difference in degree.
We plough, and till in arms; our oxen feel,
Instead of goads, the spur, and pointed steel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind: nor can control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
In sloth you glory, and in dances join. [pride
Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female
Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen;
Go, less than women, in the shapes of men;
Go, mixt with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
Where with unequal sound the flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade;
Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade."
This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew,
But first, before the throne of Jove he stood:
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god:

My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed;
An annual offering in thy grove shall bleed:
A snow-white steer before thy altar led,
Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head,
But with his threatening brows, and bellowing stands,
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands."
Jove bow'd the Heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
Sounded at once the bow: and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
Fix'd steel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
"Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn;
The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this third
Ascanius said no more: the Trojans shake [return."
The Heavens with shouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardless victor, he bespoke aloud:
"Advance, illustrious youth: increase in fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe
To thee, a race of demigods below.
This is the way to Heaven: the powers divine,
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vast world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name." He said,
And, plunging downward, shot his radiant head;
Dispell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
Now left to rule Ascanius, by his sire;
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years:
"Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praise; nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more." He said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themselves no danger shun:
From wall to wall the shouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around:
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
And helms, and shields, and rattling arms resound.
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the showery kids arise:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain:
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise;
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to Heaven their leafy heads unshorn;
And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod,
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free.
Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus rushing on,
Equicolas, who in bright armour shone,
And Hæmon first; but soon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended pass they die.
These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;
And each, on equal terms at length, engage.
Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
The foes had left the fastness of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
He quits th' attack; and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The first he met, Antiphates the brave,
But base-begotten on a Theban slave;
Sarpedon's son he slew: the deadly dart [heart.
Found passage through his breast, and pierc'd his
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood;
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic size
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell opprest,
A dart were lost within that roomy breast,
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong;
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the ground: [sound.
His arms and clattering shield on the vast body
Not with less ruin, than the Bajan mole,
(Rais'd on the seas the surges to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies; [arise.
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud,
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.
The warrior-god the Latian troops inspir'd;
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black despair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confusion fill'd.
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his shoulders to the weight.
Some happier friends within the walls enclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd.
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they descry;
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breast,
His rattling armour, and his crimson crest.

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who sought his destiny.
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
"These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hostile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left."
To whom, with countenance calm, and soul sedate,
Thus Turnus: "Then begin; and try thy fate:
My message to the ghost of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."
A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew;
With his full force he whirl'd it first around;
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.
"But hope not thou," said Turnus, "when I strike,
To shun thy fate; our force is not alike:
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god:"
Then, rising, on his utmost stretch he stood;
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardless cheeks, in two:
Down sinks the giant, with a thundering sound,
His ponderous limbs oppress the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping wound.
Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides;
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push on his fury to pursue the crowd;
Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges dy'd;
Then Phalaris is added to his side:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends' arms against their fellows threw.
Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall
(Engag'd against the foes, who seal'd the wall):
But whom they fear'd without, they found within:
At last, though late, by Linceus he was seen:
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince;
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
He joints the neck; and with a stroke so strong,
The helm flies off; and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd, and in poison skill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
And Cretus, whom the Muses held so dear:
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:
Arms were his business, verses his delight.
The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,
Whom brave Seresthus and his troop sustain.
To save the living, and revenge the dead,
Against one warrior's arm all Troy they led.
"O, void of sense and courage," Mnestheus cry'd,
"Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah, where beyond these rampires can you run!
One man, and in your camp enclos'd, you shun!
Shall then a single sword such slaug
And pass unpunish'd from a numer
Forsaking honour, and renouncing
Your gods, your country, and y
This just reproach their virtue d
They stand, they join, they thicke
Now Turnus doubts, and yet dis
But with slow paces measures back
And inches to the walls, where Tib
Washing the camp, defends the w
The more he loses, they advance
And tread in every step he trod
They shout, they bear him back,
They cannot conquer, they oppr
As, compass'd with a wood of
The lordly lion still maintains his
Grins horrible, retires, and turn
Threats his distended paws, and
He loses while in vain he presse
Nor will his courage let him dar
So Turnus fares, and, unresolv'
Moves tardy back, and just rec
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.
But now they swarm; and, with fresh troops sup-
Come rolling on, and rush from every side. [ply'd,
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted store.
For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris down,
To force th' invader from th' affrighted town.
With labour spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy falchion, or sustain the shield:
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way: with stony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
Is falsify'd, and round with javelins fill'd.
The foe now faint; the Trojans overwhelm:
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at every pore,
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er.
Shorter and shorter every gasp he takes,
And vain efforts, and hurtless blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast;
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

THE TENTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

JUPITER, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

THE gates of Heaven unfold; Jove summons all
The gods to council in the common hall.

Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all th' inferior world: from first to last
The sovereign senate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty sire began: "Ye gods,
Natives, or denizens, of blest abodes;
From whence these murmurs, and this change of mind,
This backward fate from what was first design'd?
Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.
What fear or hopes on either part divides
Our Heavens, and arms our powers on different sides?
A lawful time of war at length will come
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom)
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome:
Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains;
And like a flood come pouring on the plains:
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissension cease:
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace."
Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
"O power immense, eternal energy!
(For to what else protection can we fly?)
Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,
In shining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their increasing moats.
Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fired again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears,
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But if the gods their sure success foretel,
If those of Heaven consent with those of Hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat,
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits Hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind
(Such hopes I had indeed, while Heaven was kind);
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wandering fugitives receive
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);
Then, father, (*if I still may use that name*),
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
Inglorious let him live, without a crown;
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers;
In those recesses, and those sacred bowers,
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, t' escape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire;
To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' Italian shores: if, after all,
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To Simois' banks the fugitives restore, [fore."
And give them back to war, and all the woes be-
Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
"And must I own," she said, "my secret smart?
What with more decence were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust reproach had slept.
Did god, or man, your favourite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
By fate you boast, and by the gods' decree,
He left his native land for Italy:
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than Heaven, inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore!
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy?
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And through the waves a wandering voyage takes?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
You think it hard the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
Their native air, nor take a foreign law:
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
Realms not your own, among your clans divide,
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
'Twas given to you, your darling son to shrowd,
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd;
And for a man obtend an empty cloud.
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fiery way,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime, the queen of Heaven offends,
If she presume to save her suffering friends.
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bowers.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?

Think on whose faith th' adulterous youth rely'd:
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late."
Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mixt applause;
Just as they favour, or dislike the cause:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try:
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.
Then thus to both reply'd the imperial god,
Who shakes Heaven's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With reverence, listening to the dread command:
The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)
"Celestials! your attentive ears incline;
Since," said the god, "the Trojans must not join
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to discompose our happy state;
The war henceforward be resign'd to fate.
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
Let these assault, if fortune be their friend;
And if she favours those, let those defend:
The fates will find their way." The thunderer said;
And shook the sacred honours of his head;
Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
Trembled the poles of Heav'n; and Earth confess'd the nod:
This end the sessions had: the senate rise, [skies.
And to his palace wait their sovereign through the
Meantime, intent upon their siege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan host enclose:
They wound, they kill, they watch at every gate:
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.
Th' Æneans wish in vain their wonted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief;
Thin on the towers they stand; and ev'n those few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew:
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Asius and Acmon: both th' Assaraci;
Young Hæmon, and, though young, resolv'd to die.
With these were Clarus and Thymetes join'd;
Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.
From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
His brother Mnestheus could not more have done,
Or the great father of th' intrepid son.
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
And some with darts, and some with stones defend.
Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair;
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crowd he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd ivory set,
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.
Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poison arm[illegible]
Where plenteous harvests [illegible]
Where proud Pactolus flo[illegible]
And leaves a rich manure [illegible]
There Capys, author of th[illegible]
And there was Mnestheus [illegible]
Since Turnus from the ca[illegible]
Thus mortal war was w[illegible]
Meantime the hero cuts t[illegible]
For, anxious, from Evan[illegible]
He sought the Tyrrhene c[illegible]
Expos'd the cause of com[illegible]
His name and country t[illegible]
Propos'd the terms; hi[illegible] clar'd,
What vengeance proud [illegible]
What Turnus, bold and [illegible] design'd:
Then show'd the slippe[illegible]
And fickle fortune; w[illegible]
And to his wholesome [illegible]
Tarchon, without delay [illegible]
And to the Trojan troo[illegible]
They soon set sail; [illegible]
Their forces trusted wi[illegible]
Æneas leads; upon hi[illegible]
Two lions carv'd, whic[illegible]
Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful shade Æneas sat,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
And oft of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft of the stars, and of their watery way;
And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.
Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring:
The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing;
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.
A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,
Born in the Tiger, through the foaming sea;
From Asium brought, and Cofa, by his care;
For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts they bear.
Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
His stern, Apollo's golden statue bore.
Six hundred Populonea sent along,
All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.
Asylas on his prow the third appears,
Who Heaven interprets, and the wandering stars;
From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
Sent by the Pisans under his command.
Fair Astur follows in the watery field,
Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield.
Gravisca, noisome from the neighbouring fen,
And his own Cœre, sent three hundred men:
With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.
Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew;
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings display'd a silver swan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry.
Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaëton,
And sung his loss in poplar groves alone;
Beneath the sister shades to sooth his grief:
Heaven heard his song, and hasten'd his relief;

And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:
Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,
Who[illegible]av'd a rock, and threatening still to throw,
Wit[illegible]lifted hands, alarm'd the seas below:
They seem to fear the formidable sight,
And [illegible]ll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.
Oc[illegible]us was next, who led his native train
Of he[illegible]dy warriors through the watery plain,
Te[illegible]on of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
Fr[illegible] whence the Mantuan town derives the name,
An a[illegible]cient city, but of mixt descent
Three [illegible]veral tribes compose the government:
Four to[illegible]s are under each; but all obey
The M[illegible]ntuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.
[illegible]c to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore;
(Min[illegible]us with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.)
These grave Auletes leads. A hundred sweep,
With stretching oars, at once the glassy deep:
Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound,
And at the blast the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waste he shows,
A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;
And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.
Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.
Now was the world forsaken by the Sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:
But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Enclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast.
Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She spoke for all the choir; and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man:
"Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake,
Spread every sail, pursue your watery track;
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea:
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain);
And since have sought you through the Tuscan main.
The mighty mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Ascanius, in his camp distrest,
By your insulting foes is hardly prest;
Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,
Advance in order on the Latian coast:
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight;
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.
To-morrow's Sun, unless my skill be vain,
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain."
Parting, she spoke; and, with immortal force,
Push'd on the vessel in her watery course,
(For well she knew the way). Impell'd behind,
The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind.
The rest make up; unknowing of the cause,
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws."
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on Heaven his eyes:
"Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will),
Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right."
He said no more. And now renewing day
Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.
He charg'd the soldiers with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade them hope the war.
Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
His camp encompass'd, and th' enclosing foe.
His blazing shield embrac'd, he held on high;
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal given, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.
King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er;
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glittering of the golden shield.
Thus threatening comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine frights.
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind, is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent:
And thus awakes the courage of his friends:
"What you so long have wish'd, kind fortunes sends:
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare:
Your swords will make your masters of the war.
Your sires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your fathers' fame.
Now take the time, while staggering yet they stand
With feet unfirm; and prepossess the strand:
Fortune befriends the bold." No more he said,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then these elects, the landing to prevent;
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.
Meantime the Trojan sends his troops on shore;
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With labouring oars they bear along the strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But smoothly slide along and swell the shore:

That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command,
" Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land :
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land, I ask no more,
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore."
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at every oar ; and every stretcher bends :
They run their ships aground, the vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back, the loosen'd sides give way,
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand
Their passage, while they labour to the land ;
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.
The trumpets sound : Æneas first assail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw ; and soon pre- [vail'd.
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight :
Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.
He first in open fields defy'd the prince,
But armour seal'd with gold was no defence
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next, Lycas fell ; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn :
Sacred, O Phœbus ! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting steel was free.
Nor far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monstrous bulk ; with Cisseus fierce and strong ;
Vain bulk and strength ; for when the chief assail'd,
Nor valour, nor Herculean arms, avail'd ;
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death,
Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.

Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom,
And sought with lust obscene polluted joys :
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his seven bold brethren stopp'd the course
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Seven darts are thrown at once, and some rebound
From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound :
The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
The spears that knew the way to victory.
Those fatal weapons, which, imbru'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood :
" Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain."
He said : then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw :
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler flew ;
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart :
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.
Alcanor saw ; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain.
A second spear, which kept the former course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and, holding on, bereft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor, from his dead brother, drew
Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw :
Preventing fate directs the lance awr
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achat
In pride of youth the Sabine Claus
And from afar at Dryops took his ain
The spear flew hissing through the m
And pierc'd his throat, directed at h
It stopp'd at once the passage of his
And the free soul to flitting air resig
His forehead was the first that struc
Life-blood and life rush'd mingled th
wound.
He slew three brothers of the Borer
And three, whom Ismarus, their n
Had sent to war, but all the sons
Halesus next, the bold Aurunci le
The son of Neptune to his aid suc
Conspicuous on his horse : on eith
These fight to keep, and those to
With mutual blood th' Ausonian
While on its borders each their c

As wintery winds, contending
With equal force of lungs their t
They rage, they roar ; the doubt
Stands without motion, and the
Each bent to conquer, neither s
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can :
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But in another part, th' Arcadian horse,
With ill-success engage the Latin force,
For where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,
Huge craggy stones, and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursu'd, [source ;
Us'd threatnings mix'd with prayers, his last re-
With these to move their minds, with those to fire
their force.
" Which way, companions ! whither would you run ?
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,
By my great sire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame ;
By my youth, emulous of equal right
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight.
Trust not your feet ; your hands must hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array :
'Tis through that forward path that we must come :
There lies our way, and that our passage home.
Nor powers above, nor destinies below,
Oppress our arms ; with equal strength we go ;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we stand : a scanty shore ;
The sea behind, our enemies before :
No passage left, unless we swim the main ;
Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain."
This said, he strode with eager haste along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw ;
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin :
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.

Hisbon came on, but while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow ;
For, warding his at once, at once he press'd ;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.

Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust.
And after him the Daunian twins were slain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
As [illegible]s'd an errour in their parents' eyes.
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The [illegible]ce distinction, and their fate divides.
For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd: and Laris' hand,
Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
T[illegible]embling fingers yet the falchion strain,
A[illegible] threaten still th' intended stroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came:
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
And gr[illegible] with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.
Then wi[illegible] a casual blow was Rhæteus slain,
Wh[illegible]ne'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain!
The [illegible]ying spear was after Ilus sent,
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From [illegible]euthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lan[illegible] athwart his body, laid him dead.
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.
As when in summer welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky;
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite;
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood
(But first collected in his arms he stood);
Advancing then he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres, fell:
Around his head he toss'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Destiny laid hold upon the son,
And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian spear a memorable death.
Pallas th' encounter seeks; but, ere he throws,
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
"O sacred stream, direct my flying dart,
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart:
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear."
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his prayer;
For, while his shield protects a friend distrest,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.
But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;
But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the stay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude shock of war both armies came,
The leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
"Let none presume his needless aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due;
Oh were his father here my just revenge to view!"
From the forbidden space his men retir'd,
Pallas their awe and the stern words admir'd,
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering sight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and towering height.
Then to the king: "Your empty vaunts forbear;
Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same."
He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horrour sat on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion, when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly strand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.
Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him first, resolv'd to try
If fortune would his want of force supply;
And thus to Heaven and Hercules address'd:
"Alcides, once on Earth Evander's guest,
His son adjures you by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils." 'Twas heard, the vain request;
Alcides mourn'd; and stifled sighs within his breast.
Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began:
"Short bounds of life are set to mortal man;
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
So many sons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath;
And stands already on the verge of death."
This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his sight.
Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
And, having thrown, his shining falchion drew:
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder-joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
"See now," said he, "whose arm is better strung."
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:
Through folded brass and tough bull-hides it pass'd,
His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.

In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
He falls; his arms upon his body sound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
Turnus bestrode the corpse: "Arcadians hear,"
Said he; "my message to your master bear:
Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send:
It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,
Unask'd, to rest his wandering ghost below."
He said, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse:
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:
Where fifty fatal brides, express to sight,
All, in the compass of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.
In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain:
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away;
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.
The sad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a shield.
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd
With praises to thy sire, at once deplor'd.
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy shield.
This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
But sad spectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.
He whirls his sword around, without delay,
And hews through adverse foes an ample way;
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
To large deserts, are present to his eyes;
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.
Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To please the ghost of Pallas; and expire
In sacrifice, before his funeral fire.
At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below
The flying spear, and shunn'd the promis'd blow:
Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and
"By young Iulus, by thy father's shade, [pray'd:
O spare my life, and send me back to see
My longing sire, and tender progeny.
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail?
A single soul's too light to turn the scale."
He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd:
"Thy bars, and ingots, and the sums beside,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war, by one relentless stroke,
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
My father's shadow, but my living son."
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
Then with his right-hand, whilst his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining falchion sheath'd.

Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glittering in arms he shone amidst
Much of his god, more of his purple
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro
The holy coward fell: and, forc'd
The prince stood o'er the priest;
Sent him an offering to the shad
His arms Seresthus on his shoulder
Design'd a trophy to the god of wa
Vulcanian Cæculus renews the
And Umbro born upon the mount
The champion cheers his troops t'
And seeks revenge himself on othe
At Anxur's shield he drove, and a
Both shield and arm to ground t
Anxur had boasted much of mag
And thought he wore impenetra
So made by mutter'd spells: a
Had life secur'd in vain, for le
Then Tarquitus the field in trio
A nymph his mother, and his
Exulting in bright arms, he bra
With his portended lance he mak
Bears back his feeble foe; then,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain;
"Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey;
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea."
On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with these he chas'd along
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong.
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young:
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign.
And as Ægeon, when with Heaven he strove,
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires:
In his right-hand as many swords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many shields:
With strength like his the Trojan hero stood,
And soon the fields with falling crops were strow'd,
When once his falchion found the taste of blood.
With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.
They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their master headlong from the chair:
They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.
Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains,
With two white steeds, but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains.
Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming sword: Æneas couch'd his spear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.

Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is vain
To 'scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield:
Thy fatal hour is come: and this the field."
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
As Lagagus to lash his horses bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for flight, the fatal dart arrives,
And through the border of his buckler drives;
Pass through, and pierc'd his groin; the deadly sound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:
"Lame not the slowness of your steeds in flight;
Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat:
But you yourself forsake your empty seat."
He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein
(For Liger lay already on the plain
By the same shock); then, stretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
"Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's prayer."
Thus much he spoke; and more he would have said,
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short: "I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began:
Now take your turn: and, as a brother should,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:"
Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent,
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around:
At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
"My sister-goddess, and well pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife;
Sustains her Trojans, or themselves alone,
With inborn valour, force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid."
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, submissively replies:
"Why, O my sovereign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when, if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,
From your almighty power, your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life;
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight;
And give him to his aged father's sight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came!
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine."
Then shortly thus the sovereign god reply'd:
"Since in my power and goodness you confide;
If for a little space, a lengthen'd span,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
But if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death:
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates, your feed your hopes in vain."
To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
"And what if that request your tongue denies,
Your heart should grant; and not a short reprieve,
But length of certain life to Turnus give?
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth:
Which, O! I wish might err thro' causeless fears,
And you (for you have power) prolong his years."
Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her through the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made,
And what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plumy crest he wore:
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield:
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice nobly'd, nor vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)
The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flourishes his empty sword in air:
At this advancing, Turnus hurl'd his spear;
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
"Whither, O coward!" (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud:)
"Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you sought so long by sea."
He said; and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium king Osinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,
And skipp'd, and sculk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the gallery pass'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The hausers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.
The guileful phantom now forsook the shrowd,
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to Heaven he cast.
"O Jove!" he cry'd, "for what offence have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?
Whence am I force'd, and whither am I borne,
How, and with what reproach, shall I return!
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty towers again?
What will they say of their deserting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief:
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.

Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O Earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh, ye pitying winds! a wretch relieve;
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive:
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more;
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious fame,
Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim!"
Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd,
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea took place:
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain:
Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood;
And thrice repress'd his rage: strong gales supply'd,
And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
At length she lands him on his native shores,
And to his father's longing arms restores.
Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a solid rock by seas enclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.
Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus; and Palmus, as he fled:
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung,
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound,
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His crest and armour, from his body torn,
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.
Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he slew;
Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew:
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his sire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain;
Unthinking Mymas, on the Latian plain.
And as a savage boar on mountains bred,
With forest mast and fattening marshes fed;
When once he sees himself in toils enclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their javelins from afar;
All keep aloof, and safely shout around,
But none presumes to give a nearer wound.
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his side:
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd
And just revenge, against the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd war alive.
From Coritus came Acron to the fight, [night.
Who left his spouse betroth'd and unconsummate
Mezentius sees him through the squadrons ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat, who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag, that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore:
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground, [wound.
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the
Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd:
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground,
Then, turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
And rested lance: and thus aloud he cries,
"Lo, here the champion of my rebels lies!"
The fields around with Iö Pæan ring,
And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesy'd in death:
"Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain."
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd:
"For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue."
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew:
A hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.
By Cadicus, Alcathous was slain;
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master as he made a bound;
The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground.
Then Clonius hand in hand, on foot assails,
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.
Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defy'd;
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Antronius sent,
But the same fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealces' hand, well skill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.
Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors, and vanquish'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from Heaven survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of human life.
Above the rest two goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:
Amidst the crowd infernal Atè shakes
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.
Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain:
Where towering in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.
Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fixt in earth, in clouds he hides his head.
The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.

Collected in his strength, and like a rock,
Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
He stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:
"My strong right-hand, and sword, assist my stroke;
(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke.)
His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn."
He said, and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial shield that stopp'd the course;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The sides and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
And in Evander's palace sought repose:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He cast to Heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.
The pious Trojan then his javelin sent;
The shield gave way: through treble plates it went
Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
And three bull-hides, which round the buckler roll'd.
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood;
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His falchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd:
His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief,
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
To thy immortal memory be just;
And sing an act so noble and so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by flight:
Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
The lifted sword springs forth, to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield:
All fir'd with generous indignation strive;
And, with a storm of darts, at distance drive
The Trojan chief: who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.
As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, passenger, and labouring hind,
For shelter to the neighbouring covert fly;
Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
But, that o'erblown, when Heaven above them smiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils;
Æneas, thus, o'erwhelm'd on every side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide; cry'd:
And thus to Lausus loud, with friendly threatening,
"Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love?" Nor, thus foreborn,
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the lingering prince, whose patience, tir'd,
Gave place, and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd sheers;
And, lifted high, the flaming sword appears,
Which full descending, with a frightful sway,
Thro' shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams through the thin armour strove
And dreneh'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.
But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought!
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
"Poor halpless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more!
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword!
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolate, and sacred to the slain!
Thy body on thy parents I bestow
To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.
There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.'"
With this his distant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear;
Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.
Meantime his father, now no father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
Oppress with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
A chosen train of youth around him stand,
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,
And all on Lausus ran his restless thought,
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much inquir'd, and many a message sent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to Heaven he spread;
Last the dear corpse embracing, thus he said:
"What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life, a ransom for preserving mine?
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd,
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
I ow'd my people these, and from their hate
With less resentment could have borne my fate.
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
Of hated men, and of more hated light:
But will not long." With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd;

Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did
With daily care, and mounted with success: [dress
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
The steed seem'd sensible while thus he spoke:
"O Rhæbus, we have liv'd too long for me
(If life and long were terms that could agree);
This day thou either shalt bring back the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
This day thou either shalt revenge my woe
For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
Or, if inexorable fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
For, after such a lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load, endure."
He said: and straight th' officious courser kneels
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
With pointed javelins: on his head he lac'd
His glittering helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar;
Then spurr'd his thundering steed amidst the war.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
Of inborn worth, his labouring soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.
Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name,
The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
"Great Jove," he said, "and the far-shooting god,
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good."
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.
To whom Mezentius thus: "Thy vaunts are vain,
My Lausus lies extended on the plain: [slain,
He's lost! thy conquest is already won,
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.
Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy,
Forbear thy threats, my business is to die;
But first receive this parting legacy."
He said: and straight a whirling dart he sent:
Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield:
Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withstood
The strokes; and bore about an iron wood.
Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend and to defend alone:
To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight:
At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the temples of the warrior-horse.
Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear
Made way, and stood transfixt through either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
The wounded steed curvets; and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horse came after with unwieldy weight;
And, floundering forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's encumber'd shoulder overlaid:
From either host the mingled shouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.
Æneas hastening, wav'd his fatal sword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
"Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?"
Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies:
"Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory.
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.
My dying son contracted no such band;
The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue:
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuse it not: but let my body have
The last retreat of human kind, the grave.
Too well I know th' insulting people's rage
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains prepare,
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus [illegible]
He said, and to the throat his sword applied:
The crimson stream distain'd his [illegible]
And the disdainful soul came rushing [illegible]
wound.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latius calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed: and the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

Scarce had the rosy Morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend:
Yet first to Heaven perform'd a victor's vows:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked shag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fixt on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs enclose the godlike man;
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:
"Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall stand extended on the plain;
And in this omen is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance;
That none, unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:

And I, at Heaven's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought;
And which for us with their own blood they bought.
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend,
To the sad city of Evander send:
Who, not inglorious in his age's bloom,
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom."
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acœtes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevell'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts and echo's rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
"Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold:
And now, perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war:
A bloody breathless body: which can owe
No farther debt, but to the powers below.
The wretch'd father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the funeral honours of his son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care.
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou had'st not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
To bear him back, and share Evander's grief
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief).
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier;
Then on their shoulders the sad burthen rear.
The body on this rural hearse is borne,
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dress the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.
Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold embost,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One vest array'd the corpse, and one they spread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head:
That when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
Besides the spoils of foes in battle slain,
When he descended on the Latian plain:
Arms, trappings, horses, by the hearse he led
In long array (th' achievements of the dead).
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives marching in the rear:
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;
Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inscriptions fixt, and titles read,
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corpse attends,
With feeble steps: supported by his friends:
Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground.
Where groveling, while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
Are borne behind; the victor seiz'd the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus, while the Trojan and Arcadian horse
To Pallantean towers direct their course,
In long procession rank'd; the pious chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
"The public care," he said, "which war attends,
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends;
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell;
Hail, holy relics, and a last farewell!"
He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.
Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand
A truce, with olive branches in their hand.
Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
They plead that none those common rites deny
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
All cause of hate was ended in their death;
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request:
Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.
Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,
The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd:
"O Latian princes, how severe a fate,
In causeless quarrels, has involv'd your state!
And arm'd against an unoffending man,
Who sought your friendship ere the war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
Not only for the slain, but those who live.
I came not hither but by Heaven's command,
And sent by fate to share the Latian land.

Nor wage I wars unjust; your king deny'd
My profler'd friendship, and my promis'd bride.
Left me for Turnus; Turnus then should try
His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in dispute: the slain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.
This is the way, so tell him, to possess
The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
Bear this my message back; with ample leave
That your slain friends may funeral-rites receive."
Thus having said, th' ambassadors, amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profest,
Broke silence first, and to the godlike man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began:
"Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame:
Would I your justice or your force express,
Thought can but equal; and all words are less:
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
And favours granted to the Latian state:
If wish'd success your labour shall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command:
And seek alliance in some other land:
Build you the city which your fates assign:
We should be proud in the great work to join."
Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made.
Twelve days the term allow'd: and during those,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for funeral piles prepare,
To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes through the groaning groves resound:
Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground:
Firs fall from high: and some the trunks receive,
In loaden wains, with wedges some they cleave.
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Through the short circuit of th' Arcadian town,
Of Pallas slain: by Fame, which just before
His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand:
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That cast a sullen splendour on their friends
(The marching troop which their dread prince attends).
Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry:
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply:
And their mixt mourning rends the vaulted sky.
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears;
Forgetful of his state, he runs along
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng:
Falls on the corpse, and groaning there he lies,
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes:
Short sighs and sobs succeed: till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.
"O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee to far:
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauspicious war,
Vain vows to Heaven, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
Whose holy soul the stroke of fortune fled:
Prescious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.
If, from my league against th' Ausonian state,
Amid their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deserv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
At least he led the way to victory:
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before:
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
Content with those the Trojan hero gave.
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd:
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd:
Great spoils, and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus! hadst a trophy stood,
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
These troops to view the tears thou shedd'st in vain!
Go, friends, this message to your lord relate;
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,
And after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus; whose devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead:
My son and I expect it from his hand:
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news below."
The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light:
The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command
To raise the piles along the winding strand:
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black smouldring smoke from the green wood expires; [retires.
The light of Heaven is chok'd, and the new day
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so).
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe;
Helms, bits embost, and swords of shining steel,
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms restore:
The falchions which in luckless fight they bore:
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain:
Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep, expire.

Around the pile a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends.
Lingering along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of Heaven with starry light.
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part, in the places where they fell are laid;
And part are to the neighbouring fields convey'd.
The corpse of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are bury'd in the town:
The rest unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap, to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires;
And the promiscuous blaze to Heaven aspires.
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night;
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain:
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow:
These relics with their country-rites they grace;
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.
But, in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons.
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is brought!
These are the crimes, with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim.
"Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain, our lot is but to serve:
'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve."
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit, in the Latian court.
His former acts secure his present fame;
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.
While thus their factious minds with fury burn;
The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost,
And care employ'd, their embassy is lost:
That Diomede refus'd his aid in war;
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to prayer.
Some new allianee must elsewhere be sought;
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.
Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late
A foreign son is pointed out by fate:
And still Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of Heaven is hovering o'er his head.
The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
When late their titles in the field were try'd:
Witness the fresh laments, and funeral tears undry'd.
Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
The Latian senate to the council-hall:
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears:
Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.
When Venulus began, the murmuring sound
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.
"We have," said he, "perform'd your high command:
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place desir'd, with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and rising towers beheld.
Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
The city which Argyripa he calls;
From his own Argos nam'd: we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that ras'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
Then crave an instant audience from the king:
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name;
And tell th' important cause for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Made this return: 'Ausonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword
(A needless ill your ancestors abhorr'd).
We (for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came)
Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main:
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he sought,
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driven,
Out-casts, abandon'd by the care of Heaven:
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witness the vessels by Minerva tost
In storms, the vengeful Capharæan coast;
Th' Eubœan rocks; the prince, whose brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
In Egypt lost; Ulysses, with his men,
Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops' den:
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain,
Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain?
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adulteress lost his life:
Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,
My much-lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly:
Hovering about the coasts they make their moan;
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those harms,
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Presum'd against immortal powers to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight, I know him to my cost;
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd:
Heaven! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose at every blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:

Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd:
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's, and this hero's hand;
Both brave alike, and equal in command:
Æneas not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.'
He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce."
Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:
White foam in gathering eddies floats around:
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus began:
"I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise: than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens, we wage unequal war,
With men, not only Heaven's peculiar care,
But Heaven's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united strength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:
You see th' event—Now hear what I propose,
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes:
A tract of land the Latins have possess'd
Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,
Which now Rutulians and Aurunсans till;
And their mixt cattle graze the fruitful hill;
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you consent, the Trojan shall command;
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country share.
There let them build; and settle, if they please;
Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
In search of seats remote of Italy;
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need;
Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number, and the form assign;
The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred senators
Shall be commission'd hence with ample powers:
With olive crown'd: the presents they shall bear,
A purple robe, a royal ivory chair;
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear;
And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
This great affair, and save the sinking state."
Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd long
The rising glories of the Daunian prince. [since,
Factious and rich, bold at the council-board,
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword;
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
But what his father's parentage, unknown.
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
"Such truths, O king!" said he, "your words
vountain,
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain:
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
What common needs require; but fear to speak.
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
Whose pride this inauspicious war began:
For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
Fear set apart, though death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
Dejected grief in every face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears.
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.
"Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater, at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the rest;
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be ty'd;
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
Let insolence no longer awe the throne,
But with a father's right bestow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd:
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.
O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee!
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,
And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
Your interest is, the war should never cease;
But we have felt enough, to wish the peace:
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yes, if desire of fame, and thirst of power,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dower,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right;
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;
We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:
A base ignoble crowd, without a name:
Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame:
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Should share such triumphs; and detain from you
The post of honour, your undoubted due:

Rather alone your matchless force employ;
To merit, what alone you must enjoy."
These words, so full of malice, mixt with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.
"You, Drances, never want a stream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our swords:
First in the council-hall to steer the state;
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.
While our strong walls secure us from our foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corpse the sanguine strand;
And high as mine his towering trophies stand.
If any doubt remains who dares the most,
Let us decide it at the Trojan cost:
And issue both a-breast, where honour calls;
Foes are not far to seek without the walls.
Unless his noisy tongue can only fight:
And feet were given him but to speed his flight.
I beaten from the field! I forc'd away!
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies:
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.
All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp have found,
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
Not such the Trojans try'd me, when, encios'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd:
First forc'd an entrance through their thick
array;
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a destructive war! So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
With false reports, their minds with panic fears:
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race,
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
Say rapid Aufidus, with awful dread,
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity;
Thou, Drances, art below a death for me.
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest:
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.
"Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down so low,
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers' in our veins:
That man will I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast:
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
To shun that sight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought:
And not a bloodless victory was bought:
Their losses equal ours; and for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain:
Why thus unforc'd should we so tamely yield;
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,
The great Messapus yet remains our friend:
Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours:
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their powers:
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
Your own brave subjects have our cause embrac'd.
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
Contains an army in herself alone:
And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,
With glittering shields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet if the foe a single fight demand,
And I alone the public peace withstand;
If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles let him take the field,
With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield;
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,
And I alone will answer his demand.
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
The danger, nor divide the prize of war."
While they debate; nor these nor those will yield:
Æneas draws his forces to the field;
And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
Return, and through the frighted city spread
Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descry'd
In battle marching by the river's side;
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.
Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field;
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield;
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,
Like that of swans remurmuring to the floods,
Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,
"Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd;
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls;
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls."
He said, and, turning short, with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.
"Thou, Volusius, the Volscian troops command
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
Messapus, and Catillus, post your force
Along the fields, and charge the Trojan horse.
Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call."
They swarm from every quarter of the town;
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
The gathering storm, just breaking on the state,
Dismiss'd the council, till a fitter time,
And own'd his easy temper as his crime:
Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

Some help to sink new trenches, others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade,
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm: around the walls
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour
A sad procession in the streets is seen, [calls.
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
High in the chair she sits, and at her side,
With down-cast eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands:
Prayers in their mouths, and presents in their hands;
With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine;
Then in this common supplication join:
"O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid:
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate."
Now Turnus arms for fight: his back and breast,
Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:
The cuishes, which his brawny thighs enfold,
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful falchion sits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide;
But bare to view amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower descends.
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds;
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mein,
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:
"If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,
Can promise aught; or on itself rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
Then I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown;
You, general, stay behind, and guard the town."
Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise;
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
Then thus return'd: "O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply!
Not only words lie labouring in my breast;
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan (not in stratagem unskill'd)
Sends his light horse before, to scour the field:
Himself, through steep ascents and thorny brakes,
A larger compass to the city takes.
This news my scouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare:
With chosen foot his passage to forelay:
And place an ambush in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse:
The brave Messapus shall thy troops enforce;
With those of Tibur; and the Latian band:
Subjected all to thy supreme command."
This said, he warns Messapus to the war:
Then every chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.
Enclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise:
A narrow track, by human steps untrode,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands:
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.
The top is level: an offensive seat
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress:
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their descending backs, a stony shower.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way;
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.
Meantime, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd, and ever-trusty maid.
Then with a sigh began: "Camilla goes
To meet her death, amidst her fatal foes:
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes;
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains;
The raging flood his farther flight restrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears:
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he stops a while; and thinks in haste;
Then, desperate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow space:
With twigs of bending osier bound the case.
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight;
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
"Accept, great goddess of the woods," he said,
"Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid:
Through air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine;
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine."
He said; and with full force the spear he threw;
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, prest with foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide;
And gain'd by stress of arms, the farther side.
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls enclose,
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes.
But rough, in open air he chose to lie:
Earth was his couch, his covering was the sky.
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.

A shepherd's solitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dugs of bears, and every savage beast,
He drew, and through her lip the liquor press'd.
The little Amazon could scarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
And, that she might her staggering steps command,
He with a slender javelin fills her hand:
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.
The flying dart she first attempts to fling;
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling:
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan;
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.
The Tuscan matrons with each other vy'd
To bless their rival sons with such a bride:
But she disdains their love, to share with me
The sylvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
And oh! I wish, contented with my cares
Of savage spoils, she had not sought the wars:
Then had she been of my celestial train;
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
But since, opposing Heaven's decree, she goes
To find her death among forbidden foes;
Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,
Where, with the gods adverse, the Latins fight:
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
This chosen arrow to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,
To bear the breathless body of my maid:
Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprophan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand:
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land."
She said: the faithful nymph descends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.
By this the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls; the sprightly coursers bound;
Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground:
Shields, arms, and spears, flash horrible from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse:
These in a body plac'd: on either hand
Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;
And less and less the middle space appears.
Thick smoke obscures the field: and scarce are seen
The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.
In distance of their darts they stop their course;
Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
The face of Heaven their flying javelins hide:
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled coursers borne in full career,
Meet first oppos'd: and, with a mighty shock,
Their horses' heads against each other knock.
Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast:
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast;
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last.
The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright; [flight.
And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in
Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
And urge their flight; Asylas leads the chase;
Till seiz'd with shame they wheel about, and face:
Receive their foes, and raise a threatening cry.
The Tuscans take their turn to fear, and fly.
So swelling surges, with a thundering roar,
Driven on each other's backs, insult the shore;
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;
And far upon the beech eject the sand.
Then, backward, with a swing, they take their way;
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother-sea:
With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore;
And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd before.
Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man:
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strow'd
With fallen bodies, and are drunk with blood;
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
Orsilochus, who durst not press too near
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear;
And struck the steel beneath his horse's ear.
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,
His hopeless lord cast backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw:
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart:
Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;
Transfixt, he fell, and doubled to the ground.
The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dy'd;
And death with honour sought on either side.
Resistless, through the war, Camilla rode:
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver prest.
Now from afar her fatal javelins play;
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way;
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely prest, she quits the ground,
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride:
Italians all; in peace, their queen's delight:
In war, the bold companions of the fight.
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled;
With such, return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They clash with manly force their moony shields:
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.
Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear, of mountain ash, Eumenius first,
With fury driven, from side to side transpierc'd;
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
Path'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.

Lyris and Pegasus at once he slew;
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew,
Of his faint steed: the latter, as he stretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd.
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastrus next is added to the slain:
The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
And Chromys, at full speed her fury shun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed:
Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown;
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong;
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.
Him soon she singled from the flying train,
And slew with ease: then thus insults the slain.
"Vain hunter, didst thou think through woods to chase
The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?
Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory;
A woman-warrior was too strong for thee.
Yet if the ghosts demand the conqueror's name,
Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame."
Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew.
But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
Orsilochus, and she, their coursers ply,
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.
But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
She swings her axe, and rises at the blow:
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
To see his fall, nor farther dares advance;
But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.
Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, "What courage have you shown,
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horse, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When foot to foot, you combat with a man."
He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain:
And leaves her horse at large among her train.
With her drawn sword defies him to the field:
And, marching lifts aloft her maiden shield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
"Vain fool, and coward," said the lofty maid,
"Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are lost on me. Nor shalt th
With vaunting lies to thy fall
At this, so fast her flying feet
That soon she strain'd beyond
Then turning short, at once sl
And laid the boaster grovellin
Not with more ease the falcon from above
Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove:
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound;
The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the ground.
Nor mighty Jove, from his superior height,
With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight.
He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain;
And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
And these encourages, and those he chides:
Recals each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardour, and restores the fight.
"What panic fear has seiz'd your souls? O shame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!
Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and scatters, your ignoble band!
Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield:
What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite:
When to fat offerings the glad augur calls,
And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.
These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:
Swift in debauch; but slow to manly fight."
Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to lose.
The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,
In his strong gripe: and clasp'd around the waste:
'Twas Venulus: whom from his horse he tore,
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes,
And view th' unusual sight with vast surprise.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Prest in his arms the ponderous prey sustains:
Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the strife:
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmost vigour, and the point averts.
So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled serpent through the sky,
Fastening his crooked talons on the prey,
The prisoner hisses through the liquid way;
Resists the royal hawk, and though opprest,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest.
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threatening tail.
Against the victor all defence is weak:
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success.
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespy'd, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:

Thus, flushing on, she keeps her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybelè, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er,
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds,
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize:
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold:
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw, but first to Heaven address'd his vows.
"O patron of Soractes' high abodes,
Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods;
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked soles,
Through flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals:
Give me, propitious power, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame,
Let me, by stealth, this female plague overcome,
And from the field return inglorious home."
Apollo heard, and granting half his prayer,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,
By southern tempests, to the seas is borne.
Now, when the javelin whizz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the sound of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side:
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs;
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends;
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But, wedg'd within her breast, the weapon stands;
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
"Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell; and in this kiss my parting breath receive."
She said; and sliding sunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword, she nods her plumy crest;
Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires;
And, murmuring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.
A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:
Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,
Advance to charge; the mixt Arcadians join.
But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,
Weltering in blood, she sees Camilla slain;
And round her corpse of friends and foes a fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
"Too dear a fine, ah! much-lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid:
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her votary's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
But after-ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain;
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain."
High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,
Swoln with success, and loudly thus she cry'd:
"Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
Turn, like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;
And say I sent thee to the shades below;
An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow."
She said: and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed:
Then, to the stubborn yew her strength apply'd;
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conquering damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.
Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield,
The frighted soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.

Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driven by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego;
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend Heaven with female shrieks, and wring their hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close:
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
'Tis terrour all within; and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.
The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
Arm'd on the towers, the common danger share:
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gall the foe;
Their lives, for godlike freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd,
The foes entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.
Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,)
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain:
Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Through the black forest, and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.
From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend: Æneas sees,
Through smoking fields, his hastening enemies.
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the Sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night, with sable wings, involves the sky.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli: who wound Æneas: he is miraculously healed by Venus, forces Turnus to fly, and concludes the poem with his death.

When Turnus saw the Lat[illegible]
Their armies broken, and t[illegible],
Himself become the mark of public spite,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.
As when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed javelin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire,
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
"No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make,
Renew the truce, the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians, unconcern'd, shall see the fight;
This arm, unaided, shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain."
To whom the king sedately thus reply'd:
"Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities, which your arms have made your own;
My town and treasures are at your command;
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear:
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
"The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride;
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties and of honour broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what success 'tis needless to declare;
I and my subjects feel; and you have had your share.
Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians glance the neighbouring shore;
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?

Turnus, death a lasting peace can give,
Why should not I procure it whilst you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
And should you fall in fight, (which Heaven defend)
How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end,
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend!
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,
Pity your parent's age and ease his care."
Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd medicine but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,
With intermitting sobs, thus vents his grief:
"Thy care, O best of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
Permit me not to languish out my days;
But make the best exchange of life for praise.
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies:
His goddess mother is not near, to shrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud."
But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:
"O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
Refuse me not this one, this only prayer,
To wave the combat, and pursue the war.
Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
Think it concludes in thine Amata's life:
I cannot live a slave; or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son."
At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beautcous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian ivory shows,
Which with the bordering paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damask'd by the neighbouring rose.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.
Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:
"O, mother, do not, by your tears, prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if Heaven my death decree."
Then, turning to the herald, thus pursues;
"Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to morrow's light
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight:
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride."
He said, and striding on, with speedy pace
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toss their heads on high;
And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
The sires of these Orithia sent from far,
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes divide;
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth their pride.
He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glittering helm he try'd;
And girt his faithful falchion by his side.
In his Ætnean forge, the god of fire
That falchion labour'd for the hero's sire:
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the cieling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore:
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.
Then cry'd, "O ponderous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus tost in vain,
Fail not, this day, thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the crest:
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil."
Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring horns against a tree;
And meditates his absent enemy:
He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.
Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the lingering wars.
To cheer his chiefs, and tender son, relates
What Heaven had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.
The morn, ensuing from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day:
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they measure out the space;
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass;
Where, with religious rites, their common gods they place.
In purest white the priests their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire:
And o'er their linen hoods, and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.
In order issuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join;
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight:
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glittering with gold, and vests in purple dy'd.
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Messapus born of seed divine.
The sign is given, and round the listed space
Each man in order fills his proper place.

Reclining on their ample shields, they stand;
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
Now, studious of the sight, a numerous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls, and houses' tops are lin'd.
Meantime the queen of Heaven beheld the sight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height:
(Since call'd Albano, by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name)
She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan powers,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine towers.
Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake;
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd,
Compress by force, but by the grateful god,
Now made the Nais of the neighbouring flood.
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes," said she,
"O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record
The wanton sallies of my wandering lord:
Of every Latian fair, whom Jove misled,
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;
But gave a part of Heaven, and an unenvy'd place.
Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While fortune favour'd, nor Heaven's king deny'd,
To lend my succour to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state;
But now he struggles with unequal fate;
And goes with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight:
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the sight.
Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply;
It well becomes a sister's care to try."
At this the lovely nymph, with grief opprest,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus; "Thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate.
New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me."
She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.
And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook:
Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:
And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend priest appears;
And offerings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb, that never suffer'd shears.
Then to the rising Sun he turns his eyes,
And shows the beasts design'd for sacrifice,
With salt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair,
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds,
With the same generous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd:
"All-seeing Sun, and thou Auruncan [illegible]
For which I have sustain'd so long a [illegible]
Thou king of Heaven, and thou the [illegible]
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd [illegible])
Thou god of war, whose [illegible]
The labours and events of [illegible]
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans shall increase Evander's town;
Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:
All claims, all questions of debate shall cease;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juster arms prevail in fight
As sure they shall, if I divine aright,
My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd, shall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I ask but altars for my weary gods.
The care of those religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I resign;
His be the sovereign sway. Nor will I share
His power in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town shall frame,
And bless the rising towers, with fair Lavinia's name."
Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar stands. [main,
"By the same Heaven," said he, "and earth, and
And all the powers, that all the three contain;
By Hell below, and by that upper god,
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus what I swear:
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
And all those powers attest, and all their names:
Whatever chance befal on either side,
No term of time this union shall divide:
No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
Or shake the stedfast tenour of my mind:
Not though the circling seas should break their bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground:
Not though the lamps of Heaven their spheres forsake,
Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake: [sake,
Ev'n as this royal sceptre (for he bore
A sceptre in his hand) shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear)."
When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beasts are slain before the fire:
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
First rising fears are whisper'd through the crowd;
Then, gathering sound, they murmur more aloud.
Now side to side, they measure with their eyes
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public sight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves; and at his altar stands,
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:

And, while he mutters undistinguish'd prayers,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.
With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude;
When their short sighs and thickening sobs she heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he, his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And, humouring their first motions, thus began:
"For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Our we, before the face of Heaven, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count them as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife
Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life:
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile, and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land:
Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd."
With words like these, she carry'd her design;
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ey'n the city troops, and Latins, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage:
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes.
Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew;
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thickening in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross their airy course;
Nor can th' encumber'd bird sustain their force:
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the ponderous prey;
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
"At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd;
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey:
Advance, my friends, and charge; I lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the prey;
Your timely succour to your country bring;
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king."
He said: and pressing onward, through the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood:
Gylippus' sons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
A passage through the jointed arms is found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their javelins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
The wish'd insult the Latin troops embrace;
And meet their ardour in the middle space.
The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
The sacrifice half broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made:
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.
Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courser through the fighting press,
At king Aulestes: by his purple known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;
And with a shock encountering, bore him down.
Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There pitching on his shoulders, and his head,
Amid the scattering fires he lay supinely spread.
The beamy spear descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and through his body drove.
Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries;
"The gods have found a fitter sacrifice."
Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armour, and unerown his head.
Priest Chorinæus arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand:
And, as Ebusus with a thundering pace,
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,
The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other cast him down.
The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
And plung'd his holy poinard in his breast.
While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued
The shepherd Alsus through the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
And cleaves the chin with one continued wound:
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms
An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd, around.
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands,
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,

In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
"What sudden rage, what new desire of blood
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe."
Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince,
But whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hostile god was found,
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.
When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train:
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,
At once his arms and coursers he requires.
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and where'er he goes.
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches, over those he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
The dead mens' weapons at their living friends.
Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly,
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, terrour, treason, tumult, and despair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car:
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
He lashes on; and urges o'er the dead. [bound,
Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they,
The gore, and gathering dust, are dash'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar:
From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,
Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew:
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
Or mount the courser that out-strips the wind.
Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name;
But emulated more his father's fame.
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry:
Hard enterprise, and well he might require
Achilles' car, and horses for his hire;
But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar;
And lanch'd his javelin from his lofty car:
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword;
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
"Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy
the land.

Then Daris, Butis, Syl[illegible]
Whom o'er his neck the fl[illegible]
As when loud Boreas, wit[illegible]
Stoops from above, incun[illegible]
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on the Ægean shore:
So where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force:
His crest of horses' hair is blown behind,
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain,
And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold;
The coursers frighted, and their course control'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms; but pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin: he turn'd, and held
Against his threatening foe his ample shield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor-king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:
Strong Mnestheus and Achates often try'd,
And young Ascanius weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent: scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the power of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.
Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heavenly art.
All softening simples, known of sovereign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice;
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near,
And first their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terrour and affright;
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky; [die.
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who
But now the goddess-mother mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.

A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought;
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosial dews,
And odorous panacee: unseen she stands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'cinal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part,
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iäpis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
"Arms, arms," he cries, "the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our general to the battle sends;
Some god preserves his life for greater ends."
The hero arms in haste: his hands enfold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This gripes the lance; and with such vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
Then, with a close embrace, he strain'd his son;
And, kissing through his helmet, thus begun:
"My son, from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth,
Assert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son."
He said; and, striding, issued on the plain;
Anteus, and Mnestheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his teps: the rest their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.
Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart, foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
With such impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his double front; nor less destruction bears.
And now both armies shock, in open field;
Osyris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train);
By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand:
The fatal augur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance embrued
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
And o'er the field the frighted Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few;
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien;
And like Metiscus in his seat is seen.
As the black swallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts and under arches flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conquering brother shows:
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.
What should he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail;
The great Messapus thundering through the field,
In his left hand two pointed javelins held:
Encountering on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmost vigour threw.
Æneas saw it come, and stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threatening blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight:
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field:
Invokes the powers of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress:
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
What god can tell, what numbers can display,
The various labours of that fatal day?
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd?
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field?
Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert thy sight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite!
Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground.
Betwixt his ribs the javelin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;
First from his horse fierce Amicus he threw;
Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw;
Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell opprest
And sad Onythes, added to the rest:
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew, nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menætes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,
On different sides, and both by winds are blown,
The laurels crackle in the sputtering fire;
The frighted sylvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry:
They roll to sea, with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor less destruction make.
With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike,
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.
Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latin kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His starting steeds, to shun the glittering sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.
Fierce Hillus threaten'd high, and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear:
So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Cisseus, could'st thou 'scape from Turnus'
In vain the strongest of the Arcadian band: [hand,
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Ænean sword:
Which to his naked heart pursued the course:
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.
Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan towers, [date.
Were doom'd to kill, while Heaven prolong'd his
But who can pass the bounds prefixt by fate?
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.
And now both hosts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space;
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town.
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain,
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war:
Occasion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height:
The crowding troops about their general stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare:
The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the sky,
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain;
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires,
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires."
He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders, bear;
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The flames now lanch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to Heaven his pious hands,
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Dissenting clamours in the town arise;
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their friends.
The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng,
And, whate'er tide prevails, is borne along.
Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Disus'd to flight; and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try;
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.
But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown;
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,
She tears with both her hands her purple vest;

The second a beam a running noose she ty'd,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.
Soon as the fatal news by Fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known;
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness and despair.
The spreading rumour fills the public place;
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind, [sign'd:
And soon reduc'd to change, what he so well de-
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, required.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.
Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind;
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound. [drown'd;
"Alas!" said he, "what mean these dismal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town arise?"
Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins:
She, who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: "Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall,
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall.
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honour equal, equal in success."
To this, the prince: "O sister! (for I knew
The peace infring'd, proceeded first from you)
I knew you when you mingled first in fight,
And now in vain you would deceive my sight:
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from Heaven, involv'd in air?
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what power can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death:
Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place:
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies:
His vest and armour are the victor's prize.
Then shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to complete my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight!
How Drances will insult, and point them to the sight!
Is death so hard to bear? Ye gods below,
(Since those above so small compassion show)
Receive a soul unsully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefather's name."
He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed,
Came Sages, urging on his foamy steed;
Fixt on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
"Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms invests, with flames invades the town:
The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:
All eyes are fixt on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice.
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On every side surrounded by the foe;
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your unshaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands."
Stupid he sat, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow, mixt with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay labouring in his thought:
And love, by jealousy, to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look,
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tower with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd;
And bridges laid above to join the space;
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
"Sister, the fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which Heaven and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fixt: nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice: but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die."
He said, and, leaping down, without delay,
Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding, he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.
As when a fragment from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep;
Down sink at once, the shepherds and their sheep;
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground,
Stunn'd with the shock, they fall, and stunn'd from earth rebound:
So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Shouldering and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts, and spears, and darts, promiscuous flew;
And sanguine streams the slippery ground embrue.
First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat cease:
"Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops, retire;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state;
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate."
Both armies from their bloody work desist:
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,

Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Appenine, when, white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations, overaw'd, surcease the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fixt their sight:
Ev'n Death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their battering rams below.
In silent order either army stands;
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wondering sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate
With swords to try their titles to the state.
Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
They lanch their spears, then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
With horns adverse they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound, return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through the wood:
Such was the combat in the listed ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.
Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this side life, and lucky chance ascends;
Loaded with death, that other scale descends,
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side:
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 't is but death, or flight: disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.
'Twas not the fated sword his father bore;
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held;
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field;
And now forthright, and now in orbits, wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the list surround;
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.
Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace,
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase:
And oft his trembling knees [illegible]
Yet pressing foot by foot [illegible]
Thus, when a fearful stag [illegible]
With crimson toils, or in a [illegible]
High on the bank the deep-[illegible]
Still opening, following still, [illegible]
The persecuted creature to [illegible]
Turns here and there, to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear,
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air.
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows, ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying, blames
His tardy troops: and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply,
With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course
With vigour, though diminish'd of his force.
Ten times, already, round the listed place
One chief had fled, and t' other given the chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife.
Within the space an olive-tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian god.
Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground enclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance: [free
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to
Th' encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree:
That whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft with human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd:
"O Faunus, pity, and, thou mother Earth,
Where I, thy foster-son, receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;
Propitious hear my pious prayer!" He said,
Nor with successless vows invok'd the aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd,
But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
Juturna took her time: and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again:
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd,
To the despairing prince, his Daunian sword.
The queen of love, who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;
T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the lingering weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance;
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance:
And both resolv'd, alike, to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:

"What new arrest, O queen of Heaven! is sent
To stop the fates now labouring in th' event,
What further hopes are left thee to pursue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'st it too)
Free-doom'd to these celestial seats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingerest in this lonely shade!
Is it becoming of the due respect,
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay, more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload;
Who should relieve the goddess but the god?
Now, all things to their utmost issue tend;
Push'd by the fates to their appointed end:
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted power:
Tost on the seas thou could'st thy foes distress,
And driven ashore, with hostile arms oppress:
Deform the royal house, and from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
"Now cease at my command." The thunderer said;
And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno made:
"Because your dread decree too well I knew;
From Turnus and from Earth unwilling I withdrew.
Else should you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends bemoan;
But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life,
At least to try: but by the Stygian lake,
(The most religious oath the gods can take)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name:
Speak the same language which they spoke before;
Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore:
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy with that detested town;
Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain."
Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes):
"Can Saturn's issue, and Heaven's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd,
I will, myself, their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.
All shall be Latium: Troy without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
From blood so mixt, a pious race shall flow;
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay."
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the clouds retires.
The peace thus made, the thunderer next prepares
To force the watery goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to Night:
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air;
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.
In Heaven the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath; and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill;
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms, or towns, deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One sister-plague of these from Heaven he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon yew; when traversing the skies,
And drench'd in poisonous juice, the sure destruction flies.
With such a sudden and unseen a flight,
Shot through the clouds the daughter of the night.
Soon as the field enclos'd she had in view,
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew:
Contracted to the boding bird she turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings.
Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chillness crept along his blood,
Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horrour stood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry,
And stridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.
"Ah me," she cries, "in this unequal strife,
What can thy sister more to save thy life!
Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night!
The lashing of your wings I know too well:
The sounding flight, and funeral screams of Hell!
These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But fore'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghost below!
The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!"
She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head:
Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
"What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in war:
Wish for the wings of wind to mount the sky;
Or hid within the hollow Earth to lie."
The champion shook his head, and made this short reply:
"No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hostile Heaven I dread; and partial Jove."
He said no more; but, with a sigh, repress'd
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw; the common bound
Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground:
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
He heav'd it at a lift: and, pois'd on high,
Ran, staggering on, against his enemy.
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
His way; or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load;
And shivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms; and falling short,
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night:
We seem to run; and destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves unbrac'd their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the faultering accents die:
So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void.
A thousand various thoughts his soul confound:
He star'd about; nor aid nor issue found:
His own men stop the pass, and his own walls surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out again;
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
Trembling, he views the thundering chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Astonish'd while he stands, and fixt with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.
The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark: and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from battering engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
Nought could his seven-fold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd through all; and, with a grisly wound,
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd;
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd:
"I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be [illegible]
(Thou hadst a father [illegible] and [illegible])
Pity my sire, now s[illegible]
And, for Anchises' sa[illegible]
Or, if they vow'd reveng[illegible]
Give to my friends my bo[illegible]
The Latian chiefs have seen
Thine is the conquest, thine t[illegible];
Against a yielded man, 'tis mea[illegible]ole strife."
In deep suspence the Trojan seem'd to stand;
And, just appear'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt.
When, casting down a casual glance, he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side:
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes);
"Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful offering go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow."
He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

POSTCRIPT.

What Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years: struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country; whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any

more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the *sum*. Here is a field of satire opened to me: but, since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give physic to the great, when he is uncalled, to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

Cynthius aurem vellit, & admonuit.

It is enough for me, if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the mean time, I am obliged, in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace; but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet: have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken, in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refus'd it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion? amongst whom I cannot omit naming the earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these, I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeserved. The present earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that if the last Æneid shine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of sir William Trumball, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and, for his sake particularly, I have made it mine. For who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour? I could not but invoke the assistance of a Muse, for this last office.

Extremum hunc Arethusa:—
Negat quis carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, esq. the worthy son of the late archbishop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin; amongst which, I could *not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the last,* the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited, by that worthy gentleman sir William Bowyer, to Denham-court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. Nor wonder, therefore, if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The seventh Æneid was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in English with as much lustre as I could: though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticise my master.

By a letter from William Walsh, of Abberly, esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critic of our nation) I have been informed, that his grace the duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the Pastorals, Georgics, and six first Æneids, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert; has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls The Power of Love, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford, has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's Praise of a Country Life is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a version. That I have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power[1].

[1] *Sir Richard Blackmore.*

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES,

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THE wishes and desires of all good men, which have attended your lordship from your first appearance in the world, are at length accomplished, in your obtaining those honours and dignities, which you have so long deserved. There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the respect they pay you. They are equally pleased in your prosperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Vespasian was not more the delight of human-kind. The universal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it is not less: and though you could not extend your beneficence to so many persons, yet you have lost as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the Sun had shone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving some unhappy man. This, my lord, has justly acquired you as many friends as there are persons who have the honour to be known to you: mere acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer line; and they who have conversed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth so generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a first principle, which is received as soon as it is proposed; and needs not the reformation which Descartes used to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly say, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the proposition, and we know it. With the same assurance can I say, you neither have enemies, nor can scarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the best of men. After this, my testimony can be of no farther use, than to declare it to be day-light at high noon: and all who have the benefit of sight, can look up as well and see the Sun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almost particular to myself, that I saw you in the east at your first arising above the hemisphere: I was as soon sensible as any man of that light, when it was but just shooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addresses to your lordship, in my Essay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein bespoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a first discoverer. When I was myself in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the skill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living master to instruct me in it; an art which had been better praised than studied here in England, wherein Shakspeare, who created the stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and justly: and Jonson, who, by studying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet seemed to envy posterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of some useful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may say, before the use of the loadstone, or knowledge of the compass, I was sailing in a vast ocean, without other help than the pole-star of the ancients, and the rules of the French stage amongst the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reason of their opposite taste; yet, even then, I had the presumption to dedicate to your lordship: a very unfinished piece, I must confess, and which only can be excused by the little experience of the author, and the modesty of the title, An Essay. Yet I was stronger in prophecy than I was in criticism; I was inspired to foretel you to mankind, as the restorer of poetry, the greatest genius, the truest judge, and the best patron.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candour, is the product of right reason; which of necessity will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and, by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge. It is incident to an elevated understanding, like your lordship's, to find out the errours of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions; and to forgive the many failings of those, who, with their wretched art, cannot arrive to those heights that you possess from a happy, abundant, and

native genius; which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakspeare; and, for aught I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and sciences, all moral and natural philosophy, without knowing that they ever studied them.

There is not an English writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most vain, and the most ambitious of our age, have not dared to assume so much, as the competitors of Themistocles: they have yielded the first place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteemed as second to your lordship; and even that also with a *longe sed proximi intervallo*. If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their self-conceit, they must be very singular in their opinion: they must be like the officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant, and Company. The world will easily conclude, whether such unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnassus.

I will not attempt, in this place, to say any thing particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The subject of this book confines me to satire; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whose ashes I shall not disturb) has given you all the commendation, which his self-sufficiency could afford to any man: "The best good man, with the worst-natured Muse." In that character, methinks, I am reading Jonson's verses to the memory of Shakspeare: an insolent, sparing, and invidious panegyric: where goodnature, the most godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your person, and denied to your writings: for they are every where so full of candour, that, like Horace, you only expose the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedness of thought, which is visibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more of salt in all your verses, than I have seen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been sparing of the gall; by which means you have pleased all readers, and offended none. Donne alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification. And were he translated into numbers and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. That which is the prime virtue and chief ornament of Virgil, which distinguishes him from the rest of writers, is so conspicuous in your verses, that it casts a shadow on all your contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner, and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for so bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; so great a one, in my opinion, that it throws his Mistress infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compositions, which are undoubtedly the best of his poems, and the most correct. For my own part, I must avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in satire, wherein I have not studied your writings as the most perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the original. Some few touches of your lordship, some secret graces which I have endeavoured to express after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to pass with approbation: but take your verses altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is because you have not written more. You have not set me sufficient copy to transcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint against your lordship, and I must have leave to upbraid you with it, that, because you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wish you so well, in all things that relate to your prosperity, have their intervals of wishing for themselves, and are within a little of grudging you the fullness of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you used it not so well, and with so much generosity.

Fame is in itself a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires strength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his gods, and place in it the happiness of the blest: the divinity which we worship has given us not only a precept against it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my lord, would be content to allow you a seventh day for rest; or, if you thought that hard upon you, we

would not refuse you half your time: if you come out, like some great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diversion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in short, if you were a bad, or which is worse, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for your own quiet, and not expose you to the want of yours. But when you are so great and so successful, and when we have that necessity of your writing, that we cannot subsist entirely without it; any more (I may almost say) than the world without the daily course of ordinary providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my lord, to forego a little of your repose for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then somewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your production, is requisite to refresh your character.

This, I think, my lord, is a sufficient reproach to you; and, should I carry it as far as mankind would authorise me, would be little less than satire. And, indeed, a provocation is almost necessary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced sometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of scribblers, who daily pester the world with their insufferable stuff, that they might be discouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons, and libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either shot at rovers, and therefore missed, or their power was so weak, that I might safely stand them, at the nearest distance. I answered not the Rehearsal, because I knew the author sat to himself when he drew the picture, and was the very Bayes of his own farce. Because also I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that satire: and, lastly, because Mr. Smith and Mr. Jonson, the main pillars of it, were two such languishing gentlemen in their conversation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, those noble characters of men of wit and pleasure about the town. The like considerations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their prose and doggrel; I am so far from defending my poetry against them, that I will not so much as expose theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof against their attacks, let me be thought by posterity, what those authors would be, thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure so long, as to another age. But these dull makers of lampoons, as harmless as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: some witty men may perhaps succeed to their designs, and, mixing sense with malice, blast the reputation of the most innocent amongst men, and the most virtuous amongst women.

Heaven be praised, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever mischief they have designed, they have performed but little of it. Yet these ill writers, in all justice, ought themselves to be exposed: as Persius has given us a fair example in his first satire: which is levelled particularly at them: and none is so fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but also so just, that he will never defame the good; and is armed with the power of verse, to punish and make examples of the bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true satires.

In the mean time, as a counsellor, bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and statute laws, may honestly inform a just prince how far his prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your lordship, who, by an undisputed title, are the king of poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant scribblers of this age. As lord chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the stage. You can banish from thence scurrility and prophaneness, and restrain the licentious insolence of poets and their actors in all things that shock the public quiet, or the reputation of private persons, under the notion of humour. But I mean not the authority which is annexed to your office: I speak of that only which is inborn, and inherent to your person. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a masterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are impowered, when you please, to give the final decision of wit; to put your stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a brand of reprobation on clipt poetry and false coin. A shilling, dipt in the bath, may go for gold amongst the ignorant; but the sceptres on the guineas show the difference. That your lordship is formed by nature for this supremacy, I could easily prove, (were it not already granted by the world,) from the distinguishing character of your writings; which is so visible to me, that I never could be imposed on to receive for yours what is written by any others; or to mistake your genuine poetry for their spurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without some vanity in

saying it) that in the same paper, written by divers hands, whereof your lordship was only part, I could separate your gold from their copper: and though I could not give back to every author his own brass (for there is not the same rule for distinguishing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not; and was absolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was positively yours, and could not positively be written by any other.

True it is, that some bad poems, though not all, carry their owner's mark about them. There is some peculiar awkwardness, false grammar, imperfect sense, or, at the least, obscurity; some brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who are the owners of the cattle, though they should not sign it with their names. But your lordship, on the contrary, is distinguished, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your style and manner of expressing them. A painter, judging of some admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Van Dyck; but vulgar designs, and common draughts, are easily mistaken and misapplied. Thus, by my long study of your lordship, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like those artists, I can only say, this is like the draught of such a one, or like the colouring of another. In short, I can only be sure, that it is the hand of a good master; but in your performances, it is scarcely possible for me to be deceived. If you write in your strength, you stand revealed at the first view; and should you write under it, you cannot avoid some peculiar graces, which only cost me a second consideration to discover you: for I must say it, with all the severity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your lordship's only fault is, that you have not written more; unless I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accusation would not be true, that you have written, and, out of vicious modesty, will not publish.

Virgil has confined his works within the compass of eighteen thousand lines, and has not treated many subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation of the best poet. Martial says of him, that he could have excelled Varius in tragedy, and Horace in lyric poetry; but, out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The same prevalence of genius is in your lordship; but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the same consideration: because we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whose excellencies both of poems, odes, and satires, you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majesty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good sense is the same in all or most ages; and course of time rather improves Nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may possibly arise from those very causes which produced the first: though it would be imprudence to affirm, that any such have appeared.

It is manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men, in all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks: that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, and poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this; that, in such an age, it is possible some great genius may arise, equal to any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing and commerce makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only of their species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet, the example only holds in heroic poetry: in tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both those kinds; and I would instance in Shakspeare of the former, of your lordship in the latter sort.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country: but, if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau; whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and

almost as universally valuable: for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interest of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed, that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to, the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I must further add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is, besides, too full of heat and affectation; that, among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed any unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventures, without the compass of nature and possibility: Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action; he confesses himself to have been too lyrical; that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his Episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too flatulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and, besides, is full of conception, points of epigram and witticism; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and from Spenser to Flecnoe; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso: he borrows from the invention of Boyardo; and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worse, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only, because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not as below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect poets; and yet, both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser: he aims at the accomplishment of no one action: he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures; and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or performance. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem; and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron, sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit, to accomplish his design: for the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the English.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of an heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness: his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works: his heavenly machines are many, and human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Græcisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he

runs into a flat thought, sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of scripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding, or more significant, than those in practice; and, when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the sense; according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them. For unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it: for whatever causes he alledges for the abolishing of rhyme, (which I have not now the leisure to examine) his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his Juvenilia, or verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

By this time, my lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias so long together, and made so tedious a digression from satire to heroic poetry. But, if you will not excuse it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as sir William Davenant says, is always narrative; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have to say on this subject, will qualify the remoteness of it; and this is the last time I will commit the crime of prefaces, or trouble the world with my notions of any thing that relates to verse. I have then, as you see, observed the failings of many great wits amongst the moderns, who have attempted to write an epic poem: besides these, or the like animadversions of them or other men, there is yet a farther reason given, why they cannot possibly succeed so well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all those other wonderful qualifications which are necessary to the forming of a true accomplished heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they say, that Christianity is not capable of those embellishments which are afforded in the belief of those ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the severe notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, and suffering, for the love of God, whatever hardships can befal in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of those enterprises which the poets call heroic; which are commonly the effects of interest, ostentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and resignation are our prime virtues; and that these include no action, but that of the soul: whereas, on the contrary, an heroic poem requires to its necessary design, and as its last perfection, some great action of war, the accomplishment of some extraordinary undertaking, which requires the strength and vigour of the body, the duty of a soldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in short, as much, or more, of the active virtue, than the suffering. But to this, the answer is very obvious. God has placed us in our several stations; the virtues of a private Christian are patience, obedience, submission, and the like; but these of a magistrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counsel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exercise of magnanimity, as well justice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epic poem, or the heroic action of some great commander, enterprised for the common good and honour of the Christian cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the same talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet, as near approaching to it as our modern barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedied.

I wish I could as easily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a great French critic, as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, that the machines of our Christian religion, in heroic poetry, are much more feeble to support the weight than those of heathenism. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their gods did not only interest themselves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a superior Providence); but also espoused the several parties, in a visible corporeal descent, managed their intrigues, and fought their

battles sometimes in opposition to each other: though Virgil (more discreet than Homer in that last particular) has contented himself with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counsels, or commands, to those whose cause they had espoused, without bringing them to the outrageousness of blows. Now our religion, says he, is deprived of the greatest part of those machines; at least the most shining in epic poetry. Though St. Michael, in Ariosto, seeks out Discord, to send her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where Peace should reign, which indeed is fine satire; and Satan, in Tasso, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Christian camp, and brings an host of devils to his assistance; yet the archangel, in the former example, when Discord was restive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monastery with fair words, has the whip hand of her, drags her out with many stripes, sets her, on God's name, about her business; and makes her know the difference of strength betwixt a nuncio of Heaven, and a minister of Hell: the same angel, in the latter instance from Tasso (as if God had never another messenger belonging to the court, but was confined, like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris) when he sees his time, that is, when half of the Christians are already killed, and all the rest are in a fair way of being routed, stickles betwixt the remainders of God's host, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwise the whole business had miscarried, and Jerusalem remained untaken. This, says Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are sure to come by the worst of it in the combat; for nothing is more easy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reason, when he pleases. Consequently, what pleasure, what entertainment, can be raised from so pitiful a machine, where we see the success of the battle, from the very beginning of it; unless that, as we are Christians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our side, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourselves? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had cost him nothing, or at least had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Christians, without interesting Heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much ease, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred soldiers defeats another, which consists only of fifty.

This, my lord, I confess, is such an argument against our modern poetry, as cannot be answered by those mediums which have been used. We cannot hitherto boast, that our religion has furnished us with any such machines, as have made the strength and beauty of the ancient buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an invention of my own, to supply the manifest defects of our new writers? I am sufficiently sensible of my weakness; and it is not very probable that I should succeed in such a project, whereof I have not had the least hint from any of my predecessors, the poets, or any of their seconds, and coadjutors, the critics. Yet we see the art of war is improved in sieges, and new instruments of death are invented daily: something new in philosophy and the mechanics is discovered almost every year: and the science of former ages is improved by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long preamble to that, which better judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

It is this, in short, that Christian poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own strength. If they had searched the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the machines which are proper for their work; and those more certain in their effects, than it may be the New Testament is, in the rules sufficient for salvation. The perusing of one chapter in the Prophecy of Daniel, and accommodating what there they find, with the principles of Platonic philosophy, as it is now christianized, would have the ministry of angels as strong an engine, for the working up heroic poetry, in our religion, as that of the ancients has been to raise theirs by all the fables of their gods, which were only received for truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the people.

It is a doctrine almost universally received by Christians, as well protestants as catholics, that there are guardian angels appointed by God Almighty as his vicegerents, for the protection and government of cities, provinces, kingdoms, and monarchies; and those as well of heathens, as of true believers. All this is so plainly proved from those texts of Daniel, that it admits of no farther controversy. The prince of the Persians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting ministers of those empires. It cannot be denied, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Christians, as the protector-general of our religion. These tutelar genii, who presided over the several people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commissions could possibly extend. The general purpose and design of

all, was certainly the service of their great Creator But it is an undoubted truth, that, for ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of Heaven, his providential designs for the benefit of his creatures, for the debasing and punishing of some nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to these his ministers; else why those factious quarrels, controversies, and battles, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same design, the service and honour of their common master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main design; and, as finite beings, not admitted into the secrets of government, the last resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final purposes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleases; and irresistibly sways all manner of events on Earth, directing them finally for the best, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the means conducing to those ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One angel, as we may suppose the prince of Persia, as he is called, judging that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Persian monarchy, when delivered from the Babylonish captivity, should still be uppermost: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other side, for the rise of Alexander and his successors, who were appointed to punish the backsliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more observient of the law revealed. But how far these controversies and appearing enmities of those glorious creatures may be carried; how these oppositions may best be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my business to show or determine: these things must be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of so happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who, being conversant in the philosophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to Christian use; for (as Virgil gives us to understand by his example) he is the only proper person, of all others, for an epic poem, who, to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history, and with all these qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practise, the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes; if such a man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have proposed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant, since the ancients.

There is another part of these machines yet wanting; but, by what I have said, it would have been been easily supplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the opposition of ill spirits to the good; they have also their design, ever opposite to that of Heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect system, if I may call it such, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypothesis of the evil spirits contending with the good. For, being so much weaker since their fall than those blessed beings, they are yet supposed to have a permitted power of God, of acting ill, as, from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great testimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty suffered Satan to appear in the holy synod of the angels (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets), and also gave him power over all things belonging to his servant Job, excepting only life.

Now what these wicked spirits cannot compass by the vast disproportion of their forces to those of the superior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a seeming league, confederacy, or subserviency to the designs of some good angel, as far as consists with his purity, to suffer such an aid, the end of which may possibly be disguised, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to suppose a great errour in such a being: yet since a devil can appear like an angel of light; since craft and malice may sometimes blind for a while a more perfect understanding; and lastly, since Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the Sun, circumvented him even in his own province, and passed only for a curious traveller through those new-created regions, that he might observe therein the workmanship of God, and praise him in his works.

I know not why, upon the same supposition, or some other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himself, but yet a creature; at least by the connivance, or tacit permission, of the omniscient Being.

Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the

attempt of such a poem; and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should choose that of king Arthur conquering the Saxons; which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event; for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored; and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons; wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages, in the succession of our imperial lines: with these helps, and those of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors; or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errours in a like design. But, being encouraged only by fair words by king Charles II. my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of times, has wholly disenabled me. Though I must ever acknowledge, to the honour of your lordship, and the eternal memory of your charity, that since this revolution, wherein I have patiently suffered the ruin of my small fortune, and the loss of that poor subsistence which I have had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself, then your lordship was pleased, out of no other motive but your own nobleness, without any desert of mine, or the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful present, which, at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my lord, is of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in blessing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the cause for which I now suffer, because your lordship is engaged against it: but the more you are so, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aside all the considerations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure disinterested charity. This is one among many of your shining qualities, which distinguish you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without these ties of gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expression, to say, I love you. It is no shame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Augustus Cæsar of old, and cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been such; and David and Solomon were such. You, who without flattery, are the best of the present age in England, and would have been so had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all those honours to which your birth has entitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

Ne, forte, pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, & canto Apollo.

I have formerly said in this epistle, that I could distinguish your writings from those of any others: it is now time to clear myself from any imputation of self-conceit on that subject. I assume not to myself any particular lights in this discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every man of sense and judgment, who loves poetry, and understands it. Your thoughts are always so remote from the common way of thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another species than the conceptions of other poets; yet, you go not out of nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the surface of the ground; but lies so hidden and so deep, that the mines of it are seldom found; but the force of waters casts it out from the bowels of mountains, and exposes it amongst the sands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our search. This success attends your lordship's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same tenour. If I grant that there is care in it, it is such a care as would be ineffectual and fruitless in other men. It is the curiosa felicitas which Petronius ascribes to Horace in his odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: in short, if we have the same knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same quintessence: we cannot give it such a term, such a propriety, and such a beauty: something is deficient in the manner,

or the words, but more in the nobleness of our conception. Yet when you have finished all, and it appears in its full lustre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughness smoothed, when it is cut into a form, and set in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be so vain, to think he himself could have performed the like, till he attempts it. It is just the description that Horace makes of such a finished piece: it appears so easy, Ut sibi quivis speret idem; sudet multum, frustraque laboret, ausus idem. And besides all this, it is your lordship's particular talent to lay your thoughts so close together, that were they closer they would be crowded, and even a due connection would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parenthesis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and sunshine by fits; you are always bright, even almost to a fault, by reason of the excess. There is continual abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates such an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but satisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call cœna dubia; where there is such plenty, yet withal, so much diversity and so good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the conclusion, by a due climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a conclusion ought to be, ever the most proper for its place. See, my lord, whether I have not studied your lordship with some application: and since you are so modest, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeness, though it is but in miniature: and, that some of the best features are yet wanting. Yet, what I have done is enough to distinguish you from any others, which is the proposition I took upon me to demonstrate.

And now, my lord, to apply what I have said to my present business. The satires of Juvenal and Persius appearing in this new English dress, cannot so properly be inscribed to any man as to your lordship, who are the first of the age in that way of writing. Your lordship, amongst many other favours, has given me your permission for this address; and you have particularly encouraged me by your perusal and approbation of the sixth and tenth satires of Juvenal, as I have translated them. My fellow-labourers have likewise commissioned me to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge, with all possible respect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleased to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without entitling you to the protection of our common failings, in so difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epistle, to give you, from the best authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the compleatment of satire among the Romans. To describe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its several qualifications and virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, and show the particular manners of their satires. And lastly, to give an account of this new way of version which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakness of my ability, and the best lights which I can get from others, shall be the subject of my following discourse.

The most perfect work of poetry, says our master Aristotle, is tragedy. His reason is, because it is the most united; being more severely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without episodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without distraction.

But after all these advantages, an heroic poem is certainly the greatest work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; those of the epic are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or cessation from business, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the epic is greater: the extension of time enlarges the pleasure of the reader, and the episodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The instruction is equal; but in the first is only instructive, the latter forms a hero and a prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the best and most absolute heroic poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented: but if we consider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are necessary to make an accomplished writer in either kind, tragedy requires a less and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and observation of

the rules is sufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epic poet, one who is worthy of that name, besides an universal genius, is required universal learning, together with all those qualities and acquisitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have, through haste or negligence, omitted. And after all, he must have exactly studied Homer and Virgil as his patterns, Aristotle and Horace as his guides, and Vida and Bossu as their commentators, with many others, both Italian and French critics, which I want leisure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to say in relation to this subject, which does not particularly concern satire, is, that the greatness of an heroic poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may easily be discovered, by observing how few have attempted that work, in comparison of those who have written dramas; and of those few, how small a number have succeeded. But, leaving the critics on either side to contend about the preference due to this or that sort of poetry; I will hasten to my present business, which is the antiquity and origin of satire, according to those informations which I have received from the learned Casaubon, Heinsius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I shall add some observations of my own.

There has been a long dispute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their satire from the Grecians, or first invented it themselves. Julius Scaliger and Heinsius, are of the first opinion; Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publisher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take satire in the general signification of the word, as it is used in all modern languages for an invective, it is certain that it is almost as old as verse; and, though hymns, which are praises of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had cursed Adam and Eve in Paradise, the husband and wife excused themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those conjugal dialogues in prose, which the poets have perfected in verse. The third chapter of Job is one of the first instances of this poem in Holy Scripture, unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second; where his wife advises him to curse his Maker.

The original, I confess, is not much to the honour of satire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that scoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and consequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But considering satire as a species of poetry, here the war begins amongst the critics. Scaliger the father will have it descend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word satire from Satyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or, as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked nose, pouting lips, a bunch or struma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body shagged with hair, especially from the waist, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Casaubon, and his followers, with reason, condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *satira*, as it signifies a poem, cannot possibly descend. For *satira* is not properly a substantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in English a charger, or large platter, is understood: so that the Greek poem, made according to the manner of a satyr, and expressing his qualities, must properly be called satyrical, and not satire. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had such poems; but that they were wholly different in species from that to which the Romans gave the name of satire.

Aristotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progress of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art completed. Mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them. The first specimen of it was certainly shown in the praises of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, so they are likewise of divine institution. Which Milton observing, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The first poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet and measures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Festivals and holidays soon succeeded to private worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reason knew they were to invoke some superior being in their necessities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whose bounty they supposed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother Earth, or Vesta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the same manner. But as all festivals have a double reason for their institution; the first of

religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds: so both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their sacrifices were performed, to spend the remainder of the day in sports and merriments; amongst which, songs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better), were the chiefest entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of satyrs, whom I have already described; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young satyrs and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited themselves like those rural deities, and imitated them in their rustic dances, to which they joined songs, with some sort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to these they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans also (as nature is the same in all places:) though they knew nothing of those Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who, at their festivals, danced and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verse, which they called Saturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those ancient Romans, at these holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a custom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a sort of extempore poetry, or rather of tuneable hobbling verse; and they answered in the same kind of gross raillery; their wit and their music being of a piece. The Grecians, says Casaubon, had formerly done the same in the persons of their petulant satyrs: but I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the singing and dancing of the satyrs, with the rustical entertainments of the first Romans. The reason of my opinion is this; that Casaubon, finding little light from antiquity, of these beginnings of poetry, amongst the Grecians, but only these representations of satyrs, who carried canisters, and cornucopias full of several fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feasts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jesting at one another in the same kind of solemnities, might suppose those wanton satyrs did the same. And especially because Horace possibly might seem to him to have shown the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwise, that he only described the beginning, and first rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verses are these, which he cites from the first epistle of the second book, which was written to Augustus:

Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati;
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentum;
Cum sociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the soil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At harvest-home, with mirth and country cheer
Restor'd their bodies for another year;
Refresh'd their spirits, and renew'd their hope
Of such a future feast, and future crop.
Then, with their fellow-joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children, and their faithful spouse,
A sow they slew to Vesta's deity,
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flowers, and wine, their genius they ador'd;
A short life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet since it is a hard conjecture, that so great a man as Casaubon should misapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not insist on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that since all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the same beginning: both were invented at festivals of thanksgiving: and both were prosecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verse: amongst the Greeks, by those who represented satyrs; and amongst the Romans by real clowns.

For indeed, when I am reading Casaubon on these two subjects, methinks I hear the same story told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice in his interpretation of the Latin verses which I have translated, says, plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the same, with a small variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that most learned critic takes notice also, in his illustrations on the first epistle of the second book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the same beginning, at feasts of thanksgiving, as it has been observed: and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the satire of the Romans which was of the same nature, were begun on the very same occa-

sion; so the fortune of both, in process of time, was just the same; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in exposing of particular persons, and the rude satire of the Romans was also punished by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us, in these words:

Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi, quinetiam lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nolit carmine quemquam
Describi, vertere modum formidine fustis;
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.

The law of the Decemviri was this: Si quis occentassit malum carum, sive condidissit, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital esto. A strange likeness, and barely possible: but the critics being all of the same opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better judgments than my own.

But to return to the Grecians, from whose satiric dramas, the elder Scaliger and Heinsius will have the Roman satire to proceed; I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such descent from them as those authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whatsoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus and dances and satyrs, which had been used in the celebration of their festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was also kept, which was mirth and wantonness: and this was given, I suppose, to the folly of the common audience, who soon grow weary of good sense; and, as we daily see in our own age and country, are apt to forsake poetry, and still ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, that in the Olympic games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the satiric tragedy was the last of them; for, in the rest, the satyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euripides which are yet remaining, there is one of these satirics, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may see the nature of those poems, and from thence conclude what likeness they have to the Roman satire.

The story of this Cyclops, whose name was Polyphemus, so famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulysses, who, with his company, was driven on the coast of Sicily, where those Cyclops inhabited, coming to ask relief from Silenus, and the satyrs, who were herdsmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till, being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made prisoners against the rites of hospitality, for which Ulysses eloquently pleaded; were afterwards put down in the den, and some of them devoured; after which, Ulysses, having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great firebrand into his eye; and so revenging his dead followers, escaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and the satyrs, were freed from their servitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their first liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the subject of the tragedy; which being one of those that end with a happy event, is therefore by Aristotle judged below the other sort, whose success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the satyrs, who were part of the dramatis personæ, as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulysses was to entertain the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth persons of Silenus, and the satyrs, to divert the common people with their gross railleries.

Your lordship has perceived by this time, that this satyric tragedy, and the Roman satire, have little resemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different: for what has a pastoral tragedy to do with a paper of verses satirically written? The character and raillery of the satyrs is the only thing that could pretend to a likeness; were Scaliger and Heinsius alive to maintain their opinion. And the first farces of the Romans, which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek satiric poem, from Casaubon, before I leave this subject. The satiric, says he, is a dramatic poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which consists of satyrs: the persons represented in it, are illustrious men: the action of it is great; the style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action most commonly is happy.

The Grecians, besides these satiric tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman satire: those Silli were indeed invective poems, but of a different species from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the rest of their successors. They were so called, says Casaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foster father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking him-

self better, he derives their name ἀπὸ τοῦ σιλλαίνειν, from their scoffing and petulancy. From some fragments of the Silli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were satiric poems, full of parodies; that is, of verses patched up from great poets and turned into another sense than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Ausonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another sense, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of consummation fulsomely described in the very words of the most modest amongst all poets. Of the same manner are our songs, which are turned into burlesque, and the serious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli, the words are generally those of Homer, and the tragic poets; but he applies them satirically to some customs and kinds of philosophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not using any of these parodies in their satires; sometimes, indeed, repeating verses of other men, as Persius cites some of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be supposed to be the original of Roman satire. To these Silli, consisting of parodies, we may properly add the satires which were written against particular persons; such as were the iambics of Archilochus against Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in some of his odes and epodes, whose titles bear a sufficient witness of it: I might also name the invective of Ovid against Ibis, and many others: but these are the underwood of satire, rather than the timber-tree, they are not a general extension, as reaching only to some individual person. And Horace seems to have purged himself from those splenetic reflections in those odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of satires, which were properly so called.

Thus, my lord, I have at length disengaged myself from those antiquities of Greece: and have proved, I hope, from the best critics, that the Roman satire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of Dacier I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows Casaubon; but to keep him in my eye, as my best and truest guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain words, Satira quidem tota nostra est; and Horace has said the same thing before him, speaking of his predecessor in that sort of poetry, Et Græcis intacti carminis auctor. Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the best critics of the two best ages of the Roman empire, than that satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have said, Scaliger the father, according to his custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reason, than the derivation of Satyrus from *σατὺν, salacitas*; and so, from the letchery of those fauns, thinks he has sufficiently proved, that satire is derived from them. As if wantonness and lubricity were essential to that sort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the satyrs carried platters and canisters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the less satyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to satire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Casaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on sure authority, that satire was derived from *satura*, a Roman word, which signifies full, and abundant, and full also of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, says Dacier, that we lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *satur*, comes *satura*, or *satyra*, according to the new spelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now spelled *optimus* and *maximus*, *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is understood. And this *lanx*, in English, a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all sorts of fruits, which were offered to the gods at their festivals, as the premices, or first-gatherings. These offerings of several sorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them πανκάρπων θυσίαν, a sacrifice of all sorts of fruits; and πανσπερμίαν, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned these sacrifices in his Georgics.

Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta.

And in another place, Lancesque & liba feremus: that is, we offer the smoking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *satura* has been afterwards applied to many other sorts of mixtures; as Festus calls it a kind of olla, or hotchpotch, made of several sorts of meats. Laws were also called *legis saturæ*, when they were of several heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per saturam legem ferre*, in the Roman senate, was to carry a

law without telling the senators, or counting voices, when they were in haste. Sallust uses the word *per saturam sententias exquirere*; when the majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the discourses or satires of Ennius, Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; because they are full of various matters, and are also written on various subjects, as Porphyrius says. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these satires are so called: for that name had been used formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those discourses of Horace. In explaining of which (continues Dacier) a method is to be pursued, of which Casaubon himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the state: chance and jollity first found out those verses which they called Saturnian, and Fescennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, first produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpolished, as all other operations of the soul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and study. However, in occasions of merriment they were first practised; and this rough cast unhewn poetry was instead of stage-plays, for the space of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarsians of old were much renowned; and we see the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramucha. Such was the the poetry of that savage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verse. Little of the Saturnian verses is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer prose than poetry, without feet or measure. They were ἐμμελεῖς, but not ἔμμετροι: perhaps they might be used in the solemn part of their ceremonies; and the Fescennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoon's debauchery, because they were scoffing and obscene.

The Fescennine and Saturnian were the same; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientness, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were also called Fescennine, from Fescennina, a town in the same country, where they were first practised. The actors, with a gross and rustic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the same time were nothing sparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this custom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, celebrated in December; at least all kind of freedom in speech was then allowed to slaves, even against their masters; and we are not without some imitation of it in our Christmas gambols. Soldiers also used those Fescennine verses, after measure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæsar over Gaul, in these expressions: Cæsar Gallias subegit, Nicomedes Cæsarem; ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat, qui subegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui subegit Cæsarem. The vapours of wine made the first satirical poets amongst the Romans; which, says Dacier, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in extempore doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the stories that were told of them in bakehouses and barbers' shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first rudiments of civil conversation, they left these hedge-notes, for another sort of poem, somewhat polished, which was also full of pleasant raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of poetry appeared under the name of satire, because of its variety: and this satire was adorned with compositions of music, and with dances; but lascivious postures were banished from it. In the Tuscan language, says Livy, the word *hister* signifies a player: and therefore those actors, which were first brought from Etruria to Rome, on occasion of a pestilence; when the Romans were admonished to avert the anger of the gods by plays, in the year ab Urbe Condita CCCXC; those actors, I say, were therefore called *histriones*: and that name has since remained; not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former extempore stuff of Fescennine verses, or clownish jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with music and dances, and motions that were proper to the subject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the stage, when he attempted first, instead of farces, to supply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a slave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which trust he discharged so much to the satisfaction of his master, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus, thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his master; and, as I observed, was the first author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already instructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and conversant in the *Archæa comœdia*, or old comedy of Aristophanes, and the rest of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own designing of plays for the Roman stage. The first of which was represented in the year cccccxiv since the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has assured us: it was after the end of the first Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only says, that one Livius Andronicus was the first stage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another proposition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to justify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of those Grecian wits, his countrymen, he imitated not only the ground-work, but also the manner of their writing. And how grave soever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expressed the way of Aristophanes, Eupolis, and the rest, which was to call some persons by their own names, and to expose their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the forementioned Aristophanes, who turned the wise Socrates into ridicule; and is also very free with the management of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other ministers of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first hint of satirical plays on the Roman stage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the Satyrica, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this discourse; but from their old comedy, which was imitated first by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintilian and Horace must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that satire is wholly Roman; and a sort of verse, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the standard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of satire, not as in its first elements, but as it was formed into a separate work; begun by Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and completed afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this postulatum: that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were also imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable supposition, it is easy to infer, that the first light which was given to the Roman theatrical satire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifestly discovered, when I come to speak of Ennius. In the meantime I will return to Dacier.

The people, says he, ran in crowds to these new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former satires, which for some time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a separate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Atellane fables, says Casaubon; which were plays invented by the Osci. Those fables, says Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were tempered with the Italian severity, and free from any note of infamy or obsceneness; and, as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the Exordiarii, which were singers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light songs, and mimical gestures, that they might not go away oppressed with melancholy, from those serious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient satire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuscany: to that succeeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all these, sprung two several branches of new Roman satire; like different cions from the same root: which I shall prove with as much brevity as the subject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman stage with his new dramas, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's estate, having seriously considered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the first satires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write satires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preserved the ground-work of their pleasantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular persons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill success in a public representation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet as Andronicus had been upon the stage. The event was answerable to his expectation. He made discourses in several sorts of verse, varied often in the same paper; retaining still in the title their original name of satire. Both in relation to the subjects

and the variety of matters contained in them, the satires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I said, confines not himself to one sort of verse, as Horace does; but, taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himself in his Margites, which is a kind of satire, as Scaliger observes, gives himself the licence, when one sort of numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambic trimeters, or with trochaic tetrameters; as appears by those fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inserting many things of his into his own satires, as Virgil has done in his Æneid.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the first satirist in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, satire abstracted from the stage, and new modelled into papers of verse, on several subjects. But he will have Ennius take the groundwork of satire from the first farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may possibly be so; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he saw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarseness of all his old countrymen, in their clownish extemporary way of jeering.

But, besides this, it is universally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verses were stuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault; and he himself believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the soul of Homer was transfused into him: which Persius observes in his sixth satire: postquam destertuit esse Mæonides. But this being only the private opinion of so inconsiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther disquisition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Most evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the first author of Roman satire, as it is properly so called, and distinguished from any sort of stage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who succeeded him, there is little to be said, because there is so little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his sister's son; that, in probability he was instructed by his uncle, in his way of satire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made, we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flourished most; he also made satires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more closely the Vetus Comœdia of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman satire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace seems to have made Lucilius the first author of satire in verse amongst the Romans, in these words, Quid cum est Lucilius ausus primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem: he is only thus to be understood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the satire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new satire of his own: and Quintilian seems to explain this passage of Horace, in these words: Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius.

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, among the Latin satirists. For as the Roman language grew more refined, so much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the same account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and so did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The polishing of the Latin tongue, in the succession of times, made the only difference. And Horace himself, in two of his satires, written purposely on this subject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little art, and much less care, but also in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet sufficiently purged from the dregs of barbarism; and many significant and sounding words, which the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But, to proceed, Dacier justly taxes Casaubon, saying, that the satires of Lucilius were wholly different in specie, from those of Ennius and Pacuvius. Casaubon was led into that mistake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect says this: satire, among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy for the reprehension of vices: such as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Persius. But in former times, the name of satire was given to poems, which were composed of several sorts of verses: such as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius: more fully expressing the etymology of the word satire,

from *satura*, which we have observed. Here it is manifest, that Diomedes makes a specifical distinction betwixt the satires of Ennius and those of Lucilius. But this, as we say in English, is only a distinction, without a difference; for the reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozened honest Casaubon, who, relying on Diomedes, had not sufficiently examined the origin and nature of those two satires: which were entirely the same, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predecessors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeness, and more salt; without any change in the substance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the same satire several sorts of verses, as Ennius did; yet he composed several satires, of several sorts of verses, and mingled them with Greek verses: one poem consisted only of hexameters; and another was entirely of iambics; a third of trochaics; as is visible, by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In short, if the satires of Lucilius are therefore said to be wholly different from those of Ennius, because he added much more of beauty and polishing to his own poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the satires of Horace are wholly different from those of Lucilius, because Horace has not less surpassed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius surpassed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This passage of Diomedes has also drawn Dousa, the son, into the same errour of Casaubon, which I say, not to expose the little failings of those judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works, when they treat a subject of so much obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of satire.

Having thus brought down the history of satire from its original, to the times of Horace, and shown the several changes of it; I should here discover some of those graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the comparison betwixt him and Juvenal. In the meanwhile, following the order of time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of satire, which also was descended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian satire, but which Varro himself calls the Menippean; because Varro, the most learned of the Romans, was the first author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus, the Gadarenian, who professed the philosophy of the Cynics.

This sort of satire was not only composed of several sorts of verse, like those of Ennius, but was also mixed with prose; and Greek was sprinkled amongst the Latin. Quintilian, after he had spoken of the satire of Lucilius, adds what follows: "There is another and former kind of satire, composed by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans: in which he was not satisfied alone with mingling in it several sorts of verse." The only difficulty of this passage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this satire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since Varro, who was contemporary to Cicero, must consequently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the satire of Varro was in order of *time* before Lucilius; he would only give us to understand, that the Varronian satire, with a mixture of several sorts of verses, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more severe, and more correct; and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his verses, in the same poem.

We have nothing remaining of those Varronian satires, excepting some inconsiderable fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preserved, and they are generally double: from whence, at least, we may understand, how many various subjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himself, giving us some light concerning the scope and design of those works. Wherein, after he had shown his reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, says he, that those pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inserted which are drawn from the very intrails of philosophy, and many things severely argued: which I have mingled with pleasantries on purpose that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearned readers. The rest of the sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the composition of his satires, he so tempered philology with philosophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himself confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to Varro in these words: "And you yourself have composed a most elegant and complete poem; you have begun philosophy in many places: sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us." Thus it appears, that Varro

was one of those writers whom they called σπουδογελοίους, studious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his business was more to divert his reader, than to teach him. And he entitled his own satires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any satires (for his were either dialogues or epistles), but that Varro imitated his style, his manner, his facetiousness. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, amongst the rest, by Varro: by others he is noted of cynical impudence, and obscenity: that he was much given to those parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verses of Homer and the tragic poets, and turned their serious meaning into something that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's satires are by Tully called absolute, and most elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, seems to have imitated both his manners and his style in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himself is often introduced as a speaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon. particularly his character is expressed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called Νεκυομαντία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthiness, and only expresses his witty pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his subjects were various, so most of them were tales or stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from antiquity, by those authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian satires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whose satire, they say, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made complete: when it is made public, it will easily be seen by any one sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may also be properly called Varronian satires; particularly his True History: and consequently the Golden Ass of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the Mock Deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Symposium, or Cæsars of Julian the emperor. Amongst the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriæ of Erasmus, Barclay's Euphormio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mixed with prose, as Varro's were; but of the same kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spenser; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Absalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to say in general of satire: only, as Dacier has observed before me, we may take notice, that the word satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly; but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of satire is formidable to those persons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themselves. For in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, medisance. In the criticism of spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to distinguish its true derivation from *satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then it is false spelled throughout this book; for here it is written satyr. Which having not considered at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never spell it any other way than satire.

I am now arrived at the most difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Persius. It is observed by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that these three poets have all their particular partisans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to set up that interest which they have once espoused, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common justice: and especially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themselves the best poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their betters; so it is with critics, who, having first taken a liking to one of these poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illustrate him: after which, they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not so much for his sake as for their own. It is a folly of the same nature, with that of the Romans themselves, in their games of the Circus; the spectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prasini: some were for the charioteer in blue, and some for him in green. The colours themselves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to set out those of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for

them, the case was altered: he was concerned for his own labour; and that so earnestly, that disputes and quarrels, animosities, commotions, and bloodshed, often happened: and in the declension of the Grecian empire, the very sovereigns themselves engaged in it, even when the Barbarians were at their doors; and stickled for the preference of colours, when the safety of their people was in question. I am now myself on the brink of the same precipice; I have spent some time on the translation of Juvenal and Persius; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that reason, I should be partial to them, or take a prejudice against Horace. Yet, on the other side, I would not be like some of our judges, who would give the cause for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an errour on the better hand, yet it is still a partiality: and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppressor. I remember a saying of king Charles II. on sir Matthew Hales, (who was doubtless an uncorrupt and upright man) that his servants were sure to be cast on a trial, which was heard before him: not that he thought the judge was possible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too scrupulous; and that the causes of the crown were always suspicious, when the privileges of subjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due, without taking from another's help, to raise their own. There is praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the spoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinsius and Dacier are the most principal of those, who raise Horace above Juvenal and Persius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debase Horace, that they may set up Juvenal: and Casaubon, who is almost single, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Persius, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakest cause, which is that of Persius; and labouring, as Tacitus professes of his own writings, "to divest myself of partiality, or prejudice," consider Persius, not as a poet whom I have wholly translated, and who has cost me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet, in some things, to be preferred to both of them.

First, then, for the verse, neither Casaubon himself, nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Casaubon gives this point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the measures, or the words of Persius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well chosen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; so his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, insufferably strained.

In the third place, notwithstanding all the diligence of Casaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extremely commended for his illustrations of him), yet he is still obscure: whether he affected not to be understood, but with difficulty, or whether the fear of his safety under Nero compelled him to this darkness in some places; or, that it was occasioned by his close way of thinking, and the brevity of his style, and crowding of his figures; or, lastly, whether, after so long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many customs, and stories relating to them, lost to us; whether some of these reasons, or all, concurred to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the best of commentators can but guess at his meaning, in many passages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, considering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of a formed poet. And this consideration, as on the one hand it lays some imperfections to their charge: so on the other side, it is a candid excuse for those failings, which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write so well, and think so strongly; than to accuse them of those faults, from which human nature, and more especially in youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider Persius yet more closely: he rather insulted over vice and folly, than exposed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaste and

modest as he is esteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in some places he is broad and fulsome, as the latter verses of the fourth satire, and of the sixth, sufficiently witnessed. And it is to be believed, that he who commits the same crime often, and without necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of pleasure.

To come to a conclusion: he is manifestly below Horace, because he borrows most of his greatest beauties from him: and Casaubon is so far from denying this, that he has written a treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shows a multitude of his translations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls Imitatio Horatiana.

To these defects, which I casually observed while I was translating this author, Scaliger has added others: he calls him, in plain terms, a silly writer, and a trifler; full of ostentation of learning; and, after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After such terrible accusations, it is time to hear what his patron Casaubon can allege in his defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modest scholar with a master. He compliments him with so much reverence, that one would swear he feared him as much at least as he respected him. Scaliger will not allow Persius to have any wit: Casaubon interprets this in the mildest sense; and confesses his author was not good at turning things into a pleasant ridicule; or, in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that was *non aptissimus ad jocandum*. But that he was ostentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Persius showed his learning, but was no boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Casaubon turns it handsomely upon that supercilious critic, and silently insinuates that he himself was sufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaster of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable censor, continues Casaubon, which are χρυσοῦ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itself, are every where smelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be ostentation and vain-glory from a gentleman, so well born, and so nobly educated, as Scaliger. But, says Scaliger, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, says Casaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obscure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a strong compliment, but no defence. And Casaubon, who could not but be sensible of his author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a post that was untenable. He acknowledges that Persius is obscure in some places: but so is Plato, so is Thucydides, so are Pindar, Theocritus, and Aristophanes, amongst the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongst the Romans. The truth is, Persius is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore Casaubon, at last, is forced to excuse him, by alleging, that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his master. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that subject. Persius was an apt scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some places, where his life and safety were in question, took the same counsel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Casaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be sure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. "If Persius," says he, "be in himself obscure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible." There is no question but he deserves that praise, which he has given to himself; but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius says, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Besides many examples which I could urge, the very last verse of his last satire, upon which he particularly values himself in his preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to justify his construction; but Stelluti is against it: and for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chastity of his thoughts, Casaubon denies not but that one particular passage, in the fourth satire, At si unctus cesses, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene, of all his works: I understood it; but, for that reason, turned it over. In defence of his boisterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them, as instruments of the sublime; fit to move and stir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is farfetched, and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the understanding; and may be reckoned amongst these things of Demosthenes which Æschines called θαύματα not ῥήματα, that is, prodigies, not words. It must be granted to Casaubon, that the knowledge of many things is lost in our modern ages, which were of familiar notice to

the ancients; and that satire is a poem of a difficult nature in itself, and is not written to vulgar readers. And, through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of persons makes the sense perplexed, when we can but divine who it is that speaks; whether Persius himself, or his friend and monitor; or, in some places, a third person. But Casaubon comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if Persius had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himself so hard a task, he then considered the Greek proverb, that he must χιλώνις φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν, either eat the whole snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition, either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet, for once, I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expressions, are in my translation: but more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled, his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to choose his mediums accordingly; Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well-mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire. But of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satirist makes use, in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals, is consequently the same. By what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes through his whole book, is the stoic: the most noble, most generous, most beneficial to human kind, amongst all the sects, who have given us the rules of ethics, thereby to form a severe virtue in the soul; to raise in us an undaunted courage, against the assaults of fortune; to esteem as nothing the things that are without us, because they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honours, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniences, and so many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In short, to be any ways happy, while we possess our minds with a good conscience, or free from the slavery of vices, and conform our actions and conversations to the rules of right reason. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Persius. And this he expressed, not only in all his satires, but in the manner of his life. I will not lessen this commendation of the stoic philosophy, by giving you an account of some absurdities in their doctrine, and some, perhaps, impieties, if we consider them by the standard of Christian faith: Persius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice speculations of divinity, and controversies concerning faith: which are more for the profit of the shepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Passion, interest, ambition, and all their bloody consequences of discord and of war, are banished from this doctrine. Here is nothing proposed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind: virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffused in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present bishop of Salisbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth satire of Juvenal, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious perusal and practice of the divines in his diocese, as the best common-places for their sermons, as the store-houses and magazines of moral virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of assistance for the accomplishment of a virtuous life, which the stoics have assigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Persius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He sticks to his own philosophy: he shifts not sides, like Horace, who is sometimes an Epicurean, sometimes a Stoic, sometimes an Ec-

lectic, as his present humour leads him; nor declaims, like Juvenal, against vices, more like an orator, than a philosopher. Persius is every where the same; true to the dogmas of his master. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a spirit of sincerity in all he says: you may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is persuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honest and serious as Persius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Casaubon, and enlarged upon him; because I am satisfied that he says no more than truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says, that Horace, being the son of a taxgatherer, or a collector, as we call it, smells every where of the meanness of his birth and education: his conceits are vulgar, like the subjects of his satires; that he does *plebeium sapere*; and writes not with that elevation which becomes a satirist: that Persius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewise the advantage of a better master; Cornutus being the most learned of his time, a man of the most holy life, the chief of the stoic sect at Rome; and not only a great philosopher, but a poet himself; and, in probability, a coadjutor of Persius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much conversant in philosophy.

It is granted, that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather, who had been once a slave: but Horace, speaking of him, gives him the best character of a father, which I ever read in history; and I wish a witty friend of mine, now living, had such another. He bred him in the best school, and with the best company of young noblemen. And Horace, by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain testimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himself abroad, by the conversation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was so pleased with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him tribunus militum, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old soldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mæcenas, and his introduction into the court of Augustus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his conversation, and render him accomplished and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in short, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was first minister. So that, upon the whole matter, Persius may be acknowledged to be equal with him in those respects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the side of Horace; as much as the court of Augustus Cæsar was superior to that of Nero. As for the subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar subjects, nor always chose them. His style is constantly accommodated to his subject, either high or low: if his fault be too much lowness, that of Persius is the fault of the hardness of his metaphors and obscurity: and so they are equal in the failings of their style; where Juvenal manifestly triumphs over both of them.

The comparison betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; because their forces were more equal: a dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. Non nostrum est tantas componere lites. I shall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the side of Horace. Virgil himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who says that Pindar is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt these two great masters, is for the prize of satire: in which controversy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to stand excluded. I say this, because Horace has written many of them satirically, against his private enemies: yet these, if justly considered, are somewhat of the nature of the Greek Silli, which were invectives against particular sects and persons. But Horace has purged himself of this choler, before he entered on those discourses, which are more properly called the Roman satire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Cassius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: the first is revenge, when we have been affront-

ed in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord, pass for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written against me, than almost any man now living: and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence: I speak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics; let them use it as they please; posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for interest and passion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed; that any sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindicative, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Any thing, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will wave this subject, and proceed to give the second reason, which may justify a poet, when he writes against a particular person: and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. And those, whom Horace in his satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terrour of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, *in common justice, from the choice of such* persons as are the proper subject of satire! and how little wit they bring, for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust, are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no falsoneness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit: no impression can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season: the corn which held up its head, is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbish, I will return to the comparison of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace, for my instruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned; to such impartial men I must appeal: for they who have already formed their judgments, may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers, will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his instructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited,

So that granting, that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use; Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, Bonum quo communius, eo melius. Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is, in all the rest, confined, to the exposing of some particular vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences: to give you the virtue of them, without showing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. Ne sententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant: he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and, as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops; so it is a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one sect of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so perhaps, it was not so much his talent. Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit. This was the commendation which Persius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means those little vices, which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But in the word *omne*, which is *universal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court, as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true he exposes Crispinus openly, as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen; and the stoic philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them; Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and as Scaliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended; but his wit is faint; and his salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and masculine wit; he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation; he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progress, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can justly be found in him, it is that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble; his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader: and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually

on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the spirits. The low style of Horace is according to his subject, that is generally grave: I question not but he could have raised it: for the first epistle of the second book, which he writes to Augustus, (a most instructive satire concerning poetry,) is of so much dignity in the words, and of so much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly shows, the *sermo pedestris*, in his other satires, was rather his choice than his necessity. He was a rival to Lucilius, his predecessor, and was resolved to surpass him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we see by his remaining fragments, minded neither his style nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verse: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of satire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reason, why he minded only the clearness of his satire, and the cleanness of expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his desires only to the conquest of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conquest over himself, by Juvenal his successor. He could not give an equal pleasure to his reader, because he used not equal instruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But versifications and numbers are the greatest pleasures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practised both so happily, that, for aught I know, his greatest excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, he is faultless; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And, give me leave, my lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that Virgil could have written sharper satires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verse and a half of his, in one of his eclogues, to justify my opinion; and with commas after every word, to show, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written syllables; it is against a bad poet, whose ill verses he describes: Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere, carmen? But to return to my purpose: when there is any thing deficient in numbers and sound, the reader is uneasy and unsatisfied; he wants something of his compliment, desires somewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifest defect of Horace, it is no wonder that, finding it supplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the sauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nourishing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquisite; so that granting Horace to be the more general philosopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in satire. His thoughts are sharper, his indignation against vice is more vehement; his spirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: and consequently a noble soul is better pleased with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court slave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, Horace had the disadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worse for the satirist. It is generally said, that those enormous vices which were practised under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Augustus Cæsar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppression was to be scourged instead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the false opinions of philosophers, when the Roman liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had been then living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the same time excuses Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the comparison of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleasure and delight; and, indeed, I may safely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our minister of state in satire, and Juvenal of our private pleasures; I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let profit have the pre-eminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first in favour. And who would not chuse to be loved better, rather than to be more esteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of these two satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it; and carry it farther than that common observation of the several ages in which these authors flourished. When Horace writ his satires, the monarchy of his Cæsar was in its newness, and the government but just made easy to the conquered people. They could not possibly have forgotten the usurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he

had used, in the compassing that vast design: they yet remembered his proscriptions, and the slaughter of so many noble Romans, their defenders. Amongst the rest, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her husband, who was constrained to see her married, as Dion relates the story, and, big with child as she was, conveyed to the bed of his insulting rival. The same Dion Cassius gives us another instance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Sisenna, being reproached in full senate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this answer; that he had married her by the counsel of Augustus: intimating, says my author, that Augustus had obliged him to that marriage that he might, under that covert, have the more free access unto her. His adulteries were still before their eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: propriety was generally secured, and the people entertained with public shows, and donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost liberty. But Augustus, who was conscious to himself of so many crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict against lampoons and satires, and the authors of those defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law term, calls famosos libellos.

In the first book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in these words: Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidini, quâ viros fœminasque illustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat. Thus, in English: Augustus was the first, who under the colour of that law took cognizance of lampoons; being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Cassius Severus, who had defamed many illustrious persons of both sexes, in his writings. The law to which Tacitus refers, was lex lœsæ majestatis: commonly called for the sake of brevity, majestas; or, as we say, high treason: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inscribed amongst the rest in the twelve tables: to prevent the aspersion of the Roman majesty, either of the people themselves, or their religion, or their magistrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death with the fasces, which were borne before the chief officers of Rome. But Augustus was the first, who restored that intermitted law: by the words, "under colour of that law," he insinuates that Augustus caused it to be executed, on pretence of those libels, which were written by Cassius Severus, against the nobility; but, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory verses. Suetonius likewise makes mention of it thus: Sparsos de se in Curiâ famosos libellos, nec expavit, & magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum post hac, de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant. Augustus was not afraid of libels, says that author: yet he took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor, for his own sake, durst not permit them; Fecit id Augustus in speciem, & quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, & primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consideret: nam hâbuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile & utile. Ergò specie legis tractavit quasi populi Romani majestas infamaretur. This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus; I will add only, by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; omnia Cæsar erat: they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his epodes, under this title, In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam; perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices, and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his odes and epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which, either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior lœsit*, is a good excuse in the civil law, if Christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great vices, at least if the stories

which we hear of him are true, that he practised some, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuse adulterers; especially when Augustus was of that number: so that though his age was not exempted from the worst of villainies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reason of the edict. And our poet was not fit to represent them in an odious character, because himself was dipt in the same actions. Upon this account, without farther insisting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the subjects which Horace chose for satire, are of a lower nature than those of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the comparison betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be considered. Persius was grave, and particularly opposed his gravity to lewdness, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he published his satires, which was before that emperor fell into the excess of cruelty. Horace was a mild admonisher, a court satirist, fit for the gentle times of Augustus, and more fit, for the reasons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deserved a more severe chastisement: vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more proteeted by his authority. Therefore, wheresoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own person, but scourges him by proxy. Heinsius urges in praise of Horace, that, according to the ancient art and law of satire, it should be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming against vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Persius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both studied Horace. And the thing itself is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewise read Lucilius, of whom Persius says, secuit urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis; meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal also mentions him in these words: Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit, &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpose than that of Horace. "They changed satire," says Holiday; "but they changed it for the better: for the business being to reform great vices, chastisement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man."

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whose interpretation and illustrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verse of his translation and his English are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed most faithfully, but he must also imitate his genius and his numbers, as far as the English will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to translate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough considered this, when the attempted Juvenal; but I forbear reflections: only I beg leave to take notice of this sentence, where Holiday says, "a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace, in low satire, so easily: let the chastisement of Juvenal be never so necessary for his new kind of satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of satire consist in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineness: it must be inborn, it must proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the nose and cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. This is the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of raillery is offensive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. "A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die

sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri, in my Absalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have suffered for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing of blind sides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the jest went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolic.

And thus, my lord, you see I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your lordship, in the kind satire, to that of Juvenal; and I think, reasonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned so great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect that some one might possibly arise, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his errour, and restore to Horace that commendation, of which he has so unjustly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I say, that this way of Horace was the best for amending manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an ense rescindendum; but that of Horace was a pleasant cure, with all the limbs preserved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promise only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the proposition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was prescribed him by his own genius; which was sharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to speak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the best; but Horace has not executed it altogether so happily, at least not often. The manner of Juvenal is confessed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not sure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. Horace, for aught I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongst the moderns he is not so successful. They who say he entertains so pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own understandings, that they can see a jest farther off than other men: they may find occasion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their sides for fear of bursting, when Rupilius and Persius are scolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciously given: but for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid raillery. I see not why Persius should call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adversary; and that because he had killed Julius Cæsar for endeavouring to be a king, therefore he should be desired to murder Rupilius, only because his name was Mr. King. A miserable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honest Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be puns were then in fashion, as they were wit in the sermons of the last age, and in the court of king Charles II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of Horace; but certain it is, that he has no fine palate who can feed so heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tired your lordship's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial discourse. Upon the one half of the merits, that is, pleasure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better satirist: they who will descend into his particular praises, may find them at large in the dissertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Persius, I have given the reasons why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both Juvenal and Persius, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in Persius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to choose a meaning: so crabbed is Persius, and so copious is Juvenal: so much the understanding is employed in one, and so much the judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find any sense in the former, and the best sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the second place, I desire him

to consider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, besides the advantages of diligence and study, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to Horace to be thus surpassed; since no art, or science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the last perfection to that work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical satire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinsius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the instructive part; the part of wisdom, and not that of pleasure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithstanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And, to show that I am impartial, I will here translate what Dacier has said on that subject.

"I cannot give a more just idea of the two books of satires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the statues of the Sileni, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the Symposium. They were figures which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their outside: but when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the shape that Horace presents himself to us, in his satires, we see nothing at the first view which deserves our attention. It seems that he is rather an amusement for children, than for the serious consideration of men: but when we take away his crust, and that which hides him from our sight, when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full assembly: that is to say, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their vices."

It is easy to observe, that Dacier, in this noble similitude, has confined the praise of his author wholly to the instructive part: the commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

"In these two books of satire, it is the business of Horace to instruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conception of things and things themselves; to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to understand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those notions which they have received from their masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reason.

"In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live, and to converse. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of some perplexed sentence, or obscure parenthesis, is no great matter: and, as Epictetus says, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal business, and which is of most importance to us, is to show the use, the reason, and the proof of his precepts.

"They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a model, are just like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure."

Let Horace go off with these encomiums, which he has so well deserved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will use the words of Virgil, in his fifth Æneid, where Æneas proposes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three first who should reach the goal. *Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput nectentur olivâ*: Let these three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as first arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to satire. But, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem victor habeto*. Let Juvenal ride first in triumph. *Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenamque sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro balteus, & tereti subnectit figula gemma*. Let Horace, who is the second, and but just the second, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his satire: and the golden-belt, and the diamond-button: *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito*. And let Persius, the last of the first three worthies, be contented with this Grecian shield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman satire, but over all the moderns in succeeding ages; excepting Boileau and your lordship.

And thus I have given the history of satire, and

derived it from Ennius, to your lordship; that is, from its first rudiments of barbarity, to its last polishing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his address to Augustus,

——— tamen famâ tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar.

I said only from Ennius; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first play at Rome, in the year ab urbe conditâ CCCCXIV. I have since desired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Aristophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he assures me from the best chronologers, that Plutus, the last of Aristophanes's plays, was represented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year *urbis conditæ* CCCXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Aristophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were satirical, and also of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the satirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: so that Andronicus was the first who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the Roman satire. According to that description, which Juvenal gives of it in his first; quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli. This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Casaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern critics, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the first, who by the *Archæa Comœdia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the first rude and barbarous Roman satire: which sort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but necessary, that, after so much has been said of satire, some definition of it should be given. Heinsius, in his dissertations on Horace, makes it for me, in these words; "Satire is a kind of poetry, without a series of action, invented for the purging of our minds; in which human vices, ignorance, and errours, and all things besides, which are produced from them, in every man, are severely reprehended; partly dramatically, partly simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but for the most part figuratively, and occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of speech; but partly, also, in a facetious and civil way of jesting; by which either hatred, or laughter, or indignation is moved." Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplexed definition, or rather description of satire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and, excluding the works of Juvenal and Persius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clause in the beginning of it ("without a series of action") distinguishes satire properly from stage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued series of action. The end or scope of satire is to purge the passions; so far it is common to the satires of Juvenal and Persius: the rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clause "consisting in a low familiar way of speech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it spoken, are far distant: but how come lowness of style, and the familiarity of words, to be so much the propriety of satire, that without them, a poet can be no more a satirist, than without risibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and standing rule of this poem? Is the *grande sophos* of Persius, and the sublimity of Juvenal to be circumscribed, with the meanness of words, and vulgarity of expression? If Horace refused the pains of numbers, and the loftiness of figures, are they bound to follow so ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who chuse to mount and show their horsemanship. Holiday is not afraid to say, that there never was such a fall, as from his odes to his satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untuned his harp. The majestic way of Persius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their fashion? Which alteration, says Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the first. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneid? Certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred: and he writ according to the politeness of Rome, under the reign of Augustus Cæsar; not to the rudeness of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why should we offer to confine free spirits to one form, when we cannot so much as confine our bodies to one fashion of apparel? Would not Donne's satires, which abound with so much

wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him: and I may safely say it of this present age, that if we are not so great wits as Donne, yet certainly, we are better poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be too much, on this subject. Will your lordship be pleased to prolong my audience, only so far, till I tell your my own trivial thoughts how a modern satire should be made. I will not deviate in the least from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our best masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden beauties in their designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that Persius, the least in dignity of all the three, has notwithstanding been the first, who has discovered to us this important secret, in the designing of a perfect satire, that it ought only to treat of one subject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they should only be transiently lashed, and not be insisted on, so as to make the design double. As in a play of the English fashion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main design: and though there be an underplot, or second walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are subservient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; so that the drama may not seem a monster with two heads. Thus the Copernican system of the planets makes the Moon to be moved by the motion of the Earth, and carried about her orb, as a dependent of hers. Mascardi, in his discourse of the Doppia favola, or double tale in plays, gives an instance of it, in the famous pastoral of Guarini, called Il Pastor Fido; where Corisca and the Satyr are the under-parts: yet we may observe, that Corisca is brought into the body of the plot, and made subservient to it. It is certain that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule; that a play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the action, and must drive on the accomplishment of one design; for he gives this very precept, Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum; yet he seems not much to mind it in his satires, many of them consisting of more arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. Casaubon has observed this before me, in his preference of Persius to Horace: and will have his own beloved author to be the first, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himself to one subject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not necessary; because the very word *satura* signifies a dish plentifully stored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *satura*, has chosen to follow the same method of Persius; and not of Horace. And Boileau, whose example alone is a sufficient authority, has wholly confined himself, in all his satires, to this unity of design. That variety which is not to be found in any one satire, is at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the etymology of the word; yet it may arise naturally from one subject, as it is diversly treated in the several subordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of examples in the subdivisions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which altogether may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a satire.

Under this unity of theme, or subject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the design of true satire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader some one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him against some one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be scourged, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and insist on that. Thus Juvenal, in every satire, excepting the first, ties himself to one principal instructive point, or to the shunning of moral evil. Even in the sixth, which seems only an arraignment of the whole sex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by showing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongst them. But this, though the wittiest of all his satires, has yet the least of truth or instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten that he was now setting up for a moral poet.

Persius is never wanting to us in some profitable doctrine, and in exposing the opposite vices to it. His kind of philosophy is one, which is the stoic; and every satire is a comment on one particular dogma of that sect; unless we will except the first, which is against bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praised and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended, and made either odious or ridiculous;

or else there is a fundamental errour in the whole design.

I have already declared who are the only persons that are the adequate object of private satire, and who they are that may properly be exposed by name for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of satire, I have said enough in the comparison betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that sharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordship is the best master in this age. I will proceed to the versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that subject. The sort of verse which is called burlesque, consisting of eight syllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibrass has chosen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I spake of Donne; but by a slip of an old man's memory, he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my censure: his satire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with prose. The choice of his numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style. And besides, the double rhyme (a necessary companion of burlesque writing) is not so proper for manly satire, for it turns earnest too much to jest, and gives us a boyish kind of pleasure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of readers; we are pleased ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that task to others, who, not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excrescence of a word of two or three syllables in the close. It is, indeed, below so great a master to make use of such a little instrument. But his good sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding faults. We pass through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into some admirable useful thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of verse; and has written the best in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we say of a court favourite, that whatsoever his office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your imagination, my lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion: for this sort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burlesque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more easily purchased in ten syllables than in eight: in both occasions it is as in a tennis-court, when the strokes of greater force are given, when we strike out and play at length. Tasso and Boileau have left us the best examples of this way, in the Secchia Rapita, and the Lutrin. And next them Merlin Coccajus in his Baldus. I will speak only of the two former, because the latter is written in Latin verse. The Secchia Rapita is an Italian poem, a satire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the stanza of eight, which is their measure for heroic verse. The words are stately, the numbers smooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The first six lines of the stanza seem majestical and severe, but the two last turn them all into a pleasant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous Lutrin. He had read the burlesque poetry of Scarron, with some kind of indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian so well, that his own may pass for an original. He writes it in the French heroic verse, and calls it an heroic poem: his subject is trivial, but his verse is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and some parodies; as particularly this passage in the fourth of the Æneids:

Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus; Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.

Which he thus translates, keeping to the words, but altering the sense:

Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horologer:
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche;
Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roche:
Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre écarté,
Te fit, avec son laict, succer sa Cruauté.

And, as Virgil in his fourth Georgic of the Bees

perpetually raises the lowness of his subject, by the loftiness of his words; and ennobles it by comparisons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores & studia, & populos, & prælia dicam.

And again:

Sic Genius immortale manent; multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.

We see Boileau pursuing him in the same flights; and scarcely yielding to his master. This, I think, my lord, to be the most beautiful, and most noble kind of satire. Here is the majesty of the heroic, finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raising the delight, which otherwise would be flat and vulgar, by the sublimity of the expression. I could say somewhat more of the delicacy of this and some other of his satires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your lordship but this bare hint, in what manner this sort of satire may best be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in heroic poetry itself; of which the satire is undoubtedly a species. With these beautiful turns I confess myself to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a conversation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, sir George Mackenzie: he asked me why I did not imitate in my verses the turns of Mr. Waller and sir John Denham; of which he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two fathers of our English poetry; but had not seriously enough considered those beauties which give the last perfection to their works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my plays; but they were casual, and not designed. But this hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the supply of them in other English authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, instead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an opposite nature to those puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I consulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to express Homer, whose age had not arrived to that fineness, I found in him a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spenser, and which, with all their rusticity, had somewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser, the author of that immortal poem called The Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and among the rest of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Tasso had done the same; nay more, that all the sonnets in that language are on the turn of the first thought; which Mr. Walsh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has observed. In short, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first beauties. Delicate & bien tourné, are the highest commendations which they bestow on somewhat which they think a master-piece.

An example on the turn of words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last book of Ovid's Metamorphoses:

Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
Congestoque avidum pinguescere corpore corpus;
Alteriusque, animantem animantis vivere leto!

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when she was left by Theseus:

Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat;
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles:
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci,
Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's Epistolæ Heroidum of Sappho to Phaon:

Si nisi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.

Lastly, a turn which I cannot say is absolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the fourth Georgic of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from Hell, on express condition not to look on her till she was come on Earth:

Cùm subita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.

I will not burden your Lordship with more of them; for I write to a master, who understands them better than myself. But I may safely conclude them to be great beauties: I might descend also to the mechanic beauties of heroic verse; but we have yet no English prosodia, not so much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; so that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expense can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the present age.

I am still speaking to you, my lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanness can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the last petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines, in this vast preface, spare it for their sake; and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one.

I would excuse the performance of this translation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part, being the work of some gentlemen, who have succeeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and those of my sons. I have perused some of the satires, which are done by other hands; and they seem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have seen in English verse. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal translation, but a kind of paraphrase; or somewhat which is yet more loose, betwixt a paraphrase and imitation. It was not possible for us, or any men, to have made it pleasant any other way. If rendering the exact sense of those authors, almost line for line, had been our business, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illustrations, not only Juvenal and Persius, but what is yet more obscure, his own verses, might be understood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to scholars: we write only for the pleasure and entertainment of those gentlemen and ladies, who, though they are not scholars, are not ignorant: persons of understanding and good sense; who, not having been conversant in the original, or at least not having made Latin verse so much their business as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be answerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the public all the satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether so faithful to our author, as our predecessors, Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourselves this praise, that we shall be far more pleasing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater distance, though not step by step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone so close, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Persius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be pursued too close by a translator. We lose his spirit, when we think to take his body. The grosser part remains with us, but the soul is flown away, in some noble expression, or some delicate turn of words, or thought. That Holiday, who made this way his choice, seized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always scaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleasure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compassing the only end, which is instruction; must yet allow, that without the means of pleasure, the instruction is but a bare and dry philosophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Aristotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impossible for them to have succeeded in the poetic part.

The English verse, which we call heroic, consists of more than ten syllables; the Latin hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen; as for example, this verse in Virgil:

Pulverulenta putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no less than seven syllables in a line betwixt the English and the Latin. Now the medium of these, is about fourteen syllables; because the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the spondee.

But Holiday, without considering that he writ with the disadvantage of four syllables less in every verse, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the sense of one of Juvenal's. According to the falsity of the proposition was the success. He was forced to crowd his verse with ill-sounding monosyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty; and by that means he

arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal translation: his verses have nothing of verse in them, but only the worst part of it, the rhyme; and that, into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-chosen, and worse sounding monosyllables so close together, the very sense which he endeavours to explain, is become more obscure than that of his author. So that Holiday himself cannot be understood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a shift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his translation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompense my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the first place, are mortally offended; and then their sense is so perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleasing task, as well as the more easy.

This must be said for our translation, that if we give not the whole sense of Juvenal, yet we give the most considerable part of it, we give it, in general, so clearly, that few notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at least appear in a poetic dress. We have actually made him more sounding, and more elegant, than he was before in English: and have endeavoured to make him speak that kind of English, which he would have spoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If sometimes any of us (and it is but seldom) make him express the customs and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is, either when there was some kind of analogy, betwixt their customs and ours; or when, to make him more easy to vulgar understandings, we give him those manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuse it. For, to speak sincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we should either make them English, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excused, let it be pardoned, at least, because it is acknowledged: and so much the more easily, as being a fault which is never committed without some pleasure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious visit, the best manners will be shown in the least ceremony. I will slip away while your back is turned, and while you are otherwise employed: with great confusion, for having entertained you so long with this discourse; and for having no other recompense to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wishes, of,

my lord,

your lordship's

most obliged, most humble,

and most obedient servant,

Aug. 18, 1692. JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: that being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, since no man will rank himself with ill writers, it is easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore give us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satire is the natural ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also, with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

Still shall I hear, and never quit the scene,
Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid, o'er and o'er?

Shall this man's elegies and t' other's play
Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Orestes' bulky rage,
Unsatisfy'd with margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick shades th' eternal scribbler
bawls,
And shades the statues on their pedestals.
The best and worst on the same theme employs
His Muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.
Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic schools;
Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown.
But, since the world with writing is possest,
I'll versify in spite; and do my best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest.
But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When mannish Mevia, that two-handed whore,
Astride on horse-back hunts the Tuscan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whose razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloke of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needless luxury;
And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers
sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight:
Such fulsome objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wish'd occasion does attend,
From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
Whom ev'n spies dread as their superior fiend,
And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail,
They send their prostituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin disherit;
For such good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's standard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid:
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trod upon a snake;
Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious
gains,
Choke up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
Whose wards, by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read!
When he who pill'd his province scapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?
Such villainies rous'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to pursue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or labouring after Hercules to sweat,
Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,
Or fluttering perish with his foolish boy.
With what impatience must the Muse behold
The wife, by her procuring husband sold!
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whose coursers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master
strove
With boasted art to please his eunuch-love.
Would it not make a modest author dare
To draw his table-book within the square,
And fill with notes, when, lolling at his ease,
Mæcenas-like, the happy rogue he sees
Borne by six weary'd slaves in open view,
Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new:
Made wealthy at the small expense of signing
With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
Who squeez'd a toad into her husband's wine:
So well the fashionable medicine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Poisoning, without regard of fame or fear:
And spotted corpse are frequent on the bier.
Would'st thou to honours and preferments climb!
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and starves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate embost,
Fair palaces, and furniture of cost;
And high commands: a sneaking sin is lost.
Who can behold that rank old letcher keep
His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to sin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.
Count from the time, since old Deucalion's boat,
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float;
And, scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be restor'd;
When soften'd stones and vital breath ensu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
Whatever since that golden age was done,
What human kind desires, and what they shun,
Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
Shall this satirical collection fill.
What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
The steward brings the deeds which must convey

The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age so many summer-seats did see?
Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
As on seven dishes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
The paltry largess, too, severely watch'd,
Ere given; and every face observ'd with care,
That no intruding guests usurp a share.
Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan-blood, [food.
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious
The pretors, and the tribunes' voice is heard;
The freeman justles, and will be preferr'd;
First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
Though born a slave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the lord.
The rent of five fair houses I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
In melancholy walks, a grazier's sheep:
Not Pallus nor Licinius had my treasure;
Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the street,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greatest god; though yet we see
No temples rais'd to money's majesty,
No altars fuming to her power divine,
Such as to valour, peace, and virtue shine,
And faith, and concord: where the stork on high
Seems to salute her infant progeny:
Presaging pious love with her auspicious cry.
But since our knights and senators account,
To what their sordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!
Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by those harpies; when a wood
Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promis'd dole: nay, some have learn'd the trick
To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,
Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air:
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my spouse. dispatch her with her share.
'Tis Galla: let her ladyship but peep:
No, sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep.
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The salutations of the morning-tide
Call up the Sun; those ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
Then to the statues; where, amidst the race
Of conquering Rome, some Arab shows his face,
Inscrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
Fit to be pist against, and somewhat more.
The great man, home-conducted, shuts his door;
Old clients, weary'd out with fruitless care,
Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
Though much against the grain, forc'd to retire,
Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.
Meantime his lordship lolls within at ease,
Pampering his paunch with foreign rarities;
Both sea and land are ransack'd for the feast;
And his own gut the sole invited guest.
Such plate, such tables, dishes drest so well,
That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
Ev'n parasites are banish'd from his board
(At once a sordid and luxurious lord):
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are drest
(A creature form'd to furnish out a feast).
But present punishment pursues his maw,
When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, intestate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with scorn,
And he, a jest, into his grave is borne.
No age can go beyond us, future times
Can add no farther to the present crimes.
Our sons but the same things can wish and do;
Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.
Then, Satire, spread thy sails; take all the winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield
Sufficient strength for such a spacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,
Bold truth to speak, and spoken to maintain?
When god-like freedom is so far bereft
The noble mind, that scarce the name is left?
Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honest licence now you take,
If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on blaze, to light
The streets, and make a dreadful fire by night.
Shall they who drench three uncles in a draught
Of poisonous juice be then in triumph brought,
Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
'Tis defamation but to say, That's he!
Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidst their strokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epic verse be slain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himself for company:
But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on every part;
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart:
Muse, be advis'd; 'tis past considering-time,
When enter'd once the dangerous lists of rhyme;
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbritius, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his

bread at Rome: that none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniencies which arise from a city-life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown, in common-places; and a drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

Griev'd though I am an ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary seat he chose:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose:
Where far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sibyl gives:
The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess
Which all the gods with all their bounty bless.
Though I in Prochyta with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.
What scenes so desert, or so full of fright,
As towering houses tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worse than all the clattering tiles, and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa model'd once the Roman state,
In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd,
Though now the sacred shades and founts are hir'd
By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a small basket, on a whisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head; nor sleep itself is free:
Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
From their own grove the Muses are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend:
The marble cave, and aqueducts, we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true;
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town,)
"Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty increasing with my age,
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I choose to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, and old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now, 'tis time to quit this cursed place,
And hide from villains my too honest face:
Here let Arturius live, and such as he:
Such manners will with such a town agree.
Knaves, who in full assemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise; can cleanse the common shore;
And rent the fishery; can hear the dead;
And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,
All this for gain; for gain they sell their very head.
These fellows (see what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minstrels of a country show:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own costs exhibit public plays:
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since such as they have Fortune in a string?
Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance;
And toss them topmost on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what business have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognosticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy presents to a bride:
For want of these town-virtues thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none;
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Labouring with secrets which his bosom burn,
Yet never must to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuse,
The purse of Verres may at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt the breast;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.
I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose
What confidence our wealthy Romans chose:
And whom I most abhor: to speak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To see the scum of Greece, transplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obscene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and customs come:
All find receipt in hospitable Rome.
The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace:
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
Old Romulus, and father Mars, look down,
Your herdsman primitive, your homely clown,
Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown.
His once unkemm'd and horrid locks behold
Stilling sweet oil: his neck enchain'd with gold:

Aping the foreigners in every dress;
Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him less.
Meantime they wisely leave their native land,
From Sycion, Samos, and from Alabaud,
And Amydon, to Rome thy swarm in shoals:
So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at first, they purchase here:
And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flattering servile rout:
Work themselves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a single man?
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a physician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to Heaven, to Heaven he goes.
In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn,
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloth'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me sign, whom t' other day
A smallcraft vessel hither did convey;
Where stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their insipid friend;
His blobber-lip and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane-neck and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as grossly praise; but, to our grief,
No flattery but from Grecians gains belief.
Besides these qualities, we must agree
They mimic better on the stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the shepherdess, they play,
In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown,
And fancy something underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please:
The nation is compos'd of such as these.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an ass can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep silently,
There seems a silent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take:
Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.
We live not on the square with such as these,
Such are our betters, who can better please:
Who day and night are like a looking glass;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for some new piece of flattery.
Ev'n nastiness, occasions will afford;
They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank lecherey.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son.
If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They search the secrets of the house, and so
Are worship'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
On what, in schools, their men of morals do;
A rigid stoic his own pupil slew:
A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and clokes control the gown?
Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
Look sharply out, our senators to seize:
Engross them wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubble's heart;
One drop of poison in my patron's ear,
One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,
Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family.
In vain forgotten services I boast;
My long dependance in an hour is lost:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater ease than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we rise, and to the levees run;
My lord himself is up, before, and gone:
The pretor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race:
The childish matrons are, long since, awake:
And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to see a free-born son
On the left hand of a rich hireling run;
Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bonts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor sinner, though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling goddess from the fire!
The question is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly spends:
Quick to the business; how he lives, and eats;
How largely gives; how splendidly he treats:
How many thousand acres feed his sheep,
What are his rents, what servants does he keep?
Th' account is soon cast up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our estate.
Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn as thou art poor:
The poor must gain their bread by perjury;
And ev'n the gods, that other means deny,
In conscience must absolve them, when they lye.
Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store;
And will be monstrous witty on the poor:
For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest:
The greasy gown, sully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to say, "The man's in mourning."
Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
"He's wounded! see the plaister on his foot."
Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
"Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,"
(The master of the ceremonies cries)
"This is no place for you, whose small estate
Is not the value of the settled rate:

The sons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileged to sit in triumph there,
To clap the first, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat; [seat."
For, by the Roscian law, the poor can claim no
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed
The man, that poll'd but twelve-pence for his head?
Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to assist the judging chair?
The poor were wise, who, by the rich oppress,
Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of rest.
Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.
At Rome 'tis worse; where house-rent by the year,
And servants' bellies cost so devilish dear;
And tavern-bills run high for hungry cheer.
To drink or eat in earthen-ware we scorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
And coarse blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some distant parts of Italy are known,
Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely state,
Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
And in the mother's arms the clownish infant
Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree) [frights.
Are plain alike; the same simplicity,
Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see.
In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
The country-bumkin the same livery wears.
But here, attir'd, beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornament and flaunting show:
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;
And, poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that Cossus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you;
May take your incense like a gracious god,
And answer only with a civil nod?
To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page:
Shave his first down, and when he pulls his hair,
The consecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells,
And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close;
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor).
Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
For if the lowest floors already burn,
Cock-loft and garrets soon will take the turn;
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out:
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd:
And, to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest clay:
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd;
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost:
Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their clothes, the matrons mourn;
The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked statues of the Parian stone,
The work of Polyclete, that seem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and skreens, and Pallas to the breast;
Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
Thus by his losses multiplies his store:
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-house, and the players too:
Sweet country-seats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at less price than here
You hire a darksome dog-hole by the year.
A small convenience decently prepar'd,
A shallow well that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat:
'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground,
In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die;
Which fumes of undigested feasts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.
What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can scarce afford to sleep;
So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
And hence the sources of diseases come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets;
The waggoners that curse their standing teams,
Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusius from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease: the shutters make it night.
Yet still he reaches first the public place:
The press before him stops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one justles in the shoal:
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.

See with what smoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred guests, invited, walk in state: [wait.
A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens,
Huge pans the wretches on their heads must bear,
Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear!
Yet they must walk upright beneath the load:
Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames abroad:
Their coats, from botching newly bought, are torn.
Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For, should their axle break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below:
Nor friends their friends, nor sires their sons could know;
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcase would remain:
But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain.
One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul, visibly are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing sheets display;
And oil them first; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost! is wandering by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrours of that uncouth place;
His passage begs with unregarded prayer:
And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses' dreadful height:
From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, and mark the flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a pisspot only for thy share.
The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night:
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain.
'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
And on the lacquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moonlight homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside. [cries,
"Where did you whet your knife to night," he
"And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have stuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion cobbler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick with your answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say, in what nasty cellar under ground, [found?"
Or what church-porch, your rogueship may be
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
When every door with iron-chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian-robbers by no justice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad,
Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To save complaints and persecution, kill.
Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vast city, as their native home;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron-mines exhausted and destroy'd
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough-shares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals restrain;
Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain.
More I could say, more causes I could show
For my departure; but the Sun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my stay;
And whips his horses forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country-air,
Be mindful of your friend; and send me word,
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:
Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. It is, indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole matter, he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to human-kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he in-

tended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and, amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his atires; and truly he had need of all his parts, o maintain with so much violence so unjust a harge. I am satisfied he will bring but few ver to his opinion: and on that consideration hiefly I ventured to translate him. Though here wanted not another reason, which was, hat no one else would undertake it: at least, ir C. S. who could have done more right to he author, after a long delay, at length absoutely refused so ungrateful an employment: nd every one will grant, that the work must ave been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced: and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished; or at least, that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them: and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted; and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys, and fencers. These who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only, for their vast dowries, are rather suffered than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives: set up for learning and criticism in poetry; but are false judges. Love to speak Greek (which was then the fashionable tongue, as the French is now with us). That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and newsmongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie in for new faces once a month, are sluttish with their husbands in private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miscarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husbands' sons, if they stand in their way to his estate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to show the occasion of all these vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general standing rule: and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

In Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd Chastity on Earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread
By mountain-housewives for their homely bed,
And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's head.
Unlike the niceness of our modern dames
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names):
The Cynthias and the Lesbias of our years,
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.
Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave suck to infants of gigantic mould;
Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
And, fat with acorns, belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was buxom, fresh, and young,
Her sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;
And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No sires they had, or, if a sire, the Sun.
Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were enclos'd.
At length, uneasy, Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
From that old era whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the sin.
Adulterers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and silver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:
A sober man, like thee, to change his life!
What fury would possess thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratsbane, no kind halter left?
(For every noose compar'd to her's is cheap):
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'st thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow; thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
But still Ursidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a son, to settle his estate,
And takes no gifts; though every gaping heir
Would gladly grease the rich old batchelor.

What revolution can appear so strange,
As such a leacher, such a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose?
He who so often in a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore.
On Ceres' feast restrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curse the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
She sooner with one eye would be content.
And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
In some small village, though fame says not where:
'Tis possible; but sure no man she found;
'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet some lustful god might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread,
And much good love, without a feather-bed.
Whither would'st thou to choose a wife resort,
The park, the mall, the play-house, or the court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all.
One secs a dancing-master capering high,
And raves, and pisses, with pure ecstasy:
And one is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the song, but on the singer dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in passion both at eyes and ears.
The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refresh, and cheer their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the singing boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought).
The pleading lawyer, though for counsel us'd,
In chamber practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs
(The product of concurring theatres).
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword-man to thy lands is born.
Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the sword:
To wondering Pharos with her love she fled,
To show one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left behind
Ev'n children too; she sails before the wind;
False to them all, but constant to her kind,
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet fearing not the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattress is content to sleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But had some honest cause her passage prest,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board;
She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord:
And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
What youth, what beauty, could th' adulterer boast?
What was the face, for which she could sustain
To be call'd mistress to so base a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the best:
Deep scars were seen indented on his breast;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful rest.
A promontory wen, with grisly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms, and blood, and cruelty, they love.
But should he quit his trade, and sheath his sword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you shall hear
What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old sluggard but began to snore,
When from his side uprose th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleasures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight:
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more masculine embrace:
Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in secret service she could trust;
The rival and companion of her lust.
To the known brothel-house she takes her way;
And for a nasty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankest harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
With heaving breasts, and with desiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
At length, when friendly darkness is expir'd,
And every strumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and, lingering at the gate,
With a repining sigh submits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unsated with the sin,
Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks;
The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.
Now should I sing what poisons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beside;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own.
Cæsinia still, they say, is guiltless found
Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well she may, she brought ten thousand pound.

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters fast:
He sighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
Who would not do as much for such a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.
These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
But know him better; for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
"Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offensive both at bed and board:
Your betters must be had to please my lord."
Meantime she's absolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, loses none:
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine
Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train she craves:
And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
Make houses white, she to the merchant goes;
Rich crystals of the rocks she takes up there,
Huge agate vases, and old china-ware.
But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands, and their brothers' arms:
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight!
Some country-girl, scarce to a curtsey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If, supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.
"O Pæan," cries Amphion, "bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go:"
But sullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
Ev'n her, who did her numerous offspring boast,
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carry'd
The thirty pigs, at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price? If stately and severe,
She still insults, and you must still adore;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praise:
Some faults, though small, intolerable grow;
For what so nauseous and affected too,
As those that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?
In Greece their whole accomplishments they seek:
Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:
But, raw in all that does to Rome belong,
They scorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:
Ev'n in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
Is showing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή! All those tender words
The momentary trembling bliss affords,
The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets
Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.
If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
What reason should thy mind, to marriage move?
Why all the charges of thy nuptial feast,
Wine and desserts, and sweet-meats to digest?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their first and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;
Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
The better husband makes the wife the worse.
Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
All offices of ancient friendship die;
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy testament's her will; where she prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
"Go drag that slave to death:" your reason, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
"Call'st thou that slave a man," the wife replies:
"Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the sovereign power to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will." [change,
Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject husband she desires,
Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So still the reckoning rises; and appears,
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-stone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her how to flea
Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.
Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her interest is in all th' advice she gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.

No cause is try'd at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the process, all the briefs they write;
The topics furnish, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wrestler's toil
They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil:
Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
Flourish the sword, and at the flastron push.
Of every exercise the mannish crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fight t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the stage.
What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?
Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
For frothy praises and an empty name.
Oh what a decent sight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction sold!
The belt, the crested plume, the several suits
Of armour, and the Spanish leather-boots!
Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd silks, and under sarsenet sweat.
Behold the strutting Amazonian whore,
She stands in guard with her right-foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions just,
She stamps, and then cries "Hah!" at every thrust.
The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conscious of crimes herself, she teases first;
Thy servants are accus'd; thy whore is curst;
She acts the jealous, and at will she cries:
For womens' tears are but the sweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
And suck'st between her lips the falling tear:
But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each *billet* there with love-epistles lin'd.
Suppose her taken in a close embrace,
This you would think so manifest a case,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence out-face;
And yet, ev'n then, she cries, "The marriage-vow
A mental reservation must allow;
And there's a silent bargain still imply'd,
The parties should be pleas'd on either side:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Though men yourselves, and women us you call,
Yet *homo* is a common name for all."
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-roofd houses, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
A frugal sleep supply'd the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held them strait;
When Hannibal was hovering at the gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,
We suffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,
And wasteful riot, whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no lustful postures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in from foreign parts:
Since gold obscene, and silver, found the way,
Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
And our plain simple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they spread?
Wine no distinction makes of tail or head.
Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oysters call:
Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust;
Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
At Modesty's old statue; when by night
They make a stand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the nasty puddle of his spouse.
The secrets of the goddess nam'd the good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers understood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair;
And toss their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife;
'Tis downright lust, and acted to the life.
So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
That looking on, would make old Nestor young.
Impatient of delay, a general sound,
And universal groan of lust, goes round;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found.
"Now is the time of action! now begin!"
They cry, "and let the lusty lovers in.
The whoresons are asleep; then bring the slaves,
And watermen, a race of strong-back'd knaves."
I wish, at least, our sacred rites were free
From those pollutions of obscenity:
But 'tis well known what singer, how disguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpris'd;
Into the fair, with women mixt, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument;
A grateful present to those holy choirs,
Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modestly are veil'd,
Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd;
No scoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at every altar they abound.
"I hear your cautious counsel," you would say,
"Keep close your women under lock and key:"
But, who shall keep those keepers? Women, nurst
In craft: begin with those, and bribe them first.
The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And mistresses and maids are both the same.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try:
But women have no shame of poverty.
They live beyond their stint; as if their store,
The more exhausted, would increase the more:
Some men, instructed by the labouring ant,
Provide against th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear:
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

If songs they love, the singer's voice they force
Beyond his compass, till his quail-pipe's hoarse;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
And make love to it, in the master's place.
A certain lady once, of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
That Pollio might, in singing, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could she more have done
For a sick husband, or an only son?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;
The forms of prayer she solemnly pursues:
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
Answer, ye powers; for, if you heard her vow,
Your godships, sure, had little else to do.
This is not all, for actors they implore:
An impudence not known to Heaven before.
Th' Aruspex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the gout.
But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If she loves singing, let her sing at home;
Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endless itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others say.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France, is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdame and the son.
Tell who loves who, what favours some partake:
And who is jilted for another's sake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made,
How oft she did, and doing, what she said.
She, first, beholds the raging comet rise:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroys,
Still for the newest news she lies in wait;
And takes reports just entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires: whatever she can meet,
She spreads, and is the fame of every street.
This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
A very judgment, and her neighbours' curse;
For, if their barking dog disturb her ease,
No prayer can bind her, no excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
Must feel the scourge: by night she leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a less noise create;
She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.
Meanwhile, her guests their appetites must keep;
Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.
At length she comes, all flush'd; but ere she sup,
Swallows a swinging preparation-cup;
And then, to clear her stomach, spews it up.
The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the sour savour nauseates every nose.
She drinks again: again she spews a lake;
Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak:
But mutters many a curse against his wife;
And damns himself for choosing such a life.
But of all the plagues, the greatest is untold;
The book learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic dame, who at her table sits:
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-plust in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the labouring Moon.
Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long:
But she, who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard;
And mix among the philosophic herd.
O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school,
Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle, grows;
Corrects her country-neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.
The gaudy gossip, when she's set agog,
In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justify'd.
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.
She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Meantime, it lies in dawb, and hid in grease;
Those are the husband's nights; she craves her due,
He takes fat kisses and is stuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adulterer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come:
How haggardly soe'er she looks at home.
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restor'd to every grace,
The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
Are polish'd with a wash of asses' milk;
And should she to the farthest north be sent,
A train of these attend her banishment.
But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away;
For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dresser are call'd whores;
The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
And he himself is warn'd, to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year, she treats
Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids them in the devil's name be gone.
Compar'd with such a proud, insulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of prayer)
She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
Trembling, considers every sacred hair;
If any straggler from his rank be found,
A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
Psecas is not in fault: but, in the glass,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is banish'd; and another girl,
More dextrous, manages the comb and curl;

The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;
And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
Such counsel, such deliberate care, they take,
As if her life and honour lay at stake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower.
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
Meanwhile, her husband's whole estate is spent!
He may go bare, while she receives his rent.
She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,
But, like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
Near him, in this alone, that she extends
Her hate to all his servants and his friends.
Bellona's priests, an eunuch at their head,
About the streets a mad procession lead;
The venerable gelding, large and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His awkward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance:
Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
And dire presages of the year foretels.
Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blast.
And add beside a murrey-colour'd vest,
Which, in their places, may receive the pest:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
Th' astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest;
That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.
Thro' you they beat, and plunge into the stream,
If so the god has warn'd them in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Mero's burning sand,
Through deserts they would seek the secret spring;
A holy water for lustration bring.
How can they pay their priests too much respect,
Who trade with Heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domestic gods discourse by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding thro' the street,
And smile to see with how much ease they cheat.
The ghostly sire forgives the wife's delights,
Who sins, through frailty, on forbidden nights,
And tempts her husband in the holy time,
When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
The sweating image shakes his head, but he,
With mumbled prayers, atones the deity.
The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.
No sooner these remove, but, full of fear,
A gypsy-Jewess whispers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-priest's daughter she,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And prophesies beneath a shady tree.
Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
She strolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
Foretels th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweet-heart in the sacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can disclose;
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
For gain, will his accomplices accuse.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans given;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of Heaven.
Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond astrologers relate.
Of these the most in vogue is he who, sent
Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
His art who to aspiring Otho sold;
And sure succession to the crown foretold.
For his esteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.
No astrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife inquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice shall her mother kill:
Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
And, what's the greatest gift that Heaven can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
She neither knows, nor cares to know, the rest;
If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest;
Or Jove and Venus, with their friendly rays,
Will interpose, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
Who in these studies does herself delight,
By whom a greasy almanac is borne,
With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn:
Not now consulting, but consulted, she
Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
If but a mile she travel out of town,
The planetary hour must first be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
No nourishment receives in her disease,
But what the stars and Ptolemy shall please.
The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
To chiromancers' cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.
But rich the matron, who has more to give,
Her answers from the Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.
The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take
The trusty taylor, and the cook forsake.
Yet these, tho' poor, the pain of childbirth bear;
And, without nurses, their own infants rear:
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever slops she will have bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-slaughter; let her breed,
And never want for savin at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'st be father to an Æthiop's son.
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:

One of that hue, that, should he cross the way,
His omen would discolour all the day.
I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers, with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her blessing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
And makes provision for him, as her own.
The craving wife the force of magic tries,
And philtres for th' unable husband buys:
The potion works not on the part design'd;
But turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.
The sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
Sees his own business by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumbing frost,
Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that Cæsonia to her Cæsus gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the fole
His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The thunderer was not half so much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
What woman will not use the poisoning trade,
When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made?
Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a slavering, old, unuseful sot;
That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
And sent his godhead downward to the skies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword;
Nor spares the common, when it strikes the lord.
So many mischiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one single poisoner cost mankind.
If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial trespass; let them have their will:
But let the child, entrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food she reaches with her hand;
The morsel is intended for thy land.
The tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the Satire in a rage
Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
Forgets his business is to laugh and bite:
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable, that you read;
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
"I," she confesses, "in the fact was caught,
Two sons dispatching at one deadly draught."
"What two! two sons, thou viper, in one day!"
"Yes, seven," she cries, "if seven were in my [way!"
Medea's legend is no more a lye;
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done; but not for gain.
Less admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they thro' wrath, or thro' revenge, pursue.
For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
The sex is hurry'd headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into seas is borne.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought
And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin. [begin:
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lapdog sooner than their lord.
Where'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemnestras grow in every street:
But here's the difference: Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone:
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts:
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

THE TENTH SATIRE OF *JUVENAL.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes, therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of Heaven, lies within a very small compass. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshall'd figures can account.
To which the stores of Crœsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich mens' goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.

The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursu'd, by several ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supply'd the weaper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ake;
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune did appear:
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our pretor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A suit of hangings had not more oppress
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with frogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state;
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envy'd power; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piss-pots, a whole kitchen trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milkwhite, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus, with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
"Good Lord," they cry, "what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By Heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)"
"Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:"
"Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty, and the question's out of door."
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king 's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress. [face,
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their
The people grown degenerate and base:
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.
Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd;
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet-show. [doubt;
"There was a damn'd design," cries one, "no
For warrants are already issued out;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray."
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes. [fate
Now tell me truly, would'st thou change thy
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway
That monarch, whom the master'd world obey?
While he, intent on secret lust alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!
I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he;
For every man's a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the power, who want the will:
But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Would'st thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?

Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which, mouldering, crush'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget? [it ruin'd him, who, greater than the great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:
But both these orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in prose.
"Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippic fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars's forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirst of honour fires the blood:
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that nature cast:
And with corroding juices as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy:
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet still uneasy, cries, "There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid,
And Punic flags on Roman towers display'd."
Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame;
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame:
A sign-post dauber would disdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming glory! say
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play.
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door. [sigh'd,
What wondrous sorts of death has Heaven de-
Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd to avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him: a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd:
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul, how small a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk, at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prison under ground);
What god so mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us ask again?
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Chok'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.
"Jove grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bended back, I ask no more."
Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.

Mistaken blessing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.
A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.
In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong:
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Besides th' eternal drivel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and what's worse,
Himself does his offensive carrion curse!
Flatterers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.
Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can chear
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he sits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's nose, he's never near.
His boy must bawl to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound:
With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round:
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
What lands and lordships for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worship now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his shoulders' pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others' hands;
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders try'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd:
Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.
His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd are worse!
His servants' names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows them not: for, in their stead,
In form of law, a common hackney-jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made:
So lewd and such a batter'd brothel-whore,
That she defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad pomps: a threshold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.
Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longest liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right hand count;
Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue [drew.
Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister
When his brave son upon the funeral pyre
He saw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?
Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain,
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Amongst his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood: when Hector, with the race
Of royal bastards, might his funeral grace:
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had Heaven so blest him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet of Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble sire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries;
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At least he dy'd a man; his queen surviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.
I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Crœsus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsel'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread;
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour sent:
But public prayers impos'd on Heaven, to give
Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.
Cethegus, though a traitor to the state,
And tortur'd, 'scap'd this ignominious fate;
And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.
To Venus the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud:
And pleas'd, to see the wondering people pray
To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her carnel-back.
But, for his mother's boy the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form, join'd with virtue, is a sight too rare:
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners, in the house remain;
Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part:
Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and presents, can;)
Ev'n with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of such a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain-back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your Springal, by his beauty curst
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worst;
His form procures him journey-work; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.
Adulterers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot 'scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have try'd
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part. [boy,
But your Endymion, your smooth, smock'd-fac'd
Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not so, one more fallacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold;
Now he must moil and drudge, for one he loaths;
She keeps him high, in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.
She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
Good observator, not so fast away:
Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not th' other stripling forc'd to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
And pleaded laws of hospitality?
The ladies charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
With shame they redden'd, and with spite grew pale.
'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
She loses pity, who has lost her shame.
Now Silius wants thy counsel, gives advice;
Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes she darts on every grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;
The public notaries and aruspex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden drest:
The portion paid, and every rite exprest,
Which in a Roman marriage is profest.
'Tis no stol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot case, your judgment: to refuse,
Is present death, besides the night you lose:
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have past,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last.
Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
For not to take is but the self-same thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.
Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand contin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in this satire, proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman: first, because a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial, and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches; he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he his heard in the court: the soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage, or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Egypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed,

you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a soldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.
See what our common privileges are:
As, first, no saucy citizen should dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of farther punishment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line:
A wise provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear:
And, taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease:
This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
(Which, Heaven be prais'd, thou yet may'st call thy own)
Would'st thou, to run the gauntlet, these expose
To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
Should teach them more good-nature to their shins.
Besides, whom can'st thou think so much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy business to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse.
The judge cries out, "Your evidence produce."
Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave,
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards, and matted hair,
Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred land-mark from my bounds,
Those bounds, which with possession and with prayer,
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must, with patience, all the terms attend,
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,
Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowsy, and goes out to piss:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know these cares,
No time, nor trick of law their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill,
Their father yet alive, impower'd to take a will.
For, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
Does a remembrance in his will desire:
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and, rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF

PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

THE design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggerly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

I NEVER did on cleft *Parnassus* dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain inspir'd,
Was, by the *Muses*, into madness fir'd.
My share in pale Pyrene I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty *Nine*.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler song:

Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try
Or with a voice endued the chattering pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
Want taught their masters, and their masters these.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye:
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SATIRE.

I NEED not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortunes, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a stoic philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

THE FIRST SATIRE.

IN DIALOGUE BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR MONITOR.

PERSIUS.

How anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our desires!

FRIEND. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.

PERSIUS. This to me?

FRIEND. None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

PERSIUS. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crow prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of every mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
But fear; let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoic courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant-age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

FRIEND. Once more forbear.

PERSIUS. I cannot rule my spleen:
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.
First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same:
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair:
A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard.
From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the sign where he expects their praise.
Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if, thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school:
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "science is not science till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he:
That's he whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciously the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?
All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense, to fear?
Thou, whom I made the adverse part, to bear,

Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.
Them and their woeful works the Muse defies:
Products of citron-beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine dessert: [impart.
And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suit
Thus bribl'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, "Tell me friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?"
The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, Janus like, a face behind,
To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most a-thirst of an Apulian bitch:
But noble scribblers are with flattery fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is 't the common reader takes for good?
The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without sense, and without spirit slow:
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes to rise, and fears no fall.

FRIEND. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
Who, for false quantities, was whipt at school
But t' other day, and breaking grammar-rule,
Whose trivial art was never try'd above
The brave description of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praise the country-store,
The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar:
Nor paint the flowery fields that paint themselves before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whose shining ploughshare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant plough.
Some love to hear the fustian poet roar;
And some on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for sense; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd fathers teach
Their sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech;
Or others, new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry;
One would inquire from whence this motley style
Did first our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their seat;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.
Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry,
Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently:
"Theft" (says th' accuser) "to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius;" what does gentle Pedius say?
Studious to please the genius of the times, [crimes:
With periods, points, and tropes, he slurs his
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
And took but with intention to restore."
He lards with flourishes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, say'st thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
Wouldst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
An alms? What's more preposterous than to see
A merry beggar? Mirth in misery?

PERSIUS. He seems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

FRIEND. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:
"'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
Or he who in his line can chine the long-ribb'd Apennine."

PERSIUS. All this is doggrel stuff.

FRIEND. What if I bring
A nobler verse? "Arms and the man I sing."

PERSIUS. Why name you Virgil with such fops as these?
He's truly great, and must for ever please:
Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

FRIEND. What poems think you soft? and to be read
With languishing regards, and bended head?

PERSIUS. "Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
Evion from woods and floods repairing echos sound."
Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatness left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew:
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

FRIEND. 'Tis fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, must you be mad?
Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse.
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to starve.

PERSIUS. Rather than so, uncensur'd let them be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmless rhyme shall 'scape the dire disgrace
Of common-shores, and every pissing-place.
Two painted serpents shall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you must not urine here.
This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd them, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face.
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the desperate passes when he smil'd.
Could he do this, and is my Muse control'd
By servile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a snout, and asses' ears."
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt
Nor will I change for all the flashy wit, [not buy.
That flattering Labeo, in his Iliads, writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this base town
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous villainy, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full blown sail,
Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
On this my honest work, though writ in homely
And if two lines or three in all the vein [style:
Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
May they perform their author's just intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe:
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-sight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate:
Whose power extends no farther than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.
Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, with his foot, the sacred dust destroys:
Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A Cynic's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the business of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their
afternoon.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF *PERSIUS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

THIS satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the Second Alcibiades. Our author has indeed it with great mystery of art, by taking his fr from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius, commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in showing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

THE SECOND SATIRE.

DEDICATED TO *HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS*, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

LET this auspicious morning be exprest
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the test of Heaven will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
"Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me
just:"
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
In private then:—"When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?"
Or—"O thou thunderer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!"
"O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I should possess th' estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one small dose will send him to the devil."
"This is my neighbour Nerius's third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
But my eternal wife!—Grant, Heaven, I may
Survive to see the fellow of this day!"
Thus, that thou may'st the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash th' obscenities of night away.
But, pr'ythee, tell me, ('tis a small request)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possest?

Would'st thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and Statius chose?
Which of the two would thy wise head declare
The trustier tutor to an orphan heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Statius, straight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
He'll stare, and, "O good Jupiter!" will cry;
"Canst thou indulge him in this villainy!"
And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience then
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his business to be done by fate?
Because his thunder splits some burley-tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime,
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's prayer and sacrifice?
What well-fed offering to appease the god,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? What bribe has thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?
Our superstitions with our life begin:
Th' obscene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes:
Then in the spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him, with many a mutter'd prayer
That Heaven would make him some rich miser's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and in time a king;
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear;
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of brass the crone demands
For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:
Unconscionable vows, which, when we use,
We teach the gods, in reason, to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish,
Would stop the grant: the very over-care,
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'st, with sacrifice of oxen slain,
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st that, when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou seest th' accomplishment of thy desire!
"Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
And showers of gold come pouring in amain!"
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.
Should I present them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
Thou measur'st by thyself the powers divine;
Thy gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is their shrine.
Thy puny godlings of inferior race,
Whose humble statues are content with brass,
Should some of these, in visions purg'd from phlegm,
Foretel events, or in a morning dream;
Ev'n those thou would'st in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.
The priests in temples, now, no longer care
For Saturn's brass, or Numa's earthern ware;
Or vestal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the gods.
Of oil and cassia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain;
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise:
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the powers to give him more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the stoic philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable satire; where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow-students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscript, was the Reproach of Idleness; though in others of the scholiast it is inscribed, Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I translated this satire, when I was a king's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night's exercise; and believe that it,

and many other of my exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the reverend doctor Bushy.]

"Is this thy daily course? The glaring Sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noon-tide rays of summer shun,
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of indigested wine."
This grave advice some sober student hears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
And cries, "I thought it had not been so late:
My clothes, make haste!" Why thou, if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays them down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.
O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou, who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown,
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.
Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mould; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou hast land; a country-seat, secure
By a just title; costly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:
What need of learning, when a man's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree,
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet;
And, loudly, call him cousin, in the street.
Such pageantry be to the people shown:
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?
But 'tis in vain; the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;
Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.

Great father of the gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terrour of his age,
The type and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: set Virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!
Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The wretch, who, sitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine:
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife;
Down, down he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil, to stay from school:
Averse from pains, and loath to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:
Though much my master that stern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came, with pride, to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.
But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dextrously to throw the lucky sice:
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.
Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:
Thou in the stoic porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.
Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
Rous'd from their slumbers to be early wise:
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach weans:
And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run
To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to shun.
And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken breath,
Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body is dissolv'd, as is thy mind.
Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act, may tend?
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or, like a boy, pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree;
A fruitless toil; and lily'st *extempore*?
Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages, and extends the skin,
In vain for hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of human kind,
Study thyself: what rank or what degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee;

And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray justly, to be heard: nor more desire
Than what the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou ow'st thy country, and thy friend;
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
To whom the Marsians more provision send,
Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted fowl, and fish, come in so fast,
That, ere the first is out, the second stinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit;
Cries, "I have sense to serve my turn, in store;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
Damme, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads say,
Solon's the veryest fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballasted within the crown!)
Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Meer madmen's dreams: for what the schools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.
Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen?"
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel.
A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
"Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;
Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue."
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
And, after, bid him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine.
He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin:
Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
"Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death."
"'Tis nothing," says the fool. "But," says the friend,
"This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not see your dropsy belly swell?
Your yellow skin?"—"No more of that; I'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'st me, I look ill; and thou look'st worse."
"I've done," says the physician; "take your course."
The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes, and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching steam:
Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl;
And his teeth chatter, and his eyeballs roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
And slaves, now manumis'd, on their dead master wait.
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole:
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free:
My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfy'd; my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those opprest with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart.
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarse cold sallad is before thee set;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy palate sore?
That beet and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise;
That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan: both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia; for his very compliment looked asquint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without

judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name; and, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a pathic, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators, before Casaubon, were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unraveled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

Whoe'er thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state affairs, the guide to government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lowd youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
To undertake, so young, so vast a care? [pare
Perhaps thy wit (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard):
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak them thus: "Athenians, know
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate."
But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale:
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail,
And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
Canst punish crimes, and brand offending vice.
Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
Nor be ambitious, ere the time to please.
Unseasonably wise, till age and cares
Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain;
Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain;
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy brain.
What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to sun thyself in open air.
Hold, hold! are all thy empty wishes such?
A good old woman would have said as much.
But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boast
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'st most:
Besides, thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A fop well drest, extravagant, and wild:
She, that cries herbs, has less impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common sense.
None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-ey'd, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, dost thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'erfly them, in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for halfpence, and who doffs his coat,
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harvest-home, and on the shearing day,
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He, says the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.
To a short meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving charges,
A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose life's a dream
Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme.
'Tis all thy business, business how to shun;
To bask thy naked body in the sun;
Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil;
Then, in the spacious garden, walk awhile,
To suck the moisture up, and soak it in:
And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
But, know, thou art observ'd: and there are those
Who, if they dar'st, would all thy secret sins expose:
The depilation of thy modest part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
When, prone to hear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of these thy barbers take a costly care,
While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.
Not five, the strongest that the Circus breeds,
From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds:
Though suppled first with soap, to ease thy pain,
The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they stab us; and so the jest goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin disguise:
Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art sound and hale in every part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart,
We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the crowd.

"But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd people take me for a god,
Shall I refuse their incense? Not receive
The loud applauses which the vulgar give?"
If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own solicitor become,
And bidd'st arise the lumpish pendulum:
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by night,
And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils, delight;
Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauseous praises of the times;
Give thy base poets back thy cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes the grammarian being asked, what poem of Archilochus's Iambics he preferred before the rest, answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this fifth satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, doctor Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons; but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the stoic philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From whence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: Here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoics, which affirms, that only the wise or virtuous man is free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE FIFTH SATIRE.

INSCRIBED TO THE REVEREND DR. BUSBY.

THE SPEAKERS PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

Of ancient use to poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred mouths and tongues;
Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'st thou these mighty morsels choose,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the Muse?
Let fustian poets, with their stuff, be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyestes' feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragousts for Tereus or Thyestes drest;
'Tis task enough for thee t' expose a Roman feast.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart,
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the naked mind.
For this a hundred voices I desire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily exprest,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To household gods) declar'd me past a boy;
And my white shield proclaim'd my liberty:
When, with my wild companions, I could roll
From street to street, and sin without control;
Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one:
Whether the mounting Twins did Heaven adorn,
Or with the rising Balance we were born;
Both have the same impressions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find,
Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the same:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising Sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering, for spices, their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the state;
A second shakes the box, and sits up late:
Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a dodder'd oak, and piecemeal falls to ground;
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly studies, grown,
To make the stoic institutes thy own:
Thou long with studious care hast till'd our youth,
And sown our well purg'd ears with wholesome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of ease too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more to morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom! first delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles: not yet t' inscribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe:
That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens, by turning round.
"How," replies one, "can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd;
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, he said, it is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe:
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we please without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong."
"Hold," says the Stoic, "your assumption's wrong:
I grant, true freedom you have well defin'd;
But, living as you list, and to your mind,
And loosely tack'd, all must be left behind.
What, since the pretor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law?"
Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free
From those fond notions of false liberty:
'Tis not the pretor's province to bestow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourselves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;
For reason still is whispering in your ear,
Where you are sure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we 're not design'd.
Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou should'st try
To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
The rules of physic would against thee cry.
The high-shoe'd ploughman, should he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the skill,
So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or opprest with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou can'st truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by Heaven's consent, and mine.
But thou, who lately, of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou canst not wag my finger, or begin
The least light motion, but it tends to sin.
"How's this? Not wag thy finger?" he replies.
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wise.
Virtue and vice are never in one soul:
A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool.
A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In spite of this, my freedom still remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with so many chains?
Canst thou no other master understand
Than him that freed thee by the pretor's wand?

Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
To servile duties, thou would'st fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still opprest?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;
"Up, up," says Avarice. Thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes:
"What must I do?" he cries: "What?" says his lord:
"Why, rise, make ready, and go straight abroad:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear;
'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear:
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma 's even:
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heaven?
Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness:
And he may ask this civil question: 'Friend,
What dost thou make a ship-board? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free? [sea;
Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown george, with lowsy swobbers fed,
Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?
Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six i' th' hundred, to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.'"
'Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, choose
To be thy lord? take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a slave."
Nor think, when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.
Says Phædra to his man, "Believe me, friend,
To this uneasy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? my friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbour's nightly rest invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?"
"Well hast thou freed thyself," his man replies,
"Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice."
"Ah," says the youth, "if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!"
"She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.
She knows her man, and, when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her, with a single hair."
"But shall I not return? Now, when she sues!
Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?"
"Sir, take your course: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain."
Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from lust and pelf,
Less to the pretor owes, than to himself.
But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
With presents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early suppliant, who salutes the tribes,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes:
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy superstition too may claim a share:
When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go round,
And tunnies' tails, in savoury sauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor dost refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprites.
Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
Of Isis, awe thee: lest the gods, for sin,
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin:
Unless three garlic-heads the curse avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.
Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st thou,
And see if they thy doctrine will allow;
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note;
And prize a hundred Zenos just as much
As a clipt sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of moral philosophy; of the true use of riches. They certainly are intended, by the power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One errour, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoics; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consist in the defects of giving or spending; or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also, inquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an ac-

count of himself, that he is endeavouring, by little and little, to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and, being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek in Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the Muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first-created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.
For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore, to my native shores retir'd,
I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
Where cliffs on either sides their points display;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
"'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luna," says our learned bard;
Who in a drunken dream beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.
Secure and free from business of the state,
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.
Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask; nor in a nasty flaggon drink;
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare;
For men of different inclinations are;
Though born perhaps beneath one common star.
In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
In the same sign, almost the same degree:
One, frugal on his birth-day fears to dine,
Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expense,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-floor
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendship's holy tie
And offices of kindness, hold my hand:
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost,
And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open'd side, first
And on her shatter'd masts the mews in triumph
From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will set him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
"'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn, away;
Or without spices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?"
"All these," the wiser Bestius will reply,
"Are empty pomp, and dead men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expense, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unsinew'd Rome.
Our sweating hinds their sallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near;
For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear. come,
Hear'st thou the news, my friend? th' express is
With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæsar salutes the queen and senate thus:
'My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars sweep the dust away:
Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.'
The goodly empress, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And setting her good housewifery aside,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans, of gigantic size,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The spoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.
"Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health:
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, would'st thou hinder me from this expense;
I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
Yet more, a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Control me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
'You give as if you were the Persian king:
Your land does not so large revenues bring.'
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:

Were none of all my father's sisters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I choose:" "What! him of humble birth,
Obscure, a fondling, and a son of earth?"
"Obscure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too.
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors
Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.
"Yet, why would'st thou, old covetous wretch, aspire
To be my heir, who might'st have been my sire?
In Nature's race, should'st thou demand of me
My torch, when I in course run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the god of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.
"What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?
Where's all thy father left?" "'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All spent, and on the self-same errand gone.
"How little then to my poor share will fall!"
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.

"Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
'Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
Put out thy principal in trusty hands:
Live on the use; and never dip thy lands:'
"But yet what's left for me?" "What's left, my friend!
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my fortunes at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my sallads, boy: shall I be fed
With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at ease; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And, when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?
"Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!
Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
'Tis done; now double that, and swell the score;
To every thousand add ten thousand more.
Then say, Chrysippus, thou who would'st confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine."

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

TRANSLATED BY PITT.

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VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Trojans, after a seven years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one ship, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the seas. Æneas, with his own, and six more ships, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him desires the history of of his adventures since the siege of Troy; which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I sing, the first who bore
His course to Latium from the Trojan shore;
By fate expell'd, on land and ocean tost,
Before he reach'd the fair Lavinian coast:
Doom'd by the gods a length of wars to wage,
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;
Ere the brave hero rais'd, in these abodes,
His destin'd walls, and fix'd his wandering gods.
Hence the fam'd Latian line, and senates come,
And the proud triumphs, and the towers of Rome.
Say, Muse, what causes could so far incense
Celestial pow'rs, and what the dire offence
That mov'd Heav'n's awful empress to impose
On such a pious prince a weight of woes,
Expos'd to danger, and with toils opprest?
Can rage so fierce inflame an heavenly breast?
Against th' Italian coast, of ancient fame
A city rose, and Carthage was the name;
A Tyrian colony; from Tiber far;
Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war.
Which Juno far above all realms, above
Her own dear Samos, honoured with her love.
Here stood her chariot, here her armour lay,
Here she design'd, would destiny give way,
Ev'n then the seat of universal sway.
But of a race she heard, that should destroy
The Tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,
Who, proud in arms, triumphant by their swords,
Should rise in time, the world's victorious lords;
By fate design'd her Carthage to subdue,
And on her ruin'd empire raise a new.
This fear'd the goddess; and in mind she bore
The late long war her fury rais'd before
For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath resign'd,
But every cause hung heavy on her mind;
Her form disdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll
Deep in her breast, and kindle all her soul;
Th' immortal honours of the ravish'd boy,
And last, the whole detested race of Troy.
With all these motives fir'd, from Latium far
She drove the relics of the Grecian war: fo'er
Fate urg'd their course: and long they wander'd
The spacious ocean tost from shore to shore.
So vast the work to build the mighty frame,
And raise the glories of the Roman name!
Scarce from Sicilian shores the shouting train
Spread their broad sails, and plough'd the foamy
When haughty Juno thus her rage express'd; [main;
Th' eternal wound still rankling in her breast.
"Then must I stop? are all my labours vain?
And must this Trojan prince in Latium reign?
Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the Grecian ships,
And whelm the scatter'd Argives in the deeps?
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd through the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
Dash'd wide his fleet, and, as her tempest flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmost depths to view.
Then, while transfix'd the blasted wretch expires,
Flames from his breast, and fires succeeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a sudden shock,
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
But I, who move supreme in Heaven's abodes,
Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods,
With this one nation must a war maintain
For years on years; and wage that war in vain
And now what suppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?"
Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, now she flies
To dark Æolia, from the distant skies,
Impregnated with storms; whose tyrant binds
The blust'ring tempests, and reluctant winds.
Their rage imperial Æolus restrains
With rocky dungeons, and enormous chains.
The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,
Roar round the cave, and struggle for a vent.
From his high throne, their fury to assuage,
He shakes his sceptre, and controls their rage;
Or down the void their rapid whirls are driv'n
Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of Heaven.

But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
In gloomy caves the aërial captives pent;
O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he spread,
And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head;
And gave a king, commission'd to restrain
And curb the tempest, or to loose the rein.
Whom thus the queen address'd: "Since mighty Jove,
The king of men, and sire of gods above,
Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raise
Storms at thy sovereign will, or smooth the seas:
A race, I long have labour'd to destroy,
Waft to Hesperia the remains of Troy.
Ev'n now their navy cuts the Tuscan floods,
Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquish'd gods.
Wing all thy furious winds, o'erwhelm the train,
Disperse, or plunge their vessels in the main.
Twice seven bright nymphs, of beauteous shape, are mine;
For thy reward the fairest I'll resign,
The charming Deiopea shall be thine;
She, on thy bed, long blessings shall confer,
And make thee father of a race like her."
"'Tis your's, great queen," replies the pow'r, "to lay
The task, and mine to listen and obey.
By you, I sit a guest with gods above,
And share the graces and the smiles of Jove:
By you, these realms, this sceptre I maintain,
And wear these honours of the stormy reign."
So spoke th' obsequious god; and, while he spoke,
Whirl'd his vast spear, and pierc'd the hollow rock.
The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent;
Earth, in their course, with giddy whirls they sweep,
Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep:
East, West, and South, all black with tempests,
And roll vast billows to the trembling shore.
The cordage cracks; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn; while sudden clouds arise,
And ravish from their sight the splendours of the skies.
Night hovers o'er the floods; the day retires;
The heav'ns flash thick with momentary fires;
Loud thunders shake the poles; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.
In horrour fix'd the Trojan hero stands,
He groans, and spreads to Heav'n his lifted hands.
"Thrice happy those! whose fate it was to fall,"
(Exclaims the chief) "beneath the Trojan wall.
Oh! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die, so bravely, in their parents' sight!
Oh! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand,
That bravest hero of the Grecian band,
Pour'd out this soul, with martial glory fir'd,
And in that field triumphantly expir'd,
Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' spear,
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war;
Where Simois' streams, encumber'd with the slain,
Roll'd shields, and helms, and heroes to the main."
Thus while he mourns, the northern blast prevails,
Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying sails;
The prow turns round; the galley leaves her side
Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;
While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,
And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head,
These ride on waves sublime; those see the ground,
Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound.
Three shatter'd gallies the strong southern blast
On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, cast;
Th' Italians call them altars, as they stood
Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood,
Three more, fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw
From the main sea, and (terrible to view)
He dash'd, and left the vessels, on the land,
Intrench'd with mountains of surrounding sand.
Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
From prow to stern the shatter'd galley flew
Which bore Orontes, and the Lycian crew:
Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ship,
Stunn'd by the stroke, shot headlong down the deep:
The vessel, by the surge tost round and round,
Sunk, in the whirling gulph devour'd and drown'd.
Some from the dark abyss emerge again;
Arms, planks, and treasures, float along the main.
And now thy ship, Ilioneus, gives way,
Nor thine, Achates, can resist the sea;
Nor old Alethes his strong galley saves;
Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:
The storm dissolves their well-compacted sides,
Which drink at many a leak the hostile tides.
Meantime th' imperial monarch of the main
Heard the loud tumults in his wat'ry reign,
And saw the furious tempest wide around
Work up the waters, from the vast profound.
Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the god
Lifts his high head above the stormy flood,
Majestic and serene: he rolls his eyes,
And scatter'd wide the Trojan navy spies,
Oppress by waves below, by thunders from the skies.
Full well he knew his sister's endless hate,
Her wiles and arts to sink the Trojan state.
To Eurus, and the Western blast, he cry'd,
"Does your high birth inspire this boundless pride,
Audacious winds! without a pow'r from me,
To raise, at will, such mountains on the sea?
Thus to confound Heav'n, earth, the air, and main?
Whom I—but first I'll calm the waves again.
But if you tempt my rage a second time,
Know, that some heavier vengeance waits the crime.
Hence; fly with speed; from me, your tyrant tell,
That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.
Bid him his rocks, your darksome dungeons keep,
Nor dare usurp the trident of the deep.
There, in that gloomy court, display his pow'r,
And hear his tempests round their caverns roar."
He spoke, and speaking chas'd the clouds away,
Hush'd the loud billows, and restor'd the day.
Cymothoë guards the vessels in the shock,
And Triton heaves them from the pointed rock.
With his huge trident the majestic god
Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood;
Then mounted on his radiant car he rides,
And wheels along the level of the tides.
As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble storms and thirsts for blood:
Of stones and brands, a mingled tempest flies,
With all the sudden arms that rage supplies:
If some grave sire appears, amid the strife,
In morals strict, and innocence of life,
All stand attentive; while the sage controuls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.
So did the roaring deeps their rage compose,
When the great father of the floods arose.
Rapt by his steeds he flies in open day,
Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.
The Trojans, weary'd with the storm, explore
The nearest land, and reach the Libyan shore.
Far in a deep recess, her jutting sides
An isle projects, to break the rolling tides,
And forms a port, where, curling from the sea,
The waves steal back, and wind into a bay.

On either side, sublime in air, arise
Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the skies;
Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies:
Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,
Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.
Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands,
The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by Nature's hands;
Where polish'd seats appear of living stone;
And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.
No cable here, nor circling anchor binds
The floating vessel harass'd with the winds:
The Dardan hero brings to this retreat
Seven shatter'd ships, the relics of his fleet.
With fierce desire to gain the friendly strand,
The Trojans leap in rapture to the land, [sand.
And, drench'd in brine, lie stretch'd along the
Achates strikes the flint, and from the stroke
The lurking seeds of fire in sparkles broke;
The catching flame on leaves and stubble preys,
Then gathers strength, and mounts into a blaze.
Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine,
And grind their corn, infected with the brine.
Æneas mounts a rock, and thence surveys
The wide and wat'ry prospect of the seas;
Now hopes the shatter'd Phrygian ships to find,
Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind;
And now, Caïcus' glitt'ring arms to spy,
Wide o'er the vast horizon darts his eye.
The chief could view no vessel on the main;
But three tall stags stalk'd proudly o'er the plain;
Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd;
Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley
graz'd.
The prince, who spy'd 'em on the shore below,
Stopp'd short—then snatch'd the feather'd shafts
and bow,
Which good Achates bore: his arrows fled;
And first he laid the lordly leaders dead;
Next all th' ignoble vulgar he pursu'd,
And with his shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the wood;
Nor ceas'd the chief, 'till, stretch'd beneath his
feet,
Lay seven huge stags, the number of his fleet.
Back to the port the victor bends his way,
And with his friends divides the copious prey.
The generous wine to crown the genial feast,
Which kind Acestes gave his parting guest,
Next to his sad associates he imparts;
And with these words revives their drooping hearts.
"Friends! we have known more toils, than
now we know,
By long experience exercis'd in woe;
And soon to these disasters shall be giv'n
A certain period by relenting Heaven
Think, how you saw the dire Cyclopean shore,
Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monsters, roar.
Dismiss your fears; on these misfortunes past
Your minds with pleasure may reflect at last.
Through such varieties of woes, we tend
To promis'd Latium, where our toils shall end:
Where the kind fates shall peaceful seats ordain,
And Troy, in all her glories, rise again.
With manly patience bear your present state,
And with firm courage wait a better fate."
So spoke the chief, and hid his inward smart;
Hope smooth'd his looks, but anguish rack'd his
The hungry crowd prepare, without delay, [heart.
To dress the banquet, and to share the prey.
Some from the body strip the smoking hide,
Some cut in morsels, and the parts divide;
These bid, with busy care, the flames aspire;
Those roast the limbs, yet quiv'ring o'er the fire.
Thus, while their strength and spirits they restore,
The brazen cauldrons smoke along the shore.
Stretch'd on the grass, their bodies they recline,
Enjoy the rich repast, and quaff the generous
wine.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they pass'd away
In long and melancholy talk the day;
Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,
Whether to deem their friends distress'd, or dead.
Apart the pious chief, who suffer'd most,
Bemoans brave Gyas and Cloanthus lost;
For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,
And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.
Now, from high Heav'n, imperial Jove surveys
The nations, shores, and navigable seas;
There, as he sat, enthron'd above the skies,
Full on the Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes.
When lo! the mournful queen of love appears;
Her starry eyes were dimm'd with streaming tears;
Who to the sire her humble suit address'd,
The schemes of fate revolving in his breast.
"Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal sway,
Aw'd by thy thunders, men, and gods obey;
What have my poor exhausted Trojans done?
Or what, alas! my dear unhappy son?
Still, for the sake of Italy, deny'd
All other regions, all the world beside?
Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine
Of Roman chiefs should spring from Teucer's line;
The world in future ages to command,
And in the empire grasp the sea and land.
Oh! sov'reign father, say! what cause could move
The fixt unalterable word of Jove?
Which sooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom;
And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.
But see! their fortune still pursues her blow;
When wilt thou fix a period to their woe?
In safety, bold Antenor broke his way
Through hosts of foes, and pierc'd th' Illyrian bay,
Where, through nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,
Wide as a sea, and deluges the shores;
The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars;
Yet with his colonies, secure, he came,
Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name,
Then fix'd his Trojan arms; his labours cease;
And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.
But we, your progeny, ordain'd to rise,
And share th' eternal honours of the skies,
To glut the rage of one, our vessels lost,
Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coast.
Are these the palms that virtue must obtain,
And is our empire thus restor'd again?"
The sire of men and gods, superior, smil'd
On the sad queen, and gently kiss'd his child.
Then, with those looks that clear the clouded skies,
And calm the raging tempest, he replies.
"Daughter, dismiss your fears; by doom divine
Fixt are the fates of your immortal line.
Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls shall see,
And here we ratify our first decree.
Your son, the brave Æneas, soon shall rise,
Himself a god; and mount the starry skies.
To soothe your care, these secrets I relate
From the dark volumes of eternal fate:
The chief fair Italy shall reach, and there
With mighty nations wage a dreadful war,
New cities raise, the savage nations awe,
And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.

The fierce Rutulians vanquish'd by his sword,
Three years shall Latium own him sovereign lord.
Your dear Ascanius then, the royal boy,
(Now called Iülus, since the fall of Troy)
While thirty rolling years their orbs complete,
Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's seat
Transfer the kingdom; and, of mighty length
Raise tow'ring Alba, glorying in her strength.
There, shall the Trojan race enjoy the pow'r,
And fill the throne, three hundred winters more.
Ilia, the royal priestess, next shall bear
Two lovely infants to the god of war.
Nurs'd by a tawny wolf, her eldest son,
Imperial Romulus, shall mount the throne;
From his own name, the people Romans call,
And from his father Mars, his rising wall.
No limits have I fix'd, of time, or place,
To the vast empire of the godlike race.
Ev'n haughty Juno shall the nation love,
Who now alarms earth, seas, and Heaven above;
And join her friendly counsels to my own,
With endless fame the sons of Rome to crown,
The world's majestic lords, the nation of the gown.
This word be fate——an hour shall wing its way,
When Troy in dust shall proud Mycenæ lay.
In Greece, Assaracus, his sons shall reign,
And vanquish'd Argos wear the victor's chain.
Then Cæsar, call'd by great Iülus' name,
(Whose empire ocean bounds, the stars his fame)
Sprung from the noble Trojan line, shall rise,
Charg'd with his eastern spoils, and mount the skies.
Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these abodes;
Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.
From that blest hour all violence shall cease,
The age grow mild, and soften into peace.
With righteous Rhemus shall Quirinus reign,
Old faith, and Vesta, shall return again;
With many a solid hinge, and brazen bar,
Shall Janus close the horrid gates of war.
Within the fane dire Fury shall be bound,
With a huge heap of shatter'd arms around;
Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load
The fiend shall roar, and grind his teeth in blood."
The thund'rer said, and down th' aërial way
Sent with his high commands the son of May;
That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs,
And grant her guests the freedom of her shores;
Lest Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,
Should shut her ports, and drive them to the sea.
Swift on the steerage of his wings he flies,
And shoots the vast expansion of the skies.
Arriv'd, th' almighty's orders he performs:
Charm'd by the god, no more the nation storms
With jealous rage; in chief the queen inclin'd
To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.
All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay,
But rose impatient at the dawn of day,
To view the coast, the country to explore,
And learn if men, or beasts, possess'd the shore,
(For wide around the gloomy waste extends)
And bear the tidings to his anxious friends.
Beneath a shelving rock his fleet dispos'd,
With waving woods and awful shades enclos'd,
Two glitt'ring spears he shook with martial pride,
And forth he ma ch'd; Achates at his side.
As through the wilds the chief his course pursu'd,
He meets his goddess-mother in the wood;
In show, an huntress she appear'd, array'd
In arms and habit like a Spartan maid;
Or swift Harpalyce of Thrace, whose speed
Out-flew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid steed.
Bare was her knee; and with an easy pride
Her polish'd bow hung graceful at her side.
Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew;
Loose to the winds her wanton tresses flew.
"Ho! gentle youths," she cry'd, "have you beheld
One of my sisters wand'ring o'er the field,
Girt with a speckled lynx's vary'd hide,
A painted quiver rattling at her side?
Or have you seen her, with an eager pace,
Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chase?"
"None of your charming sisterhood," he said,
"Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous maid.
Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddess, say?
A goddess, sure, or sister of the day!
You draw your birth from some immortal line,
Your looks are heavenly, and your voice divine,
Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown?
Alike the natives and the lands unknown?
By the wild waves, and swelling surges tost,
We wander strangers on a foreign coast.
Then will we still invoke your sacred name,
And with fat victims shall your altars flame."
"No goddess' awful name!" she said, "I bear;
For know, the Tyrian maids, by custom, here,
The purple buskin and a quiver wear.
Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aspire;
The Punic realms; a colony from Tyre.
See! wide around, waste Libya's bounds appear,
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war.
From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main,
From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign:
The tale is intricate, perplext, and long;
Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.
Sichæus was her lord, beyond the rest
Of the Phœnician race, with riches blest;
Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led
Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.
Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne
Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.
Ev'n at the sacred altar, in a strife,
By stealth the tyrant shed his brother's life;
Blind with the charms of gold, his falchion drove,
Stern, and regardless of his sister's love.
Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,
And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime.
But her unbury'd lord, before her sight,
Rose in a frightful vision of the night:
Around her bed he stalks; grim! ghastly! pale!
And, staring wide, unfolds the horrid tale
Of the dire altars, dash'd with blood around;
Then bares his breast, and points to every wound;
Warns her to fly the land without delay;
And to support her through the tedious way,
Shows where, in massy piles, his bury'd treasure lay.
Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends,
Obeys the summons, and convenes her friends:
They meet, they join, and in her cause engage,
All, who detest, or dread the tyrant's rage.
Some ships, already rigg'd, they seiz'd, and stow'd
Their sides with gold; then launch'd into the flood.
They sail; the bold exploit a woman guides;
Pygmalion's wealth is wafted o'er the tides.
They came, where now you see new Carthage rise,
And you proud citadel invade the skies.
The wand'ring exiles bought a space of ground,
Which one bull-hide enclos'd and compass'd round;

Hence Byrsa nam'd: but now, ye strangers, say,
Who? whence you are? and whither lies your way?"
Deep, from his soul, he draws a length of sighs,
And, with a mournful accent, thus replies:
"Should I, O goddess! from their source relate,
Or you attend, the annals of our fate,
The golden Sun would sink, and ev'ning close,
Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.
By Grecian foes expell'd from Troy we came,
From ancient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)
Through various seas; when lo! a tempest roars,
And raging drives us on the Libyan shores.
The good Æneas am I call'd; my fame,
And brave exploits, have reach'd the starry frame:
From Grecian flames I bear my rescu'd gods,
Safe in my vessels, o'er the stormy floods.
In search of ancient Italy I rove,
And draw my lineage from almighty Jove.
A goddess-mother and the fates my guides,
With twenty ships I plough'd the Phrygian tides,
Scarce sev'n of all my fleet are left behind,
Rent by the waves, and shatter'd by the wind.
Myself, from Europe and from Asia cast,
A helpless stranger rove the Libyan waste."
No more could Venus hear her son bewail
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.
"Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in these abodes,
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;
Hence then, with haste, to yon proud palace bend
Your course, and on the gracious queen attend.
Your friends are safe, the winds are chang'd again,
Or all my skill in augury is vain!
See those twelve swans, a flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately shooting from th' etherial sky,
Th' imperial bird of Jove dispers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the ground.
As these returning clap their sounding wings,
Ride round the skies, and sport in airy rings;
So have your friends and ships possess'd the strand,
Or with full-bellying sails approach the land.
Haste to the palace then, without delay,
And, as this path directs, pursue your way."
She said, and turning round, her neck she show'd,
That with celestial charms divinely glow'd.
Her waving locks immortal odours shed,
And breath'd ambrosial scents around her head.
Her sweeping robe trail'd pompous as she trod,
And her majestic port confess'd the god.
Soon as he knows her through the coy disguise,
He thus pursues his mother as she flies:
"Must never, never more our hands be join'd?
Are you, like Heaven, grown cruel and unkind?
Why must those borrow'd shapes delude your son?
And why, ah! why those accents not your own?"
He said; then sought the town; but Venus shrowds
And wraps their persons in a veil of clouds;
That none may interpose to cause delay,
Nor, fondly curious, ask them of their way.
Through air sublime the queen of love retreats
To Paphos' stately tow'rs, and blissful seats;
Where to her name an hundred altars rise,
And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the skies.
Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,
Whence all the rising town in prospect lay,
And tow'rs and temples; for the mountain's brow
Hung bending o'er, and shaded all below.
Where late the cottage stood, with glad surprise
The prince beholds the stately palace rise;
On the pav'd streets, and gates, looks wond'ring down,
And all the crowd and tumult of the town.
The Tyrians ply their work; with many a groan
These roll, or heave, some huge unwieldy stone;
Those bid the lofty citadel ascend;
Some in vast length th' embattled walls extend;
Others for future dwellings choose the ground,
Mark out the spot, and draw the furrow round.
Some useful laws propose, and some the choice
Of sacred senates, and elect by voice.
These sink a spacious mole beneath the sea,
Those a huge theatre's foundation lay;
Hew massy columns from the mountain's side,
Of future scenes an ornamental pride.
Thus to their toils, in early summer, run
The clust'ring bees, and labour in the sun;
Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,
Or work the liquid sweets, and thicken to a mass.
The busy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,
And hoards, in curious cells, the golden store;
A chosen troop before the gate attends,
To take the burdens, and relieve their friends;
Warm at the fragrant work, in bands, they drive
The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive.
The prince surveys the lofty tow'rs, and cries,
"Blest, blest are you, whose walls already rise!"
Then, strange to tell, he mingled with the crowds,
And pass'd, unseen, involv'd in mantling clouds.
Amid the town, a stately grove display'd
A cooling shelter, and delightful shade.
Here, tost by winds and waves, the Tyrians found
A courser's head within the sacred ground;
An omen sent by Juno, to declare
A fruitful soil, and race renown'd in war.
A temple here Sidonian Dido rais'd
To Heav'n's dread empress, that with riches blaz'd;
Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the costly shrine,
By her own presence hallow'd and divine.
Brass were the steps, the beams with brass were strong,
The lofty doors, on brazen hinges, rung.
Here, a strange scene before his eyes appears,
To raise his courage, and dispel his fears;
Here first, he hopes his fortunes to redress:
And finds a glimmering prospect of success.
While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,
O'er the proud shrine and pompous temple gaz'd;
While he the town admires, and wond'ring stands
At the rich labours of the artists' hands;
Amid the story'd walls, he saw appear,
In speaking paint, the tedious Trojan war;
The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around,
And every battle fought on Phrygian ground.
There Priam stood, and Agamemnon here,
And Peleus' wrathful son, to both severe.
Struck with the view, "Oh, friend!" the hero cries,
(Tears, as he spoke, came starting from his eyes)
"Lo! the wide world our miseries employ;
What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?
See! where the venerable Priam stands!
See virtue honour'd in the Libyan sands!
For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow;
And Tyrian breasts are touch'd with human woe.
Now banish fear; for, since the Trojan name
Is known, we find our safety in our fame."
Thus while his soul the moving picture fed,
A show'r of tears the groaning hero shed.
For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd;
And there the Trojans to their walls pursu'd.

By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful spear,
Whirl'd on his kindling chariot through the war.
Not far from thence, proud Rhœsus' tents he knows
By their white veils, that match'd the winter snows,
Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd train,
And, while he slept, by fierce Tydides slain;
Who drove his coursers from the scene of blood,
Ere the fierce steeds had tasted Trojan food,
Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.
There Troilus flies disarm'd (unhappy boy!)
From stern Achilles, round the fields of Troy:
Unequal he! to such an arm in war!
Supine, and trailing from his empty car,
Still, though in death, he grasps the flowing reins,
His startled coursers whirl him o'er the plains:
The spear inverted streaks the dust around;
His snowy neck and tresses sweep the ground.
Meantime a pensive supplicating train
Of Trojan matrons, to Minerva's fane
In sad procession with a robe repair,
Beat their white breasts, and rend their golden hair.
Unmov'd with pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,
And fix'd her eyes, relentless, on the ground.
Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,
Thrice dragg'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy:
Then to the mournful sire, the victor sold
The breathless body of his son for gold.
His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he shed,
To see the spoils and chariot of the dead,
And Priam both his trembling hands extend,
And, gash'd with wounds, his dear disfigur'd friend.
Mix'd with the Grecian peers, and hostile train,
Himself he view'd, conspicuous in the plain;
And swarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,
His eastern hosts, and arms that flame with gold.
All furious led Penthesilea there,
With moony shields, her Amazons to war;
Around her breast her golden belt she threw;
Then through the thick-embattled squadrons flew:
Amidst the thousands stood the dire alarms,
And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.
Thus, while the Trojan hero stood amaz'd,
And, fix'd in wonder, on the picture gaz'd,
With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,
Ascends the dome, majestically slow.
As on Eurota's banks, or Cynthus' heads,
A thousand beauteous nymphs Diana leads,
While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance,
She tow'rs majestic, as she leads the dance;
She moves in pomp superior to the rest,
And secret transports touch Latona's breast.
So pass'd the graceful queen amidst her train,
To speed her labours and her future reign.
Then with her guards surrounded, in the gate,
Beneath the spacious dome, sublime she sat.
She shares their labours, or by lots she draws:
And to the crowd administers the laws.
When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus spies,
Antheus, and great Sergestus, with surprise,
Approach the throne, attended by a throng
Of Trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along;
Whom the wild whistling winds and tempests bore,
And wildly scatter'd on a distant shore.
Lost in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he stands,
And with Achates longs to join their hands:
But doubtful of th' event, he first attends,
Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends;
Anxious, and eager till he knew their state,
And where their vessels lay, and what their fate.
With cries, the royal favour to implore,
They came, a train selected, from the shore!
Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
And, with their common suit, addrest the throne.
"Oh! queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty tow'rs,
And this proud town, to raise on Libyan shores,
With high commands, a savage race to awe,
And to the barb'rous natives give the law,
We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race,
Tost round the seas, implore your royal grace;
Oh! check your subjects, and their rage reclaim,
Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame.
Oh! save a pious race; regard our cry;
And view our anguish with a melting eye.
We come not, mighty queen, an hostile band,
With sword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
To bear your spoils triumphant to the shore;
No—to such thoughts the vanquish'd durst not soar.
Once by Œnotrians till'd, there lies a place,
'Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race,
(For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
But since Italia, from the leader's name;
To that blest shore we steer'd our destin'd way,
When sudden, dire Orion rous'd the sea;
All charg'd with tempests rose the baleful star,
And on our navy pour'd his wat'ry war;
With sweeping whirlwinds cast our vessels wide,
Dash'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide,
The few sad relics of our navy bore
Their course to this unhospitable shore.
What are the customs of this barbarous place?
What more than savage this inhuman race?
In arms they rise, and drive us from the strand,
From the last verge, and limits of the land.
Know, if divine and human laws you slight,
The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;
Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard his right.
Æneas was our king, of high renown;
Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own.
If still he lives, and breathes this vital air,
Nor we, his friends and subjects, shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
Your kind compassion in the cause of Troy.
Besides, on high the Trojan ensigns soar,
And Trojan cities grace Sicilia's shore;
Where great Acestes, of the Dardan strain,
Deriv'd from ancient Teucer, holds his reign.
Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars
To fell, and bring our vessels on your shores;
That, if our prince and friends return again,
With joy, from Latium, we may plough the main.
But if those hopes are vanish'd quite away,
If lost, and swallow'd in the Libyan sea,
You lie, great guardian of the Trojan state,
And young Iulus shares his father's fate;
Oh! let us sink Sicilia's shores again,
And fly from hence to good Acestes' reign."
He spoke: a loud assent ran murmuring through the train.
Thus then, in short, the gracious queen replies,
While on the ground she fix'd her modest eyes:
"Trojans, be bold; against my will, my fate,
A throne unsettled, and an infant state,
Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,
And guard with these severities my shores.
Lives there a stranger to the Trojan name,
Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame?
We know the war that set the world on fire;
Nor are so void of sense the sons of Tyre:

For here his beams indulgent Phœbus sheds,
And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.
Seek you, my friends, the blest Saturnian plains,
Or fair Trinacria, where Acestes reigns?
With aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my stores,
Safe will I send you from the Libyan shores.
Or would you stay to raise this growing town?
Fix here your seat; and Carthage is your own.
Haste, draw your ships to shore; to me the same,
Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.
And oh! that great Æneas had been tost,
By the same storm, on the same friendly coast!
But I will send, my borders to explore,
And trace the windings of the mazy shore.
Perchance, already thrown on these abodes,
He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods."
Rais'd in their hopes the friend and hero stood;
And long'd to break, transported, from the cloud.
"Oh! goddess-born!" cry'd brave Achates, "say,
What are your thoughts, and why this long delay?
All safe you see; your friends and fleet restor'd;
One (whom we saw) the whirling gulf devour'd.
Lo! with the rest your mother's words agree,
All but Orontes 'scap'd the raging sea."
Swift as he spoke, the vapours break away,
Dissolve in ether, and refine to day.
Radiant, in open view, Æneas stood,
In form and looks, majestic as a god.
Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,
His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine.
The queen of love the glance divine supplies,
And breathes immortal spirit in his eyes.
Like Parian marble beauteous to behold,
Or silver's milder gleam in burnish'd gold,
Or polish'd iv'ry, shone the godlike man:
All stood surpris'd; and thus the prince began:
"Æneas, whom you seek, you here survey;
Escap'd the tempest of the Libyan sea,
O Dido, gracious queen, who make alone
The woes, and cause, of wretched Troy your own;
And shelter in your walls, with pious care,
Her sons, the relics of the Grecian war;
Who all the forms of misery have bore,
Storms on the sea, and dangers on the shore;
Nor we, nor all the Dardan nation, hurl'd
Wide o'er the globe, and scatter'd round the world,
But the good gods, with blessings, shall repay
Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they;
(If pious acts, if justice they regard;)
And your clear conscience stands its own reward.
How blest this age, that has such virtue seen!
How blest the parents of so great a queen!
While to the sea the rivers roll, and shades
With awful pomp surround the mountain heads;
While ether shines, with golden planets grac'd,
So long your honour, name, and praise, shall last:
Whatever realm my fortune has assign'd,
Still will I bear your image in my mind."
This said, the pious chief of Troy extends
His hands around, and hails his joyful friends:
His left Sergestus grasp'd with vast delight,
To great Ilioneus he gave the right.
Cloanthus, Gyas, and the Dardan train,
All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.
Charm'd with his presence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
Admir'd his fortune much, his person more.
"What fate, O goddess-born," she said, "has tost
So brave a hero on this barbarous coast?
Are you Æneas, who in Ida's grove
Sprung from Anchises and the queen of love
By Simois' streams? and now I call to mind,
When Teucer left his native shores behind;
The banish'd prince to Sidon came, to gain
Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;
Then the rich Cyprian isle, my warlike sire
Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with sword and fire.
From him I learnt the Grecian kings of fame,
The fall of Ilion, and your glorious name:
He on your valour, though a foe, with joy
Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.
Come to my palace then, my royal guest,
And, with your friends, indulge the genial feast.
My wand'rings and my fate resembling yours,
At length I settled on these Libyan shores;
And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,
I view, with pity, woes so like my own."
She spoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,
Ordains a feast, and offerings to the gods.
Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes she sends,
And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends:
A hundred bristly boars, and monstrous swine;
With Bacchus' gifts, a store of generous wine.
The inner rooms in regal pomp display'd,
The splendid feasts in ample halls are made;
Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,
That glow refulgent with the purple dye.
The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould;
And their forefathers' deeds, in times of old,
Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the rising gold.
No more the prince his eager love suppress'd,
All the fond parent struggled in his breast.
He sends Achates to inform his son,
And guide the young Ascanius to the town;
(On his Ascanius turn his fear and joy,
The father's cares are center'd in the boy);
To bring rich presents to the queen of Tyre,
And relics, rescu'd from the Trojan fire.
A mantle wrought with saffron foliage round;
And a stiff robe with golden figures crown'd;
Fair Helen's dress, when, fir'd with lawless joy,
She left her native walls to ruin Troy,
(Her mother's present in the bridal hour);
With gold a shining sceptre studded o'er,
That wont Ilione's fair hand to grace,
The eldest nymph of Priam's beauteous race;
Her necklace, strung with pearls; her crown, that glows
Instarr'd with gems and gold in double rows.
To bring the splendid gifts without delay,
Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way.
But beauteous Venus in her breast design'd
New wiles, and plann'd new counsels in her mind,
That winged Cupid to the court should come
Like sweet Ascanius, in Ascanius' room;
With the rich gifts the Tyrian queen inspire,
And kindle in her veins the raging fire.
Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place,
Her just suspicions of the treach'rous race,
Break, each revolving night, her golden rest;
And thus the suppliant queen the god address'd:
"Oh son! my strength! supreme in Heav'n above!
Whose arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove:
To thee I fly, thy succour to implore,
Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore.
To tell how Juno's restless rage has tost
Your brother round the seas, and ev'ry coast,
Is but to mention what too well you know,
Who sigh'd my sighs, and wept a mother's woe.

Him, in her own town, the Tyrian queen detains,
With soft seducements, from the Latian plains,
But much I fear that hospitable place,
Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race:
And lest this fair occasion she improve,
Know, I design to fire the queen with love;
A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine;
A love as strong, and violent as mine.
But how the proud Phœnician to surprise
With such a passion, hear what I advise.
The royal youth, Ascanius, from the port,
Hastes, by his father's summons, to the court;
With costly presents charg'd he takes his way,
Sav'd from the Trojan flames, and stormy sea;
But to prevent suspicion, will I steep
His temples in the dews of balmy sleep,
Then to Cythera's sacred seats remove,
Or softly lay him in th' Idalian grove.
This one revolving night, thyself a boy,
Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;
And when the queen, transported with thy charms,
Amidst the feast, shall strain thee in her arms,
The gentle poison by degrees inspire
Through all her breast; then fan the rising fire,
And kindle all her soul." The mother said,
With joy the god her soft commands obey'd.
Aside his quiver, and his wings he flung,
And, like the boy Iülus, tript along.

Meantime the goddess on Ascanius throws
A balmy slumber and a sweet repose;
Lull'd in her lap to rest, the queen of love
Convey'd him to the high Idalian grove.
There on a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,
And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade.

Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,
Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.
He came, and found on costly carpets spread
The queen majestic, midst her golden bed.
The great Æneas and the Trojans lie
On pompous couches stain'd with Tyrian dye:
Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,
And limpid water from the crystal spring.
They wash; the menial train the tables spread;
And heap in glitt'ring canisters the bread.
To dress the feast, full fifty handmaids join,
And burn rich incense to the pow'rs divine;
A hundred boys and virgins stood around,
The banquet marshall'd, and the goblet crown'd.
To fill th' embroider'd beds the Tyrians come
Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.
The guests the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,
His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;
The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold:
But chief the queen, the boy and presents move,
The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.
Insatiate in her joy, she sat amaz'd,
Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as she gaz'd.
First, his dissembled father he caress'd,
Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breast;
Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew;
She look'd, and sent her soul at ev'ry view:
Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms;
Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms,
How great a god she fondled in her arms.
But he, now mindful of his mother, stole
By slow degrees Sichæus from her soul;
Her soul, rekindling, in her husband's stead,
Admits the prince; the living for the dead.

Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raise their souls
With sparkling wine they crown the massy bowls.
Through the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,
The palace rings, the vaulted dome resounds.
The blazing torches, and the lamps display,
From golden roofs, an artificial day.
Now Dido crowns the bowl of state with wine;
The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.
Her hands aloft the shining goblet hold, [gold.
Pond'rous with gems, and rough with sculptur'd
When silence was proclaim'd, the royal fair
Thus to the gods address'd her fervent pray'r:
"Almighty Jove! who plead'st the stranger's [cause;
Great guardian god of hospitable laws!
Oh! grant this day to circle still with joy,
Through late posterity, to Tyre and Troy.
Be thou, O Bacchus! god of mirth, a guest;
And thou, O Juno! grace the genial feast.
And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,
And show your guests benevolence and love."
She said, and on the board, in open view,
The first libation to the gods she threw:
Then sipp'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand:
He rose, obedient to the queen's command;
At once the thirsty Trojan swill'd the whole,
Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.
Then thro' the peers, with sparkling nectar crown'd,
The goblet circles, and the health goes round.
With curling tresses grac'd, and rich attire,
Iopas stands, and sweeps the golden lyre;
The truths, which ancient Atlas taught, he sings,
And Nature's secrets, on the sounding strings.
Why Cynthia changes; why the Sun retires,
Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires;
From what originals, and causes, came
Mankind and beasts, the rain, and rising flame;
Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy star;
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern Car;
Why suns in summer the slow night detain,
And rush so swift in winter to the main.
With shouts the Tyrians praise the song divine,
And in the loud applause the Trojans join.
The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,
Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours;
This moment longs of Hector to inquire,
The next of Priam, his unhappy sire;
What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious son;
How high, above his hosts, Achilles shone;
How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car;
How this fierce coursers swept the ranks of war.
"Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate
The Grecian wiles," she said, "and Ilion's fate;
How far your course around the globe extends,
And what the woes and fortunes of your friends:
For, since you wander'd every shore and sea,
Have sev'n revolving summers roll'd away."

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years' siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares

the fixt resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

All gaz'd in silence, with an eager look,
Then from the golden couch the hero spoke:
"Ah mighty queen! you urge me to disclose,
And feel, once more, unutterable woes;
How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd,
And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground;
Those direful scenes I saw on Phrygia's shore,
Those wars in which so large a part I bore,
The fiercest Argive would with tears bewail,
And stern Ulysses tremble at the tale:
And lo! the night precipitates away;
The stars, grown dim before the dawning day,
Call to repose; but since you long to know,
And curious listen to the story'd woe;
Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell,
But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.
"The Grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,
Repell'd by fate, and harass'd by the war)
By Pallas' aid, of season'd fir compose
A steed, that tow'ring like a mountain rose:
This they pretend their common vow, to gain
A safe return, and measure back the main:
Such the report; but guileful Argos hides
Her bravest heroes in the monster's sides;
Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom,
And half a host lay ambush'd in the womb.
"An isle, in ancient times renown'd by fame,
Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name;
Once blest with wealth, while Priam held the sway,
But now a broken, rough, and dang'rous bay:
Thither their unsuspected course they bore,
And hid their hosts within the winding shore.
We deem'd them sail'd for Greece; transported
Forgot her woes, and gave a loose to joy; [Troy
Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train,
To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain.
Here the Dolopian troops their station held;
There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field;
Here rang'd the thousand vessels stood, and there
In conflicts join'd the furious sons of war.
Some view the gift of Pallas with surprise,
The fatal monster, and its wondrous size.
And first Thymœtes mov'd the crowd to lead
And lodge within the tower the lofty steed;
Or, with design, his country to destroy,
Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.
But hoary Capys, and the wise, require
To plunge the treach'rous gift of Greece in fire,
Or whelm the mighty monster in the tides,
Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd sides,
Their own wild will the noisy crowds obey,
And vote, as partial fancy points the way;
Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,
From the high tower rush'd furious to the plain;
And sent his voice from far, with rage inspir'd—
'What madness, Trojans, has your bosoms fir'd?
Think you the Greeks are sail'd before the wind?
Think you these presents safe, they leave behind?
And is Ulysses banish'd from your mind?
Or this prodigious fabric must enclose,
Deep in its darksome womb, our ambush'd foes;
Or 'tis some engine, rais'd to batter down
The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town;
Ah! trust not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhorr'd:
Her gifts are more destructive than her sword.'
"Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw;
Against the sides the furious javelin flew,
Through the wide womb a spacious passage found,
And shook with long vibrations in the wound.
The monster groans, and shakes the distant shore;
And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders roar.
Then, had not partial fate conspir'd to blind,
With more than madness, ev'ry Trojan mind,
The crowd the treach'rous ambush had explor'd,
And not a Greek had 'scap'd the vengeful sword;
Old Priam still his empire would enjoy,
And still thy tow'rs had stood, majestic Troy!
"Meantime, before the king, the Dardan swains,
With shouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,
A willing captive to the Trojan hands,
To open Ilion to the Grecian bands;
Bold and determin'd either fate to try;
Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,
To see the captive, and insult his woe.
Now hear the falsehoods of the Grecian train;
All, all in one; a nation in a man,
For while confounded and disarm'd he stands,
And trembling views around the Phrygian bands,
'Alas! what hospitable land,' (he cry'd)
'Or oh! what seas a wand'ring wretch will hide?
Not only banish'd from the Grecian state;
But Troy, avenging Troy, demands my fate.'
"His melting tears, and moving sighs control
Our rising rage, and soften ev'ry soul.
We bid him tell his race, and long to know
The fate and tidings of a captive foe.
At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,
And laid his well-dissembled fears aside.
"'All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confess,
And first I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;
Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
The frowns of fortune, and disdains a lie.
You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,
Through many a distant realm renown'd by fame;
Condemn'd, tho' guiltless, when he mov'd for peace,
Condemn'd for treason by the voice of Greece.
Though false the charge, the glorious hero bled,
But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.
Me, yet a youth, my father sent to share
With him, my kinsman, in the toils of war.
Long as that hero stood secure from fate,
Long as his counsels propp'd the Grecian state,
Ev'n I could boast an honourable name,
And claim some title to a share of fame:
But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell)
By dire Ulysses' arts and envy fell;

Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,
I dragg'd my days in darkness and despair.
And, if kind Heav'n should give me back once more
Safe and triumphant to my native shore,
For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,
Mad as I was, and spoke my rage aloud.
This mov'd Ulysses' hate, and hence arose
My past misfortunes, and my present woes.
Eager he sought the means, and watch'd the time
To charge me too with some pretended crime.
For conscious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,
And with dark hints amus'd the list'ning crowd.
At length with Calchas he concerts the scheme—
But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?
Or why detain you with a tale of woe?
Since you determine ev'ry Greek, a foe.
Strike, strike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,
And dire Ulysses thank the sword of Troy.'

" Now blind to Grecian frauds, we burn to know
With fond desire the causes of his woe;
Who thus, still trembling as he stood, and pale,
Pursu'd the moving melancholy tale.

" ' Oft' had our hosts determin'd to employ
Their sails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,
Urg'd to a shameful flight, from deep despair,
And the long labours of a ten years' war.
And oh! that they had sail'd!—as oft' the force
Of southern winds, and tempests stopp'd their course. [loud,
But since this steed was rais'd; straight, bellowing
Deep thunders roar'd, and burst from every cloud.
We sent Eurypilus to Phœbus' shrine,
Who brought this sentence from the voice divine;
—When first ye sail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main
With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain;
And ere you measure back the foamy flood,
Know, you must buy a safe return with blood.—
These awful words to ev'ry Greek impart
Surprise and dread, and chill the bravest heart;
To the dire stroke each thought himself decreed,
Himself the victim that for Greece should bleed.
Ulysses then, importunate and loud,
Produc'd sage Calchas to the trembling crowd,
Bade him the secret will of Heav'n relate——
And now my friends could prophesy my fate;
And base Ulysses' wicked arts, they said,
Were levell'd all at my devoted head.
Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,
Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd.
So long besieg'd by Ithacus he stood,
And seem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;
At length he spoke, and, as the scheme was laid,
Doom'd to the slaughter my predestin'd head,
All prais'd the sentence, and were pleas'd to see
The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me.
And now the dire tremendous day was come,
When all prepar'd to solemnize my doom:
The salted barley on my front was spread,
The sacred fillets bound my destin'd head:
I fled th' appointed slaughter, I confess,
And, till our troops should hoist their sails for Greece,
Swift to a slimy lake I took my flight,
Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.
And now these eyes shall view my native shore,
My dear, dear children, and my sire no more;
Whom haply Greece to slaughter has decreed,
And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed,
But thee, O gracious monarch, I implore
By ev'ry god, by ev'ry sacred pow'r,
Who conscious of the facts my lips relate,
With truth inspire me to declare my fate;
By all the solemn sanctions that can bind
In holy ties the faith of human kind;
Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltless foe,
O'erwhelm'd and sunk with such a weight of woe!

" His life we gave him, and dispell'd his fears,
Touch'd with his moving eloquence of tears;
And, melting first, the good old king commands
To free the captive, and to loose his hands.
Then with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Mild and benevolent the monarch spoke.

" ' Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,
But live a subject and a son of Troy;
With truth and strict sincerity proceed,
Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous steed;
Who was its author, what his aim, declare;
Some solemn vow? or engine of the war?

" Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears
His hands unshackled to the golden stars;
You, ye eternal splendours! he exclaims,
' And you, divine inviolable flames,
Ye fatal swords and altars, which I fled,
Ye wreaths, that circled this devoted head;
All, all, attest! that justly I release
My sworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,
Renounce my country, hate her sons, and lay
Their inmost counsels open to the day.
And thou, O Troy, by Sinon snatch'd from fate,
Spare, spare the wretch, who saves the Phrygian state.
Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone,
Since first the labours of the war begun.
But from that execrable point of time,
When Ithacus, the first in ev'ry crime,
With Tydeus' impious son, the guards had slain,
And brought her image from the Phrygian fane,
Distain'd her sacred wreaths with murderous hands,
Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd bands;
Then ceas'd the triumphs of the Grecian train,
And their full tide of conquest sunk again;
Their strength decay'd, and many a dreadful sign
To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.
Scarce to the camp the sacred image came,
When from her eyes she flash'd a living flame;
A briny sweat bedew'd her limbs around,
And thrice she sprung indignant from the ground;
Thrice was she seen with martial rage to wield
Her pond'rous spear, and shake her blazing shield.
With that, sage Calchas mov'd the trembling train
To fly, and measure back the deeps again;
That 'twas not giv'n our armies to destroy
The Phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
Till they should bring from Greece those favouring gods, [floods;
Who smil'd indulgent, when they plough'd the
With more auspicious signs repass the main,
And with new omens take the field again.
Now to their native country they repair,
With gather'd forces to renew the war;
The scheme of Calchas! but their vanish'd host
Will soon return to waste the Phrygian coast.
All Greece, atoning dire Ulysses' deed,
To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous steed;
But Calchas order'd this enormous size,
This monstrous bulk, that heaves into the skies,
Lest Troy should lead it through her opening gate,
And by this new palladium guard her state.
For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd
This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,

Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal shed
With all your vengeance on its author's head!)
In one prodigious ruin would destroy
Thy empire, Priam, and the sons of Troy.
But would you join within your walls to lead
This pledge of Heav'n, this tutelary steed;
Then, with her hosts, all Asia shall repair,
And pour on Pelops' walls a storm of war;
Then Greece shall bleed, and perish in her turn;
Her future sons; her nations yet unborn.'
" Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail;
Too fondly we believ'd the study'd tale;
And thus was Troy, who bravely could sustain
Achilles' fury, when he swept the plain,
A thousand vessels, and a ten years' war,
Won by a sigh, and vanquish'd by a tear.
" Here a more dreadful object rose to sight,
And shook our souls with horrour and affright.
Unblest Laocoon, whom the lots design
Priest of the year, at Neptune's holy shrine
Slew on the sands, beside the rolling flood,
A stately steer, in honour of the god.
When, horrid to relate! two serpents glide
And roll incumbent on the glassy tide,
Advancing to the shore; their spires they raise
Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.
Beneath their burnish'd breasts the waters glow,
Their crimson crests inflame the deeps below;
O'er the vast flood extended long and wide,
Their curling backs lay floating on the tide;
Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
And now the dreadful monsters reach'd the shore;
Their hissing tongues they darted, as they came,
And their red eye-balls shot a sanguine flame.
Pale at the sight, we fled in dire dismay;
Straight to Laocoon they direct their way;
And first in curling fiery volumes bound
His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round,
Devour'd the children in the father's view;
Then on the miserable father flew,
While to their aid he runs with fruitless haste;
And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd:
Twice round his waist, and round his neck they rear
Their winding heads, and hiss aloft in air.
His sacred wreaths the livid poisons stain,
And, while he labours at the knots in vain,
Stung to the soul, he bellows with the pain.
So, when the axe has glanc'd upon his skull,
Breaks from the shrine, and roars the wounded bull.
But each huge serpent now retires again,
And flies for shelter to Minerva's fane;
Her buckler's orb the goddess wide display'd,
And screen'd her monsters in the dreadful shade.
" Then, a new fear the trembling crowd possess'd,
A holy horrour pants in every breast;
All judge Laocoon justly doom'd to bleed,
Whose guilty spear profan'd the sacred steed.
We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,
And supplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r;
All to the fatal labour bend their care,
Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare;
Some round the lofty neck the cables tye,
Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply;
The tow'ring monster, big with Ilion's doom,
Mounts o'er the wall; an army in the womb;
Around the moving pile the children join
In shouts of transport, and in songs divine;
They run, they pull the stretching cords with joy,
And lend their little hands to ruin Troy!
In one loud peal th' enormous horse rolls down,
And thund'ring gains the center of the town.
Oh Troy, renown'd in war! oh bright abodes!
Oh glorious Troy! the labour of the gods!
Thrice stopp'd unmov'd the monster in the gate,
And clashing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate;
But we, by madness blinded and o'ercome,
Lodge the dire monster in the sacred dome.
Cassandra too, inspir'd, our fate declares
(So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears; [waste
We, thoughtless wretches! deck the shrines, and
In sports the day, which Heav'n decreed our last.
" Now had the Sun roll'd down the beamy light,
And from the caves of ocean rush'd the night;
With one black veil her spreading shades suppress
The face of Nature, and the frauds of Greece.
The Trojans round their walls in silence lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day.
When lo! their course the Grecian navy bore,
New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known shore,
By silent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;
And the proud admiral a flame display'd.
Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes;
His peopled caves pour forth in open air
The heroes, and the whole imprison'd war.
Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy
Th' impatient princes, in the midst of Troy;
Machaon first, then great Achilles' heir,
Ulysses, Thoas, Acamas, appear;
A crowd of chiefs with Menelaus succeed;
Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudful steed.
Straight they invade the city, bury'd deep
In fumes of wine, and all dissolv'd in sleep;
They slay the guards, they burst the gates, and join
Their fellows, conscious to the bold design.
" 'Twas now the time when first kind Heav'n bestows
On wretched man the blessings of repose;
When, in my slumbers, Hector seem'd to rise
A mournful vision! to my closing eyes.
Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car
And fiery coursers whirl'd him through the war;
Drawn thro' his swelling feet the thongs I view'd,
His beauteous body black with dust and blood.
Ye gods! how chang'd from Hector! who with joy
Return'd in proud Achilles' spoils to Troy;
Flung at the ships, like Heav'n's almighty sire,
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire.
Now gash'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,
His beard and locks stood stiffen'd with his gore,
With tears and mournful accents I began,
And thus bespoke the visionary man! [joy,
" ' Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and
What cause so long detains thee from thy Troy?
Say, from what realms, so long desir'd in vain,
Her Hector comes, to bless her eyes again?
After such numbers slain, such labours past,
Thus is our prince! ah! thus return'd at last?
Why stream these wounds? or who could thus disgrace
The manly charms of that majestic face?'
" Nought to these questions vain the shade replies,
But from his bosom draws a length of sighs;
' Fly, fly, oh! fly the gathering flames; the walls
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls;
Enough to Priam and to Troy before
Was paid; then strive with destiny no more;

Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,
This hand, and this alone, had sav'd the state.
Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods;
With these pursue thy fortunes o'er the floods
To that proud city, thou shalt raise at last,
Return'd from wand'ring wide the wat'ry waste.'
This said, he brought from Vesta's hallow'd quire
The sacred wreaths, and everlasting fire.
" Meantime tumultuous round the walls arise
Shrieks, clamours, shouts, and mingle in the skies.
And (though remote my father's palace stood,
With shades surrounded, and a gloomy wood)
Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms;
The voice of woe; the dreadful din of arms.
Rous'd at the deaf'ning peal that roars around,
I mount the dome, and listen to the sound.
Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conspire,
Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire;
Or some big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
Bursts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,
O'erwhelms the fields, lays waste the golden grain,
And headlong sweeps the forests to the main;
Stunn'd at the din, the swain with list'ning ears
From some steep rock the sounding ruin hears.
" Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,
The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view;
The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire,
And wrap thy dome, Deiphobus, in fire;
Thine, sage Ucalegon, next strow'd the ground,
And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd ruin round,
Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays;
The surges redden with the distant blaze.
Then shouts and trumpets swell the dire alarms;
And, though 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms:
Eager to raise a band of friends, and pour
In one firm body, to defend the tow'r;
Rage and revenge my kindling bosom fire,
Warm and in arms, to conquer or expire.
But lo! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' priest appears,
Just scap'd the foe, dictracted with his fears,
The sage his vanquish'd gods and relics bore,
And with his trembling grandson sought the shore.
" 'Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion stands?
Say, if a tow'r remains in Trojan hands?'
He thus with groans;—'Our last sad hour is come,
Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.
Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er,
Her glory vanquish'd! and her name no more!
For partial Jove transfers her past renown
To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town;
And the huge monster from his op'ning side
Pours forth her warriors in an endless tide;
With joy proud Sinon sees the flames aspire,
Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire;
Here thousands pouring through the gates appear:
Far more than proud Mycenæ sent to war.
Some seize the passes; groves of spears arise,
That thirst for blood, and flash against the skies.
The guards but just maintain a feeble fight
With their fierce foes, amidst the gloomy night.'
" While Pantheus' words, while ev'ry god inspires,
I flew to arms; and rush'd amidst the fires,
Where the loud furies call, where shouts and cries
Ring round the walls, and thunder in the skies.
Now faithful Ripheus on my side appears,
With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years;
And valiant Hypazis and Dymas, known
By the pale splendours of the glimm'ring moon;
With these Chorœbus, Mygdon's generous boy,
Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy;
Fir'd with the fair Cassandra's blooming charms,
To aid her sire with unavailing arms;
Ah! brave unhappy youth!—he would not hear
His bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the war!
" These when I saw, with fierce collected might,
Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight;
With warmth I thus address'd the gen'rous train:
'Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain!
If by your dauntless souls impell'd, you dare
With me to try th' extremities of war;
You see our hopeless state; how every god,
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode;
You aid a town already sunk in fire;
Fly, fly to arms, and gloriously expire;
Let all rush on, and, vanquish'd as we are,
Catch one last beam of safety from despair.'
Thus while my words inflame the list'ning crew,
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew
As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,
Rush from their dens; and, prowling wide for prey,
Howl to the tempest, while the savage brood,
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirst for blood;
So through the town, determin'd to expire,
Through the thick storm of darts, and smoke and fire,
Wrapt and surrounded with the shades of night,
We rush'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.
" What tongue the dreadful slaughter could disclose?
Or oh! what tears could answer half our woes?
The glorious empress of the nations round,
Majestic Troy lay levell'd with the ground;
Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,
Her streets, her domes, the temples of her gods.
Nor Ilion bled alone: her turn succeeds;
And then she conquers, and proud Argos bleeds;
Death in a thousand forms destructive frown'd,
And woe, despair, and horrour rag'd around.
" And first Androgeos, whom a train attends,
With style familiar hail'd us as his friends;
'Haste, brave associates, haste; what dull delay
Detains you here, while others seize the prey?
In flames your friends have laid all Ilion waste,
And you come lagging from your ships the last.'
Thus he; but soon from our reply he knows
His fatal errour, compass'd round with foes;
Restrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,
Stops short;—and startles at the dreadful sight.
So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake
Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,
Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,
Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.
Fierce we rush in, the heedless foes surround,
And lay the wretches breathless on the ground:
New to the place, with sudden terrour wild;
And thus at first our flatt'ring fortune smil'd.
Then, by his courage and success inspir'd,
His warlike train the brave Chorœbus fir'd;
'Lo! friends, the road of safety you survey;
Come, follow fortune, where she points the way;
Let each in Argive arms his limbs disguise,
And wield the bucklers, that the foe supplies;
For if success an enemy attends,
Who asks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends?'
This said, Androgeos' crested helm he wore;
Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore
With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;
The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.

Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest,
Their manly limbs in hostile armour drest.
With gods averse, we follow to the fight,
And, undistinguish'd in the shades of night,
Mix with the foes, employ the murdering steel,
And plunge whole squadrons to the depths of Hell.
Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
Fly to the shore, and shelter in the fleet;
Some climb the monstrous horse, a frighted train,
And fore lie trembling in the sides again.
But, Heav'n against us, all attempts must fail,
All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;
For lo! Cassandra, lo! the royal fair
From Pallas' shrine with loose dishevell'd hair
Dragg'd by the shouting victors;—to the skies
She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes;
Her eyes—she could no more—the Grecian bands
Had rudely manacled her tender hands;
Chorœbus could not bear that scene of woes,
But, fir'd with fury, flew amidst the foes;
As swift we follow to redeem the fair,
Rush to his aid, and thicken to the war.
Here from the temple on our troop descends
A storm of javelins from our Trojan friends,
Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes;
And hence a dreadful scene of slaughter rose.
Then all the Greeks our slender band invade,
And pour enrag'd to seize the rescu'd maid;
Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,
And both the kings of Atreus' royal name.
So when the winds in airy conflict rise,
Here South and West charge dreadful in the skies:
There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,
Mounts the swift coursers of the purple morn;
Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods;
With his huge trident Neptune strikes the floods:
Foams, storms, and, tempesting the deeps around,
Bares the broad bosom of the dark profound.
Those two, we chas'd by night, a scatter'd train,
Now boldly rally, and appear again.
To them our Argive helms and arms are known,
Our voice and language diff'ring from their own.
We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' steel
First at Minerva's shrine Chorœbus fell.
Next Ripheus bled, the justest far of all
The sons of Troy; yet Heav'n permits his fall.
The like sad fate brave Hypanis attends,
And hapless Dymas, slaughter'd by their friends.
Nor thee, sage Pantheus! Phœbus' wreaths could save,
Nor all thy shining virtues, from the grave.
Ye dear, dear ruins! and thou, Troy! declare
If once I trembled or declin'd the war:
Midst flames and foes a glorious death I sought,
And well deserv'd the death for which I fought.
Thence we retreat, our brave associates gone,
Pelias and Iphitus were left alone;
This slow with age and bending to the ground,
And that more tardy from Ulysses' wound.
Now from the palace-walls tumultuous ring
The shouts, and call us to defend the king;
There we beheld the rage of fight, and there
The throne of death, and centre of the war;
As Troy, all Troy beside had slept in peace,
Nor stain'd by slaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.
Shield lock'd in shield, advance the Grecian pow'rs,
To burst the gates, and storm the regal tow'rs;
Fly up the steep ascent where danger calls,
And fix their scaling engines in the walls.
High in the left they grasp'd the fenceful shield,
Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held;
Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw,
A pile of ruins! on the Greeks below;
Catch for defence the weapons of despair,
In these the dire extremes of death and war.
Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,
By Troy's first monarchs crusted round with gold.
Here thronging troops with glitt'ring falchions stand,
To guard the portals, and the door command.
Straight to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go
To aid the vanquish'd, and repel the foe.
A secret portico contriv'd behind,
Great Hector's mansion to the palace join'd,
By which his hapless princess oft would bring
Her royal infant to the good old king.
This way the topmost battlements I gain,
Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain.
Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears
Her stately head unrival'd to the stars;
From hence we wont all Ilion to survey,
The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling sea.
With steel the yielding timbers we assail'd,
Where loose the huge disjointed structure fail'd;
Then, tugg'd convulsive from the shatter'd walls,
We push the pile: the pond'rous ruin falls
Tumbling in many a whirl, with thund'ring sound,
Down headlong on the foes, and smokes along the ground.
But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops supply;
And in a storm the beams and rocky fragments fly.
"Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms.
So from his den, the winter slept away,
Shoots forth the burnish'd snake in open day;
Who, fed with every poison of the plain,
Sheds his old spoils, and shines in youth again;
Proud of his golden scales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky sting, and glitters on the Sun.
"To him the mighty Periphas succeeds,
And the bold chief[1] who drove his father's steeds;
With these the Seyrian bands advance, and aim
Full at the battlements the missive flame.
Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful sway
Ply'd the huge axe, and hew'd the beams away;
The solid timbers from the portal tore,
And rent from ev'ry hinge the brazen door.
At last the chief a mighty op'ning made, [play'd:
And, all th' imperial dome, in all her length dis-
The sacred rooms of Troy's first monarchs lie,
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;
In arms the centries to the breach repair,
And stand embody'd, to repel the war.
"Now far within, the regal rooms disclose,
Loud and more loud, a direful scene of woes;
The roof resounds with female shrieks and cries,
And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies.
The trembling matrons fly from place to place,
And kiss the pillars with a last embrace;
Bold Pyrrhus storms with all his father's fire;
The barriers burst; the vanquish'd guards retire;
The shatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply;
The bolts leap back; the sounding hinges fly;
The war breaks in; loud shouts the hostile train;
The gates are storm'd; the foremost soldiers slain:
Through the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,
And swarm triumphant round the regal dome.
Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
And bursts resistless o'er the level'd mounds;

[1] Automedon.

Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
" These eyes within the gate th' Atrides view'd,
And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood;
Sad they beheld, amid the mournful scene,
The hundred daughters with the mother queen,
And Priam's self polluting with his gore
Those flames, he hallow'd at the shrine before.
The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine!
(Such were his hopes of a long regal line)
Rich in barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,
Sunk with their proud support of pillars round;
And, where the flames retire, the foes possess the ground,
" And now, great queen, you haply long to know
The fate of Priam in this general woe.
When with sad eyes the venerable sire
Beheld his Ilion sunk in hostile fire;
His palace storm'd, the lof y gates laid low,
His rich pavillions crowded with the foe;
In arms, long since disus'd, the hoary sage
Loads each stiff languid limb, that shook with age;
Girds on an unperforming sword in vain,
And runs on death amidst the hostile train.
Within the courts, beneath the naked sky,
An altar rose; an aged laurel by;
That o'er the hearth and household-gods display'd
A solemn gloom, a deep majestic shade:
Hither, like doves, who close-embody'd fly
From some dark tempest black'ning in the sky,
The queen for refuge with her daughters ran,
Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.
But when in cumbrous arms the king she spy'd,
'Alas! my poor unhappy lord?' she cry'd,
'What more than madness, 'midst these dire alarms,
Mov'd thee to load thy helpless age with arms?
No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,
But asks far other strength, far other hands.
No! could my own dear Hector arm again,
My own dear Hector now would arm in vain.
Come to these altars, here we all shall have
One common refuge, or one common grave.'
This said, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,
And on the sacred seat the monarch plac'd.
" When lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, [runs.
Through darts and foes, from slaught'ring Pyrrhus
Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd dome,
Darts through the courts, and shoots from room to room;
Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe,
Just grasp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow;
Soon as within his parents' sight he pass'd,
Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his last:
He fell; a purple stream the pavement dy'd,
The soul comes gushing in the crimson tide.
The king, that scene impatient to survey,
Though death surrounds him, gives his fury way;
'And oh! may ev'ry violated god,
Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood;
(If gods there are, such actions to regard,)
Oh! may they give thy guilt the full reward;
Guilt, that a father's sacred eyes defil'd
With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child!
Unlike thy sire, Achilles the divine!
(But sure Achilles was no sire of thine!)
Foe as I was, the hero deign'd to hear [pray'r;
The guest's, the suppliant's, king's, and father's
To funeral rites restor'd my Hector slain,
And safe dismiss'd me to my realms again.'
This said, his trembling arm essay'd to throw
The dull dead javelin, that scarce reach'd the foe;
The weapon languishingly lagg'd along,
And, guiltless, on the buckler faintly rung.
'Thou then be first,' replies the chief, 'to go
With these sad tidings to his ghost below;
Begone—acquaint him with my crimes in Troy,
And tell my sire of his degenerate boy.
Die then,' he said, and dragg'd the monarch on,
Through the warm blood that issu'd from his son,
Stagg'ring and sliding in the slipp'ry gore,
And to the shrine the royal victim bore;
Lock'd in the left he grasps the silver hairs,
High in the right the flaming blade he rears,
Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the ruthless falchion in his side.
Such was the fate unhappy Priam found,
Who saw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground;
He, who round Asia sent his high commands,
And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands,
Now lies a headless carcase on the shore,
The man, the monarch, and the name no more!
Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
Struck with that scene of unexampled woe;
Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire:
His old compeer, my venerable sire,
My palace, son, and consort left behind,
All, all, at once came rushing on my mind.
I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there;
My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,
Had leap'd down headlong from the lofty spires,
Tir'd with their toils; or plung'd amidst the fires.
" Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I survey
Where trembling Helen close and silent lay
In Vesta's porch; and by the dismal glare
Of rolling flames discern the fatal fair;
The common plague! by Troy and Greece abhorr'd!
She fear'd alike the vengeful Trojan sword,
Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord.
Fast by the shrine I spy'd the lurking dame,
And all my soul was kindled into flame:
My ruin'd country to revenge, I stood
In wrath resolv'd to shed her impious blood.
'Shall she, this guilty fair, return in peace,
A queen, triumphant, through the realms of Greece,
And see, attended by her Phrygian train,
Her home, her parents, spouse, and sons again?
For her curst cause shall raging flames destroy
The stately structures of imperial Troy?
So many slaughters drench the Dardan shore?
And Priam's self lie welt'ring in his gore?
No!—she shall die—for though the victor gain
No fame, no triumph for a woman slain;
Yet if by just revenge the traitress bleed,
The world consenting will applaud the deed:
To my own vengeance I devote her head,
And the great spirits of our heroes dead.'
" Thus while I rav'd, I saw my mother rise,
Confest a goddess, to my won'dring eyes,
In pomp unusual, and divinely bright;
Her beamy glories pierc'd the shades of night;
Such she appear'd, as when in Heav'n's abodes
She shines in all her glories to the gods.
Just rais'd to strike, my hand she gently took,
Then from her rosy lips the goddess spoke. [on?
" 'What wrath so fierce to vengeance drives thee
Are we no objects of thy care, my son?
Think of Anchises, and his helpless age,
Thy hoary sire expos'd to hostile rage;

Think if thy dear Creüsa yet survive,
Think if thy child, the young Iülus live;
Whom, ever hov'ring round, the Greeks enclose,
From ev'ry side endanger'd by the foes;
And, but my care withstood, the ruthless sword
Long since had slaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.
Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,
Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame;
The gods, my son, th' immortal gods destroy
This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy.
Hence then retire, retire without delay,
Attend thy mother, and her words obey;
Look up, for lo! I clear thy clouded eye
From the thick midst of dim mortality;
Where yon rude piles of shatter'd ramparts rise,
Stone rent from stone, in dreadful ruin lies, [flies:
And black with rolling smoke the dusty whirlwind
There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,
There, from her basis heaves the trembling town;
Heav'n's awful queen, to urge the Trojan fate,
Here storms tremendous at the Scæan gate:
Radiant in arms the furious goddess stands,
And from the navy calls her Argive bands.
On yon high tow'r the martial maid behold,
With her dread Gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.
Great Jove himself the sons of Greece inspires,
Each arm he strengthens, and each soul he fires.
Against the Trojans, from the bright abodes,
See! where the thund'rer calls th' embattled gods.
Strive then no more with Heav'n;—but oh! retreat,
Ourself will guide thee to thy father's seat;
Ourself will cover and befriend thy flight.'
She said, and sunk within the shades of night;
And lo! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd,
And lo'er'd, majestically stern, around.
Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs, and spires;
Then Troy, though rais'd by Neptune, sunk in fires.
So when an aged ash, whose honours rise
From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies,
With many an axe by shouting swains is ply'd,
Fierce they repeat the strokes from every side;
The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
Bows the high head, and nods to every wound:
At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal,
In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale,
Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasured plain lies.

" Now, by the goddess led, I bend my way,
Though javelins hiss, and flames around me play;
With sloping spires the flames obliquely fly,
The glancing darts turn innocently by.
Soon as, these various dangers past, I come
Within my rev'rend father's ancient dome;
Whom first I sought, to bear his helpless age
Safe o'er the mountains, far from hostile rage;
An exil'd life disdaining to enjoy,
He stands determin'd to expire with Troy:
' Fly you, who health, and youth, and strength maintain,
You; whose warm blood beats high in every vein;
For me had Heav'n decreed a longer date,
Heav'n had preserv'd for me the Dardan state;
Too much of life already have I known,
To see my country's fall prevent my own;
Think then, this aged corse with Ilion fell,
And take, oh! take your solemn last farewell:
For death—these hands that office yet can do:
If not—I'll beg it from the pitying foe.
At least the soldier for my spoils will come;
Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.
Grown to my friends an useless heavy load,
Long have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,
Since, in his wrath, high Heaven's almighty sire
Blasted these limbs with his avenging fire.'

" Thus he; and obstinately bent appears:
The mournful family stand round in tears.
Myself, my shrieking wife, my weeping son,
Friends, servants, all, entreat him to be gone,
Nor to the general ruin add his own;
Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,
Nor urge a fate, that flew too swift before.
Unmov'd, he still determines to maintain
His cruel purpose, and we plead in vain.

" Once more I hurry to the dire alarms,
To end a miserable life in arms;
For oh! what measures could I now pursue,
When death, and only death, was left in view?
' To fly the foe, and leave your age alone,
Could such a sire propose to such a son?
If 'tis by your's and Heaven's high will decreed,
That you, and all, with hapless Troy, must bleed:
If not her least remains you deign to save;
Behold! the door lies open to the grave.
Pyrrhus will soon be here, all cover'd o'er
And red from venerable Priam's gore;
Who stabb'd the son before the father's view,
Then at the shrine the royal father slew.
Why, heavenly mother! did thy guardian care
Snatch me from fires, and shield me in the war?
Within these walls to see the Grecians roam,
And purple slaughter stride around the dome;
To see my murder'd consort, son, and sire,
Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire!
Arms! arms! my friends, with speed my arms supply,
'Tis our last hour, and summons us to die;
My arms!—in vain you hold me,—let me go—
Give, give me back this moment to the foe.
'Tis well—we will not tamely perish all,
But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall.'

" Now rushing forth, in radiant arms, I wield
The sword once more, and gripe the pond'rous shield.
When, at the door, my weeping spouse I meet,
The fair Creüsa, who embrac'd my feet,
And clinging round them, with distraction wild,
Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child:
And ' Oh!' she cries, ' if bent on death thou run,
Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and son;
Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,
Defend these walls, and try thy valour here;
Ah! who shall guard thy sire, when thou art slain,
Thy child, or me, thy consort once in vain?'
Thus while she raves, the vaulted dome replies
To her loud shrieks, and agonizing cries.

" When lo! a wond'rous prodigy appears,
For while each parent kiss'd the boy with tears,
Sudden a circling flame was seen to spread
With beams refulgent round Iülus' head;
Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
And harmless fires around his temples blaze.
Trembling and pale we quench with busy care
The sacred fires, and shake his flaming hair.
But old Anchises lifts his joyful eyes,
His hands and voice, in transport, to the skies.

" ' Almighty Jove! in glory thron'd on high,
This once regards us with a gracious eye;

If e'er our vows deserv'd thy aid divine,
Vouchsafe thy succour, and confirm thy sign.'
Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the pole,
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll;
A star shot sweeping through the shades of night,
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,
That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
To point our way, descends in Ida's grove;
Then left a long continu'd stream in view,
The track still glittering where the glory flew.
The flame past gleaming with a bluish glare,
And smokes of sulphur fill the tainted air.
" At this convinc'd, arose my reverend sire,
Address'd the gods, and hail'd the sacred fire.
' Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,
But instant follow where you lead the way.
Ye gods, by these your omens, you ordain
That from the womb of fate shall rise again,
To light and life, a glorious second Troy;
Then save this house, and this auspicious boy;
Convinc'd by omens so divinely bright,
I go, my son, companion of thy flight.'
Thus he—and nearer now in curling spires
Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires.
' Haste then, my sire,' I cry'd, ' my neck ascend,
With joy beneath your sacred load I bend;
Together will we share, where'er I go,
One common welfare, or one common woe.
Ourself with care will young Iülus lead;
At safer distance you my spouse succeed;
Heed too these orders, ye attendant train;
Without the wall stands Ceres' vacant fane,
Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypress near,
Preserv'd for ages with religious fear;
Thither, from different roads assembling, come,
And meet embody'd at the sacred dome:
Thou, thou, my sire, our gods and relics bear;
These hands, yet horrid with the stains of war,
Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day,
When the pure stream shall wash the guilt
away.'
" Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take
My sire, a pleasing burthen, on by back;
Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,
With steps unequal tripp'd Iülus by;
Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way;
Through every lonely dark recess we stray:
And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
Now take alarm, while horrours reign around,
At every breeze, and start at every sound.
With fancy'd fears my busy thoughts were wild
For my dear father, and endanger'd child.
" Now, to the city gates approaching near,
I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear.
Alarm'd, my sire look'd forward through the shade,
And, ' Fly my son, they come, they come!' he
said;
' Lo! from their shields I see the splendours stream;
And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam:'
And here, some envious god, in this dismay,
This sudden terrour, snatch'd my sense away.
For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
Studious to wander from the beaten road;
I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell
From that sad moment, if by fate she fell;
Or sunk fatigu'd; or straggled from the train;
But ah! she never blest these eyes again!
Nor, till to Ceres' ancient wall we came,
Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.
There all the train assembled, all but she,
Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me.
What men, what gods did my wild fury spare!
At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.
In Troy's last ruins did I ever know
A scene so cruel! such transcendent woe!
Our gods, my son, and father, to the train
I next commend, and hide them in the plain;
Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again.
Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
And tempt the dangers that I scap'd before.
Now to the gate I run with furious haste,
Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past;
Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
And tread my former footsteps o'er again.
Surrounding horrours all my soul affright;
And more, the dreadful silence of the night.
Next to my house I flew without delay,
If there, if haply there she bent her way.
In vain—the conquering foes were enter'd there;
High o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air;
Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies,
Swells in the wind, and thunders to the skies.
Back to th' embattled citadel I ran,
And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.
Ulysses now, and Phœnix I survey,
Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey:
In one huge heap the Trojan wealth was roll'd,
Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold;
A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods.
A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound,
Stood with their captive children trembling round.
Yet more—I boldly raise my voice on high,
And in the shade on dear Creüsa cry;
Call on her name a thousand times in vain,
But still repeat the darling name again.
Thus while I rave and roll my searching eyes,
Solemn and slow I saw her shade arise,
The form enlarg'd majestic [illegible]
Fear rais'd my hair, and [illegible]
tongue:
Thus as I stood amaz'd, the [illegible]
With these mild accents soothe[illegible]
" ' Why with excess of sorrow [illegible]
My dearest lord, at what the gods [illegible]
Oh could I share thy toils!—but [illegible]
And Jove, dread Jove, the sovereign [illegible]
In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to [illegible]
Seas after seas, and plough the wat'ry [illegible]
Hesperia shall be thine, where Tyber glides
Through fruitful realms, and rolls in easy tides.
There shall thy fates a happier lot provide,
A glorious empire, and a royal bride.
Then let your sorrows for Creüsa cease;
For know, I never shall be led to Greece;
Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's shame,
A slave to some imperious Argive dame,
No!—born a princess, sprung from Heav'n above,
Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,
Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in these abodes,
To serve the glorious mother of the gods.
Farewell; and to our son thy care approve,
Our son, the pledge of our commutual love.'
" Thus she; and as I wept, and wish'd to say
Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in air away.
Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw;
Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew,
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.

Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
From ruin'd Ilion I return again;
To whom, with wonder and surprise, I find
A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;
A host of willing exiles round me stand,
Matrons, and men, a miserable band;
Eager the wretches pour from every side,
To share my fortunes on the foamy tide;
Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
To lead and fix them on some foreign shore:
And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
Flames the bright star, that leads the golden day,
No hopes of aid in view, and every gate
Possest by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,
And bear the venerable load away."

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet in which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace: from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete; his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

"When Heav'n destroy'd, by too severe a fate,
The throne of Priam, and the Phrygian state,
When Troy, though Neptune rais'd her bulwarks round,
The pride of Asia, smok'd upon the ground;
We sought in va'ant regions new abodes,
Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.
Secret, a sudden navy we provide,
Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Ide. [train,
Doubtful, where Heav'n would fix our wand'ring
Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plough the main.
Scarce had the summer shot a genial ray;
My sire commands the canvass to display,
And steer wherever fate should point the way.
With tears I leave the port, my native shore,
And those dear fields, where Ilion rose before.
An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods,
My son, my friends, and all my vanquish'd gods.
"The warlike Thracians till a boundless plain,
Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' ancient reign;
Ally'd to Troy, while fortune own'd her cause;
The same their gods and hospitable laws;
Thither, with fates averse, my course I bore,
And rais'd a town amid the winding shore.
Then from my name the rising city call,
And stretch along the strand th' embattled wall.
Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,
I offer'd victims by the rolling floods;
But slew a stately bull to mighty Jove,
Who reigns the sovereign of the pow'rs above.
"Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh,
And with thick branches stood a myrtle by.
With verdant boughs to shade my altars round,
I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.
When lo! a horrid prodigy I see;
For scarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree,
When, from the fibres, drops of crimson gore
Ran trickling down, and stain'd the sable shore.
Amaz'd, I shook with horrour and affright,
My blood all curdled at the dreadful sight;
Curious the latent causes to explore,
With trembling hands a second plant I tore;
That second wounded plant distill'd around
Red drops of blood, and sprinkled all the ground.
Rack'd with a thousand fears, devout I bow'd
To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god,
These omens to avert by pow'r divine,
And kindly grant a more auspicious sign.
But when once more we tugg'd with toiling hands,
And eager bent my knees against the sands;
Live I to speak it?—from the tomb I hear
A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear,
'How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend
The bury'd body of thy hapless friend;
This stream that trickles from the wounded tree
Is Trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee.
Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty shore,
Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.
This grove of lances, from my body slain,
Now blooms with vegetable life again.'
"Then, as amaz'd, in deep suspense I hung,
Fear rais'd my hair, and horrour chain'd my tongue.
Ill-fated Priam, when the Grecian pow'rs
With a close siege begirt the Dardan tow'rs,
No more confiding in the strength of Troy,
Sent to the Thracian prince the hapless boy,
With mighty treasures, to support him there,
Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.
This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes cease,
Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;
Broke through all sacred laws, and uncontroll'd
Destroy'd his royal charge, to seize the gold.
Curs'd gold!—how high will daring mortals rise
In ev'ry guilt, to reach the glittering prize?
Soon as my soul recover'd from her fears,
Before my father and the gather'd peers,
I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;
All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;
To leave th' unhospitable realm behind,
And spread our op'ning canvass to the wind.
But first we paid the rites to Polydore,
And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the shore.
Next, to his ghost, adorn'd with cypress boughs
And sable wreaths, two solemn altars rose;
With lamentable cries and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order mov'd around.
Warm milk and sacred blood in bowls we brought,
To lure the spirit with the mingled draught;
Compos'd the soul; and, with a dismal knell,
Took thrice the melancholy last farewell.
"Soon as our fleet could trust the smiling sea,
And the soft breeze had smooth'd the wat'ry way;
Call'd by the whisp'ring gales, we rig the ships,
Crowd round the shores, and lanch into the deeps.

Swift from the port our eager course we ply,
And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly.
" By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,
Lies a fair isle amid th' Ægean flood;
Which Phœbus fix'd; for once she wander'd round
The shores, and floated on the vast profound.
But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves
The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
Safe in her open ports the sacred isle
Receiv'd us, harrass'd with the naval toil.
Our rever'nce due to Phœbus' town we pay,
And holy Anius meets us on the way;
Anius, whose brows the wreaths and laurels grace,
Priest of the god, and sovereign of the place.
Well-pleas'd to see our train the shore ascend,
He flew to meet my sire, his ancient friend:
In hospitable guise our hands he prest,
Then to the palace led each honour'd guest.
To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,
And suppliant to the god prefer my pray'r:
'To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,
Grant, O Thymbræan god! a settled home:
Oh! grant thy suppliants, their long labours past,
A race to flourish, and a town to last;
Preserve this little second Troy in peace,
Snatch'd from Achilles and the sword of Greece:
Vouchsafe, great father, some auspicious sign;
And oh! inform us with thy light divine,
Where lies our way? and what auspicious guide,
To foreign realms shall lead us o'er the tide?"
" Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took;
The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains, shook.
Burst with a dreadful roar, the veils display
The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.
Humbled we fell; then, prostrate on the ground,
We hear these accents in an awful sound:
'Ye valiant sons of Troy, the land that bore
Your mighty ancestors to light before,
Once more their great descendants shall embrace;
Go—seek the ancient mother of your race.
There the wide world, Æneas' house shall sway,
And down, from son to son, th' imperial power convey.'
" Thus Phœbus spoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd
The thronging crowds; and eager all enquir'd,
What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,
Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train?
Then in his mind my sire revolving o'er
The long, long records of the times before:
'Learn, ye assembled peers,' he cries, 'from me,
The happy realm the laws of fate decree,
Fair Crete sublimely tow'rs amid the floods,
Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods.
There ancient Ida stands, and thence we trace
The first memorials of the Trojan race;
A hundred cities the blest isle contains,
And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.
Hence our fam'd ancestor, old Teucer, bore
His course, and gain'd the fair Rhætean shore,
There the great chief the seat of empire chose,
Before proud Troy's majestic structures rose;
Till then, if rightly I record the tale,
Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale.
From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,
Hence her loud cymbals and her sacred woods:
Hence, at her rites religious silence reigns,
And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.
Then fly we speedy where the gods command,
Appease the winds, and seek the Cretan land:
Nor distant is the shore; if Jove but smile,
Three days shall waft us to the blissful isle.'
" This said; he slays the victims due, and loads
In haste the smoking altars of the gods.
A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was slain
To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main:
A milk-white ewe to ev'ry western breeze,
A black, to ev'ry storm that sweeps the seas.
Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat,
Expell'd and banish'd from the throne of Crete;
Free from the foe the vacant region lay:
We leave the Delian shore, and plough the wat'ry way.
By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,
Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply;
By green Donysa next and Paros steer,
Where, white in air, her glitt'ring rocks appear.
Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,
Whose clust'ring islands stud the silver tides.
Loud shout the sailors, and to Crete we fly;
'To Crete, our country,' was the general cry.
Swift shoots the fleet before the driving blast,
And on the Cretan shore descends at last.
" With eager speed I frame a town, and call
From ancient Pergamus the rising wall.
Pleas'd with the name, my Trojans I command
To raise strong tow'rs, and settle in the land.
Soon as our lusty youth the fleet could moor,
And draw the vessels on the sandy shore,
Some join the nuptial bands: with busy toil
Their fellows plough the new-discover'd soil.
To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,
Allot the dwellings, and assign the shares.
When lo! from standing air and poison'd skies,
A sudden plague with dire contagion flies.
On corn and trees the dreadful pest began;
And last the fierce infection seiz'd on man.
They breathe their souls in air, or [illegible]
Their lives, now lengthen[illegible]
Their wonted food the [illegible]
And the red dog-star fires [illegible]
My sire advis'd, to measure [illegible]
Consult, and beg the Delian [illegible]
To end our woes, his succour to [illegible]
And to our wand'rings point the [illegible]
" 'Twas night; soft slumbers [illegible]
possest,
When, as I lay compos'd in [illegible]
Those gods I bore from flaming [illegible]
In awful figures to my wond'ring eyes:
Close at my couch they stood, divinely bright,
And shone distinct by Cyn[illegible]'s gleaming light.
Then, to dispel the cares that rack'd my breast,
These words the visionary pow'rs addrest:
" 'Those truths the god in Delos would repeat,
By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete;
By us, companions of thy arms and thee,
From flaming Ilion o'er the swelling sea.
Led by our care, shall thy descendants rise,
The world's majestic monarchs, to the skies.
Then build thy city for imperial sway,
And boldly take the long laborious way.
Forsake this region; for the Delian pow'r
Assign'd not for thy seat the Gnossian shore.
Once by Œnotrians till'd, there lies a place,
Twas call'd Hesperia by the Grecian race;
For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame;
But since, Italia, from the leader's name.
These are the native realms the fates assign;
Hence rose the fathers of the Trojan line;

The great Iäsius, sprung from Heaven above,
And ancient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove,
Rise then, in haste these joyful tidings bear,
These truths unquestion'd to thy father's ear.
Begone—the fair Ausonian realms explore,
For Jove himself denies the Cretan shore.'
" Struck with the voice divine, and awful sight,
No common dream, or vision of the night;
I saw the wreaths, their features; and a stream
Of trickling sweat ran down from every limb.
I started from my bed, and rais'd on high
My hands and voice in rapture to the sky.
Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)
The scene divine before my sire I laid.
He owns his errour of each ancient place,
Our two great founders, and the double race.
" 'My son,' he cry'd, 'whom adverse fates em-
Oh! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy! [ploy,
Now I reflect, Cassandra's word divine
Assign'd these regions to the Dardan line.
But who surmis'd, the sons of Troy should come
To fair Hesperia from their distant home?
Or who gave credit to Cassandra's strain,
Doom'd by the fates to prophesy in vain?
Pursue we now a surer, safer road,
By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god.'
Glad we comply, and leave a few behind;
Then spread our sails to catch the driving wind;
Forsake this realm; the sparkling waves divide,
And the swift vessels shoot along the tide.
" Now vanish'd from our eyes the lessening ground;
And all the wide horizon stretching round,
Above was sky, beneath was sea profound:
When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,
Charg'd with big storms, frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
And darken'd all the main; the whirlwinds roar,
And roll the waves in mountains to the shore.
Snatch'd by the furious gust, the vessels keep
Their road no more, but scatter o'er the deep:
The thunders roll, the forky lightnings fly;
And in a sheet of rain descends the sky.
Far from our course was dash'd the navy wide,
And dark we wander o'er the tossing tide.
Not skilful Palinure in such a sea,
So black with storms, distinguish'd night from day;
Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way.
Three n' hts without one guiding star in view,
Three days, without the Sun, the navy flew;
The fourth, by dawn, the swelling shores we spy,
See the thin smokes, that melt into the sky,
And bluish hills just opening on the eye.
We furl the sails, with bending oars divide
The flashing waves, and sweep the foamy tide.
" Safe from the storm the Strophades I gain,
Encircled by the vast Ionian main,
Where dwelt Celæno with her harpy train;
Since Boreas' sons had chas'd the direful guests
From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feasts.
But fiends to scourge mankind, so fierce, so fell,
Heav'n never summon'd from the depths of Hell;
Bloated and gorg'd with prey, with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;
A virgin face, with wings and hooky claws;
Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.
" The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld
Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field,
And feeding flocks of goats, without a swain,
That range at large, and bound along the plain;
We seize, we slay, and to the copious feast
Call every god, and Jove himself a guest.
Then on the winding shore the tables plac'd,
And sat indulging in the rich repast;
When from the mountains, terrible to view,
On sounding wings the monster Harpies flew.
They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,
Or snatch the smoking viands from the board.
A stench offensive follows where they fly,
And loud they scream, and raise a dreadful cry.
Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove,
And the close shelter of a shady grove;
Once more prepare the feast, the tables raise;
Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.
Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,
But from a different quarter of the sky;
With loathsome claws they snatch the food away,
Scream o'er our heads, and poison all the prey.
Enrag'd, I bid my train their arms prepare,
And with the direful monsters wage the war.
Close in the grass, observant of the word,
They hide the shining shield, and gleaming sword.
Then, as the harpies from the hills once more
Pour'd shrieking down, and crowded round the shore,
On his high stand Misenus sounds from far [ploy,
The brazen trump, the signal of the war.
With unaccustom'd fight we flew, to slay
The forms obscene, dread monsters of the sea.
But proof to steel their hides and plumes remain;
We strike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,
Who from the fragments wing'd th' aërial way,
And leave, involv'd in stench, the mangled prey:
All but Celæno;—from a pointed rock,
Where perch'd she sat, the boding fury spoke:
'Then was it not enough, ye sons of Troy,
Our flocks to slaughter, and our herds destroy?
But war, shall impious war, your wrongs maintain,
And drive the harpies from their native reign?
Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,
Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;
Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,
And I, the furies' queen, unfold to you.
To promis'd Italy your course you ply,
And safe to Italy at length shall fly;
But never, never raise your city there,
Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,
Imperious hunger urge you to devour
Those very boards on which you fed before.'
" She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.
With hearts dejected my companions stood,
And sudden horrours froze their curdling blood.
Down drop the shield and spear; from fight we cease,
And humbly sue by suppliant vows for peace;
And whether goddesses, or fiends from Hell,
Prostrate before the monstrous forms we fell.
But old Anchises, by the beating floods,
Invok'd with sacrifice th' immortal gods;
And rais'd his hands and voice:—'Ye pow'rs divine,
Avert these woes, and spare a righteous line.'
Then he commands to cut the cords away;
With southern gales we plough the foamy sea.
And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,
With flying sails we stem the murmuring tides.
Now, high in view, amid the circling floods,
We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.
Dulichian coasts, and Samian hills, we spy,
And proud Neritos tow'ring in the sky.
Rough Ithaca we shun, a rocky shore,
And curse the land that dire Ulysses bore.

Then dim Leucate swell'd to sight, who shrouds
His tall aërial brow in ambient clouds;
Last opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,
The dread of sailors on the wintry main.
To this small town, fatigu'd with toil, we haste;
The circling anchors from the prows are cast.
Safe to the land beyond our hopes restor'd,
We paid our vows to Heaven's almighty lord.
All bright in suppling oil, my friends employ
Their limbs in wrestling, and revive with joy
On Actian shores the solemn games of Troy.
Pleas'd we reflect, that we had pass'd in peace,
Thro' foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.
" Meantime the Sun his annual race performs,
And blust'ring Boreas fills the sea with storms;
I hung the brazen buckler on the door,
Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore;
And thus inscrib'd—' These arms, with blood distain'd,
From conquering Greece the great Æneas gain'd:'
Then, rous'd at my command, the sailors sweep
And dash with bending oars the sparkling deep.
Soon had we lost Phæacia's sinking tow'rs,
And skimm'd along Epirus' flying shores,
On the Chaonian port at length we fall;
Thence we ascend to high Buthrotos' wall.
Astonish'd here a strange report we found,
That Trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.
The captive prince (victorious Pyrrhus dead)
At once succeeded to his throne and bed;
And fair Andromache, to Troy restor'd,
Once more was wedded to a Dardan lord.
With eager joy I left the fleet, and went [event
To hail my royal friends, and learn the strange
" Before the walls, within a gloomy wood,
Where new Simois roll'd his silver flood;
By chance, Andromache that moment paid
The mournful offerings to her Hector's shade.
A tomb, an empty tomb, her hands compose
Of living turf; and two fair altars rose.
Sad scene! that still provok'd the tears she shed;
And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.
When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,
She saw my Trojan arms and ensigns fly;
So strange a sight astonish'd to survey,
The princess trembles, falls, and faints away.
Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forsook,
And, scarce recover'd, thus at length she spoke:
" ' Ha!—is it true?—in person? and alive?
Still, dost thou still, oh! goddess-born, survive?
Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,
Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?'
Then, the big sorrow streaming from her eyes,
She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.
Few words to soothe her raging grief I say,
And scarce those few, for sobs, could find their way.
" ' Ah! trust your eyes, no phantoms here im-
I live indeed, but drag a life of woes! [pose;
Say then, oh! say, has fortune yet been just
To worth like yours, since Hector sunk in dust?
Or oh! is that great hero's consort led
(His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed?'
To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,
While on the ground she fixt her streaming eyes:
" ' Thrice blest Polyxena! condemn'd to fall
By vengeful Greece beneath the Trojan wall;
Stabb'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,
To death deliver'd from the victor's bed.
Nor lots disgrac'd her with a chain, like me,
A wretched captive, drags'd from sea to sea!
Doom'd to that hero's haughty heir, I gave
A son to Pyrrhus, more than half a slave.
From me, to fair Hermione he fled,
Of Leda's race, and sought a Spartan bed;
My slighted charms to Helenus resign'd,
And in the bridal bands his captives join'd.
But fierce Orestes, by the furies tost,
And mad with vengeance for the bride he lost,
Swift on the monarch from his ambush flies,
And at Apollo's hallow'd altar slew.
On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant slain)
A portion of the realm, a large domain:
From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he call'd,
And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.
But oh! what winds, what fates, what gracious
pow'rs,
Led you, unknowing, to these friendly shores?
Does yet Ascanius live, the hope of Troy?
Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy?
Or glory's charms his little soul inflame,
To match my Hector's or his father's fame?'
" So spoke the queen with mingled sobs and cries,
And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.
When lo! in royal pomp the king descends
With a long train, and owns his ancient friends.
Then to the town his welcome guests he led;
Tear follow'd tear, at ev'ry word he said.
Here in a foreign region I behold
A little Troy, an image of the old;
Here creeps along a poor penurious stream,
That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name:
A second Scæan gate I clasp with joy,
In dear remembrance of the first in Troy.
With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,
Indulge the banquet in the regal hall.
Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets [illegible]
And the vast feast was serv'd in massy gold.
"Two days were past, and [illegible]
gales
Call us aboard, and stretch [illegible]
A thousand doubts distract [illegible]
And thus the royal prophet [illegible]
' Oh sacred prince of Troy, [illegible]
To speak events, and search [illegible]
The secret mind of Phœbus [illegible]
From laurels, tripods, and [illegible]
To know the voice of every [illegible]
The signs of every wing that [illegible]
Instruct me, sacred seer; [illegible]
With each blest omen, bids [illegible]
To reach fair Italy, and [illegible]
A length of ocean to the [illegible]
The Harpy queen, and she [illegible]
A scene of sad unutterable [illegible]
A dreadful famine sent from Heaven on high,
With all the gather'd vengeance of the sky:
Tell me, what dangers I must first oppose,
And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes.'
" Now, the due victims slain, the king implores
The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs;
Unbinds the fillets from his sacred head,
Then, by the hand, in solemn state he led
His trembling guest to Phœbus' fair abode,
Struck with an awful reverence of the god.
At length, with all the sacred fury fir'd,
Thus spoke the prophet, as the god inspir'd:
" ' Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides,
With prosperous omens waft you o'er the tides,
Such is the doom of fate, the will of Jove,
The firm decree of him who reigns above.

Hear me, of many things, explain a few,
Your future course with safety to pursue;
And, all these foreign floods and countries past,
To reach the wish'd Ausonian port at last.
The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,
And Heaven's dread queen forbids me to reveal.
First then, that Italy, that promis'd land,
Though thy fond hopes already grasp the strand,
(Though now she seems so near) a mighty tide,
And long, long regions from your reach divide.
Sicilian seas must bend your plunging oars;
Your fleet must coast the fair Ausonian shores,
And reach the dreadful isle, the dire abode
Where Circe reigns; and stem the Stygian flood,
Before your fated city shall ascend.
Hear then, and these auspicious signs attend:
When, lost in contemplation deep, you find
A large white mother of the bristly kind,
With her white brood of thirty young, who drain
Her swelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:
There, there, thy town shall rise, my godlike friend,
And all thy labours find their destin'd end.
Fear then Celæno's direful threats no more,
That your fierce hunger shall your boards devour.
Apollo, when invok'd, will teach the way,
And fate the mystic riddle shall display.
But these next borders of th' Italian shores,
On whose rough rocky sides our ocean roars,
Avoid with caution, for the Grecian train
Possess those realms that stretch along the main.
Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful seat;
There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete,
Has fixt his armies on Salentine ground,
And awes the wide Calabrian realms around.
Here Philoctetes, from Thessalian shores,
Rears strong Petilia, fenc'd with walls and tow'rs.
Soon as transported o'er the rolling floods,
You pay due vows in honour of the gods;
When on the shore the smoking altars rise,
A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;
Lest hostile faces should appear in sight,
To blast and discompose the hallow'd rite.
Observe this form before the sacred shrine,
Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.
" ' When near Sicilian coasts thy bellying sails
At length convey thee with the driving gales;
Pelorus' straits just opening by degrees;
Turn from the right; avoid the shores and seas.
Far to the left thy course in safety keep,
And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.
That realm of old, a ruin huge! was rent
In length of ages from the continent;
With force convulsive burst the isle away;
Thro' the dread op'ning broke the thundering sea:
At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,
And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore;
And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides
With scanty channels, and contracted tides.
Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,
Charybdis on the left the flood devours:
Thrice swallow'd in her womb, subsides the sea,
Deep, deep as Hell; and thrice she spouts away
From her black bellowing gulfs, disgorg'd on high,
Waves after waves, that dash the distant sky.
Lodg'd in a darksome cavern's dreadful shade,
High o'er the surges Scylla rears her head:
Grac'd with a virgin's breast, and female locks,
She draws the vessels on the pointed rocks.
Below, she lengthens in a monstrous whale,
With dogs surrounded, and a dolphin's tail.
But oh! 'tis far, far safer, with delay,
Still round and round to plough the wat'ry way,
And coast Pachynus, than with curious eyes
To see th' enormous den where Scylla lies;
The dire tremendous fury to explore,
Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her wat'ry
monsters roar.
" ' Besides, if Helenus the truth inspires,
If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires;
One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' strain,
Though oft repeated, I must urge again.
To Juno first with gifts and vows repair,
And vanquish Heaven's imperial queen with pray'r.
So shall your fleets in safety waft you o'er,
From fair Trinacria to th' Hesperian shore;
There, when arriv'd, you visit Cuma's tow'rs,
Where dark with shady woods Avernus roars,
You see the Sibyl in her rocky cave,
And hear the furious maid divinely rave.
The dark decrees of fate the virgin sings,
And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things.
The mystic numbers, in the cavern laid,
Are rang'd in order by the sacred maid;
There they repose in ranks along the floor;
At length a casual wind unfolds the door:
The casual wind disorders the decrees,
And the loose fates are scatter'd by the breeze.
She scorns to range them, and again unite
The fleeting scrolls, or stop their airy flight.
Then back retreat the disappointed train,
And curse the Sibyl they consult in vain.
But thou, more wise, thy purpos'd course delay,
Tho' thy rash friends should summon thee away;
And wait with patience, though the flattering gales
Sing in thy shrowds, and fill thy opening sails.
With suppliant pray'rs entreat her to relate,
In vocal accents, all thy various fate.
Her voice th' Italian nations shall declare,
And the whole progress of thy future war.
Thy numerous toils the prophetess shall show,
And how to shun, or suffer, every woe.
With reverence due, her potent aid implore,
So shalt thou safely reach the distant shore:
Thus far I tell thee, but must tell no more.
Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,
And raise the Trojan glory to the stars.'
" When thus my fates the royal seer foretold,
He sent rich gifts of elephant and gold;
Within my navy's sides large treasures stow'd,
And brazen caldrons that refulgent glow'd.
To me the monarch gave a shining mail,
With many a golden clasp and golden scale;
With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore
A waving plume; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.
My father too with costly gifts he loads,
And sailors he supplies to stem the floods,
And generous steeds, and arms to all my train,
With skilful guides to lead us o'er the main.
" And now my sire gave orders to unbind
The gather'd sails, and catch the rising wind;
Whom thus, at parting, the prophetic sage
Address'd, with all the reverence due to age:
' O favour'd of the skies! whom Venus led
To the high honours of her genial bed,
Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,
And twice preserv'd thee from the flames of Troy:
Lo! to your eyes Ausonian coasts appear;
Go—to that realm your happy voyage steer.
But far beyond those regions you survey,
Your coasting fleet must cut the lengthen'd way.

Still, still at distance lies the fated place,
Assign'd by Phœbus to the Trojan race.
'Go then,' he said, 'with full success go on,
Oh blest! thrice blest in such a matchless son.
Why longer should my words your course detain,
When the soft gales invite you to the main?'
" Nor less the queen, her love and grief to tell,
With costly presents takes her sad farewell.
She gave my son a robe; the robe of old
Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold:
With precious vests she loads the darling boy,
And a refulgent mantle wrought in Troy. [wove
'Accept, dear youth,' she said, 'these robes I
In happier days, memorial of my love.
This trifling token of thy friend receive,
The last, last present Hector's wife can give.
Ah! now, methinks, and only now, I see
My dear Astyanax revive in thee!
Such were his motions! such a sprightly grace
Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face!
And had it pleas'd, alas! the powers divine,
His blooming years had been the same as thine.'
" Thus then the mournful last farewell I took,
And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair bespoke:
'Live you long happy in a settled state;
'Tis our's to wander still from fate to fate.
Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of ease,
Not doom'd to plough th' immeasurable seas;
Nor seek for Latium, that deludes the view,
A coast that flies as fast as we pursue.
Here you a new Scamander can enjoy;
Here your own hands erect a second Troy:
With happier omens may she rise in peace,
And less obnoxious than the first to Greece.
If e'er the long-expected shore I gain,
Where Tyber's streams enrich the flow'ry plain;
Or if I live to raise our fated town;
Our Latian Troy and yours shall join in one;
In one shall centre both the kindred states,
The same their founder, and the same their fates!
And may their son to future times convey
The sacred friendship which we sign to day.'
" We take to Italy the shortest road,
By steep Ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.
Now the descending Sun roll'd down the light,
The hills lie cover'd in the shades of night;
When some by lot attend, and ply the oars,
Some, worn with toil, lie stretch'd along the shores:
There by the murmurs of the heaving deep
Rock'd to repose, they sunk in pleasing sleep.
Scarce half the hours of silent night were fled,
When careful Palinure forsakes his bed;
And every breath explores that stirs the seas,
And watchful listens to the passing breeze;
Observes the course of every orb on high,
That moves in silent pomp along the sky.
Arcturus dreadful with the stormy star,
The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car,
In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,
And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.
When all serene he saw th' ethereal plain,
He gave the signal to the slumb'ring train.
We rouse; our opening canvass we display,
And wing with spreading sails the wat'ry way.
" Now every star before Aurora flies,
Whose glowing blushes streak the purple skies:
When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood.
'Lo! Italy appears,' Achates cries,
And 'Italy,' with shouts, the crowd replies.
My sire, transported, crowns a bowl with wine,
Stands on the deck, and calls the pow'rs divine:
'Ye gods! who rule the tempests, earth, and sea,
Befriend our course, and breathe a prosperous breeze.'
Up sprung th' expected breeze; the port we spy,
Near, and more near; and Pallas' fane on high,
With the steep hill, rose dancing to the eye.
Our sails are furl'd; and from the seas profound,
We turn the prows to land, while ocean foams around.
" Where from the raging east the surges flow,
The land indented bends an ample bow,
The port conceal'd within the winding shore,
Dash'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar.
Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide, [tide
With outstretch'd arms embrace the murmuring
Within the mighty wall the waters lie,
And from the coast the temple seems to fly.
" Here first, a dubious omen I beheld;
Four milk-white coursers graz'd the verdant field.
'War,' cry'd my sire, 'these hostile realms prepare;
Train'd to the fight, these steeds denounce the war.'
But since sometimes they bear the guiding rein,
Yok'd to the car; the hopes of peace remain.
Then, as her temple rais'd our shouts, we paid
Our first devotions to the martial maid.
Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin,
We veil'd our heads at Juno's sacred shrine;
And sought Heav'n's awful queen with rites divine.
This done;—once more with shifting sails we fly,
And cautious pass the hostile regions by.
Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,
Renown'd, 'tis said, from Hercules of old.
Oppos'd, Lacinia's temple rose on high,
And proud Caulonian tow'rs salute the sky.
Then, near the rocky Scylacæan bay
For wrecks defam'd, we plough the watery way.
Now we behold, emerging to our eyes
From distant floods, Sicilian [illegible]
And hear a thund'ring [illegible]
Of billows breaking on [illegible]
The smoking waves boil [illegible]
And scoop the sands, and [illegible]
'Charybdis' gulf,' my father [illegible]
The direful rocks the royal [illegible]
Ply, ply your oars, and [illegible]
Swift as the word, their ready [illegible]
First skilful Palinure; then all the [illegible]
Steer to the left, and plough the liquid plain.
" Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we rise,
Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the skies.
Then, as the roaring surge retreating fell,
We shoot down headlong to the depths of Hell.
Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears;
Thrice mount the foamy tides, and dash the stars.
" The wind now sinking with the lamp of day,
Spent with her toils, and dubious of the way;
We reach the dire Cyclopean shore, that forms
An ample port, impervious to the storms.
But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,
Involv'd in smoky whirlwinds to the sky;
With loud displosion, to the starry frame,
Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame:
Now from her bellowing caverns burst away
Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.
Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,
And deep as Hell her burning centre glows.

On vast Enceladus this pond'rous load
Was thrown in vengeance by the thundering god;
Who pants beneath the mountains, and expires,
Through openings huge, the fierce tempestuous fires;
With smoke and flame the skies are cover'd o'er,
And all Trinacria shakes from shore to shore.
That night we heard the loud tremendous sound,
The monstrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;
While in the shelt'ring wood we sought repose,
Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult rose.
For not one star displays his golden light;
The skies lie cover'd in the shades of night;
The silver Moon her glimmering splendour shrouds
In gathering vapours, and a night of clouds.
"Now fled the dewy shades of night away,
Before the blushes of the dawning day;
When, from the wood, shot sudden forth in view
A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.
The human form in meager hunger lost;
The suppliant stranger, more than half a ghost,
Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coast.
We turn'd to view the sight;—his vest was torn,
And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.
His beard hangs long, and dust the wretch disdains,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
In all besides, a Grecian he appears,
And late a soldier in the Trojan wars.
Soon as our Dardan dress and arms he view'd,
In fear suspended for a space he stood; [he flies
Stood, stopp'd, and paus'd; then, springing forth,
All headlong to the shore with pray'rs and cries:
'Oh! by this vital air, the stars on high,
By every pitying pow'r who treads the sky!
Ye Trojans, take me hence; I ask no more;
But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore.
I own myself a Grecian, and confess
I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.
If that offence must doom me to the grave,
Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.
I die contented, if that grace I gain;
I die with pleasure, if I die by man.' [around
"These knell'd the wretch, and suppliant clung
My knees with tears, and grovel'd on the ground.
Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate
His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate:
Then he [illegible] hand my good old father took
The [illegible]ling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.
"'Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,
I left my native Ithaca for Troy,
My sire, poor Adamastus, sent from far
His son, his Achæmenides, to war;
Oh! had we both our humble state maintain'd,
And safe in peace and poverty remain'd!
For me my friends forgetful left behind,
In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd.
Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome
Lies wide and waste, a solitary gloom!
With mangled limbs was all the pavement spread;
High as the stars he heaves his horrid head.
The tow'ring giant stalks with matchless might;
A savage fiend! tremendous to the sight.
(Far, far from Earth, ye heav'nly pow'rs, repell
A fiend so direful to the depths of Hell!)
For slaughter'd mortals are the monster's food,
The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood.
These eyes beheld him, when his ample hand
Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.
Stretch'd o'er the cavern, with a dreadful stroke,
He snatch'd, he dash'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.
In one black torrent swam the smoking floor;
Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore;
The limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey!
Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.
"'But mindful of himself, that fatal hour,
Not unreveng'd their death Ulysses bore.
For while the nodding savage sleeps supine,
Gorg'd with his horrid feast, and drown'd in wine;
And, stretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load
Of human offals mixt with human blood:
Trembling, by lot we took our posts around,
Th' enormous giant slumb'ring on the ground.
Then (ev'ry god invok'd, who rules the sky)
Plunge the sharp weapon in his monstrous eye;
His eye, that midst his frowning forehead shone,
Like some broad buckler, or the blazing Sun.
Thus we reveng'd our dear companions lost;
But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coast.
For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more
Range on these hills, and dwell along the shore,
As huge as Polypheme, the giant swain,
Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train.
Now thrice the Moon, fair empress of the night,
Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,
Since in these woods I pass'd the hours away,
In dens of beasts, and savages of prey,
Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round,
Heard their loud footsteps thund'ring on the ground,
With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the sound.
Here every stony fruit I pluck for food,
Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood.
While round I gaze, your fleet I first explore,
The first that touch'd on this detested shore;
To 'scape these savages, I flew with joy
To meet your navy, though it sail'd from Troy.
If I but shun the cruel hands of these;
Do you destroy me by what death you please.'
"Scarce had he said; when lo! th' enormous swain,
Huge Polyphemus, 'midst his fleecy train,
A bulk prodigious! from the mountain's brow
Descends terrific to the shore below:
A monster grim, tremendous, vast, and high;
His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!
His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and strong,
To guide his footsteps as he tower'd along.
His flock attends, the only joy he knows;
His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.
Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood,
With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood
From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,
And, bellowing grinds his teeth in agonizing pain.
Then stalks enormous through the midmost tides;
And scarce the topmost surges reach his sides.
"Aboard, the well-deserving Greek we took,
And, pale with fear, the dreadful coast forsook;
Cut every cord with eager speed away,
Bend to the stroke, and sweep the foamy sea.
The giant heard; and, turning to the sound,
At first pursu'd us through the vast profound;
Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain;
Nor could he ford the deep Ionian main.
With that, the furious monster roar'd so loud,
That ocean shook in ev'ry distant flood;
Trembled all Italy from shore to shore;
And Ætna's winding caves rebellow to the roar.
"Rous'd at the peal, the fierce Cyclopean train
Rush'd from their woods and mountains to the main;
Around the port the ghastly brethren stand,
A dire assembly! covering all the strand.

In each grim forehead blaz'd the single eye;
In vain enrag'd the monstrous race we spy,
A host of giants tow'ring in the sky.
So on some mountain tow'rs the lofty grove
Of beauteous Dian, or imperial Jove;
Th' aërial pines in pointed spires from far,
Or spreading oaks, majestic nod in air.
Headlong we fly with horrour, where the gales
And speeding winds direct the flutt'ring sails.
But Helenus forbids to plough the waves
Where Scylla roars, and fierce Charybdis raves.
As death stands dreadful 'midst the dangerous road,
With backward course we plough the foamy flood;
When, from Pelorus' point a northern breeze
Swells every sail, and wafts us o'er the seas;
First, where Pantagia's mouth appear'd in view,
Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew:
Then, shooting by the fam'd Megarean bay,
And lowly Tapsus, cut the wat'ry way.
These coasts by Achæmenides were shown,
Who follow'd, late, Læertes' wand'ring son:
Familiar with the track he past before,
He names the lands, and points out ev'ry shore.
"An isle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the sides
Of rough Plemmyrium, and Sicanian tides.
Hither, 'tis said, Alpheus, from his source
In Elis' realms, directs his watry course:
Beneath the main he takes his secret way,
And mounts with Arethusa's streams to day:
Now a Sicilian flood his course he keeps,
And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.
Admonish'd, I adore the guardian gods,
Then pass the bounds of rich Helorus' floods.
Next our fleet gallies by Pachynus glide,
Whose rocks projecting stretch into the tide.
The Camarinian marsh I now survey,
By fate forbidden to be drain'd away.
Then the Geloan fields with Gela came
In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name.
With her huge wall proud Agragas succeeds;
A realm, of old renown'd for generous steeds.
From thee, Selinus, swift before the wind
We flew, and left thy sinking palms behind;
By Lilybæum's sides our course pursu'd,
Whose rocks insidious hide beneath the flood:
And reach (those dangerous shelves and shallows past)
The fatal port of Drepanum at last.
Wretch as I was, on this detested coast,
The chief support of all my woes, I lost;
My dear, dear father—sav'd, but sav'd in vain
From all the tempests of the raging main.
Nor did the royal sage this blow foretel;
Nor did the direful harpy-queen of Hell,
Among her frightful prodigies, foreshow
This last sad stroke, this unexpected woe.
Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,
And hence Heav'n led me to your friendly shore."
Thus, while the room was hush'd, the prince relates
The wondrous series of his various fates;
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes:
Then ceas'd; and sought the blessings of repose.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno, with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

But love inflam'd the queen; the raging pain
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,
And much the glories of his godlike line;
Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest,
Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.
The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day;
When to her sister thus the royal dame
Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame.
"Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest?
Who is this hero, this our [illegible]
Mark but his graceful port, [illegible]
How great a prince! and how [illegible]
Sure he descends from some [illegible]
For fear attends the low dege[illegible]
But oh! what wars, what ba[illegible]
How long he struggled with h[illegible]
Did not my soul her purpose still [illegible]
Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed [illegible]
Since from my widow'd arms the [illegible]
sword
Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord;
Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
And the bare mention of the bridal bed—
Forgive my frailty—but I seem inclin'd
To yield to this one weakness of my mind.
For oh! my sister, unreserv'd and free
I trust the secret of my soul to thee;
Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,
Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane,
And stain'd the gods; my firm resolves, I own,
This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.
I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,
Too like the tokens of my former flame.
But oh! may Earth her dreadful gulf display,
And gaping snatch me from the golden day;
May I be hurl'd, by Heav'n's almighty sire,
Transfixt with thunder and involv'd in fire,
Down to the shades of Hell from realms of light,
The deep, deep shades of everlasting night;

Ere, sacred honour! I betray thy cause
In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.
No!—my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,
Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.
My love he had, and ever let him have,
Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave."
Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd:
The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.
"Sister," the fair replies, "whom far above
The light of Heav'n, or life itself I love;
Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,
And waste your youth in solitude away?
And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ?
The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?
Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade,
Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead?
What though before, no lover won your grace,
Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?
With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,
And many a king whom warlike Afric bore.
But will you fly the hero you approve?
And steel your heart against a prince you love?
Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
Your infant empire, and your walls surround?
Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air,
Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war;
There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,
And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;
Here parch'd with thirst a smoking region lies,
There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise.
Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire?
The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre?
Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan shore.
From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes
Shall see a potent town and empire rise.
What scenes of glory Carthage must enjoy,
When our confederate arms unite with Troy?
Go then, propitiate Heav'n; due off'rings pay;
Caress, invite your godlike guest to stay,
And study still new causes of delay.
Tell him, that charg'd with deluges of rain,
Orion rages o'er the wintry main;
That still unrigg'd his shatter'd vessels lie,
Nor can his fleet endure so rough a sky."
These words soon scatter'd the remains of shame;
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the rising flame.
With speed they seek the temples, and implore
With rich oblations each celestial pow'r:
Selected sheep with holy rites they slay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.
The queen before the snowy heifer stands,
Amid the shrines, a goblet in her hands;
Between the horns she sheds the sacred wine,
And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;
Moves round the fane in solemn pomp, and loads,
Day after day, the altars of the gods.
Then hovering o'er, the fair consults in vain
The panting entrails of the victims slain:
But ah! no sacred rites her pain remove;
Priests, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to love?
With passion fir'd, her reason quite o'erthrown,
The hapless queen runs raving through the town.
Soft flames consume her vitals, and the dart,
Deep, deep within, lies festering in her heart.
So sends he heedless hunter's twanging bow
The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;
Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound!
Now the fond princess leads her hero on,
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town;
Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize;
Now as she tries to tell her raging flame,
Stops short,—and faulters, check'd by conscious shame:
Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest,
To share the banquet, and renew the feast:
She fondly begs him to repeat once more
The Trojan story that she heard before;
Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue.
But when the setting stars to rest invite,
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light;
When all the guests retire to soft repose;
Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,
Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears,
In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears
His charming voice still sounding in her ears.
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
The young Ascanius on her lap she took,
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd;
In vain!—the father charms her in the child.
No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air:
The youth, undisciplin'd, no more prepare
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war;
The works and battlements neglected lie,
And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.
The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
That fir'd her soul; and honour pleads in vain.
This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,
In guileful terms address'd the queen of love:
"A high exploit indeed! a glorious name,
Unfading trophies and eternal fame,
You, and your son have worthily pursu'd!
Two gods a single woman have subdu'd!
To me your groundless jealousies are known,
And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.
But why, why goddess, to what aim or end
In lasting quarrels should we still contend?
Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,
And by the nuptial band confirm the peace.
To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire
Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.
Let us with equal sway protect the place,
The common guardians of the mingled race.
Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord,
And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord."
To whom the queen! (who mark'd with piercing eyes
The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,
To Libyan shores from Latium to convey
The destin'd seat of universal sway;)
"Who this alliance madly would deny?
Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky?
And oh! that fortune in the work would join,
With full success to favour the design!
But much I doubt, O goddess, if the fates,
Or Jove permit us to unite the states.
You, as his consort, your request may move,
And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove.

Go than—your scheme before the father lay;
Go;—and I follow, where you lead the way."
"Be mine the care," th' imperial dame replies,
"To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies.
Then heed my counsel—when the dawning light
Drives from the opening world the shades of night;
The prince and queen, transfixt with amorous flame.
Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game;
There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,
Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving net;
The skies shall burst upon the sportive train
In storms of hail, and deluges of rain;
The gather'd tempest, o'er their heads shall roll,
And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.
On ev'ry side shall fly the scattering crowds,
Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
To the same cave for shelter shall repair
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
Ourself in Hymen's nuptial bands will join."
The goddess gave consent, the compact bound,
But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found.
Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,
When, pouring through the gates, the train appear,
Massylian hunters with the steely spear,
Sagacious hounds and toils, and all the sylvan war.
The queen engag'd in dress,—with reverence wait
The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.
Her steed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.
At length she comes, magnificently drest
(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian vest:
Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
A golden quiver rattles at her side;
A golden clasp her purple garments binds,
And robes, that flew redundant in the winds.
Next with the youthful Trojans to the sport
The fair Ascanius issues from the court.
But far the fairest, and supremely tall,
Tow'rs great Æneas, and outshines them all.
As when from Lycia bound in wintry frost,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,
The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;
The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,
And painted Scythians round his altars dance;
Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,
His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;
The god majestic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,
His golden quiver rattling as he goes:
So mov'd Æneas; such his charming grace,
So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his god-like face.
Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
And storm'd the covert of the savage game;
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
From rock to rock, and sought the fields below.
Here the fleet stags, chas'd down the tow'ring steep,
In clouds of dust through the long valley sweep:
While there, exulting, to his utmost speed
The young Ascanius spurs his fiery steed,
Outstrips by turns the flying social train,
And scorns the meaner triumphs of the plain:
The hopes of glory all his soul inflame;
Eager he longs to run at nobler game,
And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar.

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the sky,
And hail and rain, in mingled tempest, fly;
While floods on floods, in swelling torrent rides
Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd sides.
The young Ascanius, and the hunting train,
To close retreats fled diverse o'er the plain,
To the same gloomy cave with speed repair
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.
Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs;
With quivering flames the glimmering grotto shines:
With light'nings all the conscious skies are spread;
The nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's head.
From that sad day, unhappy Dido! rose
Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.
Nor fame nor censure now the queen can move,
No more she labours to conceal her love.
Her passion stands avow'd; and wedlock's name
Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.
Now Fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
Through Libyan cities took her rapid way.
Fame, the swift plague, that every moment grows,
And gains new strength and vigour as she goes.
First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,
And stalks on Earth, and tow'rs above the skies;
Whom, in her wrath to Heav'n, the teeming Earth
Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth;
A monster huge, and dreadful to the eye,
With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.
Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
A thousand piercing eyes and list'ning ears;
And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues appears. [flies;
Thund'ring by night, through Heaven and Earth she
No golden slumbers seal her watchful eyes;
On tow'rs of battlement she sits by day,
And shakes whole towns with terrour and dismay;
Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
Reports a truth, or publishes a lie.
Now both she mingled with [illegible]
And told the nations, that a [illegible]
Inflam'd with love the Tyria[illegible]
The godlike stranger to her [illegible]
That both, indulging to their [illegible]
And deaf to censure, melt in [illegible]
From every thought the care [illegible]
And the long winter pass'd a[illegible]
This tale the fury glories to [illegible]
Then to the king Iarbas bent [illegible]
With jealous rage the furious [illegible]
And all his soul with indignation fires.
This monarch sprung from Ammon's warm embrace
With a fair nymph of Garamantic race.
The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;
An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
Through all his realms, in honour of his sire;
And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire;
With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.
Amid the statues of the gods he stands,
And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair,
Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r.
"Almighty Jove! to whom our Moorish line
In large libations pour the generous wine,
And feast on painted beds; say, father, say,
If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey.
Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When through the skies the pealing thunders roar?

Time are the bolts? or idly do they fall,
And rattle through the dark aërial hall?
A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown,
Rais'd on a purchas'd spot a slender town;
On terms ourself prescrib'd, was glad to gain
A barren tract that runs along the main;
The proffer'd nuptials of thy son abhorr'd;
But to her throne receives a Dardan lord.
And lo! this second Paris come again,
With his unmanly, soft, luxurious train,
In scented tresses and a mitre gay,
To bear my bride, his ravish'd prize, away;
While still in vain we bid thy altars flame,
And pay our vows to nothing but a name."
Him, as he grasp'd his altars, and preferr'd
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;
Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,
Where, careless of their fame, the lovers lie.
The god, that scene offended to survey,
Charg'd with his high command the son of May:
"Fly, fly, my son, our orders to perform;
Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid storm;
Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear
Our awful mandate through the fields of air,
Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian state,
Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.
Not such a prince, the beauteous queen of love
(When twice she sav'd him) promis'd him to Jove;
A prince she promis'd who by deeds divine
Should prove he sprung from Teucer's martial line;
Whose sword imperial Italy should awe,
A warlike realm! and give the world the law.
If no such glories can his mind inflame,
If he neglects his own immortal fame;
What has his heir the young Ascanius done?
Why should he grudge an empire to his son?
What scheme, what prospect can the chief propose,
So long to loiter with a race of foes?
The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
And quite neglect the destin'd Latian shore?
Haste—bid him sail—be this our will; and bear
With speed this mandate through the fields of air."
Swift at the word, the duteous son of May
Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey;
First round his feet the golden wings he bound,
That speed his progress o'er the seas profound,
Or earth's unmeasur'd regions, as he flies,
Wrapp'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the skies.
Then grasp'd the wand; the wand that calls the ghosts
From Hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coasts,
Invites or chases sleep with wond'rous pow'r,
And opes those eyes that death had seal'd before.
Thus arm'd, on wings of winds sublimely rode
Through heaps of opening clouds the flying god.
From far huge Atlas' rocky sides he spies,
Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies:
Beat by the winds and driving rains, he shrouds
His shady forehead in surrounding clouds;
With ice his horrid beard is crusted o'er;
From his bleak brows the gushing torrents pour;
Out-spread, his mighty shoulders heave below
The hoary piles of everlasting snow.
Here on pois'd pinions stoop'd the panting god;
Then, from the steep, shot headlong to the flood.
As the swift sea-mew, for the fishy prey,
In low excursions skims along the sea,
By rocks and shores, and wings th' aërial way;
So, from his kindred mountain, *Hermes flies*
Between th' extended earth and starry skies;
Thus through the parting air his course he bore,
And, gliding, skimm'd along the Libyan shore.
Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,
He finds the prince forgetful of his fame:
The rising domes employ his idle hours,
Th' unfinish'd palaces and Tyrian tow'rs.
A sword all stare'd with gems, and spangled o'er
With yellow jaspers, at his side he wore;
A robe refulgent from his shoulders flow'd
That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimson glow'd;
The work of Dido; whose unrivall'd art
With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.
To whom the god:—"These hours canst thou employ
To raise proud Carthage, heedless prince of Troy?
Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
And form a state, forgetful of thy own?
The lord of Heav'n and Earth, almighty Jove,
With this command dispatch'd me from above;
What are thy hopes from this thy long delay?
Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away?
If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,
Or the fair prospect of immortal praise;
Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy;
The last, the best surviving hope of Troy;
To whom the fates decree, in time to come,
The long, long glories of imperial Rome."
He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there;
And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.
The prince astonish'd stood, with horrour stung;
Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue:
Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,
He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.
But ah! with what address shall he begin,
How speak his purpose to the raving queen?
A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,
That turns each way, and strains on every side:
A thousand projects labouring in his breast,
On this at last he fixes as the best:
Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus he commands
To rig the fleet, to summon all the bands
In secret silence to the shore and hide
The sudden cause, that bids them tempt the tide.
Then while fair Dido, sick with fond desire,
Thinks such a boundless love can ne'er expire,
Himself the proper measures will prepare
To move the queen, and seize with watchful care
The softest moments to address the fair.
With speed impatient fly the chiefs away,
And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey.
But soon the fraud unhappy Dido spies;
(For what can 'scape a lover's piercing eyes,
Who e'en in safety fears with wild affright?)
She first discern'd the meditated flight;
And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys,
The fleet was rigg'd and lanching on the seas.
Mad with despair, and all her soul on flame,
Around the city raves the royal dame:
So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,
Stung by the god, to proud Cithæron flies,
And shakes her ivy spear and raves around,
While the huge mountain echoes to the sound.
At length, by potent love and grief oppress,
The queen, her recreant lover, first addrest:
"And could'st thou hope, dissembler, from my sight,
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight?

In such base silence from my realms to sail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,
Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?
For death, death only can relieve my pain:
And are thy vessels lanch'd, while winter sweeps
With the rough northern blast the roaring deeps?
Barbarian! say, if Troy herself had stood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,
Would'st thou thy sails in stormy seas employ,
And brave the surge to gain thy native Troy?
Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave;
(For these still mine, and only these remain;
The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain!)
By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,
By those first pleasures of the bridal bed,
If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
You sigh'd, and prais'd these now neglected
charms:
If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply,
Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye
A falling race, and lay thy purpose by.
For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire;
For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre;
For thee I lost my honour and my fame,
That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.
Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore, [more!
My barbarous guest!—but ah!—my spouse no
What—shall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours
From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs?
Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led
A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
Ah!—had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
Some little offspring of our loves to light;
If in my regal hall I could survey
Some princely boy, some young Æneas play;
Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone!
I should not seem quite widow'd and undone."
She said; the prince stood still in grief profound,
And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground;
By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies;
At length the hero thus in brief replies.
"Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;
And never, never pay the mighty debt;
But, long as life informs this fleeting frame,
My soul shall honour fair Eliza's name.
Then hear my plea:—By stealth I ne'er design'd
To leave your hospitable realm behind;
Forbear the thought;—much less in Libyan lands,
A casual guest, to own the bridal bands.
Had fate allow'd me to consult my ease,
To live and settle on what terms I please;
Still had I stay'd in Asia, to enjoy
The dear, dear relics of my native Troy:
Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again,
A second Ilion for my vanquish'd train.
But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;
Thither, inspir'd by oracles, I move,
There lies my country, and there lies my love.
If you your rising Carthage thus admire
In these strange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
Why should not Teucer's race be free to gain
The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?
Oft as the stars display their fiery light,
And Earth lies cover'd in the shades of night,
My father's angry spirit blames my stay,
Stalks round my bed, and summons me away.
Long has Ascanius call'd me hence in vain,
By me defrauded of his destin'd reign.
And now, ev'n now, the messenger of Jove
(Both gods can witness) shot from Heav'n
Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands in
flew,
The glorious form appear'd in open view:
I saw him pass these lofty walls, and hear
His awful voice still murmuring in my ear.
Then cease, my beauteous princess, to complain;
Nor let us both be discompos'd in vain:
From these dear arms to Latium fore'd away;
'Tis fate that calls, and fate I must obey."
Thus while he spoke, with high disdain and pride
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every side,
That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,
And, all inflam'd with fury, she began:
"Perfidious monster! boast thy birth no more,
No hero got thee, and no goddess bore.
No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,
By tigers nurs'd, and savages of prey;
But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they.
For why, ah! why the traitor should I spare?
What baser wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?
Did he once deign to turn his scornful eyes?
Did he once groan at all my piercing sighs?
Dropp'd he one tear in pity to my cries?
Calm he look'd on, and saw my passion burst.
Which, which of all his insults was the worst?
And yet great Jove and Juno from the sky
Behold his treason with a careless eye;
Guilt, guilt prevails; and justice is no more.
The needy wretch just cast upon my shore,
Fool as I was! with open arms I led
At once a partner to my throne and bed;
From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,
His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again.
But ah I rave;—my soul the furies fire;
Now great Apollo warns him to retire;
With all his oracles forbids to stay;
And now through air with haste the son of May
Conveys Jove's orders from the bles[t]
A care well worthy to disturb the g[ods]
Go then, I plead not, nor thy flight [delay]
Go, seek new kingdoms through th[e]
But there may every god, thy cri[me]
Reward thy guilt, and dash thee [to]
Then shalt thou call, amid the ho[wling]
On injur'd Dido's name, nor call [in]
For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow thr[ough]
Flash in thy face, or glare tremen[dous]
When death's cold hand my stru[ggling]
My ghost in every place shall wa[it on]
My vengeful spirit shall thy torments know,
And smile with transport in the realms below."
With that, abrupt she took her sudden flight;
Sick of the day, she loaths the golden light;
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to say
Ten thousand things, disdainfully away;
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
The fainting princess to the regal bed.
But though the pious hero tries with care,
And melting words, to soothe her fierce
despair,
Stung with the pains and agonies of love,
Still he regards the high commands of Jove;
Repairs the fleet; and soon the busy train
Roll down the lofty vessels to the main.
New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood;
Whole trees they bring, unfashion'd from the wood,
And leafy saplings to supply their oars,
Pour from the town, and darken all the shores.

When the pismires, an industrious train,
Embody'd, rob some golden heap of grain,
Studious, ere stormy winter frowns, to lay
Safe in their darksome cells the treasur'd prey;
In one long track the dusky legions lead
Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead:
Here, bending with the load, a panting throng
With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain along:
Some lash the stragglers to the task assign'd,
Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind:
They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
Glow at the work, and darken all the way.
At that sad prospect, that tormenting scene,
What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen!
How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
Thy eyes survey'd the tumult on the shore;
When on the floods thou heard'st the shouting train
Plough with resounding oars the wat'ry plain?
To what submissions, of what low degree,
Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee?
Once more she flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
Th' obdurate prince; and anger melts to love;
Tries all her suppliant female arts again
Before her death;—but tries 'em all in vain:
"Sister, behold, from every side they pour
With eager speed, and gather to the shore.
Hark—how with shouts they catch the springing gales,
And crown their ships, and spread their flying sails.
Ah! had I once foreseen the fatal blow,
Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
For thy despairing, dying sister's sake.
For ah! the dear perfidious wretch, I see,
Lays open all his secret soul to thee.
In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
You know the nearest passage to his heart.
Go then, dear sister, as a suppliant go,
Tell, in the humblest terms, my haughty foe,
I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,
With vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy;
Nor sent one vessel to the Phrygian coast,
Nor rak'd abroad his father's sacred dust.
From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?
Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?
I beg but this one grace before I die,
To wait for calmer seas and softer gales
To smooth the floods, and fill his opening sails.
Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
The name of wedlock he disclaims no more:
No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
From beauteous Latium, and his destin'd reign.
For some small interval of time I move,
Some short, short season to subdue my love;
Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,
I grow at last familiar with my fate:
This favour if he grant, my death shall please
His cruel soul, and set us both at ease."
Thus pray'd the queen; the sister bears in vain
The moving message, and returns again.
He stands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
For Jove and fate had stopp'd the hero's ears.
As o'er th' aërial Alps sublimely spread,
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
This way and that the furious tempests blow,
To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
Th' imperial plant, though nodding at the sound,
Though all his scatter'd honours strew the ground,
Safe in his strength, and seated on the rock,
In naked majesty defies the shock:
High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,
So deep the root in Hell's foundations lies.
Thus is the prince besieg'd by constant pray'rs:
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
Still firm the dictates of his soul remain,
And tears are shed, and vows preferr'd in vain.
Now tir'd with life, abandon'd Dido grows;
Now bent on fate, and harrass'd with her woes,
She loaths the day, she sickens at the sky,
And longs, in bitterness of soul, to die.
To urge the scheme of death already laid,
Full many a direful omen she survey'd:
While to the gods she pour'd the wine, she view'd
The pure libation turn'd to sable blood.
This horrid omen to herself reveal'd,
Ev'n from her sister's ears she kept conceal'd;
Yet more—a temple, where she paid her vows,
Rose in the palace to her former spouse;
A marble structure; this she dress'd around
With snowy wool; with sacred chaplets crown'd.
From hence, when gloomy night succeeds the day,
Her husband seems to summon her away.
Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,
In one sad length of melancholy strains;
Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
By prescient sages, and the seers of old;
Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme,
Haunts her distracted soul in ev'ry dream;
In slumber now she seems to travel on,
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone;
And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain.
So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
He saw the furies from the deeps arise;
And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
And two bright Suns with rival glories blaze.
So bounds the mad Orestes o'er the stage,
With looks distracted, from his mother's rage;
Arm'd with her scourge of snakes she drives him on,
And, wrapt in flames, pursues her murdering son;
He flies, but flies in vain;—the furies wait,
And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate.
At length, distracted, and by love o'ercome,
Resolv'd on death, she meditates her doom;
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
And takes due measures for the purpos'd blow.
Then her sad sister she with smiles address'd,
Hope in her looks, but anguish at her breast:
"Anna, partake my joy, for lo! I find
The sole expedient that can cure my mind,
Relieve my soul for ever from her pain,
Or bring my lover to my arms again.
Near Ocean's utmost bound, a region lies,
Where mighty Atlas props the starry skies;
There lives a priestess of Massylian strain,
The guardian of the rich Hesperian fane;
Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowsy seed,
That round the tree his shining volumes roll'd
To guard the sacred balls of blooming gold.
By magic charms the matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love;
Roll back the stars; stop rivers as they flow;
And call grim spectres from the realms of woe.
Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
Beneath her footsteps groans the trembling ball:
But witness thou, and all ye gods on high,
With what regret, to magic rites I fly.

Go then, erect with speed and secret care,
Within the court, a pile in open air.
Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and spread
Above the heap our fatal bridal bed.
The sacred dame commands me to destroy
All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy."
Thus with dissembling arts the princess spoke;
A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her look.
Nor could her wretched sister once divine
These rites could cover such a dire design,
Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
Should more afflict her than her murder'd spouse;
But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
Within the court, beneath the naked sky. [round;
With wreaths the queen adorn'd the structure
And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:
Next, big with death, the sword and robe she spread,
And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.
Amidst her altars, with dishevell'd hairs,
Her horrid rites the priestess now prepares.
Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,
On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;
On hideous Hecate, from Hell's abodes,
(The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods.
The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,
With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood.
And black envenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down
With brazen sickles, by the glimmering Moon.
Then crops the potent knots of love with care,
That from the young estrange the parent mare.
Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,
All bent on death, before her altar stands
The royal victim, the devoted fair;
Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare.
She calls on every star in solemn state,
Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:
She calls to witness every god above,
To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.
'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day,
In soft repose the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and surges die,
The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains;
The furious savages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkness, share,
In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;
All but the hapless queen;—for love denies
Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.
Her passions grow still fiercer, and by turns
With love she maddens, and with wrath she burns.
The struggling tides in different motions roll,
And thus she vents the tempest of her soul:
"What shall I do?—shall I in vain implore
The royal lovers I disdain'd before?
Or, slighted in my turn with haughty pride,
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?
Shall I the Trojans' base commands obey,
Their slave, their suppliant, through the wat'ry
Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid, [way?
By Troy already stand so well repaid!
And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go;
The haughty sailors would but mock my woe.
Hast thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
The perjur'd sons of proud Laomedon?
What!—shall I follow through the roaring main,
Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
Or drive 'em through the deeps with sw[ift]
With all my armies, all the sons of Ty[re]
But can I draw to sea those Tyrian ban[ds]
I drew reluctant from their native lands!
Die then as thou deserv'st; in death repose;
The sword, the friendly sword, shall end thy wo.
You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,
Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd;
Your prompt obedience, and officious care [spite,
Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in de-
Oh! had I learn'd like savages to rove,
And never known the woes of bridal love!
I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!"
Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppress,
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breast.
Meantime, with all things ready for his flight,
In thoughtless sleep the hero past the night.
To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
His youthful figure, looks, and voice, the same,
And thus alarms the slumb'ring prince once more;
"What—can'st thou sleep in this important hour?
Nor all thy dangers canst thou yet survey?
Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the sea?
Mad as thou art!—determin'd on her doom,
She forms designs of mischiefs yet to come.
Then fly her fury while thou yet canst fly,
Before Aurora gilds the purple sky;
Fly,—or the floods shall soon be cover'd o'er
With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the shore,
And direful brands with long projected rays,
Shall set the land and ocean in a blaze.
Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;
Rise, prince; a woman is a changeful thing."
This said, at once he took his rapid flight,
Dissolv'd in air, and mingled with the night.
The hero starts from sleep in wild surprise,
Struck with the glorious vision from the skies,
And rouses all the train: "Awake, unbind,
And stretch, my friends, the canvass to the wind;
Seize, seize your oars; the god descends again,
To bid me fly, and lanch into the main.
Whoe'er thou art, thou blest celestial guide,
Thy course we follow through the foamy tide;
With joy thy sacred orders we obey;
And may thy friendly stars direct the way!
Sudden, he drew his sword as thus he [spoke,]
And cut the haulsers with the flaming
With the same ardour fir'd, the sh[ipmates]
Fly, seize their oars, and rush into the
At once the floods with ships were cover'd o'er,
And not one Trojan left upon the shore;
All stretching to the stroke, with vigour sweep
The whitening surge, and plough the smoking deep.
Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread
Her orient beam, and left her golden bed.
Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
The navy move along the wat'ry field,
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
And saw th' abandon'd port, and empty shore;
Thrice her fierce hands in madness of despair
Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.
"Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods!" she said,
"And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed?
And shall not Carthage pour in arms away?
Run there, and lanch my navies on the sea.
Fly, fly with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre;
Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I said?—ah! impotent and vain!
I rave, I rave—what madness turns my brain?

[illegible] you, Dido, at so late a time,
Ran[illegible]et with horrour on your former crime?
Well had this rage been shown, when first you led
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
His gods and relics from the Phrygian shore!
And safe convey'd his venerable sire!
On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire?
Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
Base wretch! to every monster of the sea?
Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy,
And to his table serve the murder'd boy?
For bent on death, and valiant from despair,
Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
No—but my flames had redden'd all the seas;
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze;
Destroy'd the race, the father and the son,
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
Thou glorious Sun! whose piercing eyes survey
These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,
And thou, O Juno! bend thy awful head,
Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
Hear thou, dire Hecate! from Hell profound,
Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,
Hear, all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate!
If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,
If such be Jove's unalterable doom:
Still let him wander, toss'd from place to place,
Far from his country, and his son's embrace,
By barbarous nations harass'd with alarms;
And take the field with unsuccessful arms;
For foreign aid to distant regions fly,
See all his friends a common carnage lie;
And when he gains, his ruin to complete,
A peace more shameful than his past defeat;
Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,
And lie unburied on the naked plain!
This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
With her last blood, and her last gasping breath!
Oh!—in the silent grave when Dido lies,
Rise in thy rage, thou, great avenger, rise!
Against curs'd Troy, go, mighty son of Tyre,
Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire!
And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,
In future times, pursue the Dardan state.
No peace, no commerce with the race be made:
Pay this last duty to your princess' shade;
Fight, when your pow'r supplies so just a rage;
Fight now, fight still, in every distant age;
By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,
And wage, from son to son, eternal war!"
This said, she bends her various thoughts to close
Her hated life, and finish all her woes.
Then to her husband's nurse she gave command,
(Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
"Go, Barce, go, and bid my sister bring
The sable victims for the Stygian king,
But first be sprinkled from the limpid spring.
Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows,
Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.
Fain would I kindle now the sacred pyre,
And see the Trojan image sink in fire,
Thus I complete the rites to Stygian Jove,
And then farewell—a long farewell to love?"
She said; the matron, studious to obey,
With duteous speed runs trembling all the way.
Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,
And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes;
Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd doom,
And every dreadful thought of death to come:
Yet many a crimson flush, with various grace,
Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.
Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword;
The fatal present of the Dardan lord;
For no such end bestow'd;—the conscious bed,
And robes she view'd; and tears in silence shed;
Stood still, and paus'd a moment—then she cast
Her body on the couch, and spoke her last:
"Ye dear, dear relics of the man I lov'd!
While fate consented, and the gods approv'd,
Relieve my woes, this rage of love control,
Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.
My fatal course is finish'd, and I go
A ghost majestic to the realms below.
Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town
Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own;
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,
And on the wretch reveng'd my murther'd lord.
Happy! thrice happy! if the Dardan band
Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land."
Then pressing with her lips the Trojan bed,
"Shall I then die, and unreveng'd?" she said;
"Yet die I will,—and thus, and thus, I go—
Thus—fly with pleasure to the shades below.
This blaze may yon proud Trojan from the sea,
This death, an omen of his own, survey."
Meantime, the sad attendants, as she spoke,
Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.
At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er,
And the bright falchion smok'd with streaming gore.
Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
The length'ning cries from street to street resound;
To female shrieks the regal dome replies,
And the shrill echoes ring amidst the skies;
As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire;
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the gods.
Her breathless sister runs with eager pace,
And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.
Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying dear Eliza cries.
"Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
You took, your easy sister to betray?
Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
Where shall my plaints begin?—ah! wretch undone,
Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
And share thy sweet society in death?
Me, me you should have call'd, your fate to share
From the same weapon, and the same despair.
And did these hands the lofty pile compose?
Did I invoke our gods with solemn vows?
Only—ah cruel! to be sent away
From the sad scene of death I now survey?
You by this fatal stroke, and I, and all,
Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall.
Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath."
Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest
Her dying sister to her heaving breast;
With cries succeeding cries her robes unbound,
To stanch the blood that issu'd from the wound.
Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,
She strives to raise her heavy lids in vain,
And in a moment sinks, and swoons again.

Propt on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,
And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;
Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,
And saw the Sun, but sicken'd at the sight.
Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky;
And bade fair Iris, from the starry pole,
Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul:
For as she dy'd by love before the time,
Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime,
Not yet had Proserpine, with early care,
Clipp'd from her head the fatal golden hair;
The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,
To free the spirit, and relieve her woe.
Swift from the glancing Sun the goddess drew
A thousand mingling colours, as she flew:
Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;
"And lo! this consecrated lock I bear
To Stygian Jove: and now, as Heav'n ordains,
Release thy soul from these corporeal chains."
The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,
And clipp'd the sacred honours of her head;
The vital spirit flies, no more confin'd,
Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He celebrates the memory of his father with divine honours, institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a sudden shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city, for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage; and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

Now, with a prosperous breeze, Æneas held
His destin'd course, and plough'd the wat'ry field;
Unhappy Dido's funeral flames surveys,
That gild the spires, and round the bulwarks blaze:
But soon the hidden cause the prince divin'd
From the known transports of a female mind;
With such a whirl their fiery passions move,
In the mad rage of disappointed love!
Now o'er the deep the rapid gallies fly,
And the vast round was only wave and sky.
A cloud all charg'd with livid darkness spreads,
Black'ning the floods, and gathering o'er their heads.
Aloud the careful Palinurus cries:
"*Lo!* what a dreadful storm involves the skies!
Oh! Neptune, mighty father of the main!
What tempests threaten from thy wat'ry reign!
Then he commands to furl the sails, and ply
With every bending oar, the foamy deep.
Himself, to break the blast, his sails inclin'd,
And fled obliquely with the driving wind.
"Oh! mighty prince," the trembling master cry'd,
"Scarce could I hope, in such a tossing tide,
To reach Hesperia, and surmount the flood,
Though Jove had past the promise of a god.
See! from the west what thwarting winds arise!
How in one cloud are gather'd half the skies!
In vain our course we labour to maintain,
And, struggling, work against the storm in vain.
Let us, since Fortune mocks our toil, obey,
And speed our voyage, where she points the way.
For not far distant lies the realm, that bore
Your brother Eryx, the Sicilian shore,
If right I judge, whose eyes with constant care
Have watch'd the Heav'ns, retracing every star."
"I see," reply'd the prince, "thy fruitless pain,
That long has struggled with the winds in vain.
Then change thy course, the whirling gusts obey,
And steer with open sails a different way.
Oh! to what dearer land can I retreat?
There I may rig again my shatter'd fleet:
That land my father's sacred dust contains,
And there my Trojan friend, *Acestes*, reigns."
This said, they steer their course; the western gales
With friendly breezes stretch their bellying sails;
Smooth o'er the tides the flying navy past,
And reach'd with joy the well-known shore at last.
The king with wonder from a mountain's brow
Beheld the fleet approach the [illegible]
Then, with a javelin in his hand [illegible]
Clad in a lion's spoils, to meet [illegible]
This monarch sprung from great [illegible]
His Trojan mother mingling [illegible]
With due regard he hails the [illegible]
Arriv'd from Carthage at his [illegible]
With feasts their fainting spirits [illegible]
And rural viands crown'd the [illegible]
Now the diminish'd stars had [illegible]
Before the glories of the dawning [illegible]
His friends Æneas summon'd from [illegible]
Then from a rising point bespoke the [illegible]
"Ye far-fam'd sons of Troy, [illegible]
Whose fathers sprung from Jove's [illegible]
Now the full circle of the year runs [illegible]
Since we dispos'd my sire in [illegible]
Rais'd verdant altars to the [illegible]
And paid all funeral honours to the dead:
And now the fatal day is just return'd,
By me (so Heaven ordains) with rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd;
Though banish'd to the burning Libyan sand,
Though led a captive to the Argive land,
Though lost and shipwreck'd on the Grecian sea,
Still would I solemnize this sacred day
Sure all the friendly pow'rs our course inspire,
To the dear relics of my reverend sire.
Haste then, the new-adopted god adore,
And from his grace a prosp'rous gale implore;
Implore a city, where we still may pay,
In his own fane, the honours of the day.
On every ship two oxen are bestow'd
By great Acestes, of our Dardan blood;
Call to the feast your native Phrygian pow'rs,
With those the hospitable king adores.

As the ninth fair morning's opening light
Had glad the world, and chase the shades of night,
Then to my Trojans I propose, to grace
These sacred rites, the rapid naval race;
Then all, who glory in their matchless force,
Or vaunt their fiery swiftness in the course,
Or dart the spear, or bend the twanging bow,
Or to the dreadful gauntlet dare the foe,
Attend; and each by merit bear away
The noble palms, and glories of the day.
Now grace your heads with verdant wreaths," he said;
Then with his mother's myrtle binds his head.
Like him, Acestes, and the royal boy,
Adorn their brows, with all the youth of Troy.
Now to the tomb, surrounded with a throng,
A mighty train, the hero past along.
Two bowls of milk, and sacred blood, he pours;
Two of pure wine; and scatters purple flow'rs.
Then thus—"Hail, sacred sire! all hail again!
Once more restor'd, but ah! restor'd in vain!
'Twas more than envious fate would give, to see
The destin'd realms of Italy with thee;
Or mighty Tyber's rolling streams explore,
The sacred flood, that bathes th' Ausonian shore."
Scarce had he said, when, beauteous to behold!
From the deep tomb, with many a shining fold,
An azure serpent rose, in scales that flam'd with gold: [shone,
Like Heaven's bright bow his varying beauties
That draws a thousand colours from the Sun:
Pleas'd round the altars and the tomb to wind,
His glittering length of volumes trails behind.
The chief, in deep amaze, suspended hung,
While through the bowls the serpent glides along;
Tastes all the food, then softly slides away,
Seeks the dark tomb, and quits the sacred prey;
Astonish'd at the sight, the hero paid
New rites, new honours, to his father's shade,
Doubts if the demon of his sire rever'd,
Or the kind genius of the place appear'd.
Five sable steers he slew with rites divine,
As many spowy sheep, and bristly swine;
And pouring wine, invok'd his father's shade,
Sent from the darksome regions of the dead.
Then all the train, who gather'd round the grave,
Each for his rank, proportion'd treasures gave.
The altars blaze; the victims round expire;
Some hang the massy cauldrons o'er the fire:
Some o'er the grass the glowing embers spread;
Some broil the entrails on the burning bed.
Now bright the ninth expected morning shone;
Now rose the fiery coursers of the Sun,
When endless crowds the vast assembly crown'd
From all the wide dispeopled country round.
Some rous'd by great Acestes' mighty name,
Some to behold the Trojan strangers came,
Some to contend, and try the noble game.
In view, amid the spacious circle, lay
The costly gifts, the prizes of the day.
Arms on the ground, and sacred tripods glow,
With wreaths and palms to bind the victor's brow.
Silver and purple vests in heaps are roll'd,
Rich robes, and talents of the purest gold;
And from a mount the sprightly trump proclaims
To all the gather'd crowd the glorious games
Four well-match'd gallies first, by oars impell'd
Drawn from the navy, took the wat'ry field.
In the swift Dolphin mighty Mnestheus came,
Maesthous, the founder of the Memmian name.
Next Gyas in the vast Chimæra sweeps
(Huge as a town) the hoarse resounding deeps:
Three rows of oars employ the panting train,
To push th' enormous burthen o'er the main.
Sergestus in the Centaur took his place,
The glorious father of the Sergian race.
In the blue Scylla great Cloanthus rode,
The noble source of our Cluentian blood.
Far in the main a rock advances o'er
The level tides, and fronts the foamy shore,
That hid beneath the rolling ocean lies,
When the black storms involve the starry skies,
But in a calm its lofty head displays
To rest the birds who wing the spacious seas.
Here the great hero fixt an oaken bough,
A mark, that nodded o'er the craggy brow;
To teach the train to steer the backward way,
And fetch a shorter circle round the sea:
Then, rank'd by lot, conspicuous o'er the flood,
The chiefs, array'd in gold and purple, glow'd.
The youths green poplars round their temples twine,
And bright with oil their naked bodies shine,
Eager they grasp their oars, and list'ning wait the sign.
Thick in their hearts alternate motions play,
Now, prest with beating fears, they sink away,
Now throb with rising hopes to win the glorious day.
Soon as the trump the first shrill signal blew,
All, in a moment, from the barrier flew:
Turn'd by their labouring oars the surges rise,
And with their shouts the sailors rend the skies,
The foamy tides with equal furrows sweep;
And, opening to the keel, divides the hoary deep.
Not half so swift the fiery coursers pour,
And, as they start, the distant plain devour;
Nor half so fierce the drivers, pois'd in air,
Urge the fleet steeds to whirl the flying car,
Throw up the reins, and, bending o'er the yoke,
Shout, lash, and send their souls at every stroke.
The crowds in parties join; and, to the cries
And eager shouts, the hollow wood replies:
While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,
And the long echo rolls around the winding shore.
With peals of loud applause from every side
First Gyas flew, and shot along the tide.
Cloanthus follows, but his pond'rous ship,
Though better mann'd, moves heavier on the deep.
Behind, the Dolphin and the Centaur lay,
At equal distance, on the wat'ry way:
Now darts the rapid Dolphin o'er the main,
Now the vast Centaur wins the day again:
Then, side by side, and front by front, they join,
And plough in frothy tracks the ruffled brine.
And now proud Gyas reach'd th' appointed place,
Awhile the victor of the wat'ry race;
Then to Menœtes call'd, and gave command,
To leave the right, and steer against the land:
"Let others plough the deep;"—in vain he spoke;
The cautious pilot dreads the lurking rock,
And turns his prow, and steers a different road,
And leaves the shallows for the open flood.
Once more in vain the raging Gyas cry'd,
And lo! that moment, brave Cloanthus spy'd
Close at his back, who plough'd the nearer tide.
The dangerous way the daring hero took
Between bold Gyas and the sounding rock,
Sudden beyond the chief he shoots away,
Clear of the goal, and gains the roomy sea.
Then Gyas wept; and grief and rage inflame
The youth, forgetful of his friends and fame,

From the high stern, with anger and disdain,
He hurl'd the hoary master in the main;
Then madly took himself the sole command,
And fir'd his train, and bore upon the land.
Hoary with age, and struggling long in vain,
With cumb'rous vests, Menætes mounts again:
Trembling he climb'd a lofty rock; and dry'd
His limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the tide.
Loud laugh'd the crowds to see him shoot away,
Drink and disgorge, by turns, the briny sea.
At distance Mnestheus and Sergestus lie;
Both hope to pass the fiery Gyas by,
The 'vantage first the bold Sergestus took,
With rapid speed, advancing to the rock;
But not a length before: the Dolphin rides
With rival speed, and bears upon her sides.
Brave Mnestheus now inflames his naval crew,
As o'er the deck from man to man he flew:
"My brave associates, in whose aid I trust,
You, whom I chose, when Ilion sunk in dust,
Now show the strength and spirit once you show'd,
When raging storms, and Syrtes you withstood,
Plough'd Malea's tide, and stem'd th' Ionian flood.
Now, now, my friends, your utmost pow'r display,
Rise to your oars, and sweep the wat'ry way:
Nor strive we now the victory to gain,
Though yet!—but ah! let those the palm obtain,
Those, whom thy favours crown, great monarch of
But to return the lags of all the day, [the main!
Oh! wipe, my friends, that shameful stain away!"
Fir'd at the word, each other they provoke;
Springs the swift ship at every vigorous stroke.
With painful sweat their heaving bodies stream;
Thick pant their hearts, and trembles every limb.
All bending to their oars the labour ply;
The sea rolls backward, and the surges fly.
Now, with the wish'd success, they toil to gain,
Indulgent fortune crowns the lab'ring train;
For while the fierce Sergestus nearer drew,
And in a scanty space too rashly flew,
(His road still narrower) with a mighty shock
He rush'd against the sharp projected rock.
Then flew the shatter'd oars, and flying rung,
And on the rugged sides the vessel hung.
To gain their floating oars, with mingled cries,
All arm'd with iron poles, the sailors rise.
Fir'd with success, along the open seas
Proud Mnestheus shoots, invoking every breeze.
As in her nest, within some cavern hung,
The dove sits trembling o er her callow young,
Till rous'd at last by some impetuous shock,
She starts surpris'd, and beats around the rock;
Then to the open field for refuge flies,
And the free bird expatiates in the skies;
Her pinions pois'd, through liquid air she springs,
And smoothly glides, nor moves her levell'd wings:
So joyful Mnestheus darts, without control,
O'er the wide ocean, and approach'd the goal;
So the swift Dolphin flies in open view,
And gain'd new strength, new swiftness, as she flew.
First by Sergestus' ship he shoots along,
That in the shelves and dang'rous shallows hung;
With cries the chief his rival's aid implores,
And strives in vain to row with shatter'd oars.
Next fiery Gyas he with shouts pursu'd,
Who, in the huge Chimæra, stemm'd the flood;
She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd guide,
And sees her rival fly triumphant o'er the tide.
Now, near the port, with all his pow'r he strains
To pass Cloanthus, who the last remains.
The doubling shouts inspire him
And the long peal runs rattling
These, flush'd with pride, woul
Ere they resign the glories of the day:
Those, by success, in strength and spirit rise
And their fierce hopes already win the prize.
Thus haply both with level beaks had ply'd
The surge, and rode the victors of the tide;
But brave Cloanthus o'er the rolling floods
Stretch'd wide his hands, and thus invok'd the gods:
"Ye pow'rs! on whose wide empire I display
My flying sails, and plough the wat'ry way;
Oh! hear your suppliant, and my vow succeed;
Then on these shores a milk-white bull shall bleed
And purple wine your silver waves shall stain,
And sacred victims glut the greedy main."
Thus he—and every Nereid heard the vow,
With mighty Phorcus from the deeps below.
And great Portunus, with his ample hand,
Push'd on the rapid galley to the land.
Swift as the hissing javelin cuts the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, to the port she flies.
And now the herald's voice proclaims aloud
Cloanthus victor, to the shouting crowd.
The mighty prince himself, with verdant boughs
Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows.
Three steers, and one large talent, are bestow'd
On every rival crew, that plough'd the flood.
But to the glorious leaders, bold and brave,
The generous chief distinguish'd honours gave.
A robe the victor shar'd, where purple plays,
Mixt with rich gold, in every shining maze.
There royal Ganymede, enwrought with art,
O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart;
The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold!
Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold:
From tow'ring Ida shoots the bird of Jove,
And bears him struggling thro' the clouds above:
With out-stretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry,
And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky.
On Mnestheus next, the chief who bore away
The second glorious honours of the day,
A shining mail the generous prince bestows,
That, rich with clasps of gold, refulgent glows,
Who stript Demoleus of the
In Trojan fields, by Simois'
Two labouring servants, with
And strength conjoin'd, scarc
ous spoil:
Yet in these arms, of old, with
The swift Demoleus chas'd his
This mail, Æneas gave the chief
A sure defence and ornament
The next rich presents mighty
Two pond'rous caldrons of
Two silver goblets, wrought
That rough, and bright with
Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,
And purple fillets glitter on their head.
When, from the rock scarce disengag'd with pain,
Sergestus brings his shatter'd ship again,
One side all maim'd, she slowly moves along,
Spoil'd of her oars, amid the hooting throng;
As when a ling'ring fate the serpent feels,
Obliquely crush'd beneath the brazen wheels,
Or, bruis'd and mangled by the cruel swain
With some huge stone, writhes with the shooting pain,
And rolls and twists her scaly folds in vain:

Fe, all fierce her glittering volumes rise,
Flashes in her crest, and lightning in her eyes;
But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound,
Her train unfolded drags along the ground.
So maim'd and slow the shatter'd galley past,
But, aided by her sails, she reach'd the port at last.
Pleas'd with the vessel and the crew restor'd,
The generous prince rewards their hapless lord.
The promis'd present to the chief he gave;
Pholoë, the beauteous female Cretan slave,
In works of art superior to the rest,
And proud of two fair infants at the breast.
This contest o'er; with thousands in his train,
Mov'd the great hero to a spacious plain.
High hills the verdant theatre surround;
And waving woods the mighty circuit crown'd.
Hither, with all the crowds, the prince withdrew,
And took his sylvan throne in open view.
Here costly gifts the chief propos'd, to grace
The sprightly youths that urge the rapid race.
Now throng the Trojan and Sicilian band;
And first Euryalus and Nisus stand:
That, for his youthful charms admir'd by Troy;
This, for chaste friendship to the beauteous boy.
Next to the contest, warm with hopes of fame,
Of Priam's royal race, Diores came.
Salius and Patron then in order past;
Epirus one, and one Arcadia grac'd.
Brave Helymus and Panopes succeed,
Two valiant youths, in fair Trinacria bred;
Who with Acestes drove the savage race
From wood to wood, long practis'd to the chase.
And mighty numbers more, unknown to fame,
Advance in crowds, to share the glorious game.
High in the midst Æneas rear'd his head,
"And oh! attend, ye generous youths," he said:
"Of all who try the fortune of the day,
Not one shall go without a gift away.
With two bright Cretan lances, each shall share
An ax with silver grav'd, to shine in war.
Distinguish'd gifts and olive wreaths shall grace
The three triumphant victors of the race.
On the first youth a courser I bestow,
Whose trappings rich with gold and purple glow?
The next a quiver, charg'd with shafts, shall claim,
Such as adorns an Amazonian dame;
Clasp'd by a gem, refulgent to behold,
Shines the bright trophy with a belt of gold.
On the proud youth this gift shall be conferr'd:
And this fair Argive helm shall grace the third."
This said, they took their place; the trumpet blew;
And all impetuous from the barrier flew:
Fierce as a tempest, o'er the plain they past
From the first space, and gain upon the last.
First Nisus sprung, and left the crowd behind,
Swift as the lightning, or the wings of wind.
Next, but the next with many a length between,
Young Salius skimm'd along the level green.
Euryalus, the third, scarce touch'd the plain;
Behind, bold Helymus his rival ran;
But, hovering o'er him, runs Diores nigh;
Now side by side, and foot by foot, they fly.
The youth had conquer'd in a longer way,
Or undecided left the honours of the day.
And now they just approach'd with rapid pace,
Tir'd with the toil, the limit of the race,
When Nisus fell amid the slippery plain,
Drench'd with the copious blood of victims slain.
His feet no more the shouting victor held;
Aloft they fly, and quiver on the field.
Headlong he fell, with mud all cover'd o'er,
And every limb was stain'd with sacred gore.
Yet, as he welter'd on the ground, he strove
To show Euryalus his ardent love.
For now, ev'n now, the youth his body threw
Before his rival Salius, as he flew:
He fell, and on the ground extended lay;
Thus, favour'd by his friend, sprung swift away
The young Euryalus, and won the day.
At once beyond the goal the victor flies;
Shouts of applause tumultuous rend the skies.
Next Helymus, and next Diores came,
With eager ardour, now the third in fame.
Now Salius fills the ring with clam'rous cries,
By turns to every hoary judge applies,
Storms at the fraud, and claims the rightful prize.
But favour, winning tears, and youthful grace,
Plead for the boy, the victor of the race.
Diores too, before the partial crowd,
Defends the young Euryalus aloud;
Who now must urge his claim, should Salius gain
The first proud honours, to the third in vain.
Thus then the prince—"In order shall we pay
To each brave youth the prizes of the day:
Since these are shar'd, permit me to extend
One proof of pity to a hapless friend:"
This said, on Salius generous he bestow'd
A lion's yellow spoils, (a costly load!)
With martial pride his shoulders to enfold;
Rough was the dreadful mane, the paws were sheath'd in gold.
When Nisus thus—"If such high presents grace
Salius who fell, first vanquish'd in the race,
What gift shall I receive, who bore away,
And still had held, the honours of the day,
Had not that fortune, which my foe o'erthrew,
Befall'n unhappy Nisus, as he flew?"
Then show'd his robes and face with blood defil'd;
Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd a mighty buckler to be brought,
With art divine by Didymaon wrought;
Great Neptune's gates the prize adorn'd in Troy,
Now the bright present loads the favour'd boy.
These gifts bestow'd; the hero cries aloud,
"Stand forth, ye valiant champions, from the crowd;
Who vaunt your courage and unrivall'd might,
And with the gauntlet dare provoke the fight."
Then he propos'd, in gold and garments gay,
A bull, to grace the victor of the day.
Next, to relieve the loser's shame and pain,
Cast a rich sword and helmet on the plain.
Straight with a shout, supremely tall and strong,
Bold Dares rear'd his bulk above the throng;
The youth, the only youth, who dar'd withstand
The fierce tempestuous sway of Paris' hand,
Who on huge Butes prov'd his matchless might
At Hector's tomb, victorious in the fight;
(Butes, of Amycus' Bebrycian strain,)
And stretch'd th' enormous giant on the plain.
Thus, glorying in his strength, in open view
His arms around, the tow'ring Dares threw,
Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny shoulders bare,
And dealt his whistling blows in empty air.
His match was sought; through all a terrour ran;
All gaz'd and trembled at the mighty man.
Despair, he thought, had seiz'd the circling bands;
And now before the prince the champion stands;

Fierce by the horns the beauteous bull he took,
And in proud triumph to the hero spoke:
"Since none, oh! chief, accepts the proffer'd fray,
Why for his coward foe must Dares stay?
Permit me, prince, to lead my rightful prize away."
The Trojans clamour with applauding cries,
And for the youth demand the promis'd prize.
Then to Entellus old Acestes said,
Who sat beside him on the flow'ry bed;
"Entellus!—once the bravest on the plain,
But ah! the bravest, and the best in vain!
With such tame patience can my friend survey
This prize, without a contest, borne away?
Where, where is now great Eryx' vaunted name;
The god, who taught our thund'ring arms the game,
The spoils that grace thy roof, and all thy former fame?"
"I am not dead," replies the chief, "to praise,
Nor yield to fear, but sink by length of days.
My nerves unstrung, my stength no more remains,
And age creeps shiv'ring through my icy veins.
Had I that vigour still, my youth could boast,
Or yon vain champion vaunts to all the host,
Soon should this arm that insolence chastise,
For fame alone, without the proffer'd prize.
Ev'n now I scorn the combat to decline;
The prize I heed not; let the fame be mine!"
This said; amid the ring, in open view,
Two mighty gauntlets on the ground he threw:
These grac'd great Eryx in the fight of old,
And brac'd his arms with many a dreadful fold:
Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge dispread,
Pond'rous with iron and a weight of lead.
The host stood all astonish'd at the sight,
But Dares most, who now refus'd the fight:
The hero turns the folds, in wonder stands,
And pois'd the enormous gauntlets in his hands.
"How had you wonder'd," the bold champion said,
"Had you the huge Herculean arms survey'd?
Had you those pond'rous gloves of death beheld,
And the stern combat, on this fatal field?
These, prince, of old your brother Eryx wore,
Lo! you behold them still distain'd with gore.
With these Alcides' force he long sustain'd,
And these I brandish'd, while my strength remain'd,
Ere the cold hand of envious age had shed
These marks of winter on my hoary head.
Yet, if your champion trembles at the sight,
Nor dares to meet these gauntlets in the fight;
If so Æneas and the king incline;
Lo! to his fears these weapons I resign:
With equal arms the combat we will try;
And thou, lay thou, thy Trojan gauntlets by."
This said, the hero straight his robe unbound,
And cast the double garment on the ground;
Bares his huge brawny limbs, and on the sands,
Dreadful to view, the hoary champion stands.
Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound
Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around:
Their arms, that moment, each impetuous foe
Rear'd high in air, and rose to every blow;
And, while their raging hands the fight provoke,
Withdraw their heads from each tempestuous stroke.
This on his youth and active speed relies,
That on his bulk and tall gigantic size:
But each vast limb moves stiff and slow with age;
And thick short pantings shake the lab'ring sage.
Each, but in vain, a thousand strokes bestows;
Their sides and breasts re-echo to the blows.
With swift repeated wounds their hands fly round
Their heads and cheeks; their crackling
Unmov'd Entellus, with a stedfast look
And watchful eye, avoids the furious
The youth invests his foe with all his po
As some brave leader a beleaguer'd tow'r,
When on the bulwarks in his rage he falls,
And plants his engines round th' embattled walls;
On every side with fruitless skill and pain,
Eager he tries a pass or post to gain,
And storms the rocky battlements in vain.
And now his aim the bold Entellus took,
With his huge hand, high brandish'd for the stroke;
The youth observ'd the long-descending blow,
And leaps aside, and disappoints the foe:
The stroke was spent in air; with dreadful sound
Prone fell the champion thund'ring to the ground.
A pine thus tumbles to the vales below,
From Ida's top, or Erymanthus' brow.
At once the Trojans and Sicilians rise,
And with divided clamours rend the skies.
And first Acestes, touch'd with pity, ran
To raise his friend and old compeer again.
Swift from the fall, and with redoubled might
Sprung the fierce hero, and renew'd the fight;
Improv'd in spirit, to the combat came,
While conscious valour sets his soul on flame,
Stung with disgrace, and more enrag'd with shame.
Now headlong o'er the field he drove the foe,
And rose in strength and wrath at every blow.
Now a thick storm of strokes around him flies,
Thick as the hail comes rattling from the skies;
With both his thund'ring hands the blows he ply'd,
And turn'd his giddy foe on every side.
Then flew the good Æneas, to assuage
The hero's wrath, and check the mighty rage:
From death he snatch'd the champion, and began
To soothe the sorrows of the vanquish'd man:
"What madness, hapless Dares, has possest
Thy thoughtless mind, and fir'd thy daring breast!
Thy rival see, sustain'd by pow'r divine,
By other strength, and mightier force than thine!
Cease then, and give the vain contention o'er;
Cease, and oppose the hand of
The youth now drags his
His loose head tott'ring o'er
Giddy with pain; he now ejects
His loosen'd teeth come mingled
While in their arms his sad
The batter'd champion groaning
The dear-bought sword and helme
And left the palm and bull the
Now great Entellus, glorying
And flush'd with conquest, thus,
"Behold, ye Trojans, and thou,
What vigour, in the bloom of
From what a thund'ring arm and
Your timely mercy has preserv'd my foe."
With that the chief, collected in his might,
Confronts the victim, the reward of fight;
Then rais'd his hand aloft, and from above,
With dreadful sway, the pond'rous gauntlet drove
Through the broad forehead of the stately bull,
And dash'd within the brain the batter'd skull.
The bull, convulsive with the deadly wound,
Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the ground.
Then, thus the hoary chief performs his vow,
"Eryx, on thee this victim I bestow;
A nobler victim than my Trojan foe!

younger champions now the game I yield;
Me hang my conquering arms; and here renounce
the field."

Next the great prince propos'd the prize to those,
Who wing'd the shafts, and bent the twanging bows.
Amid the spacious plain the hero plac'd
Sublime in air Sergestus' lofty mast;
Around the tapering top a dove they tye,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly;
Hither to try their skill the warriors haste;
And in a brazen helm the lots are cast.
First, with applause, Hippocoön's lot was thrown,
The mighty Hyrtacus' illustrious son.
Mnestheus the next, whom verdant olives graee,
The second victor in the naval race.
Then the third chance to great Eurytion came,
Thy brother, Pandarus, renown'd by fame,
Whose hand by Pallas prompted, drew the bow,
To break the truce against the Grecian foe.
Last in the helm remain'd Acestes' name;
Old as he was, he try'd the youthful game.
Then every chief, with all his strength and art,
Bent the tough bow, and chose the feather'd dart.
Through yielding air first vanish'd with a spring
Hippocoön's arrow from the sounding string:
Full in the mast, impell'd with vigour stood
The forceful shaft, and quiver'd in the wood.
The dove affrighted, stretch'd her flutt'ring wing;
And with applause the vales and mountains ring.
Then Mnestheus drew the bow, and aim'd on high
The pointed dart, and level'l'd with his eye;
Nor through the mark the luckless arrow drove,
But cut the string that ty'd the trembling dove.
Swift through the clouds the bird unshackled flies,
And spreads her wings at freedom in the skies.
Already had Eurytion bent his bow,
And to his brother god address'd his vow:
The tow'ring bird amid the clouds he slew,
And the swift shaft transfix'd her as she flew.
High in the skies she feels the deadly wound,
And, with the dart, comes dying to the ground.
And now, all hopes expir'd, the conquest gain'd,
The venerable prince alone remain'd.
Yet he discharg'd the flying shaft, to show
His skill, his vigour, and resounding bow.
When sudden they beheld, with wond'ring eyes,
A dire portentous omen in the skies.
Too late the seers the frightful sign explain,
Too late they clear the dread event in vain!
For, flying through the clouds in open view,
The glowing arrow kindled as it flew;
Then drew a golden trail of flames behind,
That mark'd its course, and vanish'd in the wind:
So shine the falling stars with dreadful hair,
And glance, and shoot along the fields of air.
Amaz'd the Trojans and Sicilians stood;
And breath'd their ardent prayers to every god.
The Dardan prince the doubtful sign mistook,
Embrac'd the monarch, and with transport spoke:
"Father! accept the prize; the will divine
Of mighty Jove, by this auspicious sign,
Declares the first distinguish'd honours thine.
Accept this goblet, which my sire of old
Receiv'd from Cisseus, rough with sculptur'd gold;
Take it, my royal friend, and let it prove
A long priz'd gift of dear respect and love."
Then he bestow'd the laurel, and aloud
Proclaim'd him victor to the shouting crowd.
Nor did the generous chief the prize deny,
Whose arrow pierc'd the bird amid the sky;
Next, he who cut the cord, with gifts was grac'd;
And he, whose arrow struck the tree, the last.

Now call'd the prince, before the games were done,
The hoary guardian of his royal son,
And gently whispers in his faithful ear,
To bid Ascanius in his arms appear,
And with his youthful band and courser come,
To pay due honours at his grandsire's tomb.
Next he commands the huge assembled train
To quit the ground, and leave an open plain.
Straight on their bridled steeds, with grace divine,
The beauteous youths before their fathers shine.
The blooming Trojans and Sicilians throng,
And gaze with wonder as they march along.
Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore;
Two glitt'ring lances tipt with steel they bore:
These a light quiver stor'd with shafts sustain,
And from their neck depends a golden chain.
On bounding steeds advance three graceful bands,
And each a little blooming chief commands.
Beneath each chief twelve sprightly striplings came,
In shining arms, in looks and age the same.
Grac'd with his grandsire's name, Polites' son,
Young Priam, leads the first gay squadron on;
A youth, whose progeny must Latium grace:
He press'd a dappled steed of Thracian race:
Before, white spots on either foot appear,
And on his forehead blaz'd a silver star.
Atys the next advanc'd, with looks divine,
Atys the source of the great Attian line:
Iülus' friendship grac'd the lovely boy:
And last Iülus came, the pride of Troy,
In charms, superior to the blooming train;
And spurr'd his Tyrian courser to the plain;
Which Dido gave the princely youth, to prove
A lasting pledge, memorial of her love.
Th' inferior boys on beauteous coursers ride,
From great Acestes' royal stalls supply'd.
Now flush'd with hopes, now pale with anxious fear,
Before the shouting crowds, the youths appear;
The shouting crowds admire their charms, and
Their parents' lines in every lovely face.
Now round the ring, before their fathers, ride
The boys, in all their military pride.
Till Periphantes' sounding lash from far
Gave the loud signal of the mimic war:
Straight, in three bands distinct, they break away,
Divide in order, and their ranks display:
Swift at the summons they return, and throw
At once their hostile lances at the foe:
Then take a new excursion on the plain:
Round within round, an endless course maintain;
And now advance, and now retreat again;
With well-dissembled rage their rivals dare,
And please the crowd with images of war.
Alternate now they turn their backs in flight,
Now dart their lances, and renew the fight:
Then in a moment from the combat cease,
Rejoin their scatter'd bands, and move in peace,
So winds delusive, in a thousand ways
Perplext and intricate, the Cretan maze;
Round within round, the blind meanders run,
Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.
The skilful youths, in sport, alternate ply
Their shifting course; by turns they fight and fly;
As dolphins gambol on the wat'ry way,
And, bounding o'er the tides, in wanton circles play.

This sport Ascanius, when in mighty length
He rais'd proud Alba glorying in her strength,
Taught the first fathers of the Latian name,
As now he solemniz'd the noble game.
From their successive Alban offspring come
These ancient plays, to grace imperial Rome;
Who owns her Trojan band, and game of Troy
Deriv'd through ages from the princely boy.
Thus were the solemn funeral honours paid
To great Anchises' venerable shade.
But soon the prince his changing fortune found,
And in her turn the fickle goddess frown'd.
For, while the gather'd crowds the games repeat,
Heav'n's mighty empress, to the Trojan fleet,
(Her ancient rage still glowing in her soul)
Dispatch'd fair Iris from the starry pole.
Big with revengeful schemes, herself supplies
The rapid storm that bears her down the skies.
Unseen, the maid a thousand colours drew,
As down her bow, with winged speed, she flew:
And saw around the tomb th' assembly meet,
The vacant harbour, and neglected fleet.
Meantime, retir'd within the lonely shore,
Anchises' fate the Trojan dames deplore;
Cast a long look o'er all the flood, and weep
To see the wide extended wat'ry deep:
"Yet, must we yet, alas! new labours try,
More seas, more oceans?" was the general cry.
"Oh! grant a town at last, ye gracious gods!
To wretches harass'd with the winds and floods."
'Twas then, their raging sorrow to improve,
Amid the train shot Iris from above.
Aside her heav'nly charms the goddess threw,
And like old Beroë stood in open view;
(Doryclus' hoary spouse, a noble dame,
Fam'd for her offspring, and illustrious name;)
And thus the goddess fans the rising flame:
"Ah! wretched race, whom Heav'n forbade to fall
By Grecian swords, beneath our native wall!
Tost round the seas, o'er every region cast,
Oh! to what fate are we reserv'd at last!
Now, since imperial Troy in ashes lay,
Have seven successive summers roll'd away.
Still to new lands o'er floods and rocks we fly,
And sail, by every star, in every sky.
So long we chase, o'er all the boundless main,
The flying coasts of Italy in vain.
Here o'er our kindred Eryx' fruitful pains,
The hospitable king, Acestes reigns:
What, what forbids our wand'ring Trojan bands,
To raise a city in these friendly lands?
Ye gods, preserv'd from hostile flames in vain!
Shall our dear Ilion never rise again?
A second Simois shall we view no more,
Or a new Xanthus, on a foreign shore?
Rise then, rise all; assist, ye mournful dames,
To set this execrable fleet in flames.
For late, Cassandra seem'd to load my hands,
In visions of the night, with blazing brands:
'Seek Troy no more,' she said; 'this destin'd place
Is the fixt mansion of the Dardan race.'
Fly, fly we then, the omen to complete;
The glad occasion calls to fire the fleet;
Lo! where to Neptune four proud altars rise!
Lo! his own fires the ready god supplies!"
She said;—then seiz'd a blazing brand, and threw;
Th' increasing flames amid the navy flew.
At the bold deed, with deep surprise amaz'd,
The dames all wond'ring, on the goddess gaz'd.
At last, the nurse of Priam's offspring [broke
The general silence, and the train be[spoke:
"This was no Beroë, whom we saw a[mong
But some bright goddess from th' ethereal [sphere.
Mark her majestic port! her voice divine!
O'er all her form what starry splendours shine!
She darts a glance immortal from her eyes,
Breathes, looks and moves, a sister of the skies!
Beroë I left in anguish, who repin'd,
Shut from the rites, and to her couch confin'd."
The matrons, now by doubts and fears impell'd,
First with malignant eyes the fleet behold;
In choice suspended for a space they stand,
Between the promis'd and the present land:
When, smooth on levell'd wings, the goddess flies,
And cuts a mighty bow along the skies.
Struck at the wond'rous sight, the shrieking dames,
From the bright altars snatch the sacred flames;
Bring leaves and wither'd branches in their hands
To feed the fires; and hurl the blazing brands.
Fierce through the ships, the decks, the crackling [oars,
In all his rage devouring Vulcan roars.
And now Eumelus to the host conveys
The dreadful tidings of the rising blaze:
The crowds grow pale; they look behind and spy
A cloud of cinders dark'ning all the sky.
And first Ascanius, as he led the band,
Pour'd o'er the plain, impetuous, to the strand;
Nor can his panting guardians check the speed
Of the young hero, and his fiery steed:
"Oh! what curst rage is this, ye wretched dames!
To what dire purpose fly these fatal flames?
Behold, your own Ascanius—you destroy
No Argive navy, but the hopes of Troy."
With that he threw his helmet on the shore,
In which he led his youthful bands before.
Next came Æneas, and the Trojan host.
Th' affrighted dames dispersing o'er the coast,
To woods, and hollow caverns take their flight,
Repent their crime, and hate the golden light;
With alter'd minds their kindred they confest,
And the fierce goddess fled from every breast.
Not so the furious flames; they spread the more;
And, high in air, with rage redoubled roar,
Close in the cordage works the sullen fire,
And through the ribs the heavy smokes expire.
Within the keel the subtle vapours lye;
Thence the contagious flames through all the vessel fly.
The lab'ring heroes toil with fruitless pain,
And gushing floods on floods are pour'd in vain.
The prince then tore his robes in deep despair,
Rais'd high his hands; and thus address'd his pray'r:
"Great Jove! if one of all the Trojan state
Lives yet exempt from thy immortal hate;
Oh! if thy sacred eyes with wonted grace
Behold the miserable mortal race;
Suppress these fires; forbid them to destroy;
And snatch from death the poor remains of Troy!
Or if my crimes, almighty sire! demand
The last, last vengeance of thy dreadful hand,
On me, on me alone that vengeance shed,
And with thy levell'd thunders strike me dead!"
Scarce had he said, when o'er the navy pours
A sudden gloomy cloud in rattling show'rs;
Black with the southern winds the tempest flies,
And in a moment bursts from all the skies
In sluicy sheets and deluges of rain;
And the loud thunders shook the mountain and the plain.

Fierce o'er the ships the waters took their way;
And, quench'd in floods, the hissing timbers lay.
Four gallies lost; at length the flames retire,
And all the remnant fleet escap'd the raging fire.
Meantime the hero by the loss opprest,
With various cares, that rack'd his lab'ring breast,
If still to seek the Latian realm debates,
Or here to fix, forgetful of the fates.
Then Nautes, fam'd for wisdom and for age,
(For Pallas taught the venerable sage,
What great events the fates and gods ordain;)
Bespoke the chief, and thus reliev'd his pain,
"'Tis best, illustrious hero, to obey,
And still pursue where fortune leads the way;
By patience to retrieve our hapless state,
And rise superior to the strokes of fate.
Let great Acestes in your councils join,
Your royal friend, of Troy's immortal line.
Your vessels lost; those numbers who remain,
A timorous, weak, unnecessary train,
The hoary sires and dames, unfit to bear
The perils of the sea, or toils of war,
Select; and trust to his paternal care.
The weary wretches here their walls may frame,
And call their city by the monarch's name."
The prince approv'd th' advice his friend addrest,
But still a thousand cares distract his lab'ring breast.
Now o'er the solemn skies devoid of light,
High in her sable chariot rode the night;
When to the godlike hero, from the pole
Descends, and speaks, his mighty father's soul:
"My son! in all the fates of Troy approv'd,
Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my life I lov'd;
Lo! I am sent by Heav'n's almighty sire,
Who from thy navy bade the flames retire.
The prudent counsel of thy friend obey,
Take with the bravest youths, the dangerous way:
With these fair Latium shalt thou reach, and there
Wage with a rugged race a dreadful war.
Yet first, my son, to Pluto's regions go,
And meet thy father in the realms below;
For know, my spirit was not doom'd to dwell
In the dark horrours, and the depths of Hell,
But, with the pious blest assembly reigns,
In all the pleasures of th' Elysian plains.
But thou the blood of sable victims shed;
Then shall the Sibyl guide thee to the dead.
There shalt thou know what town the fates assign,
With the long glories of thy future line.
And now, farewell;—the night slides swift away
I feel from far the morning's painful ray;
And shrink and sicken at the beams of day."
He said, and lo! that moment from his eyes,
Like a thin smoke, dissolv'd into the skies.
"Vanish'd so soon! where, whither art thou
Why, why retires my father from his son? [gone?
What! not one last embrace?" the prince exclaims:
Then to new life he wakes the slumb'ring flames;
And hoary Vesta, and the Trojan powers,
With sacred gifts and suppliant vows adores.
Straight the whole scene before his friends he lays,
But chief the vision to the king displays;
Unfolds the message sent from Heav'n above,
His father's counsel, and the will of Jove.
His friends approve the hero's new designs,
And in the task the good Acestes joins.
To the new town the matrons they assign'd,
And leave the willing vulgar crowds behind;
Souls, that no hopes of future praise inflame,
Cold and insensible to glorious fame.
With speed the half-burn'd vessels they repair,
Provide new cordage, decks, and oars, with care;
A slender band, but eager all for war.
The prince then drew a city on the plain;
Next he assign'd the dwellings to the train.
Now a new Ilion in Trinacria rose,
And a new Simois and Scamander flows.
Well pleas'd Acestes took the sov'reign sway;
Th' adopted subjects their new prince obey.
The king conven'd the peers around, and sat
To frame new laws, and regulate the state.
To Venus' name they bid a temple rise
From Eryx' top, high tow'ring to the skies:
And next a priest and ample grove were made,
For ever sacred to Anchises' shade.
Now nine whole days in solemn feasts had past;
When gentle breezes smooth'd the floods at last:
The southern winds invite their sails and oars;
Then cries and shrieks resound along the shores.
In long, long tenderness they spend the day,
In close embraces waste the night away.
Now all the wretches, e'en the female train
Who fear'd so late the dangers of the main,
And shrunk, the rolling ocean to survey,
All wish to take the long laborious way.
The melting hero soothes the wild despair,
And weeps, and gives them to the monarch's care.
Three heifers next to Eryx' name he pays,
A lamb to every storm the hero slays;
Unmoors his fleet, and every sail displays.
Crown'd with a graceful olive wreath he stands
High on the prow; a charger in his hands;
Hurls the fat entrails o'er the foamy brine,
And stains the silver waves with sable wine.
Fresh rise the prosp'rous gales; the sailors sweep,
And dash with equal strokes the roaring deep.
Meantime the queen of love, with cares opprest,
The mighty father of the floods address:
"Imperious Juno's unrelenting hate
To the poor relics of the Trojan state,
(Which no decrees of Jove or fate restrain,
Nor length of years, nor vows preferr'd in vain)
Compels a sister goddess to repair
To thee, great Neptune, with a suppliant's prayer.
For rage like her's, 'twas little to destroy,
Fair Asia's pride, th' imperial town of Troy!
'Twas not enough her wand'ring natives know
All forms and all varieties of woe!
But oh! her groundless vengeance would efface,
Ev'n the last relics of the perish'd race!
Thou, thou canst witness, ocean's mighty god!
With what dire storms she lash'd the Libyan flood;
When, arm'd with all th' Æolian winds in vain,
Earth, air, and Heav'n, she mingled with the main,
And rais'd such tumults in thy wat'ry reign.
Yet, still more shameful!—now her arts inspire
The Trojan dames to wrap the ships in fire;
And urge my son, to leave his social band
(His fleet half ruin'd) in a foreign land.
But oh! I beg for those, who yet remain,
A peaceful voyage to the Latian plain;
A suppliant goddess begs for nothing more
Than those same realms the fates assign'd before!"
"'Tis yours;" reply'd the monarch of the main,
"Yours to command in this our wat'ry reign;
Since from the sacred ocean first you came,
Since your deserts your confidence may claim;

Oft for your son I bade the whirlwinds cease;
I hush'd the roarings of the floods to peace;
And Simois can attest and Xanthus' stream,
By land my guardian care was still the same.
When first Achilles, furious to destroy,
Drove to their walls the trembling sons of Troy;
Beneath his vengeful spear when thousands bled,
When the chok'd rivers groan'd with loads of dead;
When Xanthus' flood encumber'd with the slain,
Scarce roll'd his struggling billows to the main;
Your son oppos'd him, with unequal might
And far inferior gods, in single fight:
Instant I snatch'd him from the dreadful fray,
And in a cloud convey'd the chief away.
Ev'n then I sav'd the warrior when with joy
I wish'd and wrought the fall of perjur'd Troy:
And still will save him—he shall plough the sea,
And to Avernus' port direct his way.
On the wild floods shall only one be lost,
One single wretch atone for all the host!"
Thus when the god had sooth'd her anxious mind,
His finny coursers to the car he join'd;
Next to their fiery mouths the bits apply'd,
And, while the wheels along the level glide, [tide.
He throws up all the reins, and skims the floating
The flood subsides and spreads a glassy plain,
And the loud chariot thunders o'er the main;
The clouds before the mighty monarch fly
In heaps, and scatter through the boundless sky:
A thousand forms attend the glorious god,
Enormous whales, and monsters of the flood:
Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides;
Here the swift Tritons shoot along the tides;
There rode Palæmon o'er the wat'ry plain,
With aged Phorcus, and his azure train;
And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the main.
Æneas view'd the scene; and hence arose
A beam of joy to dissipate his woes.
Instant he gives command to stretch the sails,
To rear the mast, and catch the springing gales.
Straight the glad train the spacious sheet unbind,
And stretch the canvass to the driving wind.
Old Palinurus first the navy guides;
The rest obedient follow through the tides.
Now half the night thro' Heav'n had roll'd away,
The sailors stretch'd along their benches lay,
When through the parting vapour swiftly flies
The god of slumbers from th' ethereal skies.
To thee, poor Palinure, he came, and shed
A fatal sleep on thy devoted head!
High on the stern his silent stand he took
In Phorbas' shape; and thus the phantom spoke:
"Behold, the fleet, my friend, securely sails,
Steer'd by the floods and wafted by the gales!
Now steal a moment's rest; myself will guide
Awhile the vessel o'er the floating tide."
To whom the careful Palinure replies,
While scarce he rais'd his heavy closing eyes:
"Me would'st thou urge in sleep to sink away,
And fondly credit such a flatt'ring sea?
Too well, my friend, I know the treach'rous main!
Too well to tempt the monster's smiles again!
Too oft deceiv'd by such a calm before,
I trust my master to the winds no more."
This said, he grasp'd the helm, and fixt his eyes
On every guiding star that gilds the skies.
Then o'er his temples shook the wrathful god
A branch, deep drench'd in Lethe's silent flood.
The potent charm in dews of slumber steep
And soon weigh down his swimming eyes to sleep.
Scarce yet his languid limbs had sunk away,
When o'er the wretch the god incumbent lay,
And, with a shatter'd fragment of the ship,
Bore down the helm and pilot to the deep;
Headlong he tumbles in the flashing main,
And calls for succour to his friends in vain.
Swift from the stern the airy phantom flies,
And with spread pinions mounts the golden skies;
Yet smooth along the flood the navy rode,
Safe in the promise of the wat'ry god.
Now they approach the siren's dangerous coast,
Once rough, and infamous for vessels lost:
Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore;
And, dash'd from rock to rock, the billows roar.
The watchful prince th' endanger'd galley found,
Without a pilot strike on shoaly ground;
Himself then took the task, by night to guide
The wand'ring vessel o'er the rolling tide:
"O dear lamented friend!" (the hero cries,)
"For faith repos'd on flattering seas and skies,
Cast on a foreign shore thy naked body lies!"

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to Hell, describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

Thus while he wept; with flying sails and oars
The navy reach'd the fair Cumæan shores.
The circling anchors here the fleet detain,
All rang'd beside the margin of the main.
With eager transport fir'd, the Trojan band
Leap from the ships to gain th' Hesperian land.
Some strike from flints the sparkling seeds of flame,
Some storm the coverts of the savage game;
To feed the fires, unroot the standing woods,
And show with joy the new-discover'd floods.
To Phœbus' fane the hero past along,
And those dark caverns where the Sibyl sung.
There, as the god enlarg'd her soul, she sate,
And open'd all the deep decrees of fate.
The train with reverence enter, and behold
Chaste Trivia's grove, and temple roof'd with gold;
A structure rais'd by Dædalus, ('tis said)
When from the Cretan king's revenge he fled,
On wings to northern climes he dar'd to soar,
Through airy ways unknown to man before;
Full many a length of sky and ocean past,
On Cuma's sacred tow'rs he stoop'd at last.
Then hung to Phœbus in the strange abode,
The wings that steer'd him through the liquid road,
And rais'd the pompous pile in honour of the god.
The matchless artist, on the lofty gate,
Engrav'd Androgeos' memorable fate:

And here by lot sad Athens early paid
Seven hapless youths, to soothe his angry shade.
Here stood the fatal urn; and there with pride
Fair Crete rose tow'ring on the silver tide.
There too the father of the herds was seen,
Who quench'd the passion of the lustful queen;
Their birth, a man below, a beast above,
The mingled offspring of prepost'rous love!
There stood the winding pile, whose mazes run
Round within round, and end where they begun.
But when the pitying Dædalus survey'd
The hopeless passion of the royal maid[1],
He led her Theseus through the puzzling ways,
Safe with a clue, and open'd every maze.
Thou too, poor Icarus! hadst borne a part,
Had grief not check'd thy parent in his art!
He thrice essay'd the mournful task in vain;
Thrice shook his hand, and dropp'd the task again.
Thus had they gaz'd o'er all the costly frame,
When lo! Achates from the temple came;
With him Deiphobe of Phœbus' fane
The sacred priestess—who at once began:—
"Hence—gaze no more! seven chosen sheep with speed,
Seven steers, unconscious of the yoke, must bleed."
She spoke; the crowds obey; and to the fane
Sublime, she calls the wand'ring Trojan train.
Scoop'd through the rock, in mighty depth dis-
Lies the dark cavern of the Sibyl maid; [play'd,
Through all the hundred portals rush abroad
Her sacred voice, and answers of the god.
Scarce at the cell arriv'd—"Invoke the skies,
I feel the god, the rushing god!" she cries.
While yet she spoke, enlarg'd her features grew,
Her colour chang'd, her locks dishevel'd flew,
The heav'nly tumult reigns in every part,
Pants in her breast, and swells her rising heart:
Still spreading to the sight, the priestess glow'd,
And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent god.
Then to her inmost soul by Phœbus fir'd,
In more than human sounds she spoke inspir'd:
"Still, dost thou still delay? thy voice employ
In ardent vows, illustrious prince of Troy!
Thy pray'rs, thy urgent pray'rs, must wide display
These awful portals to the light of day."
She said; the Trojans shook with holy fear,
And thus the suppliant prince prefer'r'd his pray'r:
"Hear, Phœbus, gracious god! whose aid divine
So oft has sav'd the wretched Trojan line,
And wing'd the shaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,
The shaft that laid the great Achilles low.
Led by thy guardian care, secure I past
Through many a realm, and rang'd the wat'ry waste;
Trod the wild regions where the Syrtes lie,
And lands that stretch beneath a different sky.
At length the coast of Italy we gain,
The flying coast, so long pursu'd in vain.
Till now, to every realm our course we bent,
And Ilion's fate pursu'd us where we went.
Now, all ye pow'rs, confederate to destroy
The glorious empire and the tow'rs of Troy,
'Tis time to bid your wrathful vengeance cease,
To bid her poor remains repose in peace.
And thou, great Sybil! to whose piercing eye
Discloss'd the scenes of future ages lie;
Since all my cares and labours but explore
An empire promis'd by the fates before,
Give me to fix in Latium's fair abodes
The sons of Troy, and rest her wand'ring gods:
Then shall my hands a glorious temple frame
To mighty Dian, and her brother's name;
And solemn days to Phœbus I'll decree,
And in my realms shall temples rise to thee;
There all thy mystic numbers will I place,
With all the fortunes of the Trojan race.
By chosen sages guarded, there shall lie
The records, sacred from the vulgar eye.
Nor be my fates to flitting leaves consign'd,
To fly the common sport of every wind!
But thou, even thou, great prophetess! relate,
In vocal accents, all my future fate."
Now raves the Sibyl in her cave, opprest
By Phœbus raging in her heaving breast;
She struggles to discharge the mighty load,
Maddens and bounds, impatient of the god:
Her foamy mouth attentive to control,
He forms her organs and commands her soul.
Then (all the hundred doors display'd to view)
Through every vent the sacred accents flew:
"By sea, O prince! are all thy perils o'er,
But far, far greater wait thee on the shore.
Dismiss thy doubts; to Latium's destin'd plain
Troy's sons shall come, but wish to fly again.
Wars, horrid wars, I see on Tyber's shore;
And all his waves run thick with human gore!
Scamander shalt thou find, and Simois there,
And Greece shall arm a second host for war.
A new Achilles rises to the fight;
Him too a pregnant goddess brings to light:
And Heav'n's great queen, with unrelenting hate,
Still, as of old, pursues the Dardan state.
Once more the woes of Troy derive their cause
From a new breach of hospitable laws:
And she must bleed again as late she bled,
For a rap'd princess and a foreign bed.
How shalt thou rove, new succours to implore,
From every court along the Latian shore!
But thou, more bold, the more thy fates oppose,
Advance, great prince, superior to thy woes:
Thy first fair hopes of safety and success,
Beyond thy fondest wish, shall rise from Greece."
Thus spoke the Sibyl from her dark abode
The dread mysterious answers of the god;
The wond'rous truths, involv'd in riddles, gave,
And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy cave.
Apollo shook his rod; possest her whole,
Pour'd in his fires, and rein'd her raging soul.
At length the fierce ethereal transport cease,
And all the heavenly fury sunk in peace.
When thus the chief—"O sacred dame! I know
Too well already my predestin'd woe;
But grant my pray'r!—Since here, as fame relates,
Lies the dread road to Pluto's gloomy gates;
Where baleful Acheron spreads, far and wide,
His livid, melancholy, murmuring tide;
Unfold these portals, and thy suppliant lead
Down to the dark dominions of the dead:
Give me to view my father's reverend face,
And rush with transport to his dear embrace!
Him through embattled armies I convey'd,
While javelins hiss'd, and flames around me play'd.
He shar'd my toils, determin'd to defy
The storms of every sea and every sky;
In hardships, cares and dangers to engage;
Nor spar'd his stooping venerable age.
Yet more—he bade me to thy cell repair,
And seek thy potent aid with suppliant pray'r:

[1] Ariadne.

Oh! hear our joint request, our just desire;
And guide the son, in pity, to the sire.
Yours is the pow'r, for Hecatè bestow'd
On you the rule of this infernal wood.
If Orpheus by his lyre's enchanting strain
Could call his consort from the shades again;
If Pollux dy'd alternate, to convey
His ransom'd brother to the realms of day,
And trod so oft the same infernal way?
Why should I Theseus, why Alcides name,
Each hero sprung but from a mortal dame?
To Hell those chiefs descended from above:
I claim a juster right; for I can prove
My birth from Venus; my descent from Jove."
Then to the Trojan hero, as he pray'd
And grasp'd the altars, spoke the sacred maid:
"O glorious prince! of brave Anchises' line,
Great, godlike hero, sprung from seed divine!
Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade;
And Hell's black gates for ever stand display'd:
But 'tis a long unconquerable pain,
To climb to these ethereal realms again.
The choice selected few, whom fav'ring Jove,
Or their own virtue, rais'd to Heaven above,
From these dark realms emerg'd again to day;
The mighty sons of gods! and only they!
The frightful entrance lies perplex'd with woods,
Enclos'd with sad Cocytus' sullen floods.
But since you long to pass the realms beneath,
The dreadful realms of darkness and of death,
Twice the dire Stygian stream to measure o'er,
And twice the black Tartarean gulf explore:
First, take my counsel, then securely go.
A mighty tree, that bears a golden bough,
Grows in a vale, surrounded with a grove,
And sacred to the queen of Stygian Jove.
Her nether world no mortals can behold,
Till from the bole they strip the blooming gold.
The mighty queen requires this gift alone,
And claims the shining wonder for her own.
One pluck'd away, a second branch you see
Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree.
Go then; with care erect thy searching eyes,
And in proud triumph seize the glorious prize.
Thy purpos'd journey if the fates allow,
Free to thy touch shall bend the costly bough:
If not, the tree will mortal strength disdain;
And steel shall hew the glitt'ring branch in vain.
Besides, while here my counsel you implore,
Your breathless friend, unburied on the shore,
(Ah! hapless warrior! in thy absence lost)
The camp unhallows, and pollutes the host.
First let his cold remains in earth be laid,
And decent in the grove dispose the dead.
The due lustration next perform, and bring
The sable victims for the Stygian king.
Then to the realms of Hell shalt thou repair,
Untrod by those who breathe the vital air."
She ceas'd; the mournful prince returns with sighs:
On earth the drooping hero fix'd his eyes.
Deep in his melancholy thoughts he weigh'd
The dire event, and all the Sibyl said;
While at his side the good Achates shares
The warrior's anguish, and divides his cares.
Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapless friend,
Dead and expos'd, her dubious words intend:
But when arriv'd, amid the crowded strand
They saw Misenus stretch'd along the sand;
The great Misenus, of celestial kind,
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the wind;
Whose trump, with noble clangors, fir'd from far
Th' embattled hosts, and blew the flames of war.
By Hector's side, with unresisted might,
His javelin rag'd; his trumpet rous'd the fight.
But when that hero on the Phrygian plain
By stern Pelides' thund'ring arm was slain,
He follow'd next Æneas' conqu'ring sword,
As brave a warrior as his former lord.
But while the daring mortal o'er the flood
Rais'd his high notes, and challeng'd every god,
With envy Triton heard the noble strain,
And whelm'd the bold musician in the main.
Around the body stood the mournful host,
By his great master wept, and suffer'd most.
The sorrowing troops the Sibyl's words obey,
And to the lofty forest bend their way,
To bid the proud funereal pyre arise,
And build the solemn structure to the skies.
Then fled the savage from his dark abode;
The well-ply'd axes echo through the wood.
The piercing wedges cleave the crackling oak;
Loud groan the trees and sink at every stroke.
The tall ash tumbles from the mountain's crown;
Th' aërial elms come crashing headlong down.
First of the train, the prince, with thund'ring sound,
Whirl'd his huge ax, and spread the rain round.
Then as the mighty forest he survey'd,
O'erwhelm'd with care the thoughtful hero pray'd:
"Oh! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!
Since truth inspir'd each word the Sibyl said,
Too truly she pronounc'd Misenus dead!"
While yet he spoke, two doves before him flew:
His mother's birds the chief with transport knew;
Then, as they settled on the verdant plain,
The joyful hero pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
"Be you my guides through airy tracks above,
And lead my footsteps to the fatal grove;
Point out the road, (if any can be found)
Where the rich bough o'erspreads the sacred ground,
With checquer'd darkness pierc'd by golden rays,
And darts at once a shadow and a blaze:
Thou too, O goddess-mother! lead me on,
Unfold these wonders, and relieve thy son."
This said, he stopp'd; but still his eager sight
Watch'd every motion, and observ'd their flight.
By turns they feed, by turns they gently fly;
Th' advancing chief still follows with his eye.
Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the skies,
Blue clouds of poison from Avernus rise,
Swift from the deathful blast at once they spring,
Cut the light air, and shoot upon the wing:
Then on the wond'rous tree the doves alight,
Where shines the fatal bough divinely bright,
That, gilding all the leaves with glancing beams,
Strikes thro' the sullen shade with golden gleams:
As when bleak winter binds the frozen skies,
Push'd from the oak her foreign honours rise;
The lofty trunk th' adopted branches crown,
Grac'd with a yellow offspring not her own:
So with bright beams, all beauteous to behold,
Glow'd on the dusky tree the blooming gold;
The blooming gold, by every breath inclin'd,
Flam'd as it wav'd, and twinkled in the wind.
The chief with transport stripp'd the branching ore,
And the rich trophy to the Sibyl bore.
Next on the strand, with tears, the Trojans paid
The last sad honours to Misenus' shade:

With cloven oaks and unctuous pines, they rear
A stately solemn pile aloft in air.
With sable wreaths they deck the sides around,
The spreading front with baleful cypress bound,
And with his arms the tow'ring structure crown'd.
Some the huge caldron fill; the foaming stream
From the deep womb mounts bubbling o'er the brim.
With groans the train anoint and bathe the dead,
O'er the cold limbs his purple garment spread,
And place him decent on the funeral bed;
While these support the bier, and in their hands,
With looks averted, hold the flaming brands:
The rite of old!—rich incense loads the pyre,
And oils and slaughter'd victims feed the fire.
Soon as the pile, subsiding, flames no more,
With wine the smoking heap they sprinkled o'er;
Then Chorinæus took the charge, to place
The bones selected in a brazen vase:
A verdant branch of olive in his hands,
He mov'd around, and purify'd the bands;
Slow as he past, the lustral waters shed,
Then clos'd the rites, and thrice invok'd the dead.
This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb;
The tow'ring top his well-known ensigns bore,
His arms, his once loud trump, and tapering oar:
Beneath the mountain rose the mighty frame,
That bears from age to age Misenus' name.
These rites discharg'd: the Sibyl to obey,
Swift from the tomb the hero bends his way.
Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,
All rough with rocks, and horrible to sight;
Its dreadful mouth is fenc'd with sable floods,
And the brown horrours of surrounding woods.
From its black jaws such baleful vapours rise,
Blot the bright day, and blast the golden skies,
That not a bird can stretch her pinions there
Through the thick poisons and encumber'd air,
But, struck by death, her flagging pinions cease;
And hence Avernus was it call'd by Greece.
Hither the priestess four black heifers led,
Between their horns the hallow'd wine she shed;
From their high front the topmost hairs she drew,
And in the flames the first oblations threw.
Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd
In Heav'n above, and Erebus profound.
The victims next th' attendants kill'd, and stood
With ample chargers, to receive the blood.
To Earth and Night a lamb of sable hue,
With solemn rites, the pious hero slew.
Next by the knife a barren heifer fell
To great Persephone, the queen of Hell.
Then to her lord, infernal Jove, he paid
A large oblation in the gloomy shade;
And oils amid the burning entrails pour'd,
While slaughter'd bulls the sacred flames devour'd.
When lo! by dawning day, with dreadful sound,
Beneath their footsteps groans the heaving ground;
The groves all wave; the forests tremble round.
Pale Hecate forsook the nether sky,
And howling dogs proclaim'd the goddess nigh.
"Fly, ye prophane! far, far away remove"
(Exclaims the Sibyl) "from the sacred grove;
And thou, Æneas, draw thy shining steel,
And boldly take the dreadful road to Hell.
To the great task thy strength and courage call,
With all thy powers: this instant claim them all."
This said, she plunges down the deep descent:
The prince as boldly follow'd where she went.

Ye subterraneous gods! whose awful sway
The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;
O Chaos hoar! and Phlegethon profound!
Whose solemn empire stretches wide around;
Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs, to tell
Of scenes, and wonders, in the depths of Hell:
Give me your mighty secrets to display
From those black realms of darkness to the day.
Now thro' the dismal gloom they pass, and tread
Grim Pluto's courts, the regions of the dead:
As puzzled travellers bewilder'd move, [grove)
(The Moon scarce glimmering through the dusky
When Jove from mortal eyes has snatch'd the light,
And wrapt the world in undistinguish'd night.
At Hell's dread mouth a thousand monsters wait;
Grief sweeps, and Vengeance bellows in the gate:
Base Want, low Fear, and Famine's lawless rage,
And pale Disease, and slow repining Age,
Fierce formidable fiends! the portal keep;
With Pain, Toil, Death, and Death's half-brother Sleep.
There, Joys, embitter'd with remorse, appear;
Daughters of Guilt! here storms destructive War,
Mad Discord there her snaky tresses tore:
Here, stretch'd on iron beds, the Furies roar.
Full in the midst a spreading elm display'd
His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade,
Each trembling leaf with some light vision teems,
And heaves impregnated with airy dreams.
With double forms each Scylla took her place
In Hell's dark entrance, with the Centaur's race;
And, close by Lerna's hissing monster, stands
Briareus dreadful, with an hundred hands.
There stern Geryon rag'd; and, all around,
Fierce Harpies scream'd, and direful Gorgons frown'd:
Here from Chimæra's jaws long flames expire;
And the huge fiend was wrapt in smoke and fire.
Scar'd at the sight, his sword the hero drew
At the grim monsters, as they rose to view.
His guide then warn'd him, not to wage the war
With thin light forms, and images of air;
Else had he rush'd amid th' impassive train,
And madly struck at empty shades in vain.
From hence a dark uncomfortable road
Leads to dread Acheron's Tartarean flood,
Whose furious whirlpools boil on every side,
And in Cocytus pour the roaring tide.
All stain'd with ooze, and black with rising sands,
Lord of the flood, imperious Charon stands:
But rough, begrim'd, and dreadful, he appear'd;
Rude and neglected hung his length of beard:
All patch'd and knotted flutters his attire;
His wrathful eyeballs glare with sanguine fire.
Though old, still unimpair'd by years, he stood,
And hoary vigour blest the surly god.
Himself still ply'd the oars, the canvass spread,
And in his sable bark convey'd the dead.
Hither, a mighty crowd, a mingled host,
Confus'd, came pouring round the Stygian coast.
Men, matrons, boys, and virgins, in the throng,
With mighty kings and heroes, march'd along;
And blooming youths before their mournful sires
Stretch'd out untimely on their funeral pyres;
Thick as the leaves come fluttering from above,
When cooler autumn strips the blasted grove:
Thick, as the feather'd flocks, in close array,
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,
When from the rage of winter they repair
To warmer suns, and more indulgent air.

All stretch'd their suppliant hands, and all implore
The first kind passage to the farther shore.
Now these, now those, he singles from the host,
And some he drives all trembling from the coast.
The prince, astonish'd at the tumult, cry'd,
"Why crowd such mighty numbers to the tide?
Why are those favour'd ghosts transported o'er?
And these sad shades chas'd backward from the shore?"
The full of days, the Sibyl, thus replies:
"Great prince, the true descendant of the skies!
You see Cocytus' stream; the Stygian floods,
Whose awful sanction binds th' attesting gods.
Those, who neglected on the strand remain,
Are all a wretched, poor, unbury'd train,
Charon is he, who o'er the flood presides;
And those interr'd, who cross the Stygian tides.
No mortals pass the hoarse-resounding wave,
But those who slumber in the peaceful grave.
Thus, till a hundred years have roll'd away,
Around these shores the plaintive spectres stray.
That mighty term expir'd, their wanderings past,
They reach the long expected shore at last."
Struck with their fate, his steps the hero stay'd,
And with soft pity all the crowd survey'd.
When lo! Leucaspis in the throng he spy'd;
And great Orontes, once the Lycian guide:
Sullen and sad; for fate's relentless doom
Deny'd the chiefs the honour of a tomb;
Whose galley, whirl'd by tempests round and round,
Sunk, by a mighty surge devour'd and drown'd.
Now drew his pilot Palinurus nigh,
Who, watching every star that gilds the sky,
While from the Libyan shores his course he keeps,
From the tall stern plung'd headlong down the deeps.
Pensive his slow approach the spectre made,
When, as the prince had scarce his form survey'd
Thro' the thick gloom, he first address'd the shade:
"What godhead whelm'd my friend, our faithful guide,
Beneath the roarings of the dreadful tide? [me,
Tell me—for oh! I never could complain,
Till now, of Phœbus, nor believ'd in vain.
Once he foretold—(but ah! those hopes are lost)
That Palinure should reach th' Ausonian coast,
Safe from the giddy storm and rolling flood;
Is this, is this the promise of a god?"
"Nor Phœbus," he replies, "foretold in vain,
Nor has a god o'erwhelm'd me in the main.
No—as I steer'd along the foamy sea,
Headlong I fell, and tore the helm away.
But by those fierce tumultuous floods I swear,
For my own life I never felt a fear:
For your's alone I trembled, lest the ship,
Left all at large, and bounding o'er the deep,
Robb'd of her helm and long-experienc'd guide,
Should sink, o'erwhelm'd in such a furious tide.
For three long stormy nights sublime I rode,
Heav'd by the southern tempests o'er the flood:
At early dawn my eyes could just explore,
From a tall tow'ring surge, th' Italian shore.
Thus tir'd, the land I gain by slow degrees,
And 'scap'd, at length, the dangers of the seas;
But hopes of prey the savage natives led,
And, while I grasp'd the shaggy mountain's head,
(My cumb'rous vests yet heavy from the main)
By barbarous hands thy helpless friend was slain.
And now by floating surges am I tost,
With every wind, and dash'd upon the coast;
But by the light of yon ethereal air,
By thy dead father, and surviving heir,
O prince! thy pity to a wretch extend;
And from these dismal realms enlarge thy friend.
Or to the Veline port direct thy way,
And in the ground my breathless body lay:
Or, if thy goddess-mother can disclose
Some means to fix a period to my woes,
(For sure uncall'd, unguided by the gods,
You durst not pass these dreadful Stygian floods)
Lend to a pining wretch thy friendly hand,
And waft him with thee to the farther strand!
Thus, in this dismal state of death at least,
My wand'ring soul may lie compos'd in rest."
"And how," reply'd the dame, "could rise in [me
A wish so impious, or a thought so vain!
Uncall'd, unbury'd, wouldst thou venture o'er,
And view th' infernal fiends who guard the shore?
Hope not to turn the course of fate by pray'r,
Or bend the gods inflexibly severe:
But bear thy doom content; while I disclose
A beam of comfort to relieve thy woes;
For know, the nations bord'ring on the floods,
Alarm'd by direful omens of the gods,
In full atonement of thy death shall rear
A mighty tomb, and annual offerings bear.
The place, from age to age renown'd by fame,
Still shall be known by Palinurus' name."
These words reliev'd his sorrows, and display'd
A dawn of joy to please the pensive shade.
Now they proceed; but soon the pilot spy'd
The strangers from the wood approach the tide.
Then to the godlike chief, in wrath, he said,
"Mortal! whoe'er thou art, in arms array'd,
Stand off! approach not; but at distance say,
Why to these waters dar'st thou bend thy way?
These are the realms of Sleep, the dreadful coasts
Of sable Night, and airy gliding ghosts.
No living mortals o'er the stream I lead;
Our bark is only sacred to the dead.
Know, I repent I led Pirithous o'er,
With mighty Theseus, to the farther shore;
The great Alcides past the Stygian floods;
Though these were heroes, and the sons of gods.
From Pluto's throne, this dragg'd in chains away
Hell's triple porter, trembling, to the day.
Those from his lofty dome aspir'd to lead
The beauteous partner of his royal bed."
To whom the sacred dame—"How vain thy fear!
These arms intend no violence of war.
May the huge dog, through all the Stygian coasts,
Roar from his den, and scare the flying ghosts:
Untouch'd and chaste, Persephonè may dwell,
And with grim Pluto share the throne of Hell:
The Trojan prince, Æneas, far around
For valour, arms, and piety renown'd,
Through these infernal realms decrees to go,
And meet his father in the shades below.
To bend thy mind, if such high virtue fail,
At least this glorious present must prevail:"
(Then show'd the bough, that lay beneath her vest.)
At once his rising wrath was hush'd to rest;
At once stood reconcil'd the ruthless god,
And bow'd with reverence to the golden rod;
Bow'd, and refus'd his office now no more,
But turns the sable vessel to the shore;
Drives from the deck the flitting airy train;
Then in the bark receiv'd the mighty man.
The feeble vessel groans beneath the load,
And drinks at many a leak th' infernal flood.

The dame and prince at last are wafted o'er
Safe to the slimy strand and oozy shore.
Arriv'd, they first grim Cerberus survey;
Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monster lay,
His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell,
And long, loud bellowing, shook the realms of Hell:
Now o'er his neck the starting serpents rose,
When to the fiend the dame a morsel throws.
Honey, and drugs, and poppy juices, steep
The tempor'd mass with all the pow'rs of sleep.
With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies
The growling savage, and devours the prize;
Then, by the charm subdu'd, he sunk away;
And, stretch'd all o'er the cave, the slumb'ring monster lay.
The fiend thus lull'd, the hero took the road,
And left behind th' irremeable flood.
Now, as they enter'd, doleful screams they hear;
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear;
Just new to life, by too severe a doom,
Snatch'd from the cradle to the silent tomb!
Next, mighty numbers crowd the verge of Hell,
Who, by a partial charge and sentence, fell.
Here, by a juster lot, their seats they took;
The fatal urn imperious Minos shook,
Convenes a council, bids the spectres plead,
Rehears the wretches, and absolves the dead.
Then crowds succeed, who, prodigal of breath,
Themselves anticipate the doom of death;
Tho' free from guilt, they cast their lives away,
And sad and sullen hate the golden day.
Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear
Pain, toil, and woe, to breathe the vital air!
In vain!—by fate for ever are they bound
With dire Avernus, and the lake profound!
And Styx, with nine wide channels, roars around.
Next open wide the melancholy plains,
Where lovers pine in everlasting pains;
Those soft consuming flames they felt alive,
Pursue the wretches, and in death survive.
Here, where the myrtle groves their shades display,
In cover'd walks they pass their hours away.
Evadne, Phædra, Procris, he survey'd,
Pasiphaë next, and Laodamia's shade.
Stabb'd by her son, false Eriphyle there
Points to her wound, and lays her bosom bare:
Cœneus, who try'd both sexes, trod the plain,
Now to a woman chang'd by fate again.
With these, fair Dido rang'd, the silent wood,
New from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood:
The chief, advancing through the shady scene,
Scarce thro the gloom discern'd the sullen queen:
So the pale Moon scarce glimmers to the eye,
When first she rises in a clouded sky.
He wept, and thus addrest her in the grove,
With all the melting tenderness of love:
"Then was it true, that by revengeful steel,
Stung with despair, unhappy Dido fell?
And I, was I the cause of that despair?
Yet oh! I vow by every golden star;
By all the pow'rs th' ethereal regions know,
By all the powers that rule the world below,
I left your realm reluctant: o'er the floods
Call'd by the fates, and summon'd by the gods;
Th' immortal gods—by whose commands I come
From yon bright realms to this eternal gloom:
Condemn'd the wasteful deep of night to tread,
And pass these doleful regions of the dead.
Ah! could I think, when urg'd by Heav'n to go,
My flight would plunge you in the depth of woe!
Stay, Dido, stay, and see from whom you fly!
'Tis from your fond repentant lover's eye.
Turn then one moment, and my vows believe,
The last, last moment fate will ever give!"
Nought to these tender words the fair replies,
But fix'd on earth her unrelenting eyes,
The chief still weeping: with a sullen mien,
In stedfast silence, frown'd th' obdurate queen.
Fix'd as a rock amidst the roaring main,
She hears him sigh, implore, and plead, in vain.
Then, where the woods their thickest shades display,
From his detested sight she shoots away;
There from her dear Sichæus in the grove,
Found all her cares repaid, and love return'd for love.
Touch'd with her woes, the prince, with streaming eyes
And floods of tears, pursues her as she flies.
Hence he proceeds; and last the fields appear,
Where stalk'd the proud heroic sons of war.
Tydeus and pale Adrastus rose to sight,
With Atalanta's son[2]; renown'd in fight.
Here, a long crowd of chiefs the prince beheld,
Who fell lamented in the glorious field,
His Trojan friends:—with sighs he view'd the train;
Three valiant sons of sage Antenor slain:
Here brave Thersilocus and Glaucus stood,
Medon and Polycetes bath'd in blood.
Idæus there still glories in alarms,
Vaults on his car, and wields his shining arms
Eager to view the chief, on either hand,
Rank behind rank, the eager warriors stand:
All in their turn retard the prince, to know
What urg'd his journey to the shades below.
Not so the kings of Greece—appall'd, dismay'd,
The hostile chiefs the godlike man survey'd
In arms that glitter'd through the dusky shade.
Some turn'd and fled, astonish'd at the view,
As when before him to their fleets they flew,
Some rais'd a cry; the fluttering accents hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the trembling tongue.
Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found;
The mangled youth was one continu'd wound.
For now his face, his beauteous face appears
Gash'd, and dishonour'd with a thousand scars
His hands, ears, nostrils, hideous to survey!
The stern insulting foes had lopp'd away:
Trembling he stood, industrious to conceal
The bloody traces of the ruthless steel.
Soon as the prince discern'd him, he began,
And thus deplor'd the miserable man!
"O brave Deiphobus! O chief divine!
Sprung from majestic Teucer's martial line:
What fierce barbarian hands could thus disgrace
Thy manly figure, and thy beauteous face?
In that last night, when Ilion sunk in flame,
I heard, brave warrior! from the voice of fame,
You fell on heaps of foes, with slaughter tir'd,
And on the glorious purple pile expir'd.
With care I rais'd on our Rhœtean coast
A vacant tomb, and hail'd thy mighty ghost:
Thy name and arms adorn the place around;
And, had thy mangled bleeding corse been found,
Thy relics had repos'd in Trojan ground."
"My friend," replies the chief, "has duly paid
All funeral honours to my pensive shade:
But these dire woes from fatal Helen came;
These are the triumphs of the Spartan dame!

[2] Parthenopæus.

For well, too well you know, in what delight
We fondly spent our last destructive night:
When the vast monster, big with Ilion's doom,
Tower'd thro' the town, an army in its womb;
In solemn show she bade the dames advance,
And in dissembled orgies led the dance:
A flaming torch she brandish'd in her hand;
Then from the tow'r invites the Grecian band,
While, worn with labours, I repos'd my head
(Ah, wretch ill-fated!) on our bridal bed.
My heavy lids the dews of slumber steep,
Lull'd in a soft, profound, and death-like sleep.
Then from beneath my head, as tir'd I lay,
My loyal bride conveys my sword away,
Removes my arms, unfolds the door, and calls
Her Spartan lord within my palace walls;
Betrays her last, to please her former spouse,
And cancel all the guilt of broken vows!
Fierce they broke in, by dire Ulysses led,
And basely slew me in the bridal bed.
Hear my just pray'rs, ye gods!—to Greece repay
A fate like mine; give all your vengeance way!
But thee, O prince! what wond'rous fortune led
Alive, to these dominions of the dead?
Say, did the will and counsel of the gods,
Or the rude tempests and tumultuous floods,
Compel thy course from yon ethereal light,
To these dark realms of everlasting night?"
Meantime the swift-wing'd coursers of the Sun
Thro' Heaven full half their fiery race had run;
And all th' appointed hours in talk had past,
But thus the priestess warn'd the chief at last:
"Lo! night advances, prince!—we waste away,
In idle sorrows, the remains of day.
See—in two ample roads, the way divides;
The right, direct, our destin'd journey guides,
By Pluto's palace, to th' Elysian plains;
The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains,
Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains!"
"Dismiss thy wrath," replies the pensive shade,
"But one word more—I then rejoin the dead:
Go—mighty prince, the promis'd throne ascend;
Go—but with better fortune than thy friend!"
With these last accents, to the warrior host
Retires the trembling, melancholy ghost.
Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,
Where lofty walls with triple ramparts rise.
There rolls swift Phlegethon, with thund'ring sound,
His broken rocks, and whirls his surges round.
On mighty columns rais'd sublime are hung
The massy gates, impenetrably strong.
In vain would men, in vain would gods essay,
To hew the beams of adamant away.
Here rose an iron tow'r: 'before the gate,
By night and day, a wakeful fury sat,
The pale Tisiphone; a robe she wore,
With all the pomp of horrour, dy'd in gore.
Here the loud scourge and louder voice of pain,
The crashing fetter, and the rattling chain,
Strike the great hero with the frightful sound,
The hoarse, rough, mingled din, that thunders round:
"Oh! whence that peal of groans? what pains are those?
What crimes could merit such stupendous woes?"
Thus she—"Brave guardian of the Trojan state,
None that are pure must pass that dreadful gate.
When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,
I learnt the secrets of those dire abodes,
With all the tortures of the vengeful gods.
Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful reign,
Hears and condemns the trembling impious train.
Those hidden crimes the wretch till death suppress,
With mingled joy and horrour in his breast,
The stern dread judge commands him to display;
And lays the guilty secrets bare to day.
Her lash Tisiphone that moment shakes;
The ghost she scourges with a thousand snakes;
Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,
Calls her dire sisters from the gulfs of Hell.
Now the loud portals from their hinges fleet,
And all the dreadful scene appears in view.
Behold without what direful monster waits
(Tremendous form!) to guard the gloomy gates!
Within, her bulk more dreadful hydra spreads,
And hissing rears her fifty tow'ring heads.
Full twice as deep the dungeon of the fiends,
The huge, Tartarean, gloomy gulph descends
Below these regions, as these regions lie
From the bright realms of yon ethereal sky.
Here roar the Titan race, th' enormous birth;
The ancient offspring of the teeming earth.
Pierc'd by the burning bolts, of old they fell,
And still roll bellowing in the depths of Hell.
Here lie th' Aleian twins, in length display'd;
Stretch'd as they lie, the giants I survey'd,
Who warr'd to drive the thunderer from above;
And storm'd the skies, and shook the throne of Jove.
The proud Salmoneus, wrapt in chains below,
Raves in eternal agonies of woe;
Who mock'd with empty sounds and mimic rays,
Heav'n's awful thunder and the lightning's blaze;
Th' audacious wretch through Elis tow'r'd in air,
Whirl'd by four coursers in his rattling car;
A blazing torch he shook; o'er crowds he rode;
And madly claim'd the glories of a god.
O'er hollow vaults he lash'd the steeds along,
And, as they flew, the brazen arches rung.
Vain fool! to mock the bolts of Heav'n above,
And those inimitable flames of Jove!
But from the clouds, th' avenging father aims
Far other bolts and undissembled flames:
Dash'd from his car, the mimic thunderer fell,
And in a fiery whirlwind plung'd to Hell.
"There too th' enormous Tityus I beheld,
Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er th' infernal field;
He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,
While with fierce screams a vulture tore away
His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking prey;
Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in vain,
For still the fruitful fibres spring again,
Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain,
She dwells for ever in his roomy breast,
Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest;
But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast.
Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
Ixion's torments, or Pirithoüs fate?
On high a tottering rocky fragment spreads,
Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.
Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes
In regal pomp successive banquets rise,
While lucid columns, glorious to behold,
Support th' imperial canopies of gold.
The queen of furies, a tremendous guest,
Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,
Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,
Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears.
They that on Earth had base pursuits in view,
Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,

And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their store,
But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor:
Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled;
Or perish'd in the foul adulterous bed;
Or broke the ties of faith with dark deceit;
Imprison'd deep, their destin'd torments wait.
But what their torments, seek not thou to know,
Or the dire sentence of their endless woe.
Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,
Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;
There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire.
There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe,
And roars incessant through the shades below:
Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,
These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.
This wretch his country to a tyrant sold,
And barter'd glorious liberty for gold,
Laws for a bribe he pass'd, but past in vain,
For the same laws a bribe repeal'd again.
This wretch by hot preposterous lust was led,
To climb and violate his daughter's bed.
To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd;
All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd!
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
A voice of brass, and adamantine lungs,
Not half the mighty scene could I disclose,
Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes!"—

Thus spoke the priestess of the god of day;
"And, haste," she cry'd; "to Hell's great empress pay
The destin'd present, and pursue thy way.
For lo! the high Cyclopean walls are near,
And in full view the massy gates appear.
On these the gods enjoin thee to bestow
The sacred offering of the golden bough."
This said, they journey'd through the solemn gloom,
And reach'd at length the proud imperial dome:
With eager speed his course the hero bore,
With living streams his body sprinkled o'er,
And fixt the glittering present on the door.

These rites complete, they reach the flowery plains,
The verdant groves where endless pleasure reigns.
Here growing ether shoots a purple ray,
And o'er the region pours a double day.
From sky to sky th' unweary'd splendour runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.
Some wrestle on the sands; and some, in play
And games heroic, pass the hours away.
Those raise the song divine, and these advance
In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance.
There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
In seven divisions strikes the sounding lyre;
Across the chords the quivering quill she flings,
Or with his flying fingers sweeps the strings.
Here Teucer's ancient race the prince surveys,
The race of heroes born in happier days:
Ilus, Assaracus in arms rever'd,
And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd:
Before him stalk'd the tall majestic train,
And pitch'd their idle lances on the plain.
Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;
The steeds unharness'd graz'd the flowery field.
Those pleasing cares the heroes felt, alive,
For chariots, steeds, and arms, in death survive.
Some on the verdant plains were stretch'd along;
Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung:
Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,
And joyful feasted in the fragrant shade.

Here, glittering through the trees, his eyes survey
The streams of Po descending from the day.
Here a blest train advance along the meads,
And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads:
Patriots who perish'd for their country's right,
Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight:
There holy priests, and sacred poets stood,
Who sung with all the raptures of a god:
Worthies, who life by useful arts refin'd,
With those, who leave a deathless name behind,
Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind!

This shining band the priestess thus address,
But chief Musæus, tow'ring o'er the rest;
So high the poet's lofty stature spreads
Above the train, and overtops their heads!
"Say, happy souls! and thou, blest poet, say,
Where dwells Anchises, and direct our way?
For him we took the dire infernal road,
And stemm'd huge Acheron's tremendous flood."
To whom the bard—"Unsettled we remove,
As pleasure calls from verdant grove to grove;
Stretch'd on the flowery meads, at ease we lie,
And hear the silver rills run bubbling by.
Come then, ascend this point, and hence survey
By yon descent an open easy way."
He spoke, then stalk'd before; and from the brow
Points out the fair enamell'd fields below.
They leave the proud aërial height again,
And pleas'd bend downward to the blissful plain.

Anchises, there, the hero's sire divine,
Deep in the vale had rang'd his glorious line;
Rank behind rank, his joyful eyes survey
The chiefs in bright succession rise to day.
He counts th' illustrious race with studious cares,
Their deeds, their fates, their victories and wars.
Soon as his lov'd Æneas he beheld,
His dear, dear son, advancing o'er the field;
Eager he stretch'd his longing arms, and shed
A stream of tears, and thus with transport said:
"Then has thy long try'd pious love surpast
The dreadful road, to meet thy sire at last?
Oh! is it given to see, nor see alone,
But hear, and answer to my godlike son?
This I presag'd, indeed, as late I ran
O'er times and seasons; nor presag'd in vain.
From what strange lands, what stormy seas and skies
Returns my son, to bless my longing eyes? [shade,
How did my anxious mind your danger move,
Then, when in Carthage you indulg'd your love!"

"Your shade," the prince replies, "your angry shade,
In many a frightful vision I survey'd.
By your behest I came to these abodes;
My fleet lies anchor'd in the Tuscan floods:
Give me, O father! give thy hand, nor shun
The dear embraces of a duteous son."
While yet he spoke, the tender sorrows rise,
And the big drops run trickling from his eyes.
Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw;
Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew,
Swift as the wind with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.
Meantime the hero saw with wondering eyes,
Deep in a vale a waving forest rise:
Through those sequester'd scenes slow Lethe glides,
And in low murmurs lulls her slumbering tides;
Unnumber'd ghosts around the waters throng,
And o'er the brink the airy nations hung.
So to the meads in glowing summer pour
The clustering bees, and rifle every flow'r;

O'er the sweet lilies hang the busy swarms;
The fields remurmur to the deep alarms.
Struck with the sight, the prince astonish'd stood;
"Oh! say, why throng such numbers to the flood?
Or what the nature of the wond'rous tide,
And who the crowds?"—To whom the sire reply'd:
"To all those souls who round the river wait,
New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.
To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,
And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.
How have I wish'd before thee to display
These my descendants, ere they rise to day!
Thus shalt thou Latium find with double joy,
Since fate has fixt th' eternal throne of Troy."—
"O father! say, can heavenly souls repair
Once more to Earth, and breathe the vital air?
What!—can they covet their corporeal chain?
Gods!—can the wretches long for life again!"—
"Attend," he cry'd, "while I unfold the whole,
And clear these wonders that amaze thy soul."
Then the great sire the scheme before him lays,
And thus each awful secret he displays:
"Know first, a spirit, with an active flame,
Fills, feeds and animates this mighty frame;
Runs through the wat'ry worlds, the fields of air,
The pond'rous Earth, the depths of Heav'n, and there
Glows in the Sun and Moon, and burns in every star.
Thus, mingling with the mass, the general soul
Lives in the parts, and agitates the whole.
From that celestial energy began
The low-brow'd brute; th' imperial race of man;
The painted birds who wing'd th' aërial plain,
And all the mighty monsters of the main.
Their souls at first from high Olympus came;
And, if not blunted by the mortal frame,
Th' ethereal fires would ever burn the same!
But while on Earth; by Earth-born passions tost,
The heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost;
Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,
From those dark dungeons to their native sky.
Ev'n when those bodies are to death resign'd,
Some old inherent spots are left behind;
A sullying tincture of corporeal stains
Deep in the substance of the soul remains.
Thus are her splendours dimm'd, and crusted o'er
With those dark vices, that she knew before.
For this the souls a various penance pay,
To purge the taint of former crimes away:
Some in the sweeping breezes are refin'd,
And hung on high to whiten in the wind;
Some cleanse their stains beneath the gushing streams,
And some rise glorious from the searching flames.
Thus all must suffer; and, those sufferings past,
The clouded minds are purify'd at last.
But when the circling seasons, as they roll,
Have clean'd the dross long gather'd round the soul;
When the celestial fire divinely bright,
Breaks forth victorious in her native light;
Then we, the chosen few, Elysium gain,
And here expatiate on the blissful plain.
Both those thin airy throngs thy eyes behold,
When o'er their heads a thousand years have roll'd,
In mighty crowds to yon Lethean flood
Swarm at the potent summons of the god;
There deep the draught of dark oblivion drain;
Then they desire new bodies to obtain,
And visit Heav'n's ethereal realms again."

This said, the sire conducts their steps along
Through the long tumult of th' aërial throng;
Then climb'd a point, and every face descry'd,
As the huge train prest forward to the side:
"Now hear, while I display our race divine,
And the long glories of our Dardan line,
The noble Roman heroes, who shall rise
From Trojan blood, successive, to the skies.
This mighty scene of wonders I relate,
And open all thy glorious future fate.
First then behold yon blooming youth appear,
That hero leaning on his shining spear!
This thy last son, thy hoary age shall grace,
Thy first brave offspring of the Latian race;
From fair Lavinia in the groves he springs,
A king, and father of a race of kings;
Sylvius his name; proud Alba shall he sway,
And to his sons th' imperial pow'r convey.
See! where the youth, already wing'd to rise,
Stands on the verge of life, and claims the skies
Procas the next behold, a chief divine,
Procas the glory of the Trojan line;
Capys and Numitor there pant for fame;
There a new Sylvius[1] bears thy mighty name;
Like thee, just, great, and good, for valour known,
The chief shall mount th' imperial Alban throne.
What strength each youth displays?" "But say, are those
With civic crowns around their manly brows?"
"By those shall Gabii and Nomentum rise,
And proud Collatian tow'rs invade the skies.
Then Faunus' town with turrets shall be crown'd,
And fair Fidena stretch her ramparts round.
Then Bola too shall rise, of mighty fame;
Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name!
Bright Ilia, sprung from Trojan blood, shall bear
Yon glorious hero to the god of war:
Behold great Romulus, her victor son;
Whose sword restores his grandsire to the throne.
Lo! from his helmet what a glory plays!
And Jove's own splendours round his temples blaze!
From this brave prince majestic Rome shall rise:
The boundless Earth, her empire shall compose;
Her fame and valour tower above the skies!
Seven ample hills th' imperial city grace,
Who nobly glories in her martial race;
Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high;
Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,
When through the Phrygian towns, sublime in state,
She rides triumphant in her golden car,
Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs,
And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,
A shining train, who fill the blest abode,
A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god!
Turn, turn thine eyes! see here thy race divine,
Behold thy own imperial Roman line:
Cæsar, with all the Julian name survey;
See where the glorious ranks ascend to day!—
This—this is he!—the chief so long foretold
To bless the land where Saturn rul'd of old;
And give the Lernean realms a second age of gold!
The promis'd prince, Augustus the divine,
Of Cæsar's race, and Jove's immortal line!
This mighty chief his empire shall extend
O'er Indian realms, to Earth's remotest end.
The hero's rapid victories outrun [the Sun;
The year's whole course, the stars, and journeys of

[1] Sylvius Æneas.

Where, high in air, huge Atlas' shoulders rise,
Support th' ethereal lights, and prop the rolling skies!
He comes!—he comes!—proclaim'd by every god!
Nile hears the shout, and shakes in every flood.
Proud Asia flies before his dire alarms,
And distant nations tremble at his arms.
So many realms not great Alcides past,
Not, when the brazen-footed hind he chas'd;
O'er Erymanthus' steeps the boar pursu'd;
Or drew the huge Lernean monster's blood.
Nor Bacchus such a length of regions knew,
When on his car the god in triumph flew,
And shook the reins, and urg'd the fiery wheels,
Whirl'd by swift tigers down the Indian hills.—
And doubt we yet, by virtuous deeds to rise,
When fame, when empire is the certain prize?
Rise, rise, any son; thy Latian foes o'ercome!
Rise, the great founder of majestic Rome!"
"But who that chief, who crown'd with olive stands,
And holds the sacred relics in his hands?"
"I know the pious Roman king from far,
The silver beard, and venerable hair;
Call'd from his little barren field away,
To pomp of empire and the regal sway.
Tullus the next succeeds, whose loud alarms
Shall rouse the slumb'ring sons of Rome to arms.
Inspir'd by him, the soft unwarlike train
Repeat their former triumphs o'er again.
Lo Ancus there! the giddy crowd he draws,
And swells too much with popular applause.
Now wou'dst thou Tarquin's haughty race behold,
Or fierce avenging Brutus, brave and bold?
See the stern chief stalk awful o'er the plain,
The glorious chief, who breaks the tyrant's chain:
He to his axe shall proud rebellion doom,
The first great consul of his rescu'd Rome!
His sons (who arm, the Tarquins to maintain,
And fix oppression in the throne again)
He nobly yields to justice, in the cause
Of sacred freedom and insulted laws.
Though harsh th' unhappy father may appear,
The judge compels the sire to be severe;
And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move,
To sink the private in the public love.
"Like him, Torquatus, for stern justice known,
Dooms to the axe his brave victorious son.
Behold the Drusi prodigal of blood!
The Decii dying for their country's good!
Behold Camillus there; that chief shall come
With four proud triumphs to imperial Rome.
Lo! in bright arms two spirits rise to sight!
How strict their friendship in the realms of night!
How fierce their discord when they spring to light!
How furious in the field will both appear!
With what dire slaughter! what a waste of war!
Impetuous to the fight the father pours
From the steep Alps, and tall Ligurian tow'rs.
The son, with servile monarchs in his train,
Leads the whole Eastern world, and spreads the plain.
Oh! check your wrath, my sons; the nations spare;
And save your country from the woes of war;
Nor in her sacred breast, with rage abhorr'd,
So fiercely plunge her own victorious sword!
And thou, be thou the first: thy arms resign,
Thou, my great son of Jove's celestial line!—
Yon chief shall vanquish all the Grecian pow'rs,
And lay in dust the proud Corinthian tow'rs,
Drive to the capitol his gilded car,
And grace the triumph with the spoils of war.
That chief shall stretch fair Argos on the plain,
And the proud seat of Agamemnon's reign,
O'ercome th' Æacian king, of race divine,
Sprung from the great Achilles' glorious line;
Avenge Minerva's violated fane,
And the great spirits of thy fathers slain.
What tongue, just Cato, can thy praise forbear!
Or each brave Scipio's noble deeds declare,
Afric's dread foes; two thunderbolts of war!
Who can the bold Fabricius' worth repeat,
In pride of poverty, divinely great;
Call'd by his bleeding country's voice to come
From the rude plough, and rule imperial Rome!
Tir'd as I am the glorious roll to trace,
Where am I snatch'd by the long Fabian race!
See where the patriot shines, whose prudent care
Preserves his country by protracted war!—
The subject nations, with a happier grace,
From the rude stone may call the mimic face,
Or with new life inform the breathing brass:
Shine at the bar, describe the stars on high,
The motions, laws, and regions of the sky:
Be this your nobler praise in times to come,
These your imperial arts, ye sons of Rome!
O'er distant realms to stretch your awful sway,
To bid those nations tremble and obey;
To crush the proud, the suppliant foe to rear,
To give mankind a peace, or shake the world with war."
He said—awhile their ravish'd eyes admire
The wond'rous scenes:—when thus proceeds the sire:
"See! where Marcellus tow'rs above the train,
And bears the regal trophies from the plain.
Endanger'd Rome shall bless his guardian care,
And stand unshaken in a storm of war.
Carthage and Gaul the hero's might shall prove,
The third who hangs th' imperial spoils to Jove."—
With him the Trojan prince a youth beheld
In shining arms advancing o'er the field;
A beauteous form; but clouds his front surround,
And his dim eyes were fixt upon the ground.
"Say, who that youth" (he cries) "o'ercast with grief;
The youth who follows that victorious chief?
His son? or one of his illustrious line?
What numbers shout around the form divine?
His port how noble! how august his fame!
How like the former! and how near the same!
But gloomy shades his pensive brows o'erspread,
And a dark cloud involves his beauteous head."
"Seek not, my son," replies the sire, "to know"
(And, as he spoke, the gushing sorrows flow)
"What woes the gods to thy descendants doom,
What endless grief to every son of Rome!
This youth on Earth the fates but just display,
And soon, too soon, they snatch the gift away!
Had Rome for ever held the glorious prize,
Her bliss had rais'd the envy of the skies!
Oh! from the martial field what cries shall come!
What groans shall echo through the streets of Rome!
How shall old Tyber, from his oozy bed,
In that sad moment rear his reverend head,
The length'ning pomp and funeral to survey,
When by the mighty tomb he takes his mournful way!
A youth of nobler hopes shall never rise,
Nor glad like him the Latian fathers' eyes:

And Rome, proud Rome shall boast, she never
From age to age, so brave a son before! [bore,
Honour and fame, alas! and ancient truth,
Revive and die with that illustrious youth!
In vain embattled troops his arms oppose:
In every field he tames his country's foes,
Whether on foot he marches in his might,
Or spurs his fiery courser to the fight.
Poor pitied youth! the glory of the state!
Oh! cou'dst thou shun the dreadful stroke of fate,
Rome should in thee behold, with ravish'd eyes,
Her pride, her darling, her Marcellus rise!
Bring fragrant flow'rs, the whitest lilies bring,
With all the purple beauties of the spring;
These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow
On the dear youth, to please his shade below"—
Thus, while the wond'rous scenes employ their sight,
They rove with pleasure in the fields of light.
When the great sire had taught his son the whole,
And with the Roman glories fir'd his soul;
Next to the list'ning hero he declares
His toils in Latium, and successive wars;
Gives him their nations and their towns to know,
And how to shun, or suffer every woe.
Two gates the silent courts of sleep adorn,
That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn.
Through this, true visions take their airy way,
Thro' that, false phantoms mount the realms of day,
Thon to the ivory gate he led them on,
And there dismiss'd the Sibyl and his son.
Now the great chief, returning to the main,
Reviews his fleet, and glads his friends again.
Then, steering by the strand, he ploughs the sea,
And to Caieta's port directs his way:
There all the fleet the crooked anchors moor;
And the tall ships stood rang'd along the shore.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

KING Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, who is in love with her, being favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many others of the neighbouring princes, whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly recited.

You too, Cajeta, whose indulgent cares
Nurst the great chief, and form'd his tender years,
Expiring here (an ever honour'd name!)
Adorn Hesperia with immortal fame:
Thy name survives to please thy pensive ghost;
Thy sacred relics grace the Latian coast.
Soon as her funeral rites the prince had paid,
And rais'd a tomb in honour of the dead;
(The sea subsiding, and the tempests o'er)
He spreads the flying sails, and leaves the shore.
When, at the close of night, soft breezes rise,
The Moon in milder glory mounts the skies:
Safe in her friendly light the navy glides;
The silver splendours trembling o'er the tides.
Now by rich Circe's coast they bend their way,
(Circe, fair daughter of the god of day;)
A dangerous shore: the echoing forests rung,
While at the loom the beauteous goddess sung:
Bright cedar brands supply her father's rays,
Perfume the dome, and round the palace blaze.
Here wolves with bowlings scare the naval train,
And lions roar reluctant to the chain.
Here growling bears and swine their ears affright,
And break the solemn silence of the night.
These once were men! but Circe's charms confine,
In brutal shapes, the human forms divine.
But Neptune, to secure the pious host
From these dire monsters, this enchanted coast,
A friendly breeze to every sail supplies;
And o'er the deeps the rapid navy flies.
Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,
And ocean reddens with the rising morn;
The winds lie hush'd; the swelling surge subsides;
And with their bending oars they labour thro' the tides.
From hence the hero view'd a range of woods;
Through the dark scene roll Tyber's glittering floods;
With circling whirlpools urge their winding way,
And lead their yellow waters to the sea.
The painted birds, that haunt the golden tide,
And flutter round the banks on every side,
Along the groves in pleasing triumph play,
And with soft music hail the dawning day,
Smooth o'er the shaded floods, at his command,
The painted gallies glide, and reach the land.
Now, goddess! aid thy poet, while he sings
The state of Latium, and her ancient kings;
Her dark confusions from their birth explores,
When first the Trojans reach'd th' Hesperian shores.
Thou, thou, great Erato! my soul inspire,
To sing each furious fight with equal fire.
A mightier work, a nobler scene appears;
A long, long series of destructive wars!
Kings against kings engag'd in dire alarms!
And all Hesperia rous'd to all the rage of arms!
Latinus o'er the realm the sway maintain'd;
And long in peace the hoary prince had reign'd;
From Faunus and a fair Laurentian dame,
A lovely nymph, the mighty monarch came.
From Picus, Faunus drew his birth divine:
From Saturn he, great author of the line.
Fate from this king had snatch'd each blooming son:
And one bright daughter heir'd the imperial throne.
Fir'd by her matchless charms, the youths repair
From all the realms around, to court the fair;
Bold Turnus too the royal maid address,
Whose birth and beauty far surpast the rest.
The Latian queen, to gain so brave a son:
Had made the blooming hero's cause her own.
Vain was her aim, for every power divine
Withstood the match, with many a dreadful sign.
Amid the court a laurel rose in air,
Preserv'd for ages with religious care;
This venerable plant Latinus found,
When first his town with rising tow'rs he crown'd;
(Which thence deriv'd her name, as records say;)
Then made it sacred to the god of day.

It chanc'd, a cloud of bees in gathering swarms
Swept through the skies, with murmuring hoarse alarms;
Pour'd in, and (settling on the topmost bough)
Stretch'd down, dependent deep in air below:
In one black lengthening chain together clung,
Feet clasp'd in feet, the clustering nations hung.
On this exclaims an augur—"I explore
A foreign consort from a distant shore;
From yon same point a stranger host shall come;
And here their prince shall reign in this imperial dome."
Yet more; while chaste Lavinia, at the shrine,
Burns od'rous incense to the powers divine;
As by her father stood the royal fair,
The fires flew round, and caught her waving hair:
O'er all her rich embroider'd garments roll'd
The wanton flame, and crept through every fold;
Then, crackling, through her crown victorious plays;
The gems run melting in the golden blaze:
Around the fair the dancing glories stray'd,
And lambent fires involv'd the lovely maid;
Then from her beauteous head enlarging grew,
Wide and more wide, and round the palace flew:
From this strange sign, portentous to behold,
Th' astonish'd seer surprising truths foretold,
That bright with fame should shine the glorious fair,
But through the nations spread the flames of war.
Meantime the king, astonish'd at the sign,
Hastes to consult his prescient sire[1] divine.
In dark Albunea's shades, supreme of woods!
Where from her fountains boil sulphureous floods;
Thick from her streams the clouds of poison rise,
And, charg'd with heavy vapours, load the skies.
Here, in distress, th' Italian nations come,
Anxious, to clear their doubts, and learn their doom.
First, on the fleeces of the slaughter'd sheep,
By night the sacred priest dissolves in sleep:
When, in a train, before his slumbering eye,
Thin, airy forms, and wondrous visions fly.
He calls the pow'rs, who guard th' infernal floods;
And talks, inspir'd, familiar with the gods.
To this dread oracle the prince withdrew,
And first a hundred sheep the monarch slew;
Then on their fleeces lay; and from the wood
He heard distinct these accents of the god:
"Seek not a native prince, my son, nor wed
Thy royal daughter to a Latian bed.
A foreign chief appears, of mighty fame,
Whose race to Heav'n shall raise our glorious name:
O'er either ocean shall their empire run,
Beyond the radiant journeys of the Sun.
In every clime their standards are unfurl'd!
And, prostrate at their feet, shall lie the trembling world!"
These answers of the god, reveal'd by night,
The king divulg'd, and fame display'd to light;
Spread the glad tidings all the nations o'er;
When now the Trojan navy reach'd the shore.
The hero with his son and chiefs had laid
Their limbs at ease beneath a cooling shade;
Then, dictated by Jove, the banquet spread
On cakes of flour along the verdant mead;
The slender cakes the busy Trojans load
With fruits austere, and wildings of the wood:

[1] Faunus.

These scanty viands soon consum'd, the crew,
Compell'd by hunger, on their tables flew;
Full eager they devour'd, by want distrest,
The frail supporters of the failing feast.
When with a laugh, Ascanius—"We devour
The plates and boards on which we fed before."
Th' auspicious words his sire in rapture took,
And weigh'd what once the oracle had spoke:
"Hail, happy realm, which fate so long has ow'd!
All hail," he cry'd, "each guardian Trojan god!"
My sire, when fair Elysium blest my eyes,
Did thus disclose the secrets of the skies;
'When, prest by raging famine, you devour
Your boards, impatient, on a foreign shore;
There thy long labours shall with peace be crown'd;
There build thy town, and raise the ramparts round.'
This is the famine that the fates foreshow,
And this the place to terminate our woe.
Then bend we from the port, at dawn of day,
Our eager steps, and strike a different way,
To view the land, the cities to explore,
And know what nations hold the fated shore.
Now place again the goblets on the board;
Be great Anchises honour'd and ador'd,
And pour the wine to Heav'n's almighty lord."
Then, while the verdant boughs his temples grace,
The prince ador'd the Genius of the place;
The Nymphs, and unknown pow'rs that rule the floods,
And sacred Earth, great source of all the gods;
And awful Night! with her the stars that rise,
To gild her face, and beautify the skies;
And Jove, the guardian god of Troy, implores,
And the great mother of th' ethereal pow'rs;
His mighty parents last, with honours crown'd
In Heav'n above, and Erebus profound.
The hero's vows th' almighty heard from high,
And thrice he thunder'd from an azure sky;
And shook, majestic, as the thunders roll'd,
A fiery cloud, that blaz'd with beams of gold.
Now through the Trojan host the news had flown,
The day was come to raise their promis'd town;
All, warm'd with transport at the happy sign,
Indulge the feast, and quaff the generous wine.
Soon as the morning shot a purple ray,
And tipp'd the mountains with the beams of day,
By different ways the busy train explore
The bounds, the cities, and the winding shore.
Here dwell the Latian line; there Tyber flows;
And here thy sacred stream, Numicus, rose.
Now sent the Trojan prince (a peace to gain)
A hundred youths selected from the train,
With presents for the king. Without delay,
All crown'd with olives took their speedy way.
Meantime the chief design'd th' allotted ground
For the new town, and drew the trench around:
High tow'rs and ramparts all the place enclose;
And, like a camp, the sudden city rose.
Now the commission'd youths proceed with haste,
And spy the lofty Latian spires at last.
Before the gate, the blooming active train
Or break the fiery courser to the rein,
Or whirl the chariot o'er the dusty plain;
Or bend the bow, or toss the whizzing spear,
Or urge the race, or wage the mimic war.
When lo! a messenger, dispatch'd with speed,
Spurs to the Latian court his panting steed,
And told the monarch what illustrious guests
Arriv'd from foreign lands in foreign vests.

The monarch summon'd all the train, and shone,
In state majestic, on the regal throne.
High o'er the town, surrounded by a wood,
Old Picus' venerable palace stood,——
August and awful! proudly rose, around,
A hundred columns, and the structure crown'd.
Here kings receiv'd the types of royal pow'r,
The crown and sceptre, and the robes they wore.
This was their temple; this their court of state,
Here at their sacred feasts the fathers sat;
And in long orders, as their thrones they fill'd,
On offer'd rams their annual banquets held.
Before the gates a venerable band,
In cedar carv'd, the Latian monarchs stand.
Sabinus there, who prest the foaming wine,
Extends the hook that prun'd the generous vine:
The front old Italus and Saturn grace,
And hoary Janus with his double face;
And many an ancient monarch, proud to bear
In their dear country's cause the wounds of war.
Hung on the pillars, all around appears
A row of trophies, helmets, shields, and spears,
And solid bars, and axes keenly bright,
And naval beaks, and chariots seiz'd in fight.
With his divining wand in solemn state,
With robes succinct the royal Picus sat.
Fierce in his ear of old he swept the field;
And still the hero grasps the shining shield.
Him beauteous Circe lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Th' enchantress dame, rejected with disdain,
Transform'd the hapless monarch, in despair,
Chang'd to a painted bird, and sent to flit in air.
Thus sat the sov'reign in the pompous fane,
And gave admission to the Dardan train.
Then to th' illustrious strangers from the throne,
The prince with mild benevolence begun:
"Say, noble Trojans, for we knew your name,
And ancient race, before your navy came;
What cause your fleet to Latium could convey,
What call, through such a length of wat'ry way?
Or were your gallies wide in ocean lost?
Or driv'n by tempests on th' Hesperian coast?
Such dangers oft befall the train who ride
O'er the wild deeps, and stem the furious tide.
Vouchsafe to be our guests, and Latium grace;
For know our generous hospitable race,
By Saturn form'd, from him their manners draw;
Just without ties, and good without a law.
From old Auruntian sages once our ears
Have heard a tale, though sunk in length of years;
These realms the birth of Dardanus could boast,
Who sail'd from hence, and reach'd your Phrygian coast.
He left the Tuscan realms, and now on high
Dwells in the starry mansions of the sky:
Call'd from this nether world to Heav'n's abodes——
He reigns above, a god among the gods!"
"O prince divine! great Faunus' glorious son;"
(Thus, to the king, Ilioneus begun;)
"Nor stars misled our fleets, nor tempests tost,
Nor wide we wander'd to the Latian coast,
But our determin'd course, spontaneous bore,
With one fixt purpose, to this friendly shore;
Driv'n from the noblest empire o'er the seas,
That the bright Sun in all his race surveys.
We and our prince derive our birth divine
From Jove, the source of our ethereal line;
And at the godlike chief's command we come,
His suppliant envoys to this regal dome.
Those, who beyond the bounds of ocean hurl'd,
Possess that wild unhospitable world;
And those who glow beneath the burning zone,
Beneath the fiery chariot of the Sun,
Have heard, and heard with terrour from afar,
What a dire deluge, what a storm of war,
With ruin charg'd, and furious to destroy,
From Greece burst thund'ring o'er the realms of Troy,
When Europe shook proud Asia with alarms,
And fate set two contending worlds in arms.
Snatch'd from that storm, to roll around the floods,
We beg some place, to fix our wand'ring gods;
Some vacant region, you with ease can spare;
The common use of water, earth, and air.
Nor shall this new alliance bring disgrace,
But add new glories to th' Italian race:
Nor Latium shall repent the kind supply,
Nor shall the dear remembrance ever die.
Now by our potent glorious prince I swear,
As true in peace as dreadful in the war:
Though now as suppliants at thy throne we stand,
With humble pray'rs and olives in our hand,
Yet many nations, prince, invite our train,
And our alliance court, but court in vain.
For know, the gods, the mighty gods command
The sons of Troy to seek the Latian land.
To Tyber's flood great Phœbus urg'd our way,
Where spring Numicus' sacred streams to day;
Here Dardanus was born, of heav'nly strain;
Hence first he came, and now returns again.
Yet more—these presents from the Trojan king,
These relics of his former state we bring,
Snatch'd from devouring flames—his sire, of old,
Pour'd due libations from this bowl of gold;
In these rich robes the royal Priam shone,
And gave the law, majestic, from the throne:
This crown, this sceptre, did the monarch wear;
These vests were labour'd by the Trojan fair."
He ceas'd—the sov'reign paus'd in thought profound,
And fixt his eyes unmov'd upon the ground.
His daughter's fortunes all his mind employ,
And future empire, not the gifts from Troy.
Deep in his mind the prophecy he roll'd,
And deem'd this chief, the son the gods foretold,
The mighty hero long foredoom'd by fate
To share the glories of the regal state;—
From whom a race, victorious by their swords,
Should rise in time, the world's majestic lords:
Then joyful spoke: "May Heav'n our course bless,
And its own omens, with the wish'd success!
Well pleas'd, my friends, your presents I receive;
And free admission in my kingdoms give;
Nor shall you want, while I the throne enjoy,
A land as fruitful as the fields of Troy.
But let your godlike prince, if he request
Our royal friendship, be our honour'd guest;
The peace he asks in person he may bring,
Go then—report this message to your king—
A beauteous daughter in her bloom is mine,
Forbid to wed in our Ausonian line:
This all our native oracles deny,
And every dreadful omen of the sky.
From foreign shores, a foreign son appears,
Whose race shall lift our glory to the stars.
Your prince, the destin'd chief the fates require,
Our thoughts divine, and we, my friends, desire."
He said, and order'd steeds, to mount the band;
In lofty stalls three hundred coursers stand,
Their shining sides with crimson cover'd o'er;
The sprightly steeds embroider'd trappings wore,

With golden chains, refulgent to behold:
Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold.
But to their prince he sent a glorious car,
With two distinguish'd coursers for the war;
Fierce as they flew, their nostrils breath'd a fire;
These Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By mortal mares on Earth, who, all unknown,
Mixt with the flaming coursers of the Sun.
Pleas'd with the monarch's gift, their steeds they press,
And to their anxious lord return with peace.
But Jove's imperial queen, from Argos far,
Rides on the whirlwinds through the fields of air.
From proud Pachynus' point, her eyes explore
The Trojan prince, and all his fleet on shore.
The bulwarks rise, the troops possess the strand,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the land;
She stood in anguish fixt, and shook her head,
Then, fir'd with rage, the wrathful goddess said:
"Curst race!—a race I labour to destroy!—
But Juno sinks beneath the fates of Troy!
Did not the captives break the victor's chain?
Did not her slaughter'd sons revive again?
Did they not force, when Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires and armies their victorious way?
What—Heav'n's great empress flags, by toils oppress!
Or sure, her glutted vengeance lies at rest?
And yet I dar'd pursue the banish'd train
Through the last bounds of Neptune's wat'ry reign,
With rocks, with gulfs, with thunders from on high,
With all the storms of ocean and the sky.
In vain with storms I rous'd the roaring main;
Earth, skies, and oceans wag'd my war in vain;
In vain dire Scylla thunder'd o'er the sea;
Nor could the vast Charybdis bar the way.
For lo! in Tyber's flood their navies ride,
Mock my revenge, and triumph o'er the tide.
And yet the god of battles could efface,
For one neglect, the Lapithæan race,
For one neglect, did Jove himself resign
To Dian's wrath the Calydonian line.
But I, the queen supreme of gods above,
The mighty consort of imperial Jove,
In vain for years one nation have pursu'd;
Nay by one single mortal am subdu'd!
Yet, though my pow'rs are baffled, will I try
Whatever pow'rs in nature's circle lie.
What! though the partial Heav'ns my aims repel,
I'll raise new forces from the depths of Hell!
What!—if the Trojan must in Latium reign!
What!—if the fates a regal bride ordain!
Yet, may I still the nuptial rite delay,
And by a length of wars defer the day.
Yet, shall the people bleed! the kings shall reign,
The lonely monarchs of an empty plain!
Yet shall the father and the son make good
Their league of friendship, in their subjects' blood;
In the mixt blood of nations shall be paid,
At large, thy dreadful dow'r, imperial maid!
Wed then—with every fatal omen wed:
Bellona waits thee to the bridal bed.
The queen of love, like Priam's royal dame,
For Ilion has conceiv'd a second flame.
A Paris, sprung from Venus, shall destroy
Once more with fatal fires the tow'rs of Troy."
This said, to Earth th' impetuous goddess flies,
Inflam'd with rage and vengeance, from the skies;
Looks down, and bending o'er the baleful cell,
Calls dire Alecto from the realms of Hell.
Crimes, frauds, and murders, are the fiend's delight,
The rage of death, and slaughters of the fight.
So fierce her looks! such terrours from her eyes!
Round her grim front such monst'rous serpents rise!
She scares ev'n Pluto, her immortal sire; [train,
Her sister furies tremble and retire.
Then Heav'n's great queen, against the Trojan
Inflam'd her native rage, and thus began:
"Daughter of night! thy potent aid I claim
To guard my honour, and support my fame.
Oh! let not Troy her pow'rs to Latium bring,
Nor with this match amuse her easy king.
Tis thine, the peace of brethren to confound,
To arm their hands, and spread destruction round;
Through kindling houses, towns, and realms, to bear
The torch of discord, and the flames of war.
To thee a thousand noxious arts are known,
And every form of mischief is thy own.
Rouse, rouse the fury in thy soul! excite
The chiefs, and kindle all the rage of fight!
Dissolve the peace; and, fir'd by dire alarms,
Bid the mad nations rush to blood and arms!"
Scarce had she spoke, when sudden from her eyes,
Smear'd with Gorgonean blood, the fury flies
Sublime; and tow'ring o'er the palace soars;
Then stands unseen before Amata's doors;
While grief and wrath the raging queen employ,
For Turnus, injur'd by the match with Troy.
Here stopt the fiend; and, discord all her view,
Snatch'd from her hissing locks, a snake she threw;
And through her inmost soul the fiery serpent flew.
Unfelt, the monster glides through every vest,
And breathes the secret poison in her breast.
Now, like a fillet, round her temples roll'd,
Now round her bosom, like a chain of gold.
Now to her tresses he repairs, and there
Thrids every ringlet of her golden hair.
Thus while her kindling soul the pest inspires
With the first sparkles of her fatal fires,
Before the bosom of the royal dame
Felt the full furies of th' infernal flame,
She speaks her grief, in accents soft and mild,
Implores the sire, and sorrows o'er her child:
"And must Lavinia then, our only joy,
Wed with this wand'ring fugitive of Troy?
And can a father issue the decree,
So fatal to himself, to her, and me?
For sure the pirate soon will bear away,
With the first rising wind, the lovely prey!
Such, such a guest of old, the Phrygian boy
Bore ravish'd Helen to the tow'rs of Troy.
Where, where is friendship, truth, and honour, now?
A father's promise, and a monarch's vow!
If thy great sire's commands have fixt thy mind,
To choose some hero of a foreign kind:
Then every kind, my lord, and every land
Are foreign, that are free from our command;
And if we trace brave Turnus' blood, he springs
From a long line of ancient Argive kings."
Thus urg'd the mother, in a mournful strain,
Her loud complaints, yet urg'd them all in vain.
But now the spreading poison fir'd her whole,
Ev'n to the last recesses of her soul.
In her wild thoughts a thousand horrours rise;
And fierce, and madding round the streets, she flies,
So the gay striplings lash, in eager sport,
A top, in giddy circles, round a court.

In rapid rings it whirls, and spins aloud,
Admir'd with rapture by the blooming crowd;
From every stroke, flies humming o'er the ground,
And gains new spirit, as the blows go round.
Thus flew the giddy queen, with fury stung,
Thro' the wide town, amid the wond'ring throng.
Yet more;—the destin'd nuptials to delay,
Fierce to the darksome wood she bounds away;
And, rising still in rage, with rites divine
She feign'd new orgies to the god of wine.
"Thou, Bacchus, only thou, deserv'st the fair!
For thee in ringlets grows her lovely hair!
For thee she leads the dance, and wreaths her ivy spear."
Now spread around the wild infectious flames;
With the same fury glow the Latian dames;
Let loose their flying tresses in the wind,
Rush to the woods, and leave the town behind;
Toss high their ivy-spears; while clamours rise,
And trembling shrieks, tumultuous, rend the skies.
The madding queen, with rage superior stung,
Rear'd high a flaming pine, amid the throng,
And for young Turnus rais'd the nuptial song.
Then rolls her fiery eyes, and loud exclaims:
"Hear, all ye matrons! hear, ye Latian dames!
If yet a mother's woes your souls can move,
If yet your injur'd princess shares your love;
Like me, unbind your tresses; rove abroad;
And hold these sacred orgies to the god."
Thus the fierce fiend Amata's breast invades,
And drives her raving to the sylvan shades.
When all the monarch's palace she survey'd,
With all his counsels in confusion laid;
As wide around the rising fury grew,
On dusky wings to Ardea swift she flew:
Ardea, by Danaë built in days of yore,
When with her Argive train she sought the shore;
But now her perish'd ruins are no more!
Where o'er the rest brave Turnus' mansion rose,
She found the hero sunk in soft repose;
And first, her dread infernal form to hide,
Laid the grim terrours of her front aside:
With silver hairs her temples were o'erspread,
And wreaths and verdant olives crown'd her head.
Her wither'd face with wrinkles was embost,
And in the woman all the fiend was lost.
She now appear'd a venerable dame,
And to the couch like Juno's priestess came:
"Then are thy labours vain," (she thus begun)
"And shall a Trojan seize thy rightful throne?
The king denies the crown he long has ow'd,
Denies the fair thy labours bought with blood.
Go—save his kingdom; fight the Tuscan train!—
Go, prince, and conquer, to be scorn'd again!
Hear then by me the mandate from on high
Sent by the mighty empress of the sky:
Fly, fly! the valiant youth for arms prepare;
And through the opening gates let loose the war.
Lo! where in Tyber ride the fleets of Troy;
Go then, their chiefs and painted ships destroy;
So Heav'n commands—and, if the Latian lord
Detain the fair, regardless of his word,
Let him in blood thy vengeful sword deplore,
The sword that conquer'd in his cause before."
Thus the disdainful dame—with scornful pride,
In haughty terms the martial youth reply'd:
"The tidings you convey, I knew before;
The Trojan fleet is landed on the shore.
Hence—nor with idle tales my bosom move;
I live secure in Juno's guardian love.
But, worn with years, you dote with vain alarms,
And, when you nod, you dream of kings in arms.
Go, mother, go—and make your gods your care,
But leave to men the province of the war." [found,
While yet he spoke, her looks the youth con-
And the black fiend in all her terrours frown'd.
Aghast, he shook, and trembled with affright,
While all her native horrours blast his sight.
Such a tremendous front the fury spread,
So dreadful hist the serpents round her head;
So grim a figure now she seem'd to rise;
That Hell, all Hell, was open'd in her eyes!
Then, ere the fault'ring trembling youth reply'd,
She roll'd their fiery orbs from side to side;
Snatch'd two black serpents from her locks, and shook [spoke;
The sounding scourge, and thund'ring thus she
"Behold, behold the wretch, by vain alarms
And age, reduc'd to dream of kings in arms!
A fury from the deeps of Hell, I bear,
In these dread hands, destruction, death, and war!"
With that a flaming torch the goddess threw;
Deep through his breast the fiery weapon flew.
Straight rous'd the startled warrior; and a stream
Of sweat ran copious down from every limb.
Through the wide dome he raves with mad alarms,
He runs, he flies, he calls aloud to arms;
Fell wrath and vengeance in his eyes appear,
The thirst of slaughter, and the rage of war.
So when in parting spires the flame divides,
And crackling climbs around the caldron's sides,
In the deep womb glow fierce the hissing streams,
Boil, swell, and foam, and bubble o'er the brims;
Till high in air the fuming liquids rise,
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.
He sends to great Latinus, to declare
The peace polluted, and denounce the war:
"To arms!" he cries,—"this moment will we go
To guard our country, and repel the foe."
Himself, he boasts, will all the war maintain,
And fight the Trojan and Ausonian train.
His troops take fire, and (Heav'n invok'd in pray'r)
With eager rage they gather to the war:
Some by his beauty mov'd, his cause embrace,
Some by his valiant deeds, and regal race.
While thus his social train the prince inspires,
Swift to the Trojan host the fiend retires.
Big with new mischiefs to the place she came,
Where young Iülus hunts the savage game.
A stag he chas'd; the chase the fury sees;
And bids the scent grow warm in every breeze;
His opening hounds, exulting, shoot away,
And bear impatient on the panting prey:
From this light cause she rais'd the first alarms,
And fir'd the brutal swains to blood and arms.—
Snatch'd from the dam, by Tyrrheus' children (Tyrrheus, chief master of the royal herd) [rear'd;
With care domestic had this stag been bred;
Of beauteous shape; and antlers grac'd his head.
The beast became their sister's darling care;
His horns were dress'd with garlands by the fair.
Fed from the board, accustom'd to command,
The fawn familiar lick'd her stroking hand.
Full oft she bath'd him in the limpid tide,
And fondly curious comb'd his silken hide:
All day amid the forests wou'd he roam,
But came each evening to his wonted home.
Ascanius' hounds had rous'd the trembling prey,
As down the gentle flood he took his way,
And on the cooling bank in length luxuriant lay.

The youthful hero, fir'd with love of fame,
Directs a feather'd arrow at the game;
The feather'd arrow flew; the fury guides
The pointed weapon through the wanton's sides.
Pierc'd with the dart, the bleeding fawn in vain
Flies back for refuge to his home again;
Complains with human tears, and human sighs,
And begs for aid with unavailing cries.
The beauteous Sylvia heard his moving strains,
Beat her white bosom, and alarm'd the swains.
Inspir'd with sudden rage they wing their way,
For in the wood the lurking fury lay.
Some arm'd with knotted clubs, impetuous came,
And some with staves well-season'd in the flame.
With stones or brands the peasants throng from far,
And every sudden weapon, to the war.
Tyrrhens, who clove a tree with many a stroke,
Left the huge wedge within the gaping oak;
Then seiz'd the pond'rous axe with loud alarms,
And call'd the rustics all around to arms.
Meantime the fury from her stand descries
The growing discord every moment rise;
Ascends the roof, and, from the lofty height,
Calls in the boist'rous peasants to the fight:
With her full force her mighty horn she winds;
Th' infernal strain alarms the gath'ring hinds.
The dreadful summons the deep forests took;
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains shook.
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound,
The Veline fountains trembled at the sound.
The thick sulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blast that blew the flames of war:
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers prest,
With shrieks, their starting infants to the breast.
Thus the mad rustics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid signal flew to arms.
Nor less, in succour of the princely boy,
Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy:
Clubs, staves, and brands, at first the fight main-
But now embody'd armies spread the plain, [tain;
And deadly swords and shining bucklers wield;
And groves of spears gleam dreadful o'er the field.
On brazen arms the Sun refulgent plays,
And to the skies the fiery helmets blaze.
So when the wind has stirr'd the gentle seas,
The waves just swell, and whiten by degrees;
Till all the heaving wat'ry worlds arise
In one vast burst of thunder to the skies.
First, Almon, Tyrrheus' eldest hope, was slain,
Fierce as he fought, the foremost on the plain.
Beneath his throat the arrow found its way;
And, chok'd in blood, the beauteous warrior lay.
Now heaps on heaps fall thick on every side,
And in the cloud of fight Galesus dy'd;
Good old Galesus! while, with earnest care,
He labour'd to prevent the rising war:
The sage for justice bore the foremost place,
Though far the wealthiest of the Latian race:
Five flocks, five bellowing droves, his pastures held,
And with a hundred teams he turn'd the spacious field.

Thus, while on either side, the martial train
With mutual slaughter bath'd the purple plain:
When the stern fury, from her promise freed,
Beheld with joy the growing battle bleed;
She leaves th' Hesperian shores, she mounts the skies,
And in proud triumph thus to Juno cries:
"Behold my promise, mighty queen! made good;
The Trojan sword has drawn the Latian blood.
War, boundless war, runs raging round the plain;
Nor can yourself command the peace again:
Speak but you will, I'll spread the dire alarm,
And bid the bord'ring towns and countries arm,
Both sides to aid, the nations shall repair;
Wide round, the rising discord will I bear,
And rouse in every breast the furies of the war."
"Enough," replies the queen, "enough is done,
The war stands fixt; the slaughters are begun.
They fly to war; their arms with blood distain:
Death, rage, and terrour, range the purple plain.
Such are the nuptial rites, that we prepare
For Latium's king, and Venus' worthy heir!
But go, this moment leave the realms above;
Go—nor offend the sacred eyes of Jove.
To thy unhallow'd feet the sire denies
Th' ethereal walks, and freedom of the skies.
Retire to Hell! if aught remains undone,
Ourself shall finish what thy toils begun."
Swift as the goddess spoke, the fury springs
With rapid speed, and spreads her dusky wings;
Her serpents hissing all around, she flies
To Hell's dark realms, impetuous, from the skies.
Amid fair Italy, renown'd by fame,
Lies a deep vale, Amsanctus is the name.
Her gloomy sides are shaded with a grove;
And a huge range of mountains tow'rs above:
Fierce through the dusky vale the torrents pour,
And o'er the rattling stones the whirlpools roar.
There the black jaws of Hell are open'd wide;
There rolls dire Acheron his fiery tide;
There lies the dark infernal cave, and there
Grim Pluto breathes the soft ethereal air.
Down through this dreadful opening, from on high,
The fiend plung'd headlong, and reliev'd the sky.
Meantime the queen of Heav'n exerts her care,
With her last hand to crown the growing war.
In one vast tide the loud tumultuous swains
Pour to the city, and desert the plains.
Young Almon's corse they bear in open sight,
And old Galesus, slaughter'd in the fight;
Implore the gods with vows, and beg in vain
The hoary monarch to revenge the slain;
While the fierce Daunian lord's complaints conspire
To spread the gathering fears of sword and fire.
"Turnus," he cries, "is banish'd with disgrace,
And wrong'd in favour of a foreign race.
The king prefers a Trojan for his son;
A Trojan prince already fills the throne!"
Those too, whose mothers by the queen were led,
When, fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods she fled,
(Such was her interest in the realm) declare
For open arms, and breathe revenge and war.
War is the fatal universal cry,
Against all omens of the angry sky!—
Furious they crowd their sovereign's regal door,
And, madding, round the rich pavilions roar;
Besiege their king, as waves a rock, in vain,
Some mighty rock, amidst the rolling main;
That hears unmov'd the sounding tempests blow,
That sees the furious surges foam below;
And o'er the deeps, majestic to the sight,
Stands fixt, and glories in its matchless height,
Proud of its bulk; while storms and working tides
Fly, dash, and break against the tow'ring sides!
When long the prince had labour'd to retain
The rising madness of their souls in vain,
And saw the crowd no counsel would obey,
But rush'd to arms, as Juno led the way;

The mournful sire obtests the gods and skies:
"And lo! we yield to fate," the monarch cries.
"The storm impetuous bears us down the flood—
But Heav'n, Heav'n claims your sacrilegious blood!
Thou too, rash Turnus, shalt thy part sustain,
And late, too late, implore the gods in vain!
Safe to the port am I already come,
And all your king can lose, is but a tomb!"
Then pensive he retir'd, and left to fate
The reins of empire, and the cares of state.
A solemn custom in Hesperia reign'd,
Which long the potent Alban lords maintain'd,
And Rome still holds, when, terrible in might,
The world's great empress sends her sons to fight.
Whether the chain for Dacia they prepare,
Or wage th' Hyrcanian or Arabian war,
Or their victorious arms on India turn,
And spread her eagles to the rising morn;
Or urge proud Parthia's long expected doom,
And bring in pomp our ravish'd ensigns home.—
Two massy solid gates have ever stood,
For ages sacred to the Thracian god[2].
Old, double Janus guards the dreadful doors;
Grim war within, his mighty captive, roars.
On many a pond'rous hinge the gates are hung;
With brazen bars impenetrably strong.
Soon as the fathers of the state proclaim,
The fight must vindicate the Roman fame;
Straight, at their high decree, the consul, drest
In the rich sacred robe and Gabine vest,
While the loud trumpets sound a martial strain,
(In pomp attended by the valiant train)
Throws wide the gates; and thro' the nations far
Lets loose the boundless furies of the war.
So now the madding Latian crowds implore
Their monarch, to unfold the sacred door.
But from the fatal office he withdrew,
Abhorr'd the province, and retir'd from view.
Then Heav'n's dread empress, while the prince delay'd,
Shot down, and both the bursting gates display'd:
The bolts fly back, with every brazen bar;
And, like a storm, broke forth th' imprison'd war.
Till now unmov'd by discord and alarms,
Ausonia burns, and calls her sons to arms.
Some to the furious fight on foot proceed;
Some vault impetuous on the bounding steed,
Some whet the blunted pole-axe for the field,
Brighten the spear and long neglected shield;
With transport hear the trumpet's clangors rise,
And view the banners streaming in the skies.
Ardea, proud Tybur, Crustumerium's pow'rs,
Atina strong, and high Antemnæ's tow'rs,
Five potent cities, all their sons employ,
To forge new arms against the troops of Troy.
For greaves the ductile silver they extend,
And for the shield the pliant sallow bend:
The guiltless arms the rural trade affords,
Scythes, plough-shares, hooks, are straighten'd
And in the glowing forges they restore [into swords.
The blunted falchions which their fathers wore.
And now the sprightly trumpets sound from far;
The word flies round; the signal of the war.
Some snatch the polish'd helm with eager speed;
Some to the yoke compel the snorting steed,
Brace on the golden cuirass, seize the shield;
And, with the glitt'ring sword, rush furious to the field.

[2] Mars.

Ye Muses! now unlock your sacred spring;
Inspire your bard, and teach him how to sing
What mighty heroes led the martial train,
And what embattled armies spread the plain:
The Latian chiefs, ye goddesses! declare,
And the dire progress of the wasteful war;
You know, and can record the pow'rs who came,
Which we learn only from the voice of fame.
Mezentius first, who scorn'd th' immortal pow'rs,
Conducts his armies from the Tuscan shores.
Him follow'd Lausus, flush'd with youthful fire,
A son, whose shining virtues might require
A happier throne, and far a better sire!
He tam'd the steed, and urg'd the generous chase,
And none but Turnus match'd his blooming face:
He led from fair Agylla to the plain
A thousand warriors, but he led in vain!
Great Aventinus, great Alcides' son,
Wore the proud trophy that his father won:
A hundred serpents round his buckler roll'd,
And Hydra hiss'd from all her heads, in gold.
Fresh wreaths of palm his lofty chariot crown'd,
And fierce he lash'd his fiery coursers round.
When great Alcides from Geryon slain
Return'd triumphant to the Latian plain;
And the brave victor, safe in these abodes,
Cool'd his Hesperian herds in Tyber's floods;
He won in shades the beauteous Rhea's grace,
And this bold hero crown'd his strong embrace;
Born in mount Aventine's sequester'd wood,
The mortal mother mingling with the god.
His valiant troops long Sabine javelins bear,
And, arm'd with steely piles, provoke the war.
He stalk'd before his host; and, wide dispread,
A lion's teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
Then sought the palace in this strange attire,
And look'd as stern and dreadful as his sire.
From Tibur, Coras and Catillus came,
Tibur, the town that took their brother's name.
Brave youths! who led the martial Argive train,
And rush'd the foremost to th' embattled plain.
So two fierce centaurs of the cloud-born race,
Rush furious down the frozen hills of Thrace;
The groves give way, the crackling woods resound,
And trampled forests spread their ruins wide around.
Next mighty Cæculus to battle flies,
Who bade the tow'rs of proud Prænestе rise:
Found on the hearth, amid the glowing fire,
The nations deem'd great Mulciber his sire.
A host of warriors to the field he led,
The hardy swains that fair Prænestе bred,
Or Gabii sent where Juno's temple rose;
The troops who dwell where chilling Anio flows.
With those who drink old Amasenus' stream,
Or from the walls of rich Anagnia came.
Not all with arms are furnish'd for the war,
Nor grasp the shield, nor whirl the rapid car.
But most from slings a storm of bullets throw,
And leaden deaths destroy the distant foe.
Some in their hands two pointed javelins bore,
And spoils of wolves for glitt'ring helmets wore;
The left foot bare, they boldly rush to fight,
But a tough hide, unseason'd, sheaths the right.
Next Neptune's son, the brave Messapus, came,
Exempt from steel, and sacred from the flame.
To long neglected wars he fir'd his train,
And urg'd his troops to shine in arms again.
From the Flavinian and Fescennian coast,
At his command, advance th' embody'd host:
With the Faliscan band, who purest justice boast

Those who on high Soracte's tow'rs reside,
Or dwell by Ciminus' expanded tide,
Or o'er the rough aspiring mountain rove,
Or haunt divine Feronia's shady grove:
All march, embattled in array, and sing
The martial glories of their godlike king.
So from the fishy floods, a snowy train
Of swans embody'd wing th' aërial plain;
Stretch their long necks o'er Asius' crystal spring,
And the responsive shores and echoing waters ring.
Not one, who heard the loud confus'd alarms,
Mad thought this noisy train a host in arms,
But some huge cloud of clamorous fowls, who soar
Among the cliffs, and scream around the shore.
Lo! next brave Clausus leads his troops along;
From the old Sabine race the warrior sprung:
With a vast host, a shot himself, he came,
The first great father of the Claudian name;
That spread thro' Latium, when, the line to grace,
Rome shar'd her empire with the Sabine race.
The ancient Cures march at his commands,
And a large force from Amiternian lands,
With those who dwell where full Velinus runs,
Or where Nomentum boasts her martial sons,
Or old Eretum stretch'd her utmost bound,
And rich Mutusco smiles, with olives crown'd;
Or where steep Tetrica's rough rocks arise,
Or proud Severus tow'rs amid the skies.
Where, with fair Foruli Casperia stands,
And clear Himella floats the fruitful lands,
Where gentle Fabaris serenely glides,
Whose streams augment imperial Tyber's tides:
Where, near cold Nursia, beauteous Orta stood,
And mournful Allia rolls her fatal flood.
Thick shines with moving troops the blazing plain,
Thick, as the billows on the stormy main;
Thick as the ripen'd harvests are beheld,
That nod and wave along the golden field.
The bucklers ring, the clashing arms resound;
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.
Then Agamemnon's son, Helesus came,
By birth a foe to all the Trojan name;
He yok'd his fiery coursers to the car,
And with a thousand soldiers rush'd to war,
From where on mountains live th' Auruntian line,
Where Massic hills produce the generous wine;
Warriors, who dwell along the roaring sea,
Or from the walls of Cales took their way:
With those who drink Vulturnus' shoaly flood,
The rough Saticulan and Oscan stood.
Short, pointed javelins, fasten'd by a string,
With fatal force the dext'rous artists fling:
Light shields of season'd hide aloft they bear,
And, arm'd with bending swords, provoke the war.
Nor thou, unsung, brave Œbalus! shalt pass,
The nymph Sebethis' son, of Telo's race.
While pleasing Capræa own'd his father's sway,
And Teleboan realms his nod obey;
The son, far more ambitious, stretch'd his reign
O'er those rich towns, where Sarno bathes the plain.
Now to the fight he leads his warlike pow'rs
From ancient Batulum, and Rufa's tow'rs,
From where, her blooming fruits Abella crown,
And old Celenna spreads her spacious down.
These, like the rough Teutonic warriors, threw
Huge spears with barbs, that wing'd with slaughter flew.
Light casques of cork around their heads they wore,
And brazen swords and brazen bucklers bore.

Thee too, bold Ufens, to the dire alarms,
Cold Nursia sent a chief renown'd in arms.
Her fierce rough sons through forests bound away,
And o'er wild mountains chase the panting prey.
In arms the natives turn the frozen soil,
Make war a sport, and fly upon the spoil.
Umbro, the brave Marrubian priest, was there,
Sent by the Marsian monarch to the war.
The smiling olive with her verdant boughs
Shades his bright helmet, and adorns his brows.
His charms in peace the furious serpent keep,
And lull th' envenom'd viper's race to sleep;
His healing hand allay'd the raging pain;
And at his touch the poisons fled again.
But yet he fail'd to cure, with all his art,
The wound inflicted by the Trojan dart!
Nor all his charms, nor potent herbs that grow
On Marsian mountains, could prevent the blow!
For thee, wide echoing, sigh'd th' Angitian woods;
For thee, in murmurs, wept thy native floods!
Next, brave Hippolytus! thy beauteous heir,
The lovely Virbius mingled in the war.
In the dark woods by fair Egeria bred,
His troops the youth from old Aricia led:
Where, on the shore, Diana's altar stood,
(But now unstain'd with offer'd human blood;)
For when Hippolytus, as records tell,
By his fierce stepdame's arts and vengeance fell,
Chas'd by his father's curses to the shore,
The hapless youth the startled coursers tore;
By Æsculapius' skill and Dian's care
The chief reviv'd, and breath'd ethereal air.
But Jove, incens'd, a mortal to survey,
From the Tartarean shades restor'd to day,
Great Phœbus' son, the godlike artist, hurl'd,
Transfixt with thunder, to the nether world:
But Dian hid the youth in groves, and there
Consign'd her darling to Egeria's care.
There, in the forests, with the sacred dame
He past his days, and Virbius was his name.
For this, th' unhallow'd steed must still remove
From Dian's fane and consecrated grove:
Since the mad horses startled as they flew,
And on the ground their mangled master threw.
Yet his brave offspring drove the thund'ring car,
And lash'd his fiery coursers to the war.
Bold Turnus in the front, supremely tall,
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, outshines them all;
High on his helm a triple plume was rais'd,
And on his crest the dire Chimæra blaz'd:
From her wide jaws the horrid fiend expires,
A dreadful length of fires succeeding fires.
When the loud voice of slaughter rends the skies,
And the full horrours of the battle rise,
She glows, she lightens, as the warrior turns;
She flames with rage; and the whole monster burns.
Chang'd to an heifer in the flowery field,
The beauteous Iö charg'd the shining shield.
Here stood her guard [3]; and there her father [4] roll'd
His swelling surges through the figur'd gold.
A cloud of foot succeeds; a mighty train,
With spears and shields; and armies hide the plain.
The pow'rs from Argive and Auruntian lands
Mix'd with the ancient bold Sicanian bands.
With painted shields the brave Labici came,
And Sacran forces, to the field of fame;
With those who till Numicus' fair abodes,
Or dwell where Tyber views his rising woods;

[3] Argus. [4] Inachus, a river god.

Or where the rough Rutulians turn the ground,
And the steep hills of Circe stretch around:
Where fair Feronia boasts her stately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove:
Where stands the Pontine lake, and o'er the plain
Cold Ufens' stream steals gently to the main.
Last with her martial troops, all sheath'd in brass,
Camilla came, a queen of Volscian race.
Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care,
But arms and coursers, and the toils of war.
She led the rapid race, and left behind
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind:
Lightly she flies along the level plain, [grain;
Nor hurts the tender grass, nor bends the golden
Or o'er the swelling surge suspended sweeps,
And smoothly skims, unbath'd, along the deeps.
From the dispeopled towns and fields repair
Men, matrons, maids, and youths, to view the fair:
The crowds all gaze with transport, to survey,
Loose in the winds, her purple garments play,
Her polish'd bow, her quiver's gaudy pride,
With arrows stor'd, and glittering at her side:
Her shining javelin, wondering, they behold,
And her fair tresses bound with clasps of gold.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes; Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

Now Turnus rous'd all Latium with alarms
To mount the fiery steeds and fly to arms;
Fixt on Laurentum's tow'rs sublime in air,
His standard wav'd, the signal of the war:
And the loud trumpets, heard from far excite
The generous youth, and call them to the fight.
Confederate pow'rs conspire, the war to wage;
And the mad nations breathe revenge and rage.
Their armies Ufens and Messapus guide,
With proud Mezentius who the gods defy'd.
From the suspended plough they drag the swains,
And for the war dispeopled all the plains,
To Arpi next sage Venulus they sped
To beg the aid of royal Diomed;
And charge the hoary envoy to inform
The martial monarch, of the rising storm;
That Troy's proud navy rides in Tyber's floods;
Æneas here has fixt his vanquish'd gods;
And vaunts himself the prince, ordain'd by fate
To sway the sceptre of th' Hesperian state;
The nations own his cause, his right proclaim,
And Latium echoes with his growing fame;
That best himself could judge, who knew the foe,
From such a war what dread effects may flow;
What is his mighty aim, his proud intent;
And, should he conquer, what the dire event,
Was left for him to weigh; whose state and throne,
And fortunes, stood endanger'd like their own.
All this the Trojan chief beheld, oppress
With cares that roll'd tumultuous in his breast.
A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide;
That turns each way, and points to every side.
So from a brazen vase the trembling stream
Reflects the lunar, or the solar beam:
Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies:
Thence to the cieling shoot the glancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering splendour plays.
'Twas night—and, weary with the toils of day,
In soft repose the whole creation lay;
And last the Trojan prince, oppress with care
On the dire prospect of th' approaching war,
Sunk, and in balmy slumbers clos'd his eyes;
His couch the bank; his canopy the skies.
When, slow-emerging through the poplar wood,
Rose the majestic father of the flood,
Tyber, the guardian god, in open view:
A sea-green mantle round his shoulders flew;
A wreath of reeds adorn'd his hoary head,
And, to relieve his sorrows, thus he said:
"O long-expected on our blest abodes,
Great chief, the true descendant of the gods!
Whose conduct brings thy rescu'd Troy once more
To rise immortal on our Latian shore;
Proceed, and conquer, prince! nor yield to fear;
Here lies thy fated home, thy Ilion here.
Go!—meet the threat'ning war; thy cares are vain,
The gods relent, and Heav'n grows mild again.
Nor think, an airy vision of the night,
A transient empty dream deludes thy sight.
Soon thou shalt view, beneath an oak reclin'd,
A large white mother of the bristly kind,
With her white numerous brood of thirty young,
Who drain her udders as she lies along.
There, there, thy town, great hero, shall ascend,
There all thy labours, all thy woes shall end.
Heav'n, by this sign, ordains thy royal son,
When thirty years in full succession run,
Shall build a city of distinguish'd fame,
Which from this omen shall derive her name.
But to succeed, pursue what I advise;
Go, make th' Arcadian tribes thy firm allies.
The race, that own'd of old great Pallas' sway,
Hither beneath Evander bent their way;
Then rais'd their walls on the tall mountain's crown;
And Pallas' name adorn'd the rising town.
But soon the Latian race in arms appear;
And with the strangers wage a dreadful war.
Go, join their forces, and their aid implore,
And fear the gath'ring hostile train no more.
Rise, son of Venus, rise, employ thy oars;
Our self will guide thee to the friendly shores.
Soon as the day shall dawn; thy gifts prepare,
And vanquish Heav'n's revengeful queen with pray'r.
Crown'd with success, and all thy foes o'erraw'd,
Discharge to me the honours of a god,
To me the sire of this immortal flood:
For know, old Tyber stands before thine eyes,
Ador'd on Earth, and reverene'd in the skies.
I lead, in peaceful pomp, my humid train
Along these banks, and bathe the fruitful plain:

And on our sides a city shall be seen;
Our glorious seat; the world's majestic queen!"
The god then plung'd beneath his oozy bed;
And with the night the hero's slumber fled.
He rose, and straight his joyful eyes survey
The purple splendours of the dawning day;
Then water in his palm devoutly took,
Rais'd to the skies, and thus with transport spoke:
"Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs! from whose supplies
And watery stores the swelling rivers rise;
And thou, old Tyber! my propitious guide,
Receive Æneas on thy sacred tide;
From every ill defend him, as he goes,
And look with pity on his endless woes.
Then from whatever source thy streams survey
The golden light, and murmuring spring to day;
O thou, the greatest of the wat'ry gods,
Majestic prince of all th' Hesperian floods!
Still to thy name due honours will I pay,
And gifts unceasing on thy altars lay.
But oh! be present with thy aid divine,
Display, and then confirm the promis'd sign."
He said, then arm'd the Trojans, and supply'd
Two barks with oars, to stem the yellow tide.
When lo! the promis'd omen was display'd;
The large white dam lay stretch'd along the shade,
With all her snowy young, in open view;
Whom, with her brood, the prince to Juno slew.
Now while the ships with equal strokes they row'd,
All night old Tyber calm'd his swelling flood.
The slumbering streams no mingling murmurs make,
Smooth, as the glassy level of the lake.
With joyful shouts the sable gallies glide,
Easy and light, along the floating tide.
Surpris'd, the forests and the floods behold
Bright arms and vessels on the wat'ry field.
All night, all day, they ply their busy oars
Along the mazes of the winding shores,
And gently move beneath the waving scene
Of groves, that paint the enecquer'd floods with green.
Now had the Sun's bright coursers whirl'd on high
His fiery chariot to the mid-day sky:
When lo! the distant tow'rs the train descries;
And walls and intermingled houses rise;
Evander's homely state—where now appears
Immortal Rome, advanc'd above the stars!
Thither they turn the prow without delay,
And to the city bend their eager way.
Before the town, within the gloomy woods,
To great Alcides and the favouring gods,
It chanc'd, that day, th' Arcadian monarch paid
A solemn offering in the secret shade.
Pallas his son, the rural senate round,
And the chief youths the flaming altars crown'd:
With fuming incense in their hands they stood,
And the red pavement blush'd with sacred blood.
Soon as they saw the ships in silence move,
And shine between the openings of the grove;
A sudden dread strikes cold through every breast;
They start, they rise, and leave th' unfinish'd feast.
But Pallas bids the guests the rite pursue,
Then snatch'd a javelin, and impetuous flew—
"Resolve me, stranger," (from a point he calls)
"Who, whence you are, and why approach our walls?
What urg'd your voyage to these shores, declare?
Speak, speak your business—bring you peace or war?"
High on the stern the Trojan hero stands,
And held a branch of olive in his hands.
"Behold," he cries, "the far-fam'd sons of Troy;
These swords against the Latians we employ;
The perjur'd Latians; whose unjust alarms
Force us to fly to great Evander's arms.
Go, tell your king, the Dardan chiefs appear,
And beg his potent succour in the war."
"Whoe'er thou, art, approach," he cries with joy,
(All fir'd to hear the glorious name of Troy;)
"To my great father be thy suit addrest,
And grace our mansions as a friend and guest."
With that he gave the Dardan prince his hand,
And led the godlike hero from the strand:
Then to the sacred grove their way they took;
And thus the Trojan to the monarch spoke:
"Best of the Greeks! to whom devoid of fear
Constrain'd by fate, these types of peace I bear.
Though from Arcadia's hostile bounds you came,
Ally'd to both the kings of Atreus' name,
Yet hither did thy fame my steps incline,
My own fixt choice, Heav'n's oracles divine,
And the mixt glories of our kindred line.
For know, we both from mighty Atlas trace,
Who props th' ethereal spheres, our ancient race.
Our father Dardanus, a glorious name,
From his fam'd daughter, fair Electra, came.
His beauteous Maia, on Cyllene's height,
Disclos'd your sire, great Mercury, to light.
Thus from that common source divided run
Our sacred lines, as first they met in one.
Rais'd by these hopes all caution I disown,
And sent no envoys to address thy throne,
But came unguarded, fearless, and alone.
Our Daunian foes, with equal rage, destroy
Your suff'ring subjects and the sons of Troy;
And hope, if they expel the Dardan train,
From sea to sea to propagate their reign.
Then in a league let either nation join,
For know, our Trojans are a martial line,
Valiant and bold, and season'd to alarms,
True to their leagues, and exercis'd in arms!"
Thus he—the monarch roll'd his eager eyes
O'er his majestic form, and thus replies:
"On all thy features how I dwell with joy:
Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious prince of Troy!
How in thy face, my ancient friend I see!
Anchises looks, and lives, and speaks in thee;
Well I recall great Priam's stately port,
Whence once he sought his royal sister's[1] court
On Salaminian shores, with all his train;
And took his way through our Arcadian plain.
Then, but a youth, I gaz'd the strangers o'er,
And much admir'd the chiefs, their monarch more;
But most Anchises; for, supremely tall,
Thy graceful godlike sire outshin'd them all.
Eager I long'd in friendship's sacred bands
To hold the chief, and join our plighted hands,
Led him to Pheneus' ancient walls, caress'd
Th' illustrious prince, and claim'd him for my guest.
On me, at parting, generous he bestow'd
Two golden bridles, that refulgent glow'd,
(A glorious present by my son possest,)
With a rich quiver and embroider'd vest.
The peace you ask, we give; our friendship plight,
And, soon as morn reveals the purple light,

[1] Hesione.

With our confederate troops, a martial train,
Safe I'll dismiss thee from these walls again.
Now, since as friends you honour our abode,
Assist, and pay due offerings to the god.
With us pursue the solemn annual feasts,
And from this hour commence our constant guests."
He said; the bowls replac'd in open view,
The joyful train the holy rites renew;
The hoary king dispos'd his guests around,
And plac'd the Trojans on the verdant ground.
But for their prince an ample couch was spread;
A lion's spoils adorn'd the rural bed.
Now brought the chosen youths and priests again
The sacred banquet to the stranger train;
Dispens'd from canisters the bread around,
And with the foaming wine the goblets crown'd:
The Dardan prince and every Trojan guest,
Reclin'd at ease, partake the solemn feast.
But when the rage of craving hunger fled,
Thus to the chief the hoary monarch said:
"'Tis not for nought we pay these rites divine
To great Alcides' ever-honour'd shrine;
Our worship springs from gratitude sincere,
Not heady zeal, nor superstitious fear;
Nor are our tribes by blind devotion aw'd;
But, sav'd by Hercules, adore the god.
For lo! in air yon hanging rock behold!
See heaps on heaps, on ruins ruins roll'd!
See yon huge cavern, yawning wide around!
Where still the shatter'd mountain spreads the ground.
That spacious hold, grim Cacus once possest,
Tremendous fiend! half human, half a beast!
Deep, deep as Hell, the dismal dungeon lay,
Dark and impervious to the beams of day.
With copious slaughter smok'd the purple floor;
Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,
Dreadful to view! and dropp'd with crimson gore.
The fiend from Vulcan sprung, and, like his sire,
The mighty monster breath'd a storm of fire,
So fierce he rag'd; till time at length bestow'd
The presence, aid, and vengeance of a god.
For now Alcides left the realms of Spain,
Proud of the spoils of huge Geryon slain.
To these fair shores the bellowing droves he led;
Along the banks and flow'ry vales they fed.
The fiend resolves to bear the prize away
By fraud or force; and meditates the prey.
Four beauteous heifers, four fair bulls he took,
Enclos'd and lodg'd them in the gloomy rock;
But by their tails the struggling prey he drew,
And thought to puzzle the deluded view.
The turning tracks, inverted, where they tread,
Back from the monster's darksome cavern led.
Meantime the mighty drove the hero leads
To fresher pastures, and untrampled meads.
The parting herds spread wide, and roar around;
Fields, woods and hills, rebellow to the sound.
When lo! a heifer heard her love complain,
And roar'd responsive from the cave again;
From vault to vault the sound in thunder flew,
And the detected fraud appear'd in view.
Alcides seiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire,
Rage in his looks, and all his soul on fire;
Fierce in his hands the pon'drous club he shook,
And, mad for vengeance, mounts th' aërial rock.
Then, first appall'd, the monster we descry,
Death in his cheek, and horrour in his eye.
Swift as the wind, with terrour wing'd, he fled,
And in the gloomy cavern plung'd his head.
The pond'rous rock, impenetrably strong,
On solid hinges by his father hung
To guard the dreadful dungeon, down he drew:
The shatter'd chains and bursting barriers flew.
Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,
When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate.
He gnash'd his teeth with rage, the passes try'd,
And roll'd his eager eyes on every side;
Now here, now there, a fiery glance he threw,
And thrice, impetuous, round the mountain flew;
Thrice strove to storm the massy gates in vain;
And thrice, o'erspent, sat panting on the plain.
"A pointed rock behind the cavern stood,
That to the left frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
Black, rough, and vast; a pile of wond'rous height,
A solemn haunt for every bird of night.
This, from the right, the god incumbent shook;
Fierce from the solid base he heav'd the rock.
Then push'd convulsive with a frightful peal,
The smoaking steep rolls thund'ring down the vale.
To the loud din, earth, air and heav'n reply;
The banks start wide; and back the surges fly.
Expos'd to sight the monster's dungeon lay,
And the huge cave flew open to the day.
So, if the bolts of Jove should burst the ground,
And opening earth disclose the vast profound,
The solemn secrets of the dark abodes,
Hell's dreadful regions, dreadful ev'n to gods;
Full on the black abyss the beams would play,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day:
As pale (his dungeon storm'd) with wild affright,
Glares the dire fiend, surpris'd in open light.
He roars aloud, while thund'ring from above,
Full on the foe the furious hero drove.
With every vengeful instrument in view,
Whole trunks of trees and broken rocks he threw.
Now round the cavern, in despair of flight,
Th' enormous monster breathes a sudden night;
To blind or blast his mighty foe, expires
Thick clouds of smoke, and all his father's fires.
With that the vengeful god in fury grew,
And headlong through the burning tempest flew.
Fierce on the fiend, through stifling fumes he came,
Through streams of smoke and deluges of flame;
There, while in vain he breath'd the fires around,
His trembling prize the great Alcides found;
Limb lock'd in limb, from earth his feet he rends,
And on the ground his monstrous bulk extends;
Strangled the struggling foe with matchless might,
And from their caverns tore the balls of sight.
Thus the huge fiend, exhausted, breathless, tir'd,
Loud bellowing, in th' Herculean grasp expir'd.
The god then burst the gates; and open lie
The den's vast depths, all naked to the sky.
Th' expanded caves dismiss th' imprison'd prey
From the black darksome dungeon to the day.
Forth by the feet the crowds the monster drew;
On his huge size they feast their eager view;
His shaggy limbs, his dreadful eyes admire,
And gaping throat, that breath'd infernal fire.
"From that blest hour th' Arcadian tribes bestow'd
These solemn honours on their guardian god.
Potitius first, his gratitude to prove,
Ador'd Alcides in the shady grove;
And, with the old Pinarian sacred line,
These altars rais'd, and paid the rites divine,
Rites, which our sons for ever shall maintain.
And ever sacred shall the grove remain;

Come then, with us to great Alcides pray,
And crown your heads, and solemnize the day.
Invoke our common god with hymns divine,
And from the goblet pour the generous wine."
He said, and with the poplar's sacred boughs,
Like great Alcides, binds his hoary brows;
Rais'd the crown'd goblet high in open view:
With him, the guests the holy rite pursue,
And on the board the rich libation threw.
Now from before the rising shades of night,
Roll'd down the steep of Heav'n, the beamy light.
Clad in the fleecy spoils of sheep, proceed
The holy priests; Potitius at their head.
With flaming brands and offerings, march the train,
And bid the hallow'd altars blaze again;
With care the copious viands they dispose;
And for their guests a second banquet rose.
The fires curl high; the Salii dance around
To sacred strains, with shady poplars crown'd.
The quires of old and young, in lofty lays,
Resound great Hercules' immortal praise.
How first, his infant hands the snakes o'erthrew,
That Juno sent; and the dire monsters slew.
What mighty cities next his arms destroy,
Th' Œchalian walls, and stately towers of Troy.
The thousand labours of the hero's hands,
Enjoin'd by proud Eurystheus' stern commands,
And Jove's revengeful queen. Thy matchless might
O'ercame the cloud-born Centaurs in the fight;
Hylæus, Pholus sunk beneath thy feet,
And the grim bull, whose rage dispeopled Crete.
Beneath thy arm the Nemean monster fell;
Thy arm with terrour fill'd the realms of Hell;
Ev'n Hell's grim porter shook with dire dismay,
Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey.
No shapes of danger could thy soul affright;
Nor huge Typhœus, towering to the fight,
Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
With all her hundred heads, that hiss'd around.
Hail, mighty chief, advanc'd to Heaven's abodes!
Hail, son of Jove; a god among the gods!
Be present to the vows thy suppliants pay,
And with a smile these grateful rites survey.
Thus they—but Cacus' cavern crowns the strain,
Where the grim monster breath'd his flames in vain.
To the glad song, the vales, the woods rebound,
The lofty hills reply, and echo to the sound.
The sacred rites complete, the numerous train
Back to the city bend their course again.
Trembling with age, slow moves the monarch on,
Between the hero and his blooming son.
They pass with pleasure the remains of day
In various converse, that beguiles the way.
Around th' illustrious stranger darts his sight,
And views each place with wonder and delight;
Curious each ancient monument surveys,
And asks of every work of ancient days,
Half sunk in ruins, and by age o'ercome—
When thus, the founder of majestic Rome:
"Know, mighty prince, these venerable woods,
Of old, were haunted by the silvan gods,
And savage tribes, a rugged race who took
Their birth primeval from the stubborn oak.
No laws, no manners form'd the barbarous race:
But wild, the natives rov'd from place to place;
Untaught and rough, improvident of gain,
They heap'd no wealth, nor turn'd the fruitful plain.
Their food, the savage fruits the forests yield,
Or hunted game, the fortune of the field,
Till Saturn fled before victorious Jove,
Driv'n down and banish'd from the realms above.
He by just laws embody'd all the train,
Who roam'd the hills, and drew them to the plain;
There fixt; and Latium call'd the new abode,
Whose friendly shores conceal'd the latent god.
These realms in peace the monarch long controll'd,
And blest the nations with an age of gold.
A second age succeeds, but darker far,
Dimm'd by the lust of gain, and rage of war.
Then the Sicanians and Ausonians came,
And Saturn's realm alternate chang'd her name.
Successive tyrants rul'd the Latian plain;
Then stern, huge Tybris held his cruel reign.
The mighty flood that bathes the fruitful coast,
Receiv'd his name, and Albula was lost.
I came the last, through stormy oceans driv'n
From my own kingdom by the hand of Heav'n.
My mother goddess and Apollo bore
My course at length to this auspicious shore."
This said, the prince the gate and altar shows,
That to his parent, great Carmenta, rose;
Whose voice foretold, the sons of Troy should crown
With everlasting fame the rising town.
Here, Pan, beneath the rocks thy temple stood;
There, the renown'd asylum, in the wood.
Now points the monarch, where by vengeful steel,
His murder'd guest, poor, hapless Argus fell!
Next, to the Capitol their course they hold,
Then roof'd with reeds, but blazing now with gold.
Ev'n then her awful sanctity appear'd;
The swains the local majesty rever'd.
All pale with sacred horrour, they survey'd
The solemn mountain and the reverend shade.
"Some god," the monarch said, "some latent god
Dwells in that gloom, and haunts the frowning wood.
Oft our Arcadians deem, their wondering eyes
Have seen great Jove, dread sovereign of the skies;
High o'er their heads, the god his ægis held,
And blacken'd Heaven with clouds, and shook th' immortal shield!
In ruins there, two mighty towns, behold,
Rais'd by our sires! huge monuments of old!
Janus' and Saturn's name they proudly bore,
Their two great founders!—but are now no more!"
Thus they convers'd on works of ancient fame,
Till to the monarch's humble courts they came;
There oxen stalk'd, where palaces are rais'd,
And bellowing herds in the proud Forum graz'd.
"Lo," said the good old king, "this poor abode
Receiv'd great Hercules, the victor god!
Thou too, as nobly, raise thy soul above
All pomps, and emulate the seed of Jove."
With that the hero's hands the monarch prest,
And to the mansion led his godlike guest.
There on a bear's rough spoils his limbs he laid,
And swelling foliage heap'd the homely bed.
Now awful night her solemn darkness brings,
And stretches o'er the world her dusky wings;
When Venus, (trembling at the dire alarms
Of hostile Latium, and her sons in arms,)
In those still moments, thus to Vulcan said,
Reclin'd and leaning on the golden bed;
(Her thrilling words her melting consort move,
And every accent fans the flames of love.)
"When cruel Greece and unrelenting fate
Conspir'd to sink in dust the Trojan state,
As Ilion's doom was seal'd, I ne'er implor'd,
In those long wars, the labours of my lord;

Nor urg'd my dear, dear consort to impart,
For a lost empire, his immortal art;
Though Priam's royal offspring claim'd my care,
Though much I sorrow'd for my godlike heir.
Now as the chief, by Jove's supreme command,
Has reach'd at length the destin'd Latian land;
To thee, my guardian pow'r, for aid I run;
A goddess begs; a mother for her son.
Oh! guard the hero from these dire alarms,
Forge, for the chief, impenetrable arms.
See, what proud cities every hand employ,
To arm new hosts against the sons of Troy;
On me and all my people, from afar
See what assembled nations pour to war!
Yet not in vain her sorrows Thetis shed,
Nor the fair partner of Tithonus' bed,
When they implor'd my lord of old to grace
With arms immortal an inferior race.
Hear then, nor let thy queen in vain implore
The gift, those goddesses obtain'd before."
This said; her arms, that match the winter snows,
Around her unresolving lord she throws;
When lo! more rapid than the lightning flies,
That gilds with momentary beams the skies,
The thrilling flames of love, without control,
Flew through the sooty god, and fir'd his soul.
With conscious joy her conquest she descry'd;
When, by her charms subdu'd, her lord reply'd:
"Why all these reasons urg'd, my mind to move;
When such your beauties, and so fierce my love!
Long since, at your request, my ready care,
In Troy's fam'd fields, had arm'd your son for war.
Nor did the high decrees of Jove and fate
Doom to so swift a fall the Dardan state;
But, ten years more, old Priam might enjoy
Th' imperial sceptre, and the throne of Troy.
Yet, if our queen is bent the war to wage,
Her sacred cause shall all our art engage.
The noblest arms our potent skill can frame,
With breathing bellows or the forming flame,
Or polish'd steel, refulgent to behold,
Or mingled metals, damask'd o'er with gold,
Shall grace the chief: thy anxious fears give o'er,
And doubt thy interest in my love no more."
He spoke; and, fir'd with transport by her charms,
Clasp'd the fair goddess in his eager arms;
Then pleas'd, and panting on her bosom lay,
Sunk in repose, and all dissolv'd away!
But rose refresh'd, impatient from the bed,
When half the silent hours of night were fled:
What time the poor laborious frugal dame,
Who plies the distaff, stirs the dying flame;
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their task with half the night;
Thus to her children she divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed:
So to his task, before the dawn, retires
From soft repose the father of the fires.
Amid th' Hesperian and Sicilian flood
All black with smoke, a rocky island stood,
The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the god.
Here the grim Cyclops ply, in vaults profound,
The huge Æolian forge, that thunders round.
Th' eternal anvils ring the dungeon o'er;
From side to side the fiery caverns roar. [blows;
Loud groans the mass beneath their ponderous
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows.
To this dark region, from the bright abode,
With speed impetuous flew the fiery god.
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;
Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.
Huge strokes, rough Steropes and Brontes gave,
And strong Pyracmon shook the gloomy cave.
Before their sovereign came, the Cyclops strove
With eager speed, to forge a bolt for Jove,
Such as by Heaven's almighty lord are hurl'd,
All charg'd with vengeance on a guilty world.
Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey!
Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:
Three points of rain; three forks of hail conspire;
Three arm'd with wind; and three were barb'd with fire.
The mass they temper'd thick with livid rays,
Fear, wrath and terrour, and the lightning's blaze.
With equal speed, a second train prepare
The rapid chariot for the god of war;
The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite
The madding nations to the rage of fight.
Some, in a fringe, the burnish'd serpents roll'd
Round the dread ægis, bright with scales of gold;
The horrid ægis, great Minerva's shield,
When, in her wrath, she takes the fatal field,
All charg'd with curling snakes the boss they mis'd,
And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd.
In agonizing pains the monster frown'd,
And roll'd, in death, her fiery eyes around.
"Throw, throw your tasks aside," the sovereign said;
"Arms for a godlike hero must be made. [play!"
Fly to the work before the dawn of day; [play!"
Your speed, your strength, and all your skill display!"
Swift as the word, (his orders to pursue)
To the black labours of the forge they flew;
Vast heaps of steel in the deep furnace roll'd,
And bubbling streams of brass, and floods of melted gold.
The brethren first a glorious shield prepare,
Capacious of the whole Rutulian war,
Some, orb in orb, the blazing buckler frame;
Some with huge bellows rouse the roaring flame:
Some in the stream the hissing metals drown'd;
From vault to vault the thund'ring strokes rebound,
And the deep caves rebellow to the sound.
Exact in time each ponderous hammer plays;
In time their arms the giant brethren raise,
And turn the glowing mass a thousand ways.
These cares employ the father of the fires:
Meantime Evander from his couch retires,
Call'd by the purple beams of morn away,
And tuneful birds, that hail'd the dawning day.
First the warm tunic round his limbs he threw;
Next on his feet the shining sandals drew.
Around his shoulders flow'd the panther's hide,
And the bright sword hung glittering by his side.
Two mighty dogs, domestic at his board,
(A faithful guard) attend their aged lord.
The promis'd aid revolving in his breast,
The careful monarch sought his godlike guest,
Who with Achates rose at dawn of day,
And join'd the king and Pallas on the way. [took
Their friendly hands exchang'd, their seats they
Amid the hall; and first Evander spoke;
"Great prince, the guardian of the Trojan state!
Who, safe in thee, defies the frowns of fate;
Small is our force, and slender our relief;
Far, far unworthy such a glorious chief.
For here, old Tyber bounds our lands; and there
The stern Rutulians gird our walls with war;
Yet to our court kind fortune led thy way;
And mighty aids the willing fates display;

By me whole nations, in thy cause ally'd,
Whole hosts in arms shall gather to thy side.
For near these walls, amid the Tuscan lands,
Seated on rocks, proud Agyllina stands.
Rais'd by the Lydian train, sublime in air,
A martial race, and terrible in war,
For ages flourish'd this distinguish'd town;
Vast was her wealth, and glorious her renown;
Till stern Mezentius made her sons obey
His lawless arms, and arbitrary sway.
What tongue can such barbarities record,
Or count the slaughters of his ruthless sword?
Give him, ye gods! if justice you regard,
Give him, and all his race, the due reward!
'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltless bled;
Still worse; he bound the living to the dead.
These, limb to limb, and face to face he join'd,
(Oh! monstrous crime of unexampled kind!)
Till chok'd with stench the ling'ring wretches lay,
And in the loath'd embraces dy'd away.
At length, their patience tir'd, his subjects rose,
Besiege the tyrant, and his walls enclose,
Subdue his guards, destroy his friends, and aim
Full at the regal towers the vengeful flame;
While for defence to Turnus he withdrew,
And safe, through all the cloud of slaughter, flew.
But arm'd by just revenge, the Tuscan band
To death the royal fugitive demand.
At once Etruria fires her martial train,
And all her sons embattled spread the plain.
By me dispos'd, shall march these mighty hosts
Beneath thy conduct, from their native coasts,
For now, ev'n now their fleets have reach'd the land,
And the tall ships are rang'd along the strand;
They wait the signal, for the fight prepare;
But thus a sage retards the moving war:
'Ye chosen martial train, the glorious grace
And flower of all our old Mæonian race,
Though, by just rage inspir'd, your hosts are led
To pour full vengeance on your tyrants' head,
No Latian chief these armies must command;
Choose some brave general from a foreign land.'
"With that their forces stopp'd in these abodes,
Struck with this awful warning of the gods.
To me, their chief bold Tarchon sent, before,
The crown, and every type of regal pow'r;
Me they request to lead their armies on,
Accept the sway, and fill the vacant throne.
But for these silver hairs 'tis far too late
To mix in battles, or the cares of state;
Vain were the thoughts, so great a war to wage;
Too rough the task for unperforming age;
My son had led them, but his race withstood:
Born half a native by the mother's blood.
But thou, great prince, whose years and godlike line
Stand well approv'd by every pow'r divine,
Go thou; the high imperial task sustain;
Go; to sure conquest lead the vengeful train:
And let my Pallas by thy side engage,
Pallas, the joy of my declining age.
Beneath so great a master's forming care,
Let the dear youth learn every work of war;
In every field thy matchless toils admire,
And emulate thy deeds, and catch the glorious fire!
Beneath his standard rang'd, a chosen force
I send, two hundred brave Arcadian horse;
And, to support the gathering war, my son
Shall lead an equal squadron of his own."
He said; the prince and friend, in cares profound,
Long fixt their eyes with anguish on the ground,
Sad, and dejected at the short supply;
Till Venus gave a signal from the sky;
Swift from the opening Heavens, with awful sound,
A sudden splendour broke, and blaz'd around.
A rolling general din they heard from far;
And the loud Tyrrhene trumpets rend the air.
While thus, amaz'd, they gaze with wondering eyes,
Peal after peal runs rattling round the skies.
At last bright clashing arms the train behold,
That flush the skies, and fringe the clouds with gold.
But soon Æneas knew the loud alarms,
The promis'd present of immortal arms.
"To me alone, my royal friend," he cries,
"This sign belongs, an omen from the skies.
My mother promis'd these portents in air,
On the first opening of the wasteful war;
To me she brings, through yon ethereal road,
Those glorious arms, the labour of a god!
Oh! what a gathering storm of slaughter spreads
On yonder hosts, and blackens o'er their heads!
How shalt thou, Turnus, my full rage deplore!
How shall thy waves, old Tyber, smoke with gore,
When all thy streams, encumber'd with the slain,
Roll shields, and helms, and heroes to the main!
Now let the perjur'd train their arms prepare;
Since 'tis their wish, I'll give a loose to war!"
He said; and from the sylvan throne retires;
Then on Alcides' altar wakes the fires.
Glad he returns, the offering to renew,
And to the household gods the victims slew.
To the same rites return, with equal joy,
The hoary monarch and the youths of Troy.
Then to the ships he bends his course again.
There culls the flower of all the warrior train,
To wait him to the field; the rest he sends
With the glad tidings to his son and friends.
Smooth o'er the waves the painted vessels glide,
And with the stream move gently down the tide.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan train,
And speed their progress to the Tuscan plain.
But to their prince a courser was assign'd,
Of matchless spirit and superiour kind.
The bounding steed a lion's spoils enfold,
With paws dependent, sheath'd in shining gold.
Straight through the city flies the loud report
Of troops advancing to the Tuscan court.
The shrieking matrons weary Heav'n with pray'r;
Near and more near they view, in wild despair,
The horrid image of gigantic war.
The good old monarch then embrac'd his son,
And with a flood of tender tears begun:
"Oh! would almighty Jove once more renew
That vigorous strength of youth, which once I knew;
When, by this hand, beneath her rocky wall,
Præneste saw her vanquish'd armies fall;
When, victor of the field, and crown'd with fame,
With piles of hostile shields, I fed the flame;
And sent great Herilus, of matchless might,
Their martial monarch, to the shades of night;
On whom, descended from celestial blood,
Three lives his goddess mother[2] had bestow'd.
Wond'rous to tell! the warrior thrice was slain,
As oft reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.
Thrice, though renew'd for fight, the monarch bled,
And thrice, of all his arms I stripp'd the dead.
Such were I now—not all these dire alarms,
Dangers, or deaths, should tear me from thy arms:

[2] Feronia.

Nor had Mezentius thus his slaughters spread,
Thus heap'd with wrongs thy father's aged head;
Nor thus unpunish'd stretch'd his rage abhorr'd
O'er towns, dispeopled by his wasteful sword.
But hear, ye gods! and Heaven's great ruler, hear,
With due regard, a king's and father's pray'r!
My dear, dear Pallas, if the fates ordain
Safe to return, and bless these eyes again:
With age, pain, sickness, this one blessing give;
On this condition I'll endure to live.
But oh! if fortune has decreed his doom,
Now, now, by death, prevent my woes to come;
Now, while my hopes and fears uncertain flow;
Now, ere she lifts her hand to strike the blow;
While in these feeble arms I strain the boy,
My sole delight, my last surviving joy!
Ere the sad news of his untimely doom
Must bow his hoary head with sorrow to the tomb!"
With these last words he swoon'd, and sunk away;
His servants to the couch their breathless lord convey.

Now through the opening gates the warriors ride,
Æneas first, Achates by his side.
The Trojan chiefs succeed: amid the train
Young Pallas towers, conspicuous o'er the plain.
All bright his military purple flow'd;
His polish'd arms with golden splendours glow'd.
So, bath'd in ocean, with a vivid ray
Flames the refulgent star that leads the day:
Wide through the sky, before the sacred light
Break, and disperse the scattering shades of night.
High on the battlements the mothers stand,
And, from the towers, survey the martial band.
Through the thick woods, embody'd in array,
The glittering squadrons take the nearest way.
Loud shouts arise; the thundering coursers bound
Through clouds of dust, and paw the trembling ground.
A mighty grove, rever'd for ages stood
Where Cære views with pride her rolling flood:
Hills clad with fir, to guard the hallow'd bound,
Rose in the majesty of darkness round.
In times of old, the pious Argive train,
The first possessors of the Latian plain,
To the great guardian [3] of the fields, had made
For ever sacred the devoted shade,
And, on his solemn day, their annual offerings paid.
Not far from hence the Tuscan host dispread
Their mighty camp, with Tarchon at their head.
From the tall towering point in full survey,
Stretch'd o'er the vale, th' embattled army lay.
Hither Æneas, with his band, succeeds;
The train, refresh'd, release the panting steeds.

Meantime his beauteous mother, from on high,
Had brought the blazing present down the sky.
By the cool stream the hero she survey'd
Within the winding vale, and thus she said:
"Behold the promis'd arms; in every part
By Vulcan labour'd with immortal art.
Now dare thy foes, collected in thy might,
Now call the haughty Turnus to the fight."
Then the fair queen her joyful son embrac'd,
And by an oak the radiant burthen plac'd.
The wondering chief with sudden rapture glow'd,
Struck with the glorious labours of the god.
Astonish'd at the blazing arms he stands,
And, one by one, he pois'd 'em in his hands.
The sword, with death all pointed, he admires,
And the proud helm, that shoots a length of fires.

The mighty corslet cast a vivid ray;
With scales of brass and sanguine colours gay;
And, like a flaming cloud, refulgent shone,
Pierc'd with the glancing glories of the Sun.
The polish'd greaves his manly thighs enfold,
With mingled metals wrought and ductile gold.
With joy the weighty spear the prince beheld;
But most admir'd the huge mysterious shield;
For there had Vulcan, skill'd in times to come,
Display'd the triumphs of immortal Rome;
There all the Julian line the god had wrought,
And charg'd the gold with battles yet unfought.
Here in a verdant cave's embow'ring shade,
The fostering wolf and martial twins [4] were laid;
Th' indulgent mother, half reclin'd along,
While at her dugs the sportive infants hung,
Look'd fondly back, and form'd 'em with her tongue.
Next Rome appear'd; here shriek the Sabine dames,
Surpris'd, and ravish'd at her solemn games.
In arms the Cures with their king appear,
And wage with infant Rome a sudden war.
At length agreed, from fight the monarchs cease,
And, at the shrine of Jove, conclude the peace.
Each king beside the bleeding victim stands,
With lifted eyes, a goblet in his hands.
Here the mad coursers flew the forest o'er,
And, limb from limb, the perjur'd Metius tore.
As vengeful Tullus drags him through the wood,
The sculptur'd trees are all bedropp'd with blood.

Here proud Porsenna, with his martial train,
Bids Rome receive her banish'd king again.
Her noble sons, surrounded with alarms,
Fly, in the cause of liberty, to arms.
While glorious Cocles all his host withstood,
And Cloelia broke her chains, and swam the flood.
With furious looks, tremendous to behold,
The raging monarch frown'd, and storm'd in gold.

There, for the Capitol, brave Manlius strove,
Fought like a god, and look'd a second Jove.
There stood thy palace, Romulus, (decreed
The seat of empire) roof'd with homely reed.
Here fled the silver goose through courts of gold,
And, cackling loud, th' approaching Gaul foretold.
Through the thick forest move the hostile powers,
And, favour'd by the night, invade the towers.
Fair golden tresses grace the comely train,
And every warrior wears a golden chain.
Embroider'd vests their snowy limbs enfold;
And their rich robes are all adorn'd with gold.
Two Alpine spears with martial pride they wield
And guard their bodies with an ample shield.
The Salii next in solemn garbs advance;
And naked here the mad Luperci dance.
The pledge of future empire from the sky,
The sacred targe strikes dazzling on the eye.
In stately cars the pious matrons rode,
Who sav'd their country, and appeas'd the god.

Far hence remov'd, appear the realms below,
The horrid mansions of eternal woe;
Where howl the damn'd; where Catiline in chains
Roars from the dark abyss, in endless pains;
Sees the grim furies all around him spread,
And the black rock still trembling o'er his head.
But in a separate space the just remain;
And awful Cato rules the godlike train.

Full in the midst, majestically roll'd
The solemn ocean, wrought in figur'd gold:

[3] Sylvanus.

[4] Romulus and Remus.

But hoary waves curl high on every side,
And silver dolphins cut the sable tide.
Amid the flood, two navies rose to sight,
With beaks of brass; th' immortal Actian fight!
All charg'd with war the boiling billows roll'd,
And the vast ocean flam'd with arms of gold.
Here leads divine Augustus, through the floods,
The sons of Rome, her fathers and her gods:
From his high stern the martial scene surveys,
While streaming splendours round his temples blaze;
His sparkling eyes a keener glory shed,
Than his great father's star, that glitters o'er his head.
Next, with kind gales, the care of every god,
Agrippa leads his squadron through the flood.
A naval crown adorns the warrior's brows,
And fierce he pours amid th' embattled foes.
There brings proud Antony his various bands,
From distant nations, and from barbarous lands.
Dispeopled Egypt fills the watery plain,
And the whole Eastern world o'erspreads the main.
But O!—the curse of Rome, the shame of war,
His Pharian consort[1] follows in the rear!
Rush the fierce fleets to fight! beneath their oars
And clashing beaks, the foaming ocean roars!
All big with war the floating castles ride,
In bulk enormous, o'er the yielding tide;
The frothy surge like moving mountains sweep,
Or isles uprooted, rolling round the deep.
Spears, darts, and flames, fly furious o'er the main;
The fields of Neptune take a crimson stain.
The beauteous queen, amidst the dire alarms,
With her loud timbrels calls her host to arms,
Flies to the fight, nor sees the snakes, that wait
And hiss behind, dread ministers of fate!
Against great Neptune, in his strength array'd,
And beauteous Venus, and the blue-ey'd maid,
Engage the dog Anubis, on the floods,
And the lewd herd of Egypt's monster gods.
In polish'd steel, conspicuous from afar,
Amid the tumult storms the god of war.
Her robes all rent, with many an ample stride,
Grim Discord stalk'd, triumphant, o'er the tide.
Next, with her bloody scourge, Bellona flies,
And leads, in fatal pomp, the furies of the skies.
Meantime, enthron'd on Actium's towering height,
The god of day surveys the raging fight,
And bends his twanging bow. With sudden dread,
At the dire signal, all Arabia fled:
At once retire, in wild confusion hurl'd,
Egypt, and all th' assembled Eastern world.
Amid the slaughters of the fight was seen,
Pale with the fears of death, the Pharian queen;
Aghast, she calls the kind propitious gales
To speed her flight; and spreads her silken sails.
The god display'd her figure, full in view,
As o'er the floods with western winds she flew.
While sunk in grief, the mighty Nile bemoans
The shame and slaughter of his vanquish'd sons.
He saw the rout; his mantle he unroll'd,
Spread forth his robes, and open'd every fold,
Expanded wide his arms, with timely care,
And in his kind embrace receiv'd the flying war.
Now moves great Cæsar, (all his foes o'ercome)
With three proud triumphs, thro' imperial Rome;
And pays immortal honours to the skies:
Behold at once three hundred temples rise!
The streets resound with shouts and solemn games;
And to the temples throng the Roman dames
With ardent pray'rs: high altars rise around;
And with the blood of victims smokes the ground.
He sits enthron'd in Phœbus' Parian fane;
In ranks before him pass the vanquish'd train,
While he accepts the gifts that crown his toils,
And hangs on high the consecrated spoils.
Before the victor move the mighty throngs,
With different habits and discordant tongues.
Here pass, distinguish'd by the god of fire,
The sons of Afric, in their loose attire:
The Carians march; the bold Numidians ride;
The Gelons shine with quivers at their side.
Here crowd the Daæ; and the nations, there,
From Earth's last ends assembled to the war.
Here, with diminish'd pride, Euphrates mourns;
There the maim'd Rhine bemoans his broken horns:
And fierce Araxes, bridg'd of old in vain,
Now bends, submissive, to the Roman chain.
Such was the glorious gift in every part
By Vulcan finish'd with immortal art:
(The forms unknown, that grac'd its ample field)
The prince with joy surveys the story'd shield;
Aloft he bears the triumphs yet to come,
The fortunes of his race, the fates of mighty Rome.

[1] Cleopatra.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, attempts to fire his ships, (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas, which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and conclusion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus pushes the siege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he pursues. The gates are immediately closed upon him; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at last to leap, armed as he is, into the river, and swims to his camp.

Thus while the prince collects auxiliar hosts,
And leads new armies from the Tuscan coasts;
Dispatch'd by Heav'n's great empress from the skies,
The goddess of the bow to Turnus flies;
Where, cover'd with the shade, he made abode
In his old grandsire's consecrated wood;
There, as at ease reclin'd the godlike man,
Her rosy lips she open'd, and began:
"Turnus, this kind auspicious hour bestows
What scarce a god could promise to thy vows:
For lo! the Trojan chief has parted hence,
And for new succours courts th' Arcadian prince.
Thence to the Tuscan coasts his course he bends,
And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.

Now, while the Lydians in his cause unite,
And the raw peasants gather to the fight,
Call, call the fiery coursers, and the car;
Fly—storm his camp—and give a loose to war."
This said, with levell'd wings she mounts on high,
And cuts a glorious rainbow in the sky.
He knew the fair; his lifted hands he spread,
And with these words pursu'd her as she fled:
"Bright beauteous goddess of the various bow,
What pow'r dispatch'd thee to the world below?
What splendours open to my dazzled eyes!
What floods of glory burst from all the skies!
And lo! the Heav'ns divine, the planets roll!
Thick shine the stars, and gild the glowing pole!
Call'd by these omens to the field of blood,
I follow to the war the great inspiring god!"
Raptur'd he said, and sought the limpid tide,
Where gurgling streams in silver currents glide;
There cleans'd his hands, then raising high in air,
To ev'ry god addrest his ardent prayer.
And now, all gay and glorious to behold,
Rich in embroider'd vests, and arms of gold,
On sprightly prancing steeds, the martial train
Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.
The van with great Messapus at their head;
The deep'ning rear the sons of Tyrrheus led.
Brave Turnus flames in arms, supremely tall,
Tow'rs in the centre, and outshines them all.
Silent they march beneath their godlike guide:
So mighty Ganges leads, with awful pride,
In sev'n large streams, his swelling solemn tide:
So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,
Moves in slow pomp, majestic, to the main.
Troy saw from far the black'ning cloud arise:
Then from the rampart's height Caicus cries:
"See, see, my friends, yon dusky martial train,
Involv'd in clouds, and sweeping o'er the plain!
To arms—the foes advance—your swords prepare!
Fly!—mount the ramparts, and repel the war!"
With shouts they run; they gather at the call;
They close the gates; they mount; they guard the wall.
For so th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the host,
When late he parted for the Tuscan coast;
Whate'er befel, their ardour to restrain,
Trust to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.
There, though with shame and wrath their bosoms glow,
Shut in their tow'rs, they wait th' embattled foe.
But mighty Turnus rode with rapid speed,
And furious spurr'd his dappled Thracian steed;
Eager before the tardy squadrons flew
To reach the wall; and soon appear'd in view
(With twice ten noble warriors close behind);
His crimson crest stream'd dreadful in the wind,
"Who first," he cry'd, "with me the foe will dare?"
Then hurl'd a dart, the signal of the war.
Loud shout his train; deep wonder seiz'd them all,
To see the Trojans skulk behind their wall;
Safe in their tow'rs their forces they bestow,
Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.
Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,
Tries every post and pass, but tries in vain.
As, beat by tempests, and by famine bold,
The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold;
Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,
Safe from the savage, bleat the tender lambs;
The monster meditates the fleecy brood;
Now howls with hunger, and now thirsts for blood;
Roams round the fences that the prize contain,
And madly rages at the flock in vain:
Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief descries,
Rage fires his soul, and flashes from his eyes:
Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train
From the close trench, to combat on the plain.
But to their fleet he bends his furious way,
That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay
Beside the camp—He calls for burning brands,
And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.
His great example the bold troop inspires;
They rob the hearths; they hurl the missive fires:
The black'ning smokes in curling volumes rise,
With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the skies.
O say, ye Muses, what celestial pow'r
Preserv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,
And stopp'd the progress of the furious flame?
The tale is old, yet of immortal fame!
The Trojan chief, prepar'd to stem the tide,
Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide;
When thus to Jove, in Heav'n's supreme abodes,
Spoke the majestic mother of the gods:
"Hear, and our first request, my son, accord,
The first, since Heav'n has own'd you for her lord.
To our great name, and honour'd by our love,
On lofty Ida tow'rs a stately grove:
Tall firs and maples there for years have stood,
And waving pines, a venerable wood!
To build his navy, I bestow'd with joy
The hallow'd forest on the chief of Troy.
Now anxious fears disturb my soul with care:
But thou, my son, indulge a mother's pray'r:
Bid seas and tempests spare the ships divine;
Be this their safety, that they once were mine."
Thus she—and thus replies her son, who rolls
The golden planets round the spangled poles:
"What would our mother's rash request intend?
To turn the fates from their determin'd end?
How! an immortal state would you demand
For vessels labour'd by a mortal hand?
And shall the chief in certain safety ride,
O'r rocks, o'er gulfs, and o'er th' uncertain tide?
A pow'r so high we never yet bestow'd;
No—'tis a pow'r too boundless for a god!
But this we grant—when, all his labours o'er,
The Trojan prince shall reach the Latian shore,
Whatever ships the friendly strand shall gain,
Sav'd from the storms, and the devouring main,
Know, we will take the mortal form from these;
Each ship shall lanch, a goddess of the seas;
And with her sister Nereids shall divide
The silver waves, and bound long the tide."
This said, the lord of thunder seal'd the vow
By his dread brother's awful streams below;
By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood;
Then gave the sanction of th' imperial nod;
The Heav'ns all shook, and fled before the god.
Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,
Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate;
When the great mother of the thund'rer came
To guard her sacred vessels from the flame.
First from the glowing orient they descry
A blazing cloud, that stretch'd from sky to sky;
The golden splendours doubly gild the day,
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.
At length, with wonder, and religious fear,
A deep majestic voice the list'ning nations hear:
"Forbear, forbear, ye sons of Troy, nor lend
Your needless aid, our vessels to defend.

The proud Rutulian shall, with greater ease,
Burn to their beds profound the wat'ry seas:
Lanch you, my ships; be Nereids of the floods;
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!"
Swift at the word, the sacred ships obey,
From their loose anchors break, and bound away;
Like sportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,
Then (wond'rous!) rise in female forms again.
So many nymphs lanch swiftly from the shore,
As rode tall gallies in the port before.
The fierce Rutulians shook with wild affright,
Ev'n brave Messapus trembled at the sight,
Nor could he rule his steeds, nor check their rapid flight.
Old murm'ring Tyber shrunk with sudden dread,
And to his source the hoary father fled.
All, but the valiant Daunian hero, shook,
Who rais'd their drooping souls, while thus he spoke:
"These omens threat our foes: (O glorious day!)
Lo! Jove has snatch'd their last relief away!
Lo! from our dreaded arms their ships retire,
And vanish swift before our vengeful fire:
To Troy, imprison'd in yon narrow coast,
The wat'ry half of all the globe is lost,
Their flight, the seas and hostile armies bar;
The land is ours; and Italy from far,
Pours forth her sons, by nations, to the war.
Her favouring oracles let Ilion boast:
On Turnus all those empty vaunts are lost.
To 'scape the seas, and reach the Latian land,
Was all, their fates or Venus could demand.
My fates now take their turn; and 'tis in mine,
For my lost spouse, to crush the perjur'd line.
Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame,
The same my cause, and my revenge the same.
Will Troy then venture on a rape once more,
Who paid so dearly for the crime before?
Sure they have long ago the thought declin'd,
Forsworn the sex, and curst the costly kind!
Fools! will they trust yon feeble wall and gate,
That slight partition betwixt them and fate,
Who not long since beheld their Troy renown'd,
Their god-built Troy, lie smoking on the ground!
Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe;
Seize, storm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.
Nor want we, o'er these dastards to prevail,
Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thousand sail;
Though to support their desp'rate cause should join
Arcadia's sons with all the Tuscan line:
Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,
The sacred thefts or murders of the night.
A robb'd palladium, and an ambush'd force,
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monstrous horse.
A conquest in the dark my soul disclaims;
No—let us gird by day their walls with flames.
Soon shall they find no Argive host appears,
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.
Now go, my valiant friends, and pass away
In due repast the small remains of day:
But rise, rise early with the dawning light,
Fresh from repose, and vig'rous for the fight."
Meantime it falls to great Messapus' care,
The ramparts to surround with fire and war.
Twice sev'n Rutulian leaders head the bands;
An hundred spears each valiant chief commands:
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay,
And crimson crests on every helmet play. [supine
They watch, they rest, by turns; and, stretch'd
On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.
The fires gleam round, and shoot a ruddy light;
In plays and pleasures, pass the jovial night.
This scene the Trojans from their trenches view;
All seize their arms, and to their ramparts flew;
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,
Join bridge to bridge with speed, and tow'r to tow'r.
Thus while th' endanger'd bulwarks they maintain,
Mnestheus and brave Serestus fire the train.
(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,
If aught befel, the conduct of the war.)
Now all the soldiers to their posts were flown,
And in their turns, successive, guard the town.
The valiant Nisus took his lot, to wait
Before the portal, and defend the gate.
From Ida's native woods the warrior came,
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game:
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms
Troy's bravest youths, and far excell'd in charms;
So young, the springing down but just began
To shade his blooming cheeks, and promise man.
These boys in sacred friendship were ally'd,
And join'd in martial labours, side by side;
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory, shar'd;
And both alike were planted on the guard.
"Has Heav'n," cry'd Nisus first, "this warmth bestow'd?
Heav'n! or a thought that prompts me like a god?
This glorious warmth, my friend, that breaks my rest?
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breast.
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardours raise,
And set my mounting spirits on a blaze!
See the loose discipline of yonder train;
The lights, grown thin, scarce glimmer from the plain;
The guards in slumber and debauch are drown'd;
And mark!—a gen'ral silence reigns around:
Then take my thought; the people, fathers, all,
Join in one wish, our leader to recall.
Now, would they give to thee the prize I claim,
(For I could rest contented with the fame—)
An easy road, methinks, I can survey
Beneath yon summit to direct my way."
The brave Euryalus, with martial pride,
Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd:
"And will my Nisus then his friend disclaim?
Deny'd his share of danger and of fame?
And can thy dear Euryalus expose
Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes?
Not so my father taught his gen'rous boy,
Born, train'd, and season'd, in the wars of Troy.
And, where the great Æneas led the way,
I brav'd all dangers of the land and sea.
Thou too canst witness that my worth is try'd;
We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd side by side
Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame;
Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame;
And thinks, if endless glory can be sought
On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.
Let no such jealous fears alarm thy breast:
Thy worth and valour stand to all confest.
But let the danger fall," he cries, "on me:
For this exploit, I durst not think on thee!
No:—as I hope the blest ethereal train
May bring me glorious to thy arms again!
But should the gods deny me to succeed,
Should I—(which Heav'n avert)—but should I bleed;
Live thou;—in death some pleasure that will give!
Live for thy Nisus' sake; I charge thee, live,

Thy blooming youth a longer term demands;—
Live, to redeem my corse from hostile hands;
And decent to the silent grave commend
The poor remains of him who was thy friend:
Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,
A vacant tomb in honour of the dead.
Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know
Such heart-felt pangs? Unutterable woe!
Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,
Dar'd every danger of the land and sea!
She left Acestes' walls, and she alone,
To follow thee, her only, darling son!"
"In vain," he cry'd, "my courage you restrain;
My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.
Haste—let us go!" he said, and rais'd the guard;
By turns their vacant posts the centries shar'd.
With eager speed the gen'rous warriors went,
Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.
In silence hush'd the whole creation lay,
And fast in sleep the labours of the day,
Not so the chiefs of Ilion, who debate
In solemn council on th' endanger'd state;
Propp'd on their spears, their bucklers in their hand,
Amid the camp the hoary fathers stand,
And vote an instant message may be sent
To their great chief, their ruin to prevent.
The friends now beg admission of the court,
The business arduous, and of high import.
The prince commands them to inform the train;
And first bade Nisus speak, who thus began:
"Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers!
Our bold adventure by our tender years.
As yonder bands in sleep and wine are drown'd,
We, by kind chance, a secret path have found,
Close by the gate, that near the ocean lies;
The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of smoke arise.
If you permit, since fair occasion calls,
Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.
Soon shall our mighty chief appear again,
Adorn'd with spoils, and striding o'er the slain,
Lord of the field; nor can we miss the road,
But know the various windings of the flood;
For, as we hunt, we see the turrets rise,
Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes."
Then thus Alethes, an illustrious sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age:
"Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine
Will spare the relics of the Trojan line,
Since you the bosoms of our youths inspire
With such high courage, such determin'd fire."
Then in his arms the boys by turns he took,
With tears of joy; and, panting, thus bespoke:
"Oh! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,
What honours, equal to so great a deed?
The best and fairest, all th' applauding sky,
And your own conscious virtue, shall supply;
The next, our great Æneas will bestow,
And young Ascanius' riper years shall owe,
Whatever boon such merit can receive,
The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give."
"And I, brave Nisus!" cries the royal boy,
"Swear by the sacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,
My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you;
Go then, your gen'rous enterprise pursue.
Oh! to these longing eyes my sire restore;
From that blest hour my sorrows are no more.
Two silver bowls, whose ample margins shine,
All rais'd with costly sculpture, shall be thine;
The same my conquering father brought away,
When low in dust the fair Arisba lay;
Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold,
And two large talents of the purest gold:
With these a goblet, which the queen of Tyre
Bestow'd in Carthage on my royal sire,
And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms are our own;
When my great father mounts the Latian throne;
When our victorious hosts by lot shall share
The rich rewards, and glorious spoils, of war;
What late thou saw'st when Turnus took the field,
His prancing courser, helm, and golden shield;
That courser, shield, and helm, of skill divine,
Exempt from lot, brave Nisus, shall be thine.
My sire will give twelve captives with their arms;
Yet more—twelve females of distinguish'd charms;
And, to complete the whole, the wide domain
Of the great Latian lord, a boundless plain.
But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,
Whose years but just advance before my own,
No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,
Still at my side, and ever at my heart,
My dangers, glories, counsels, thoughts to share!
My friend in peace, my brother in the war!"
"All, all my life," replies the youth, "shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.
Though fortune only our attempt can bless,
Yet still my courage shall deserve success.
But one reward I ask, before I go,
The greatest I can ask, or you bestow:
My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,
Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;
Such was her love, she left her native Troy,
And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;
And such is mine, that I must keep unknown
From her, the danger of so dear a son:
To spare her anguish, lo! I quit the place
Without one parting kiss, one last embrace!
By night, and that respected hand, I swear,
Her melting tears are more than I can bear!
For her, good prince, your pity I implore;
Support her, childless; and relieve her, poor;
Oh! let her, let her find, (when I am gone),
In you, a friend, a guardian, and a son!
With that dear hope, emboldened shall I go,
Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe."
Charm'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,
But, more than all, Ascanius melts in tears,
To see the sorrows of a duteous son,
And filial love, a love so like his own.
"I promise all, heroic youth!" he said,
"That to such matchless valour can be paid;
To me, thy mother still shall be the same
Creüsa was, and only want the name.
Let fortune good or ill success decree;
'Tis merit, sure, to bear a son like thee!
Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,
Whate'er rewards I purpose to bestow,
When safe return'd, on thee, the same shall grace
Thy mother, and thy whole surviving race."
So spoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,
Gave to the pious youth his costly sword:
The sword with wond'rous art Lycaon made;
An ivory scabbard sheath'd the shining blade.
To Nisus, Mnestheus gave a lion's hide;
And a new helm Alethes' care supply'd.
Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' assembly waits,
With high applause, their progress to the gates.
Mature in wisdom, far above his years,
The fair Iülus in the train appears,
And sends his father many an ardent pray'r;
All lost in wind, and scatter'd wide in air!

Now, favour'd by the shade, the warriors go,
Pass the deep trenches, and invade the foe.
But, ere their dang'rous enterprise is o'er,
With what large slaughter shall they bathe the shore!
All drench'd in wine and sleep, lie stretch'd around,
The careless soldiers on the verdant ground,
Amid a pile of traces, wheels, and reins,
And empty cars, encumb'ring all the plains.
Here lie the scatter'd arms; the goblets there;
A mad confusion of debauch and war. [cast;
"Now, now," cries Nisus first, "thy courage
The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.
Here lies our road: while I the passage find,
Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.
From side to side, whole squadrons will I slay,
Thro' death and horrours op'ning wide thy way."
With that, the youth in silence drew his sword,
And stabb'd proud Rhamnes, a distinguish'd lord;
In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd.
On the rich couch in slumbers deep he lay,
And, labouring, slept the full debauch away.
The fate of others he had still foreshown,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.
Then on the 'squire of Remus fierce he flew,
And, as they slept, his three attendants slew.
The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,
As, midst the steeds, he slumber'd on the plain;
Last on their lord employ'd the deadly steel;
Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.
The purple blood distains the couch around;
The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.
Next Lamyrus and Lamus meet their doom:
Serranus last, in all his sprightly bloom:
By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outstretch'd he lay,
Full half the night already spent in play; [day,
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the
Thus o'er th' unguarded fence by hunger bold,
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.
All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,
The trembling flock he murders and devours;
While wrapt in silence lies the fleecy brood,
The savage rages in a foam of blood.
Nor with less rage Euryalus employ'd
The deadly sword; but nameless crowds destroy'd.
Hebesus, Fadus, as they slept, he gor'd;
But wakeful Rhœsus saw the slaught'ring sword:
Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain;
For as the foe, detected, rose again,
The furious youth, with all his force imprest,
Plung'd the whole sword, deep-bury'd in his breast;
With blended wine and blood the ground was dy'd;
The purple soul came floating in the tide.
So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,
And scatters death and slaughter as he goes.
Now when to brave Messapus' tents they came,
The fires just glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.
The train lie scatter'd, while the steeds, unbound,
Expatiate wide, and graze the verdant ground.
Then Nisus warn'd him; for he saw the boy
Too fierce for blood, too eager to destroy;
"Enough of death—our swords have hew'd the way
We stand detected by the dawning day." [lay.
They part; and leave, in piles confus'dly roll'd,
Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of gold.
But yet the fond Euryalus would stay,
Resolv'd to seize one rich distinguish'd prey;
The shining trappings Rhamnes' coursers bore,
And the broad golden belt the monarch wore,
Of old, to Remulus was sent the prize
By Cædicus, the pledge of social ties;
Which with his grandson at his death remain'd,
And last by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.
This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,
And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain!
Next, with Messapus' helm, his brows he spread,
Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head.
Then, flush'd with slaughter and the glorious prey,
They quit the camp, and seek a safer way.
Meantime, the Dauniun hero to support,
Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court;
Three hundred horse, while slow the foot succeed,
Fly swift before, with Volscens at their head.
Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,
And, on the left, the hapless youths survey.
Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd,
On which the Moon in all her glory play'd.
"'Tis not for nought, those youths appear; de-
clare" [are;
(Cries the stern gen'ral) "who, and whence you
And whither bound; and wherefore arm'd for war?"
Nought they reply, but took their sudden flight
To the thick forests, and the shades of night.
But the fierce warriors spurr'd their steeds, and
stood
All round, to guard the op'nings of the wood.
O'ergrown and wild, the darksome forest lay,
And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way.
Hither, encumber'd with his gaudy prize,
Distress'd Euryalus for shelter flies;
But miss'd the turnings, in his wild surprise.
Not so, swift Nisus, who the foes declin'd,
Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind;
Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,
Where the fleet coursers of Latinus fed. [plain,
There stood the mournful youth; and from the
Cast a long look, to find his friend, in vain!
"Where is Euryalus, my only joy?
Where shall I find," he cry'd, "the hapless boy?"
Then he retrac'd his former steps, and trod,
Once more, the winding mazes of the wood,
The trampling steeds and warriors pour behind,
And the loud cries come thick in ev'ry wind.
Here, while he pass'd, a general shout he heard;
And lo! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,
Surrounded by the foe: the gloomy night,
And pathless thickets, intercept his flight.
With joyful clamours crowd the gath'ring train
Around the captive, who resists in vain.
What can his friend attempt, what means employ,
What arms, what succours, to redeem the boy?
Or through th' embattled squadrons shall he fly,
And, prest by hostile numbers, nobly die?
Then on the Moon he cast a mournful look,
And in his hand the pointed jav'lin shook:
"Great guardian goddess of the woods!" he cries,
"Pride of the stars, and empress of the skies!
If e'er with gifts my father hung thy shrine
For his dear son, and sought thy pow'r divine,
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And grac'd thy sacred roof with savage spoils;
Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,
But wing'd with death, disperse the hostile train."
This said; with all his strength the spear he threw;
Swift through the parting shade the weapon flew.
In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring stood,
And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.
He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay;
While in thick sobs he gasp'd his soul away.

The crowds gaze round; when lo! a second flies,
Fierce as the first, and sings along the skies.
Through Tagus' temples, o'er the shrinking train,
It flew, and sunk deep-bury'd in the brain.
Now, mad for vengeance, Volscens storm'd, nor
The daring author of the distant wound: [found
"But thy curst blood shall pay for both," he said;
Then rush'd impetuous with the flaming blade
Against the trembling boy—with wild affright,
All pale, confus'd, distracted at the sight,
From his close covert Nisus rush'd in view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:
"Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;
Here sheath your javelins; all the guilt was mine.
By yon bright stars, by each immortal god,
His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood!
Nor could, nor durst the boy the deed intend;
His only crime (and oh! can that offend?)
Was too much love to his unhappy friend!"
In vain he spoke, for ah! the sword, addrest
With ruthless rage, had pierc'd his lovely breast.
With blood his snowy limbs are purpled o'er,
And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.
As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd,
Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground;
Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain,
Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain;
So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies!
Now midst the foe, distracted Nisus flew;
Volscens, and him alone, he keeps in view.
The gath'ring train the furious youth surround;
Dart follows dart, and wound succeeds to wound;
All, all, unfelt; he seeks their guilty lord;
In fiery circles flies his thund'ring sword;
Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the destin'd way;
And, bury'd in his mouth, the falchion lay.
Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry side,
Brave Nisus slew the murd'rer as he dy'd;
Then, on the dear Euryalus his breast,
Sunk down, and slumber'd in eternal rest.
Hail, happy pair! if fame our verse can give,
From age to age, your memory shall live;
Long as th' imperial Capitol shall stand, [mand!
Or Rome's majestic lord the conquer'd world com-
The victors first divide the gaudy prey;
Then to the camp their breathless chief convey:
There too a scene of gen'ral grief appears; [tears.
There, crowds of slaughter'd princes claim their
Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapless friends they found,
Some pale in death, some gasping on the ground.
With copious slaughter all the field was dy'd,
And streams of gore run thick on ev'ry side.
All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought;
But mourn the fatal prize, so dearly bought.
Now dappled streaks of light Aurora shed,
And ruddy rose from Tithon's saffron bed:
Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,
Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day.
When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms;
First arm'd himself; then call'd the host to arms.
The chiefs their soldiers to the field excite,
Inflame their rage, and lead them to the fight.
On pointed spears, a dreadful sight! they bore
The heads of both the hapless youths, before;
With barb'rous joy survey the bloody prize,
And shout, and follow, with triumphant cries.
The Trojans, on the left, sustain the fight
From their high walls; the river guards the right.
They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain;
Thick on the ramparts stand the pensive train,
And know the heads too well, though cover'd o'er
With sanguine stains, and all deform'd with gore.
Now to the mother's ears the news had fled,
Her son, her dear Euryalus, was dead:
The vital warmth her trembling limbs forsook,
She dropp'd the shuttle, and with horrour shook;
With hair dishevell'd from the walls she flies,
And rends the air with agonizing cries;
Breaks through the foremost troops in wild despair,
Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.
"And is it thus, the comfort of my years,
Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears?
And could'st thou fly, my child, to certain harms!
To death (oh cruel!) from thy mother's arms?
So fond a mother?—nor thy purpose tell?
Nor let me take my last, my sad, farewell?
A prey to dogs, alas! thy body lies,
And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian skies!
Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,
Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;
Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the gore,
Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er;
The work that charm'd the cares of age away,
My task all night, my labour all the day;
The robe I wove, thy absence to sustain,
For thee, my child;—but wovē, alas! in vain.
Where shall I find thee now? what land contains
Thy mangled members and thy dear remains?
How on thy face these longing eyes I fed?
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone?
Is that, the sole sad relic of my son?
That bloody ball!—No more!—ye foes of Troy,
Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;
Here, here, direct, in pity, ev'ry dart,
Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:
Or with thy bolts, O Jove! conclude my woe,
And plunge me flaming to the shades below.
Strike—and I'll bless the stroke, that sets me free
'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me!"
Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.
Their courage slackens; and the frantic dame,
With her wild anguish, damps the martial flame
But young Ascanius, while his sorrows flow,
And his full eyes indulge the gush of woe,
With great Ilioneus, commands the train
To bear the matron to her tent again.
Now the shrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,
With piercing clangours, animates the war.
The troops rush on; the deaf'ning clamours rise,
And the long shouts run echoing round the skies.
Straight, in a shell, their shields the Volscians threw;
And the close cohorts march, conceal'd from view,
To fill the trenches which the camp surround,
And tug th' aspiring bulwarks to the ground.
Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,
They fix their scaling engines in the tow'rs.
From far the Trojans missive weapons throw,
And with tough poles repel the rising foe;
Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,
And guard the ramparts in their ten years' war.
Long with huge pointed stones, they strove in vain,
To burst the cov'ring of the hostile train.
Yet still the bands maintain the fight, below
The brazen concave, and defy the foe.

At length the Trojans with a mighty shock,
Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock;
Full where the thick-embody'd squadron spreads;
Th' enormous mass came thund'ring on their heads,
Broke through the shining arch, and crush'd the train;
And with a length of slaughter smok'd the plain.
In this blind fight no more the foes engage,
But with their darts a distant combat wage.
There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,
And tost within the works the dreadful flame;
Tremendous chief!—while bold Messapus calls
To scale the tow'rs, and thunders at the walls.
Ye sacred Nine, inspire me to record
What numbers fell by Turnus' slaught'ring sword.
What foes each hero plung'd to Hell, declare,
Each death display, and open all the war!
Those mighty deeds which you alone can know,
Repeat, ye Muses! to the world below.
Full o'er the wall a turret rose on high,
Stage above stage, unrivall'd, to the sky.
This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,
Point their full strength, their whole collected war.
Vast fragments from above the Trojans throw,
And through the walls their jav'lins gall the foe.
A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;
Close to the sides the flaming mischief hung:
Then, thund'ring through the planks, in fury grew,
Swell'd in the wind, and round the structure flew.
With headlong speed th' imprison'd troops retire,
Throng'd in huge heaps, before the spreading fire.
While on one side their weight incumbent lay,
The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way,
The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
And all Olympus trembled at the sound.
With the proud structure fall the Trojan train,
Wrapp'd in the smoky ruins, to the plain,
Their souls crush'd out, the warriors bury'd lie;
Or on the points of their own lances die.
Sav'd from the general fate, but two remain,
And ah! those hapless two were sav'd in vain!
Unbless'd Helenor, most advanc'd in years,
At once encompass'd by the foe appears;
Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous slave
Lycimnia bore; unfortunately brave.
Though born of servile blood, the gen'rous boy
To arms forbidden sought the wars of Troy.
With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field;
Light was his sword, and unadorn'd his shield.
At first with wild surprise the youth descry'd
The gath'ring Latian troops on ev'ry side;
Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lins rise,
Fierce on the close embattled war he flies.
So the stern savage, whom the train surrounds
Of shouting hunters, steeds, and op'ning hounds,
On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,
Springs forth undaunted on a grove of spears.
But swifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way,
Though jav'lins hiss, and swords around him play;
Flies to the walls, and battlements again,
Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.
For close behind the furious Turnus flew:
"Fool! couldst thou hope to 'scape when I pursue,
Though swifter than the wind?" (aloud he cries)
Then by the foot he seiz'd his trembling prize;
And, as he hung aloft in dire dismay,
Tugg'd him with half the shatter'd wall away.
So Jove's imperial bird, through fields of air,
Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare:
So the grim prowling wolf, amidst her play,
Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey;
Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,
Seeks, and laments, her slaughter'd child in vain.
Now with loud shouts they rend the tortur'd air,
Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.
Some load with hostile fires their vengeful hands,
And at the turrets toss the blazing brands.
As to the gates the bold Lucetius came,
Tow'r'd in the front, and shook the waving flame;
The great Ilioneus with vigour threw
A rocky fragment, and the warrior slew.
Young Liger's certain spear, Emation sped;
Asylas' shaft laid Chorineus dead.
Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal steel,
But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell;
Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,
And hapless Idas, while he guards the walls.
Sagar, the next, with Promulus, was slain;
And Capys stretch'd Privernus on the plain:
First slightly wounded by Themilla's dart;
(The shield thrown by) to mitigate the smart,
His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd;
Swift flew the second dart, and nail'd it to his side:
Its fatal course through all his vitals held;
And the pale corse lay panting on the field.
All bright in arms, the son of Arcens stood,
Bred in the grove of Mars, the warrior god;
From where Palicus' loaded altars flame,
In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.
Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high;
Then seiz'd a sling, and laid the jav'lin by:
Thrice whirl'd around, the whistling bullet threw;
The glowing metal melted as it flew;
Through both his temples cut its dreadful way;
And, roll'd in dust, the beauteous warrior lay.
Then first in fight the young Ascanius bore
His bow; employed on beasts alone before.
His vengeful shafts a royal victim found,
And stretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.
Not long before the haughty chief had led
Brave Turnus' sister to his bridal bed:
Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,
He stalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud:
"What shame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vanquish'd train,
To lie belaguer'd in your walls again!
All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait!
That rise, ye cowards, between you and fate!
Brave chiefs! bold heroes these!—who come so far
To gain their brides by violence and war!
From Troy what god, what madness, call'd you o'er,
To fall and perish on a foreign shore?
Far other foes than Atreus' sons appear;
No crafty talking Ithacus is here.
We plunge our infants in the hard'ning streams,
And season in the frost their tender limbs.
Our boys the forest range, and lead the course,
Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horse.
Long thirst, long hunger, our bold youths can bear,
Plough, fight, or shake embattled towns with war.
We live in steel; in arms our hinds appear;
And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring steer.
Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd;
Still flames the noble ardour of the mind.
Ev'n the grave sire with martial vigour glows,
And crushes with the casque his hoary brows.
All, all, engag'd alike in warlike toils,
Subsist on rapine, and divide the spoils.

While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy,
Your hours in pleasures, and the dance employ:
Warm purple robes defend (ye dastard bands!)
Your heartless breasts and unperforming hands.
Your female souls the manly form disgrace—
Hence then, ye women, to your native place—
Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away!—
With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!
Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—
But leave to men the bus'ness of the war."
Thus while he spoke in scornful strains, no more
The young Ascanius the proud boaster bore.
He fits an arrow to the well-strung bow;
But first to Jove address'd his solemn vow:
"My bold attempt, almighty sire, succeed;
A milk-white heifer at thy shrine shall bleed;
Majestic shall he stalk, and paw the ground,
Push with his gilded horns, and spurn the sands around."
He said—and, to the left, the sire on high
Roll'd the big thunder through an azure sky.
At once his twanging bow Ascanius drew,
And, hissing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;
Nor flew the winged wrathful shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his head, and stung him to the brain.
"Go—and once more a valiant race defy!"
Thus the twice-vanquish'd Phrygians, thus reply.
No more he said;—loud shouts and clamours rise;
And transport lifts the Trojans to the skies.
High on a cloud, enthron'd in open air,
Apollo sat, and thence survey'd the war.
Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries:
"Rise, glorious youths! in valour ever rise!
Rise thus in time to Heaven's supreme abodes,
The son, and father, of a race of gods!
Who, great in arms, victorious by their swords,
Shall rule mankind, the world's majestic lords!
Go—mount from fame to fame, auspicious boy;
Proceed, and scorn the narrow bounds of Troy!"
He said; then down th' ethereal road he flies
With rapid speed, and cleaves the liquid skies;
Assumes old Butes' figure and attire,
Anchises' long-try'd friend and faithful squire
In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy
Had trusted to his care the royal boy.
Like this sage guardian to the youth he came;
His voice, his visage, and his arms, the same.
Then to the victor boy aloud he cries:
"Enough, young warrior—let it now suffice
That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies:
Apollo, pleas'd thy first attempts to crown,
Gives to thy bow the glories of his own:
Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,
Too daring youth"—he said; and past in air,
Past in a moment from his wond'ring eye;
And the loose shape dissolv'd into the sky.
The sounding shafts the leaders heard, o'er-aw'd
With the loud quiver, and confest the god;
Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,
Since great Apollo's voice forbade the war."
While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,
All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die;
Stones, spears, and jav'lins, from the works they flung;
From tow'r to tow'r the shouts and clamours rung;
Helms clash with helms, the rattling shields resound;
Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground;
While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around:
Thick, as from western clouds, all charg'd with rain,
Pours the black storm, and smokes along the plain;
Thick as the gather'd hail, tempestuous, flies
O'er the wide main, and rattles down the skies,
When all the frowning Heav'ns are blacken'd o'er;
When Jove discharges all his wrathful store,
And, deep, from ev'ry cloud, the bursting thunders roar!
Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal stood,
Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;
From great Alcanor and Hiera sprung,
The champions rose conspicuous o'er the throng.
The mighty champions, of prodigious frame,
Tow'r'd like the groves and mountains whence they came.
Their prince, when parting from the Tuscan state,
Appointed these, the guardians of the gate.
Proud of their strength, the daring heroes throw
Th' enormous folds wide-open to the foe.
Within, all-bright in arms, on either hand
Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors stand:
On their bright helms sat Horrour plum'd; on high
Their nodding crests float dreadful in the sky,
So where the fields fair Athesis divides,
Or Po tumultuous rolls his swelling tides,
With heads unshorn, two mighty oaks appear,
Wave to the winds, and nod sublime in air!
Soon as the foes an open entrance spy,
The war breaks in; but soon their leaders fly,
Repell'd by hosts; or in the portal die.
Quercens, Equicolus all-bright in steel,
Hæmon and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell.
To dire extremes the rising rage proceeds;
The slaughter swells, and the fierce battle bleeds.
No more imprison'd in their walls they wait;
All Troy at once came pouring to the gate:
Now, flush'd with blood, in bold excursion far
Rush the stern bands, and mix in closer war.
But in a distant quarter long engag'd,
Amidst the foes the Daunian hero rag'd:
When to the prince a messenger relates,
That Troy had open'd wide her massy gates,
And, heaps on heaps the late imprison'd train
Broke forth, and stretch'd the slaughter o'er the plain,
This heard, with fury sparkling in his eyes,
Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.
First, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead,
Sarpedon's offspring by a Theban bed;
The whizzing lance, with all his force address'd,
Transfix the foe, and panted in his breast:
Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin stood:
Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood.
Next Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell;
Then sunk Aphydnus to the shades of Hell.
Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,
Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies:
No vulgar lance the valiant victor tost
(In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost);
A strong, vast, weighty spear, the hero threw,
A spear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.
Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,
Nor double pond'rous plates, and scales of gold,
Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could stay;
But stretch'd in dust the giant warrior lay:
As the huge champion falls, the fields resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
So from the Baian mole, whose structures rise
High o'er the flood, a massy fragment flies;

The rapid rolling pile all-headlong sweeps,
With one vast length of ruin, to the deeps;
Thick boil the billows; and on ev'ry side,
Work the dark sands, and blacken all the tide:
The trembling shores of Prochyta resound,
And burning Arime shakes wide around;
The mass, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus spread;
The giant hears the peal; and, seiz'd with dread,
Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed.
Now Mars himself inspires the Latain band,
Warms ev'ry heart, and strengthens ev'ry hand;
And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,
The kindling legions gather to the sight;
Danger nor death their furious course controls,
And all the god came rushing on their souls!
His brother slain when Pandarus beheld,
And saw the changing fortune of the field,
He sets his ample shoulders to the weight,
And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate;
But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,
A crowd of friends, to certain death expos'd;
And, with himself, includes the trembling train
Of troops, who rush'd tumultuous from the plain.
Fool! not to see the dreadful Turnus there,
Mix'd with the crowds amidst the flying war;
But in the walls the furious chief to hold,
Like some fierce tiger midst the trembling fold!
Loud clash his arms; and as he tow'rs on high,
Flash the keen flames from his tremendous eye;
Nods his proud crest, and formidably plays;
And from his shield the streamy lightnings blaze.
Too soon, with dire surprise, the Trojans know
The dreadful front of their victorious foe.
Straight fir'd with vengeance for his brother slain,
Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began:
"Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal scene!
No bridal palace of the Latian queen,
No native Ardea, prince, you here descry,
But hostile walls; and 'tis in vain to fly."
"In that vast bulk if any soul reside,
Come try thy might" (the prince sedate reply'd;)
"Go, and old Priam's trembling spirit tell,
A new Achilles plung'd thy soul to Hell."
Then, first, his knotted spear the Trojan threw;
Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon flew;
But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,
And in the portal fixt the quiv'ring lance.
"But hope not thou to 'scape this sword of mine,
Arm'd by a surer, stronger hand than thine,"
The hero cry'd—Then flies against the foe
With the bright blade; and rises to the blow;
Sudden the sword tempestuous cleaves in twain
His cheeks, and sinks deep-bury'd in the brain.
Distain'd with blood, his clashing arms resound,
And, as he fell, he shook the purpled ground:
There, as the mighty bulk lay stretch'd along,
In equal shares the parted visage hung.
Pale with new horrour at the dreadful sight,
On ev'ry side the Trojans urge their flight.
Then had the victor broke the barriers down,
And call'd his social troops to storm the town,
That day had seen their warlike labours o'er;
And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.
But the mad chief with boundless slaughter glows,
And rage insatiate drives him on the foes.
First, valiant Phalaris; next Gyges fell;
Deep through his knee he drove the pointed steel.
Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,
And in their backs transfix'd the flying crew.
New strength, new courage, Juno still supply'd:
And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd:
Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fall,
With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,
High on the works engag'd in other fight—
Next flew his flaming falchion to the right,
And struck bold Lyncеus as he call'd around
For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.
At one just stroke his head and helmet fly
Before the sword, and far at distance lie.
Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,
Whose fatal arrow pierc'd the savage game;
Who dipp'd th' envenom'd steel with matchless art,
And double arm'd with death the pointed dart.
Next Clytius fell, though sprung of race divine;
Soft Cretheus last, the darling of the nine;
Well was he skill'd, in sacred strains to sing,
Tune the sweet lyre, and sweep the trembling string;
Arms, and the toils of heroes, to recite,
The plunging furious steeds, and thunder of the fight.
Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan band,
What numbers fell by Turnus' conqu'ring hand;
Fierce they advance; when soon appear in sight,
The slaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.
"And where?" (great Mnestheus rais'd his voice on high)
"Where, to what other ramparts would you fly;
Shall one, and he inclos'd within your wall,
One rash, imprison'd warrior vanquish all?
With rage resistless, half an host destroy;
And open ev'ry bleeding vein of Troy?
Calm you look on, and see the furious foe
Plunge crowds of heroes to the shades below;
Still shall your king, ye base abandon'd train,
Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in vain?"
Rous'd by these words, they rally from afar,
Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war:
The Daunian chief shrinks backward from the foes,
Where round the works the mighty river flows:
The Trojans shout; and, with new transport fir'd,
Rush on embody'd, as the prince retir'd.
As when with tilted spears the clam'rous train
Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,
The lordly savage from the shouting foe
Retires, majestically stern, and slow.
Though singly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel, or stand their whole collected war;
Grim he looks back; he rolls his glaring eye;
Despairs to conquer; and disdains to fly.
So Turnus paus'd; and by degrees retir'd;
While shame, disdain, and rage, the hero fir'd.
Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,
And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.
But now from all the camp their forces ran
Full on the chief; an army on a man!
Nor longer Heav'n's great empress from on high
Dares with new strength th' exhausted prince supply:
For winged Iris from the realms above
Brought the severe decree of angry Jove,
That bade, with threats, th' imperial queen recall
Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall.
Now his tir'd arm refus'd the sword to wield;
Now flew the darts, and planted all his shield.
The stones now rattle; now the jav'lins sing,
Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.
A thousand weapons round his temples lay,
And strike the honours of his crest away.
Thick and more thick the foes their lances sped,
With mighty Mnestheus thund'ring at their head.

Pale, breathless, faint, and black with dust, in streams
The sweat descends from all his trembling limbs.
Arm'd as he was (thus press'd on ev'ry side),
He plung'd at last, undaunted, in the tide.
The sacred river, for the welcome load,
Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood:
The hero to his host the surges bear,
Cleans'd from the horrid stains of slaughter, blood, and war.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

JUPITER calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. At the return of Æneas there is a bloody battle. Turnus kills Pallas: Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

Now wide unfold th' eternal gates of Jove:
Th' ethereal king convenes the pow'rs above.
Beneath his eye, both hosts, in full survey,
The spacious world, and vast creation lay;
There in the starry courts, enthron'd on high,
Sat the majestic senate of the sky,
Rank'd by degrees, along the bright abodes;
To whom the king of men, and father of the gods;
"What discord fires your minds, celestial train?
Why was our sacred mandate urg'd in vain?
Did not your sov'reign lord his will declare,
That Troy and Latium should not wage the war?
Why are we disobey'd? What vain alarms
Inflame their souls to slaughter, blood, and arms?
The destin'd time will wing its fatal way,
(Nor need your rage anticipate the day)
When Carthage, with her proud victorious pow'rs,
Shall burst, like thunder, o'er the Roman tow'rs,
Break the strong Alpine adamantine chains,
Pour down the hills, and deluge all the plains.
Then, with full licence, your unbounded hate
And stern revenge may crush the Trojan state.
Till then, ye pow'rs, from wrath and discord cease,
And let the nations join in leagues of peace."
Thus, from the throne, in short, almighty Jove;
And thus, at large, the beauteous queen of love:
"O sire of men below, and gods on high!
(For to what other pow'r can Venus fly?)
Dost thou not see you fierce Rutulian train?
With what success proud Turnus sweeps the plain!
Rapt by his steeds, triumphant on his car,
The dreadful hero rules the storm of war.
Not walls can guard my Trojans now from fate;
For lo! grim slaughter rages in the gate!
With hostile bands the walls are cover'd o'er,
And the deep trenches float with tides of gore!
My son is absent, while his subjects bleed;
But must we never from a siege be freed?
For, lo, great sire! a second army falls
On rising Troy, and thunders at her walls,
In Latian fields against the Dardan train,
Behold the stern Tydides rise again!
Sprung though I am from thee, prepar'd I stand
To bleed once more—and by a mortal hand!
Yet, if against thy will the Phrygian host
Have left their Troy, and sought the Latian coast,
Withdraw thy potent aid, O sov'reign god!
And bid the guilty nation mourn in blood!
But since so many signs their course compel,
The voice of Heav'n, and oracles of Hell;
Why dares another pow'r thy will debate,
Or thwart th' unalterable course of fate?
Her boundless vengeance why should I repeat?
How on Sicilian shores she fir'd the fleet?
How she dispatch'd to yonder world below,
With that dire charge, the goddess of the bow?
How the grim tyrant of th' Æolian reign
Let loose th' imprison'd whirlwinds o'er the main?
Hell and th' infernal pow'rs were yet untry'd;
All Hell now arms; and rises on her side.
The fiends, the furies range the realms above,
And act well worthy of the queen of Jove!
Through all the Latian towns Alecto flies,
And her black visage blasts the golden skies!
No hopes of empire now my thoughts employ
(These were my hopes, when fortune smil'd on Troy).
Let Troy and Latium fight on yonder plains,
And fall or conquer as thy will ordains:
Since to the Phrygian race your haughty spouse
No spot, no corner, of the world allows.
Yet I implore thy grace, almighty sire,
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the fire!
Give me, at least, the royal youth to bear
(My dear Ascanius) from the rage of war!
(And let the father, where your vengeful bride
Or fortune points, still wander o'er the tide?)
Th' Idalian realm and Amathus are mine;
Cythera fair, and Paphos the divine;
There he may live defended from the foes,
Lost to the charms of fame, in soft repose.
Then to Ausonia let proud Carthage come.
And hold that empire once decreed to Rome:
O'er the wide world extend her boundless sway,
Our hopes, and Jove's own promises, no more:
What now avails it, that my godlike heir
Broke through the hostile fires, and 'scap'd the war;
Led my poor exiles to the Latian plain,
And rais'd a city, doom'd to fall again;
What has it now avail'd him, to withstand
Th' exhausted dangers both of sea and land;
His lot were happier had he scorn'd a crown,
And slumber'd o'er his ruin'd native town.
O! give their Xanthus to the wretched train,
Give them their Simois, with their wars again!
Let Greece in arms her vengeful hosts employ
Ten long years more, and storm a second Troy!"
To whom, with fury sparkling in her eyes,
Reply'd the haughty empress of the skies:
"And why, say, why, O goddess, am I prest
To wake the wrath, that slumber'd in my breast?
What god, or mortal, bade your son declare,
Against the Latian lord, so rash a war?
Suppose, fate call'd him to the Latian plains,
Or (far more likely) mad Cassandra's strains?
Say, did we bid him leave his town behind,
And trust the mercy of the sea and wind?
Commit the war, and his forsaken Troy,
To such a head, an unexperienc'd boy?

To court the Tuscans, and with vain alarms
To rouse whole nations from repose to arms?
What god, or what perverse intent of ours
Mov'd the wise prince to leave his rising tow'rs?
Say, does the goddess of the bow appear,
Or the keen spite of vengeful Juno, here?
'Tis hard, you urge, the Latians should conspire
To wrap th' unfinish'd walls of Troy in fire;
That Turnus lives, and holds his native place
(And yet he sprung from our immortal race):
Was it less hard, that Troy embattled came,
To waste the Latian lands with sword and flame?
O'er foreign realms to propagate her sway,
Join fraud to force, and bear their spoils away?
From their own lords the plighted brides to tear?
To proffer peace, and yet to wage the war?
You, from the foe, your darling son could shroud,
And for a man present a figur'd cloud.
You from your navy could the fires restrain,
And change your ships to Nereids of the main.
Yet in her friends' defence is Juno seen?
'Tis a high crime in Jove's imperial queen!
Your son, belike, is absent, while the foe
Invades his tow'rs;—and let him still be so!—
Cythera's isle, and Amathus, are yours;
The Paphian realms, and soft Idalian shores.
Why shouldst thou then to fights a race incline,
Long since inur'd to rougher wars than thine?
Did we conspire your empire to destroy?
Did we urge vengeful Greece to ruin Troy?
We?—or your Paris? your adult'rous boy?
Who did that black destructive crime inspire?
Who fann'd the flame, that set two worlds on fire?
Did the lewd youth, at Juno's call, convey,
From injur'd Sparta's walls, his beauteous prey?
Did we procure? did we retain the fair?
And, for his lust, support a ten years' war?'
Then, partial goddess, then had been your time,
To fear for Troy, on that perfidious crime;
But now, too late, unjustly you complain,
Now vent your anger, and your grief, in vain."
Thus spoke the wrathful queen; the gods divide,
And in mixt murmurs vote on either side:
So, pent in woods, at first with sullen sound
The wind, low-murm'ring, rolls, the forest round;
A dreadful signal to the naval train,
Of the loud storms impending o'er the main.
Then spoke th' almighty father, as he sat
Enthron'd in gold, and clos'd the great debate.
(Th' attentive winds a solemn silence keep;
The wond'ring waves lie level on the deep;
Earth to her centre shook; high Heav'n was aw'd;
And all th' immortal thrones stood trembling at the god.)
"Hear then our sacred will, ye pow'rs above;
And mark th' unalterable word of Jove.
Since you refuse to bid your discord cease,
And join the nations in the bonds of peace;
Whatever schemes or hopes the parties frame,
Latium and Troy to Jove are both the same;
Whether in yon fierce leaguer 'tis decreed
That hapless Ilion, or Hesperia bleed.
The stern Rutulians too their toils shall know,
And ev'ry hand shall work its weal or woe.
Your king, inclin'd to neither side, shall wait
The great event, and leave the whole to fate."
This by his brother's awful floods he swore,
That through the black infernal regions roar;
Gave the dreadful signal of the solemn nod,
With his bent brows; the sanction of the god!
From sky to sky the strong concussion rolls;
And all Olympus trembled to the poles.
Thus did the sire the high contention close;
Then from the throne majestically rose;
With him at once the sacred senate rise,
And to his palace wait the sov'reign of the skies.
Meanwhile, at ev'ry gate, the Latian pow'rs
Crowd to destroy their foes, and fire the tow'rs.
By hosts surrounded, in despair to fly,
Close in their trench, the helpless Trojans lie.
Yet some undaunted on the ramparts stand,
And guard the works; a brave, but slender band.
There, sprung from Imbrasus, bold Asius shone:
Thymœtes next, fam'd Hicetaon's son,
The dread Assaraci their succour bring;
With them, two brothers of the Lycian king.
Thybris and Castor next, a martial pair,
Full in the front repel the rising war.
These Acmon join'd, from fair Lyrnessus' shore;
With all his strength a broken rock he bore:
He match'd his brother Mnestheus' wond'rous might,
And his great father Clytius in the fight.
Some, pond'rous stones, some, pointed jav'lins aim,
And gall the foe with shafts, or missive flame.
Amid the train, bright Venus' darling care,
Ascanius shone; his beauteous head was bare;
A golden chain constrains his locks, that deck,
In glossy sable curls, his lovely neck:
So shines a gem, illustrious to behold,
On some fair virgin's neck enchas'd in gold:
So the surrounding ebon's darker hue
Improves the polish'd ivory to the view.
Thee too, stern Ismarus, O chief divine;
A great descendant of the Lydian line,
(Born where the peasants turn the costly mould,
Enrich'd by bright Pactolus' tides of gold)
The hosts admir'd; while fierce thy twanging bow
Discharg'd thy poison'd arrows at the foe.
Brave Capys next succeeds, a chief of fame,
From whom proud Capua since depriv'd her name,
Great Mnestheus clos'd the band, of high renown
Since late he cast bold Turnus from the town.
These all the rigid toils of fight sustain;
Meantime, by night, their gen'ral ploughs the main.
For when the prince had left th' Arcadian coast,
And sought the leader of the Lydian host;
With pray'rs declar'd his bus'ness, race, and name,
And with what force their vengeful tyrant came;
How the Rutulian rag'd; what turns of fate
And chance of war attend the mortal state;
Straight with the league propos'd, the chief complies,
And joins his forces to his new allies.
Now, uncontrol'd by fate, the martial train,
Led by a foreign hero, cleave the main:
In pomp, before, Æneas' galley past;
His lofty stern the Phrygian lions grac'd;
There, banish'd Troy's delight, her sculptur'd Ide,
Hangs o'er the foamy surge, and shades the tide.
Here sat the chief with various thoughts opprest,
The fate of war revolving in his breast;
Close by his side th' Arcadian prince inquires
Of the swift motions of the heav'nly fires;
What seas he measur'd, and what lands he sought;
What storms he suffer'd, and what fields he fought.
Ye Muses! now unlock your sacred spring,
Inspire the bard, and teach him how to sing,
What ships, what heroes, what auxiliar hosts,
Sail'd with Æneas from the Tuscan coasts.

The Tiger first the foamy flood divides,
And bears a thousand warriors through the tides,
Who came beneath great Massicus' command,
From Cosa's turrets, and the Clusian land.
Close to their sides their polish'd quivers sat;
Strung were their bows; their arrows wing'd with fate.
Six hundred move beneath fierce Abas' care,
From Populonia to the field of war.
Rich in her endless beds of steely ore,
The rugged Ilva sends three hundred more;
All, train'd to fight; all, glorious to behold;
And, on the stern, Apollo flam'd in gold.
With groves of waving spears, in thick array,
From Pisa's walls a thousand took their way;
They march embattled from the Tuscan land,
And great Asylas leads the martial band;
Asylas, skilful sage! whose piercing eyes
Discern'd all signs on Earth, or in the skies.
His heart from entrails certain omens drew,
From stars and birds, and lightnings as they flew.
Next beauteous Astur plough'd the wat'ry field,
Proud of his bounding steed and sculptur'd shield;
From where old Pargus' lofty turrets rise,
And rank Graviscan marshes taint the skies,
Where Cære groan'd beneath Mezentius' reign,
And gurgling Minio glitters o'er the plain;
Three hundred march beneath the leader's care,
Breathing revenge, and eager all for war.
Nor thou unsung, brave Cinyras, shall pass,
The martial chief of the Ligurian race;
Nor thou, Cupavo, under whose command,
Advanc'd to fight a small, but valiant band.
White plumes adorn thy crest, and wave above,
Expressive of thy sire[1], transform'd by love,
While for his Phaeton his sorrows flow,
And soft harmonious strains beguile his woe;
While in the dusky poplar grove he made
His melting moans, beneath the sisters' shade,
O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies.
Now his great offspring with his social train,
In the huge Centaur plough'd the roaring main.
High on the prow the figur'd monster stood,
And shook a rocky fragment o'er the flood.
The sounding keel the thronging waves disjoin'd,
That foam, and whiten, in long tracks behind.
Next warlike Ocnus brought his troops along,
From prescient Manto and great Tyber sprung;
By him, fair Mantua rose; immortal town!
And from his mother's name deriv'd her own.
Her mighty walls, illustrious founders grace,
Of diff'rent countries, and a diff'rent race,
Three tribes distinct possess her fertile lands,
And four fair cities every tribe commands.
Proud of her Tuscan line, with glory crown'd,
She reigns the mistress of the nations round.
Next, gen'rous hate to stern Mezentius draws
Five hundred more, in freedom's sacred cause.
Where, crown'd with reeds, the Mincio takes his course
From old Benacus' venerable source,
In one vast ship he pours the warlike train,
Down through his native channel to the main.
Fierce for revenge, the great Auletes guides
Th' enormous bulk, that labours through the tides.
An hundred pines the boiling ocean sweep,
Plough the white waves, and lash the bellowing deep.
A mighty Triton, figur'd on the prow,
With his loud trump alarms the sea below.
Down to his waist the human form descends,
But in a whale th' amphibious monster ends.
Swift as he swims, the waters fly before;
And, dash'd beneath the god, the frothy surges roar.
So many chiefs in thirty vessels ride
To Troy's defence, and cleave the sparkling tide.
Now radiant Cynthia, through th' ethereal height,
Rode in the solemn chariot of the night.
Fixt at the stern, the helm Æneas plies;
No creeping slumber seals his careful eyes.
Amid the seas, he meets the wond'rous train
Of ships transform'd to Nereids of the main;
As many goddesses, as stood before,
With brazen beaks, tall vessels on the shore.
They know the chief from far, and in a ring
The dancing Nymphs enclose their wond'ring king.
The first whose eloquence excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her ivory breast;
Held with one hand the stern, while one divides,
With many an easy stroke, the silent tides:
"And dost thou wake, great offspring of the skies!
Wake still, and open ev'ry sail" (she cries:)
"Thy ships are we that once on Ida stood,
Now chang'd by Heav'n to Nereids of the flood.
When the perfidious proud Rutulian came
With the dread sword, and the devouring flame,
We burst our anchors, by the foe compell'd,
And sought our master o'er the watry field.
These forms the mother of the skies bestow'd,
And made each ship a goddess of the flood:
Low in the sacred seas our court we keep,
And dwell beneath the roarings of the deep.
Shut in the town, remains thy royal heir,
Midst all the terrours of the Latian war.
The brave Arcadian horse, and Tuscan host,
Have reach'd the land, and seiz'd th' appointed post.
The Daunian chief has sent a squadron down
To stop their destin'd progress to the town.
Rise, hero! rise; and, with the dawning light,
Lead all th' impatient warriors to the fight.
With thy Vulcanian orb invade the field,
That golden, bright, impenetrable shield.
The morning Sun (nor think my promise vain!)
Shall see vast heaps of fierce Rutulians slain."
This said; the goddess (for she knew the way)
Push'd the light vessel o'er the glassy sea:
Swift as a jav'lin, or a storm she flew;
And, wing'd with rival speed, her course the rest pursue.
While at the sight the hero stood amaz'd,
The prosp'rous sign his bounding spirits rais'd.
Then, as he fixt on Heav'n his joyful eyes,
To potent Cybele the warrior cries:
"Great guardian queen of Ida's hills and woods,
Supreme, majestic mother of the gods!
Whose strong defence proud tow'ring cities share,
While roaring lions whirl thy mighty car!
Oh! kindly second this auspicious sign,
And grace thy Phrygians with thy aid divine.
Inspir'd by thee, the combat I require,
My bosom kindles, and my soul's on fire!"
He said; and now the bright revolving day
Blaz'd o'er the world, and chas'd the shades away;
When first the hero bade the train prepare,
All rang'd beneath their banners, for the war;
Rouse for the charge their courage, and excite
Their martial ardour, to provoke the fight.

[1] Cycnus

As on his stern the godlike warrior stands,
And views distinct his camp and social bands;
High in his hand the golden shield he rais'd:
Wide o'er the flood the strong effulgence blaz'd.
Fir'd with new hopes, the joyful Trojans spy
The shining orb; their darts and jav'lins fly;
And their loud clamours tempest all the sky.
Less loud the thick-embody'd cranes repair,
In ranks embattled, through the clouds of air;
When, at the signal giv'n, they leave behind,
With rapid flight, the pinions of the wind.
Amaz'd stood Turnus, and their Latian foes,
Nor knew from whence the sudden transport rose;
Till all th' advancing navy they survey,
A floating scene, that cover'd half the sea.
From great Æneas' crest the lightnings stream,
And his bright helmet darts a ruddy gleam;
A length of flames the mighty shield displays,
Shoots fires on fires, and pours a boundless blaze.
So the dire comet, with portentous light
And baleful beams, glares dreadful in the night:
So the red dog-star, when he mounts on high,
And with his fatal splendour fires the sky,
Scares the pale nations; for his burning breath
Darts down disease, blue pestilence, and death.
But still, undaunted, Turnus urg'd the train,
To seize the shore, and drive them to the main.
"Lo! what you long have wish'd, to prove your might,
The hour!—the place!—the foe!—the promis'd fight!—
Your wives, your sons, your country calls you on,
Your great forefathers' glories and your own.
Now while, with slidd'ring steps, to gain the land
The Trojans toil; descend we to the strand;
Soon as on yonder shore our bands appear,
One noble stroke, my friends, shall end the war:
The brave command success."—The hero said:
Then with himself for one cool moment weigh'd,
To the bold task what chosen troops to call,
And to what bands entrust the leaguer'd wall.
Meantime the hero lands his warlike train;
Some watch, impatient, the retreating main;
Then vault, and seize the half-recover'd shores;
Some slide, more vent'rous, down the bending oars.
A place at length the daring Tarchon spy'd,
Where in smooth swellings roll'd an easy tide;
There, as no waters break, no billows roar,
He fears no shoals, but hopes a friendly shore.
Thither his vessels from the deep he drew,
And eager thus exhorts the naval crew:
"Now, now, my friends, exert your utmost force,
Ply, ply your oars, and urge the furious course.
Push, heave your desp'rate gallies to the strand;
Plough with your beaks and keels the hostile land.
My sole ambition is to gain the coast:
And then—no matter—let the ship be lost."
So spoke th' impatient chief; and, as he spoke,
They ply their oars, and rise to ev'ry stroke.
Full on the land the rushing vessels bore,
Till with their prows they cleave the sandy shore.
Safe to the shelving beach the gallies run;
All 'scap'd the shock, brave Tarchon, but thy own.
Thy own amid the shallows rush'd, and there
Dash'd on the rock, and sloping hung in air;
Prest by a war of waves, her shatter'd sides
Burst, and the crew plunge headlong in the tides.
They swim, encumber'd with their broken ours:
The floods supplant their feet, and bear them from the shores.

Meantime against the Trojans, on the coast,
Brave Turnus led his close embattled host.
The sprightly trumpets sound with martial strains,
When great Æneas charg'd the Latian swains;
The valiant Theron slew, with matchless might,
The first auspicious omen of the fight,
A giant chief; his furious course he held
Against the prince, the foremost of the field.
Fierce thro' his shield and mail (an op'ning wide!)
Flew the swift sword, and pierc'd the warrior's side.
Then Lycas bled, and stain'd the thirsty shore,
To Phœbus sacred from his natal hour;
Rip'd from the womb, the infant 'scap'd the steel!
The man, unhappy! by the falchion fell.
Gyas and Cisseus next the hero slew,
As their huge clubs whole armies overthrew.
Vain was their strength, their bulk, their martial fire,
Vain their Herculean arms, and boasted sire,
Alcides' friend; whose glorious steps he trod,
While earth supply'd new monsters for the god.
As loudly-vaunting, haughty Pharos stood,
Fixt in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
On Cydon next, who, fir'd with lawless joy,
Fair Clytius courted and caress'd the boy,
With all his force the mighty hero drove,
And soon had finish'd his prepost'rous love;
Soon had the youth, expiring on the shore,
Sunk, and indulg'd his guilty flames no more;
But Phorcus' sons, seven valiant warriors, flew,
And all at once their vengeful jav'lins threw!
Some from his buckler and his helm rebound,
Some, turn'd by Venus, glance upon the ground.
Thus press'd, thus compass'd round on ev'ry side,
The wrathful prince to brave Achates cry'd;
"Bring, bring those darts (not one shall fly in vain)
That pierc'd the Grecians on the Trojan plain."
Then a long lance with all his might he cast,
Through Mæon's shield the furious weapon pass'd;
Thro' the strong cuirass pierc'd the hissing dart,
Transfixt his breast, and quiver'd in his heart.
The good Alcanor lends his friendly hand,
To raise his grov'ling brother from the sand;
But wing'd with death, a second jav'lin flies,
Swift as the first, and sings along the skies;
Through his extended arm the spear was flung;
And by the nerves the dying member hung.
His brother Numitor the weapon drew
From the pale corse, and at the victor threw;
The whizzing dart glanc'd innocently by,
But slightly raz'd Achates' manly thigh.
Next Clausus, flush'd with youthful strength and grace,
(Clausus, the leader of the Sabine race)
Beheld the mighty Dryops from afar,
And lanch'd his pointed spear aloft in air,
Which pierc'd his throat; the purple hand of death
Suppress'd the voice, and stopp'd the vital breath.
Headlong he falls; he grovels on the shore,
And his pale mouth ejects a flood of gore.
Still rushing on, the chief the slaughter spread;
By various deaths three sons of Boreas bled.
As many more, poor hapless youths, expire;
Their country Thrace, and Idas was their sire.
Against the prince his bands Halesus leads,
And fierce Messapus jash'd his fiery steeds.
In furious conflict mix'd, both armies stand
On the first verge, and margin of the land;
They meet, they fight; but neither gain, nor yield;
And level hung the balance of the field.
As when the winds from diff'rent quarters rise,
Pour to the charge, and combat in the skies,

In due suspense the struggling tempests keep
The balanc'd clouds, and poise the rolling deep;
The winds and waves oppos'd with equal might,
Still undecided hangs th' aëreal fight:
So join both armies in the dubious fray;
These scorn to yield, nor those can win the day;
Alt, man to man, exert the martial fire;
All foot to foot, to conquer, or expire.
But, in a diff'rent quarter, where the floods
Had spread the ground with shatter'd rocks and woods,
Th' Arcadian squadrons from their steeds alight,
And wage on foot an unaccustom'd fight.
Now to an open route their ranks inclin'd,
And close their foes came thund'ring from behind.
This saw their chief, brave Pallas, with despair;
He saw, and strove to stop the flying war;
And thus the troops, as headlong they retir'd,
With pray'rs he mov'd, or with reproaches fir'd:
"Whither, ah, whither would you turn your flight?
By your past deeds! by ev'ry former fight!
By all your triumphs! by your sov'reign's name!
By my own hopes to match my father's fame!
Trust not your feet; your hands must hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array.
Here, here, your country calls you all, to share
With your young chief the glories of the war.
Rush to the fight; no gods our arms oppose;
Men, like ourselves, and mortal, are our foes.
In us an equal strength and soul appears,
Our hands and spirits are as bold as theirs.
Lo! there the foes our bands imprison'd keep!
And here th' eternal barriers of the deep!
Back on the seas, ye dastards, would ye fall?
Or hide your shameful heads in yon beleaguer'd wall?"
He said; and, rushing on the hostile bands,
First in his way ill-fated Lagus stands;
Low as he stoop'd, a mighty stone to rear,
Full in the reins descends the pointed spear;
Then, as he disengag'd the dart with pain,
Fir'd at the sight, bold Hisbon rush'd in vain
Against the prince; the prince his bosom gor'd,
And plung'd into the lungs his thund'ring sword:
Next, lewd Anchemolus his falchion sped,
Who dar'd to stain his step-dame's sacred bed.
You too, ye Daunian twins, unhappy pair!
Laris and Thymber! perish'd in the war:
So like your features, that your parents look
On either face, but each for each mistook.
Puzzled, yet pleas'd, they gaz'd on either child,
And fondly in the dear delusion smil'd.
Now clears brave Pallas, in the dire debate,
The nice distinction by a diff'rent fate.
Thy head, fair Thymber, flies before the sword;
Thy hand, poor Laris, sought its absent lord;
Thy dying fingers, quiv'ring on the plain,
With starts convulsive grasp the steel in vain.
Th' Arcadian squadrons, by their prince inspir'd,
Rous'd by his words, by his example fir'd,
Disdain to fly, and arms to arms oppose;
Grief, shame, and fury, drive them on the foes.
From Tenthras and from Tyres, on his ear
Pale Rhœtus shoots impetuous through the war!
While Pallas his swift dart at Ilus threw,
It pierc'd the hapless warrior as he flew.
The winged death the hapless warrior stay'd,
And for a space, poor Ilus' fate delay'd;
He tumbles from the car, distain'd with gore,
And, grim in death, lies foaming on the shore.
As, when the summer glows with fervid rays,
The shepherd sets the forest in a blaze,
The groves all kindle, while the winds conspire,
And with their breath enrage the roaring fire:
Wide and more wide the conflagration flies,
Pours o'er the fields, and thunders to the skies!
On some steep mountain sits the joyful swain,
While the victorious flames devour the plain.
So pleas'd, brave Pallas sees th' Arcadian pow'r,
All fir'd with vengeance, sweep along the shore.
Halesus flew to meet the conqu'ring foe;
Sheath'd in bright arms, he rose to ev'ry blow.
First Ladon sunk beneath his pointed steel;
Then great Demodocus and Pheres fell.
While bold Strymonius flies before the band
To seize his throat, the falchion lops his hand:
Hurl'd from his arm, a stone descended full
On Thoas' head, and crush'd the batter'd skull.
His old prophetic sire, with tender care,
Conceal'd, and warn'd Halesus from the war.
But when in death he clos'd his aged eyes,
The fatal sisters claim'd their destin'd prize.
Now stood the warrior (for his hour drew near)
A victim sacred to th' Evandrian spear.
His jav'lin Pallas at the victor throws,
But first the youth prefers his ardent vows;
"O father Tyber! give my winged dart,
To fly direct through proud Halesus' heart!
His arms and spoils thy sacred oak shall bear;"
So pray'd the youth; the god allows his pray'r.
Halesus shields Imaon from the foe,
But leaves his breast all naked to the blow.
He fell; his fall alarm'd the Latian host;
They wept, and mourn'd the mighty hero lost.
But soon brave Lausus rais'd them from despair;
Lausus, who shone conspicuous in the war.
Stern Abas first he slew, of matchless might,
Who stood unmov'd, the bulwark of the fight.
Now bled the Tuscan, now th' Arcadian train,
And Troy's bold sons, who 'scap'd the Greeks in vain.
Fierce to the fight beneath their chiefs they came;
Their chiefs, their numbers, and their [illegible]
The rear close pressing to the dire alarms,
Th' encumber'd troops scarce wield their [illegible] arms.
Here Pallas fires his train, and Lausus there;
In all their charms the blooming youths appear.
Poor, hapless youths! alas! your native plain
Must never, never bless your eyes again!
In vain would you engage! for Jove withstands;
Both, both must fall; but fall by greater hands.
Now Turnus to the aid of Lausus came,
Warn'd by his sister [2], the celestial dame;
Through cleaving ranks he drives his kindling car
With furious speed, and thunders through the war.
"Forbear, forbear; nor touch my due," he cries;
"For Pallas, Pallas is your leader's prize.
To me, to me alone belongs the fight:
Oh! could his sire be witness to the sight!"
He said; and at the word, th' obedient train
At once retir'd, and left an open plain.
The youth with wonder saw the parting band,
Heard the bold challenge, and the proud command,
With many a fiery glance he roll'd his eyes
Around his manly limbs, an ample size;
And to his haughty foe, in short, replies:

[2] Juturna.

"Now, by thy royal spoils I will acquire
Immortal fame; or gloriously expire!
Then vaunt no more, for know, almighty Jove
Beholds the fight, impartial, from above."
This said; amid the field the hero strode;
All chill'd with fear, the pale Arcadians stood.
The Daunian chief sprung dreadful from the car,
And rush'd on foot, impetuous to the war;
Rush'd, as a lion, from the mountain's height,
On some stern bull, that meditates the fight.
But soon as Pallas saw the prince appear
Within due distance of the flying spear,
Tho' far o'er-match'd, the youth his fortune tries;
And, ere he threw the dart, invok'd the skies:
"O great Alcides! by my father's feast,
Thyself vouchsaf'd to grace, a glorious guest;
Assist his son, and crown his bold design;
Let Turnus fall, and own the conquest mine;
And, while the victor spoils the bloody prize,
View the proud trophy with his closing eyes."
His ardent pray'r with grief Alcides hears,
And pours a flood of unavailing tears:
While in his breast he check'd the rising groan,
Th' all-gracious father sooth'd his sorrowing son:
"To all that breathe, is fixt th' appointed date;
Life is but short, and circumscrib'd by fate:
'Tis virtue's work, by fame to stretch the span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man.
How many sons of gods were doom'd to fall,
Great as they were! beneath the Trojan wall?
Great as he was! among the mighty dead,
Ev'n my own son, the brave Sarpedon bled:
Fierce Turnus too the cruel fates attend,
And now, ev'n now, his race is at an end."
This said; th' almighty sov'reign of the skies
Turns from the scene of blood his sacred eyes.
Now with full force his jav'lin Pallas threw.
And from the sheath the shining falchion drew.
The whizzing spear, with erring course impell'd,
Flew through the ringing margin of the shield,
And, glancing, raz'd the shoulder of the foe.—
Then Turnus shook the lance; prepar'd to throw;
He shook the lance; "and see," he cry'd, "if mine
Reach not the mark; a surer dart than thine!"
He said, and threw. The spear with forceful sway
Broke, through the solid shield, its destin'd way;
Through every steely plate, and brazen fold,
Through strong bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Through the thick cuirass flew the furious dart,
Transfix'd his breast, and planted in his heart.
From the wide wound in vain the lance he tore,
The purple soul came floating with the gore.
Down sunk the youth; his rattling arms resound;
He spurns, and grinds in blood the hostile ground.
Then, as he strode, exulting, o'er the dead,
Thus to th' Arcadian train the victor said:
"Go!—be this message to your master known;
Such as the sire deserv'd, I send the son;
Unbrib'd, unsought his relics I bestow,
If fun'ral honours can relieve his woe.
Dear for the Trojan's friendship has he paid!"—
Then, with his foot he press'd the prostrate dead;
Seiz'd his embroider'd belt, a glorious prey!
And from his bosom rent the prize away.
In this rich belt, with precious gold inlaid,
His utmost art Eurytion had display'd.
Here, thick emboss'd, the fifty daughters shed
Their consorts' blood, and stain'd the bridal bed;
The rais'd, bold figures, all divinely bright
Came out, and stood projecting to the sight.
This spoil proud Turnus with triumphant eyes
Surveys, and glories in the costly prize.
But man, too haughty in a prosp'rous state,
Grows blind and heedless of his future fate:
The time shall come, when Turnus in dismay,
Shall mourn these spoils, and this victorious day;
Shall wish, too late! the golden belt unsought,
And curse the trophies he so dearly bought!
With groans and tears th' Arcadians on a shield,
Bear back their breathless leader from the field.
Thus to thy father's arms dost thou retire,
Brave youth, the grief and glory of thy sire!
O early lost! with strength and beauty grac'd!
This thy first day of warfare was thy last:
Yet didst thou scatter death through half an host;
And, ere thy own, a thousand lives were lost.
Now by spectators, not the voice of fame,
To Troy's great chief these mournful tidings came;
That round his friends, on danger, danger grows,
Who claim his aid encompass'd by the foes.
With his huge weighty sword, without delay,
Thro' bleeding ranks he cleaves an ample way.
Thee, Turnus, thee he seeks along the plain,
Proud of the spoils of hapless Pallas slain.
The genial feast, the son, the sire combin'd,
Leagues, friendship, all, came rushing on his mind.
Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens, bred,
Unhappy victims! destin'd to the dead,
He seiz'd alive, to offer on the pyre,
And sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral fire.
At Magnus next his furious spear he cast,
But o'er his head the quiv'ring weapon past:
The wretch embrac'd his knees, and try'd with art,
To bend his stern, inexorable heart.
"By thy dead father's shade, thy suppliant spare!
By all the hopes of thy surviving heir!
Preserve, victorious prince, this life alone,
To glad a longing father and a son!
High in my dome are silver talents roll'd,
With piles of labour'd and unlabour'd gold,
These, to procure my ransom, I resign;
The war depends not on a life like mine!
One, one poor life, can no such diff'rence yield,
Nor turn the mighty balance of the field!" [store
"Thy talents" (cry'd the prince), "thy treasur'd
Keep for thy sons; but talk of terms no more.
Your chief, when Pallas he depriv'd of breath,
Left no conditions but revenge and death.
So deems my living son; my sire below;
And, from this sword, demand the life of ev'ry foe."
This said; he seiz'd his helm; and, while he pray'd,
Deep bury'd in his neck the flaming blade.
Apollo's priest, illustrious Æmon's son,
In purple robes and radiant armour shone.
The sacred fillets bind his brows in vain!
Swift flies the gaudy warrior o'er the plain.
Beneath the prince the hapless victim dies,
And fate in endless slumber seals his eyes.
Serestus strips his arms; a costly load;
A trophy destin'd to the Thracian god[1].
Umbro, the Marsian chief, exerts his might,
And valiant Cæculus renews the fight,
Against the prince he warms the troops in vain!—
He pours, he storms, he thunders through the plain;
Lops warlike Anxur's arms; the hand and shield
Drop down, an useless burthen on the field.

[1] Mars.

Before he vaunted, and he seem'd to rise
In his proud thought, exalted, to the skies.
But ah! in vain he rais'd his haughty mind
With the fond hope of years on years behind!
In arms great Tarquitus all blazing stood,
Sprung from a Dryad and a Sylvan god.
Full in the hero's front he dar'd appear;
But through his shield and corslet flew the spear.
Then as he pray'd, and begg'd his life in vain,
He lopp'd his head, that roll'd along the plain.
The trunk still beating on the ground below,
Thus in proud triumph spoke his conq'ring foe:
"Lie, mighty warrior, there! no mother's hand
Shall now inter thee in thy native land;
But hungry beasts thy wretched corse shall tear,
The fishes of the flood, and fowls of air."
Lycas and brave Antæus next he kill'd,
Fierce as they fought, the champions of the field.
Numa, and fair Camertes, then he slew,
Who from bold Volscens his proud lineage drew.
By far the wealthiest of the Latian train;
And soft Amyclæ own'd his easy reign.
And as, of old, the huge Ægeon stood
Engag'd in battle with the thund'ring god;
Shook high Olympus with the dire alarms,
And wag'd the war with all his hundred arms;
Long flames from fifty mouths the fiend expires
Back to the skies, and answers fires with fires;
As many shining swords he shook, and held,
Oppos'd to ev'ry bolt, a pond'rous shield.
So, when his reeking sword in blood was dy'd,
Fought the brave prince, and rag'd on ev'ry side.
Now fierce he rush'd against Nyphæus' car,
Who shone conspicuous in the ranks of war;
With wild affright the startled steeds beheld
The tow'ring hero blazing o'er the field;
Flew back, and cast their master on the plain;
Then whirl'd the bounding chariot to the main.
Liger and Lucagus next came in view: [flew;
Drawn by white coursers, thro' the troops they
Two haughty brothers; that the coursers sway'd;
This brandish'd high in air the glitt'ring blade.
Their threats the Trojan chief disdain'd to hear,
Rush'd on, and shook aloft the pointed spear.
"No Phrygian fields are these," (proud Liger said)
"Nor these the steeds of Argive Diomede;
You 'scape not this, as once Achilles' car;
Here ends thy life, and here shall end the war!"
Thus the mad boaster—but, devoid of fear,
The prince, in answer, lanch'd his whizzing spear.
Then, while the brother, bending o'er the horse,
With his keen jav'lin urg'd the fiery course,
And, with one foot protended, rush'd to fight,
The lance, that instant, wing'd its fatal flight;
Beneath the shining margin of the shield,
Swift through the groin the pointed jav'lin held.
Down sinks the warrior with a dreadful sound,
And, grim in death, lies grov'ling on the ground.
The conqu'ring prince beheld him as he bled,
And thus, in scornful terms, bespoke the dead:
"Nor were your coursers slow; nor vain affright
At empty shadows turn'd your steeds to flight;
Yourself, brave Lucagus, forsook the car,
And, vaulting on the field, declin'd the war!"
This said; he seiz'd the coursers by the rein;
When thus the brother, cast upon the plain,
With lifted hands implor'd the chief in vain;
"Now, by thyself, thy mercy I implore;
By those who such a godlike hero bore;
This forfeit life, divine Æneas, spare,
And with soft pity listen to my pray'r."—
"In far, far diff'rent terms you talk'd before;
Die then," (replies the prince). "and plead no more;
Go!—'tis a brother's part—in duty go,
And wait thy brother to the realms below!"
He rais'd his sword aloft, as thus he said,
And in his bosom plung'd the pointed blade.
Thus, like a storm or torrent, o'er the ground
He rush'd, and spread the slaughter wide around;
Till from their works, so long besieg'd in vain,
Break forth Ascanius and the Trojan train.
While thus the battle bled; imperial Jove
Address'd his consort in the realms above,
As both from Heav'n survey'd the deathful scene;
"Say, sister-goddess, and my beauteous queen,
Still, is it still your thought, that Venus' care
Supports her favour'd Trojans in the war?
See! how the martial bands increase in might!
Strong from their wounds! and vig'rous for the fight!
Can such brave heroes, who such dangers prove,
Depend for succour on the queen of love?"
"And why, my lord," submissive, she rejoin'd,
"These words severe, to rack my anxious mind?
Did still your love (as sure it should) remain,
A wife and sister might not plead in vain,
That from the field poor Turnus may retire,
Exempt from death, and glad his longing sire.—
But let him die, since Jove has so decreed!—
To glut the Trojan vengeance, let him bleed!—
And yet his birth might some distinction claim,
Since from our own celestial line he came.
To thy great name due honours has he paid,
And rich oblations on thy altars laid."
Thus spoke the suppliant queen; and thus replies,
In brief, th' almighty sov'reign of the skies:
"If 'tis your pray'r to spare his forfeit breath,
By a short respite of approaching death;
Snatch him this instant from the fatal hour.
This grace we grant him;—and we grant no more.
For if you beg his destin'd life to spare;
Or turn the course and fortune of the war;
Vain your request, and vain your hope appears."
To whom once more, the pensive queen, with tears:
"And what, my lord, if you reverse the doom?
Spare the dear youth, and save him from the tomb!
Ev'n from your soul this grace if you will give,
(Which scarce you promise) that he yet may live!
Ah! now I see, or in my fears portend,
The guiltless youth approaching to his end!
But may those fears, my sov'reign lord, be vain,
And your almighty pow'r recall his doom again!"
This said; with momentary speed she flies,
Wrapt in a winged whirlwind, down the skies;
In sable storms she drives the clouds before;
Then to the fields of fight her course she bore;
There, in Æneas' shape, a figur'd shade
Of light impassive air, the goddess made.
A Trojan spear the spectre seem'd to wield,
Wore a proud crest and imitated shield!
And spoke with empty words, in vaunting strain,
And, like the chief, came tow'ring o'er the plain.
(Such are the fleeting forms in visions bred,
And such the gliding spectres of the dead.)
The threat'ning phantom made his bold advance,
On Turnus call'd, and shook his airy lance.
The Daunian prince his sounding jav'lin threw;
While, with dissembled fear, the phantom flew.

Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
Burn'd with new hopes, and thus, exulting, said:
"Flies then Æneas, to his fears resign'd,
And leaves a princess' royal bed behind?—
The land, for which he cross'd the stormy wave,
This arm shall give—and here he finds a grave!"
Then shook his sword, and chas'd him thro' the war;
But his short triumph soon was lost in air!
By chance a ship stood anch'or'd by the shore,
(Which late, from Clusium, king Osinius bore)
Close shelter'd by a rock, that breaks the tides;
The planks were laid, to climb her lofty sides.
Swift to her darksome hold the shade withdrew;
As swift glad Turnus to the vessel flew.
That instant Juno cut the cords away,
Unmoor'd the bark, and launch'd her on the sea.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends whole squadrons to the ghosts below.
No more for shelter now the phantom flies,
But mounts aloft, and mixes with the skies.
While Turnus far in open ocean sails,
(The vessel wafted by the rising gales)
Many a long look, back on the battle bends,
And hears the cries of his forsaken friends:
On such hard terms abhors to live, and rears
His hands and voice, in anguish, to the stars:
"What are my crimes, almighty Jove, that claim
This endless infamy to blast my name?
This dreadful doom is too severe by far;
This load of life is more than I can bear!
Whence came I here? and whither am I borne?
How could I fly?—ah! how shall I return?
Oh! with what eyes can I behold again
Yon regal walls, or yon deserted train?
How will my friends pursue my name with hate?
By me, their worthy chief, expos'd to fate!
Those friends (ye gods) I left on yonder plain,
In my curs'd cause and quarrel, to be slain!
Ha!—now I see 'em fly, or bite the ground!—
I hear, I start at ev'ry dying sound!
What, what can now be done?—on land or sea
What gulf will open for a wretch like me?
Ye winds, ye storms, your pity I implore,
Drive, drive my bark on some rough rocky shore,
Where, nor my friends, nor fame, may ever find
me more!"
This said; the prince debates, by shame oppress'd,
Whether to plunge the falchion in his breast;
Or from the vessel leap amid the main,
Swim back and mingle in the fight again.
Thrice on each bold resolve his soul was bent;
And thrice great Juno check'd the rash intent.
The goddess wafts him down, secure from harms,
Lands, and restores him to his father's arms.
Mezentius now, inspir'd by Jove's commands,
Succeeds the chief, invades the Trojan bands.
On him, and him alone, the Tuscans ran,
With all their darts; an army on a man.
But, like a rock, the dire alarms he stood;
A rock, whose sides project into the flood;
That hears, above, the furious whirlwind blow,
And sees the frothy billows break below;
But stands unmov'd, majestically high,
And braves the idle rage of ocean and the sky.
First Dolicaon's son the monarch slew;
Next on the trembling Latagus he flew;
Fierce in his hand a pond'rous stone he took,
And on his visage dash'd the broken rock,
Then drove thro' Palmus' knee the pointed steel:
And left the warrior grov'ling where he fell.
His glitt'ring arms young Lausus' shoulders spread,
And the plum'd helmet nodded o'er his head.
Next Evas bleeds beneath his vengeful spear,
With Mimas, Paris' friend and bold compeer;
Theano bore him when the queen of Troy,
Pregnant with flame, produc'd the fatal boy;
Yet in his native land was Paris slain!
But hapless Mimas on a foreign plain!
And as some mighty boar, who long has fed
High on the rough aërial mountain's head,
Chas'd by the hounds, shoots down the hanging brow
With speed impetuous to the vale below;
When on the toils the furious monster flies,
O'er his bent back the starting bristles rise;
Stopp'd and entangled, now he foams with ire;
Now his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
The clam'rous hunters, cautious to engage,
With shouts and darts a distant combat wage;
He turns, he grinds his teeth; and, void of fear,
Shakes his huge sides, and sheds the scatter'd war.
Thus (though inflam'd with just revenge they stand)
None dare engage the monarch hand to hand;
But from afar their missile darts they fling,
And with loud shouts provoke the raging king.
Acron, of Argive race, for fame had fled
The joys of love, and left the spousal bed.
In purple plumes he tow'r'd, with gaudy pride,
Grac'd with the favours of his beauteous bride.
The Tuscan king beheld him from afar,
Scatt'ring the ranks, and glitt'ring through the war;
As when a lion, that, with hunger bold,
Roams grimly round the fences of the fold,
Spies a tall goat, the chief of all the train,
Or beamy stag, high-stalking o'er the plain;
His horrid mane he rears, he runs, he flies,
Expands his jaws, and darts upon the prize;
The prize he rends, with a tremendous roar,
And, growling, rages in a foam of gore:
Thus, on th' embattled foes, Mezentius flew,
And Acron in the pride of beauty slew.
His gushing blood the broken dart distains,
And, as he falls, he spurns the hostile plains.
Now round the king the growing slaughter spread,
Who scorn'd to kill Orodes as he fled;
But, with preventive speed, Mezentius ran,
Turn'd short, and bravely fought him, man to man;
Then press'd him with his foot and lance; and thus
cries;
"Behold, behold, my friends, no vulgar prize!
Lo! vanquish'd by your king, the great Orodes dies."
A sudden transport fires the martial train,
And shouts of triumph echo round the plain.
When thus the dying chief: "Insulting foe!
Soon, like my own, shall thy proud head lie low.
Vengeance is on the wing; black fate is nigh;
And here, e'en here, art thou fore-doom'd to die"—
"However, die thou first!" the king reply'd,
(All grimly smiling with disdainful pride;)
"And let your boasted Jove for me provide."
Then from the corse the bloody dart he drew;
The shades of death came hov'ring o'er his view.
Slow, in dim mists, the heavy vapours rise,
And in eternal slumber seal his eyes.
Now by brave Cædicus, Alcathous fell;
Hydaspes sunk beneath Sacrator's steel;
His weighty spear the valiant Rapo threw,
And mighty Orses and Parthenius slew.
Clonius the next by Neptune's son was slain,
And Ericetes press'd the bloody plain:

This, on the ground, the godlike hero kill'd;
That, his mad courser cast upon the field.
Next, Tuscan Valerus, as Agis strode
Before the ranks, thy jav'lin drank his blood.
Thy falchion, Salius, pierc'd Atronius' side;
The hapless victor by Nealces dy'd,
Skill'd or to dart the lance, or bend the bow,
And reach from far the unsuspecting foe.
The god of war, in equal balance, held
The rage, the woes, and slaughters of the field.
Fix'd on the spot, the troops disdain to fly;
By turns, the vanquish'd and the victors die.
From realms of light, th' immortal pow'rs inclin'd
Their eyes, and mourn the havoc of mankind!
Here Heav'n's imperial queen, and Venus, there,
Lean forward from the sky to view the war;
While pale Tisiphone, with dire alarms, [arms.
Inflames the rising rage, and calls the hosts to
Now his vast spear aloft Mezentius held;
Haughty and high he moves, and blazes o'er the
So through mid ocean when Orion strides, [field.
His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides:
So, when he grasps in his tremendous hand
Some mountain oak, and stalks along the land,
Above the clouds his ample shoulders rise,
And his huge stature heaves into the skies!
Æneas mark'd the hero from afar,
And through the ranks rush'd furious to the war.
The hero stands collected in his might,
Defies the godlike prince, and waits the fight.
Soon as he saw the mighty chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance:
"Now, now, my spear, and conqu'ring hand," he
"(Mezentius owns no deity beside!) [cry'd,
Assist my vows; succeed my martial toils,
To strip yon pirate of his bloody spoils.
Thou, Lausus! thou, Æneas' arms shalt bear,
A living trophy of my deeds in war!"
He said, and hurl'd the jav'lin o'er the field,
That sung and glanc'd obliquely from the shield;
But held its furious course, and, turning wide,
Drove deep the point in great Antores' side:
The great Antores (an illustrious name)
Evander's guest, from ancient Argos came;
Late in th' Arcadian court he made abode;
Alcides' former friend, and partner of the god:
But now, unhappy!—by another's wound
He bleeds, he falls, he welters on the ground;
And, while he cast to Heav'n his swimming eyes,
Turns his last thoughts on Argos, as he dies!
Next, his strong lance the pious Trojan cast;
Swift through the shining orb the jav'lin pass'd,
Through linen plaits, a triple brazen fold,
And three bull-hides, around the buckler roll'd;
Deep pierc'd his groin, and there its fury stay'd—
The streaming blood the chief with joy survey'd;
Then from the sheath the shining falchion drew,
And furious on the wounded monarch flew.
This sees brave Lausus, his illustrious son,
Fears for his danger, and forgets his own;
And, while grief, rage, and love, his bosom fire,
Sighs, weeps, and runs, to disengage his sire.
Here then, if future times will credit give,
Thy praise, heroic youth! shall ever live;
Poor, pity'd youth!—in life's first early bloom,
Snatch'd from the world, and hurry'd to the tomb!
Encumber'd by the spear that pierc'd the shield,
With tir'd, slow steps, the monarch quits the field:
Forth springs the son against the Trojan lord,
And rush'd beneath the long-descending sword;
Flies to prevent the meditated blow,
And guard his bleeding father from the foe.
His friends, with darts, the prince at distance ply,
And with their loud applauses rend the sky.
The hero rages, as the jav'lins play'd,
And lies collected in the buckler's shade.
As when the rattling hail, impetuous, pours,
And the wide field smokes with the rushing show'rs,
To the safe shelving banks the swains repair,
Or to some cavern'd rock; and, shelter'd there,
Wait till the furious tempest break away;
And then renew the labours of the day.
So, ply'd by show'rs of jav'lins from afar,
The chief sustain'd the tempest of the war
On his broad shield; and thus the godlike man
Exhorts, and begs, and threats, the youth in vain;
"Whither, to death, ah! whither wouldst thou
run,
And tempt a hand far mightier than thy own?
Ah! yet, poor Lausus! from the field remove;
You fly to ruin, urg'd by filial love."
He warn'd in vain! the youth the prince defies;
Till all his dreadful wrath began to rise;
The fates prepare their shears; the Dardan lord
Unsheaths, and whirls aloft the thund'ring sword:
The thund'ring sword, with all his force apply'd,
Furious he drove, and bury'd in his side.
The thrilling point, with boundless rage impress'd,
Pierc'd the light buckler, and the golden vest,
Which his fond mother's hands embroider'd o'er;
And his fair breast was stain'd with crimson gore:
The pensive spirit leaves the corse behind,
Flies to the shades, and mixes with the wind.
But, when the pious godlike prince of Troy
Saw the pale visage of the hapless boy
In death's last agonies; a groan he drew
Deep from his heart, nor cou'd he bear the view.
His soul now melts with stern Mezentius' woe,
And in the wretched sire forgets the foe.
Then to the boy he reach'd his hand, and said,
"To worth like thine, what honours can be paid?
Lamented youth, too early lost! receive
The solc reward a gen'rous foe can give:
Lo! I restore thy arms, unhappy boy!
Thy sword and buckler, late thy only joy:
Yet, Lausus, ev'n in death, be this your pride,
That by the great Æneas' hand you dy'd."
Then round the corse he calls his social train,
And rears himself the warrior from the plain.
But ah! how chang'd!—with blood disfigur'd o'er;
And his fair tresses all deform'd with gore!
Meantime, retir'd to Tyber's flow'ry bounds,
In the cool stream to bathe his glowing wounds,
The wretched father (father now no more!)
In sullen sorrow rested on the shore;
Lean'd on an oak, with pain and anguish stung,
And from a bough his brazen helmet hung.
His heavier arms lie scatter'd o'er the plain;
Round the sad monarch wait the duteous train:
As (o'er his breast his hoary beard declin'd)
The chief enjoy'd the freshness of the wind;
Much of his Lausus, asks the pensive sire;
Sends oft in vain, and warns him to retire.
When lo! his soldiers bear him on a shield,
Pale, stretch'd in death, and breathless, from the
field.
Deep in his side appear'd the grisly wound;
His groaning friends attend, and mourn around.
Far off, that peal of groans the father knew,
And dust o'er all his hoary locks he threw;

To Heav'n, in agonies of anguish, spread
His hands; and, hov'ring o'er, embrac'd the dead:
"And oh! can life" he cry'd, "such pleasure give?
And bleeds my Lausus, that his sire may live?
Have I then lost thy life, and sav'd my own?
Sav'd by the death of my dear murder'd son!
In my defence could such a son expire?
A son like him, for such a guilty sire!
Now, now, I feel an exile's woe; the smart
Of this deep wound lies raging at my heart!
'Tis keen, 'tis sharp, 'tis terrible at last!
Nor half the bitterness of life is past!
On thy fair fame, my son, I left a stain,
Driv'n by my people from my native reign;
To them, to thee, my murder'd child! I owe
All, all the deaths such guilt shou'd undergo,
And yet I live, and see the golden light!
But soon will leave it, for I loath the sight!"
This said; with rage and valour boiling high,
The monarch rear'd him on his halting thigh;
And tho' his wound retards him in his speed,
He calls impatient for the warrior steed;
The steed, his pride, his solace, and delight,
That bore him still victorious from the fight.
Then, as he droop'd, and hung his pensive head,
He clapp'd the gen'rous horse, and thus he said:
"Rhœbus, we long have liv'd (if length there be
In mortal life)—'tis now too long for me!
Soon shalt thou bear me from the bloody fray,
And bring Æneas' head and spoils away;
With thy lov'd lord on you detested plain,
Avenge my son, my darling Lausus slain,
And share together in the dire debate,
One common conquest, or one common fate.
For thou wilt scorn, I trust, the rule abhorr'd,
And the base burden, of a Phrygian lord."
This said; the hero mounts the gen'rous horse,
And to the foe directs his furious course.
High on his head the crested helm he wore,
And in his hands the steely jav'lins bore.
His conscious valour, his recoiling shame,
Grief, wrath, and fury, set his soul on flame.
Thrice on Æneas' name he calls from far,
Who hears the challenge, and accepts the war.
"So may great Jove, and he, the god of light,
Inspire thy soul, to stand the proffer'd fight!"
The hero cry'd; then made his bold advance,
Fierce o'er the field, and shook the flaming lance.
"And why," reply'd the king, "this vaunting strain?
The father perish'd, when the son was slain!
Strike then, and use thy present fortune;—
Death, and the fabled gods, I scorn alike, [strike—
No more—I came to die; but first bestow
This parting present on the murd'rous foe."
Swift as the word, the vengeful dart he sped;
Lance after lance, in swift succession, fled;
Then, in a spacious ring, he rode the field,
And vainly ply'd th' impenetrable shield;
Thrice round the chief in rapid circles flew,
And at each flight a pointed jav'lin threw.
Collected in himself, the hero bears,
On the broad shield, a rising grove of spears.
But now the prince, impatient of delay,
So long to tug dart after dart away,
Prest and fatigu'd with such unequal fight,
(At length determin'd to display his might)
Springs forth; and aims his jav'lin's furious course
Betwixt the temples of the fiery horse.
Stung to the brain the horse begins to rear,
Paw with his plunging feet, and lash the air.
Headlong at last, and madding with the steel,
Full on the shoulder of his lord he fell.
The hosts with clamours tempest all the skies.
With his drawn sword the fierce Æneas flies:
"And where is now the lofty strain," he cry'd,
"Of stern Mezentius, and the scornful pride?"
With half-recover'd life, the king replies
(And, as he speaks, stares wildly at the skies;)
"Why, why, insulting foe, this waste of breath
To souls determin'd, and resolv'd on death?
In that fond hope to battle did I fly;
And fought far less to conquer than to die.
My son, when slaughter'd in the martial strife,
Made no such contract for his father's life;
A worthless gift to live at thy command!
Nor wou'd I take it from his murd'rer's hand!
But, if a vanquish'd foe this grace may crave,
Oh! let me find the refuge of a grave!
Too well my subjects' vengeance have I known;
Then guard my corse; and lay me by my son.
Grant, grant that pleasure, e'er I yield my breath,
To share his dear society in death!"
This said; the willing warrior to the foe
Extends his throat, and courts the fatal blow.
The sanguine stream his radiant armour dy'd;
The soul came rushing in the purple tide.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosities between Turnus and Drances. In the meantime there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is killed; and the Latin troops are entirely defeated.

Now, o'er the waves, Aurora rais'd her head:
The chief (though eager to inter the dead,
And to the wretched father's arms to send
The relics of his dear departed friend)
First to the gods discharg'd a victor's vows,
And bar'd an oak of all her verdant boughs.
High on a lofty point the trunk he plac'd,
Which with Mezentius' radiant arms he grac'd;
The shiver'd lances that the monarch bore,
The plumy crest that dropp'd with recent gore;
The cuirass next; transfixt in ev'ry part
By the keen jav'lin, or the flying dart.
Then on the left, the brazen shield was ty'd;
And the dread sword hung glitt'ring at the side.
Thus the rich spoils he rais'd aloft in air,
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Then to his arms, a glad triumphant train,
Assembled round their chief, the prince began:
"Dismiss your fears; the high exploit is o'er;
The great, the stern Mezentius is no more!

Lo! where an omen of success he stands!
The glorious trophy of your leader's hands!
When Heav'n permits, our standard to display,
To yon proud town, intrepid, break your way;
And let your eager hopes, devoid of care,
Fore-run the happy fortunes of the war.
Now let our slaughter'd friends in earth be laid,
The last, last honours we can pay the dead!
On those brave souls be fun'ral rites bestow'd,
Who bought this country with their dearest blood:
But first the cold remains of Pallas send
To his sad father, our unhappy friend;
Since the dire chance of war, in early bloom,
Condemns the valiant hero to the tomb!"
Then to the tent his hasty course he sped,
Where old Acœtes sits, and guards the dead.
Evander's 'squire of old, in fields he shone:
A far less prosp'rous comrade to the son!
His friends, his soldiers, and the menial train,
With tears bemoan the blooming hero slain.
With lamentable cries, and hair unbound,
The Trojan dames in order stand around.
Soon as Æneas past the lofty door,
With louder groans the warrior they deplore:
They beat their breasts; tears gush from ev'ry eye;
The rich pavilions to their shrieks reply.
His head now rais'd; the pious prince of Troy
Saw the pale features of the hapless boy;
Saw the wide wound amidst his ivory breast;
And, with a flood of tears, the dead address'd:
"Lamented youth! could fortune then intend
To bless my arms, but rob me of my friend?
My friend, I hop'd, (but ah! that hope was vain!)
Wou'd share the glories of my op'ning reign,
And, gay with conquest, glad his sire again.
Far other promise to that sire I pass'd!
Nor thought thy first, first warfare was thy last:
Then, when he sent me to my high command,
The good old king, at parting, grasp'd my hand,
And told, with all a friend's and father's care,
With what fierce nations we must wage the war.
Now for his son, perhaps, he loads the shrine,
And decks the fane of ev'ry pow'r divine;
While, with vain pomp and many an empty rite,
We bring him back his *Pallas from the fight*,
Pale, stretch'd in death; and, in his latest hour,
Disclaim'd by ev'ry ruthless heav'nly pow'r!
"Now, for these triumphs, must thy mournful eye
See the sad fun'ral of thy son go by!
Such, hapless monarch, are the spoils we send!
Such, the vain boast and promise of thy friend!
And yet he fell, by Turnus' arms oppress'd,
His wounds all fair, and honest, on the breast!
Better, than to prolong by shame his breath!—
Then hadst thou curs'd thy age, and wish'd for death:
Ah! what a chief have our confed'rate host,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"
Thus, while a stream of tears he shed in vain,
He bids them raise the body of the slain.
A thousand warriors from the host he chose,
To wait the pomp, and share the father's woes,
The due funereal honours to complete;
A slender solace for a loss so great!
Soft bending twigs they weave; with care they spread
The swelling foliage o'er the verdant bed,
And decent on the bier dispose the dead.
There like a flow'r he lay, with beauty crown'd,
Pluck'd by some lovely virgin from the ground:
The root no more the mother earth supplies;
Yet still th' unfaded colour charms the eyes.
Two rich embroider'd robes Æneas brought,
Robes, which of old the Tyrian princess wrought.
One, round the body of the youth he spread,
His last, last gift! and one adorn'd his head,
Drawn o'er his face, that when the flames aspire,
With the fair locks may feed the crackling fire.
Next, in a line, darts, helms, and steeds, appear,
Won by himself; the prizes of the war.
Then with their pinion'd hands the captives came,
Unhappy youths!—devoted to the flame!
With fair inscriptions of the foes he slew,
The noblest chiefs, his glorious trophies drew.
Supported by his friends, with woes oppress'd,
Acœtes rends his locks, and beats his breast;
This moment, pauses; then, in sorrow drown'd,
Breaks from their arms, and grovels on the ground.
All cover'd o'er with blood, succeeds a train
Of hostile ears, in honour of the slain.
Stripp'd of his trappings, and his head declin'd,
Æthon, his gen'rous warrior-horse, behind,
Moves with a solemn, slow, majestic pace;
And the big tears run rolling down his face.
These, the young hero's lance and helmet bear;
The rest, the victor seiz'd, the spoils of war.
The Trojans, Tuscan, and Arcadian train
Trail their inverted jav'lins on the plain.
The pomp all past; thus good Æneas said,
With a deep groan, low bending o'er the dead;
"Hail, mighty spirit, hail!—with dire alarms,
The fates recall us to the rage of arms,
And to new scenes of woe thy friends compel:—
Farewel, brave prince, a long and last farewel."
This said; the mournful chief, without delay,
Back to the lofty ramparts bent his way.
Now from the Latian court a train were sped,
With wreaths of verdant olives on their head;
Who ask a truce, to search th' ensanguin'd plain,
And decent in their graves dispose the slain:
Beg, that his wrath in conquest may be laid,
Nor wage a war, relentless, with the dead;
But spare their nation, late by social ties,
By plighted love, and friendship, his allies.
The godlike hero grants their just request;
And in these words his gen'rous soul express'd:
"What fate, ye Latians, urg'd your minds so fat,
To shun our friendship, for this wasteful war?
Glad would I grant the truce, you ask for those
Who dy'd in *fight*, to my surviving foes.—
Had not the fates assign'd these realms before,
I had not sail'd to your Hesperian shore;
I wage the war but in my own defence;
Not with your people, but your perjur'd prince.
First, from his league, perfidious he withdrew;
Then to proud Turnus' arms for refuge flew.
But let proud Turnus stand ('tis just and right)
The terrours of this arm in single fight.
Would he repel the Trojans from the land?
Ev'n let him meet their gen'ral hand to hand!
Soon would he known, in combat when we strive,
Which Heav'n ordains to perish, or survive.
Go then, and burn your slaughter'd friends, that spread
The purple fields; I war not with the dead."
Struck with the gen'rous speech, they stood amaz'd,
And on each other, fixt in wonder, gaz'd;
When Drances, senior of the rev'rend train,
Th' inveterate foe of Turnus, thus began;

"How shall my tongue so great a prince proclaim,
Whom fame renowns; whose deeds transcend his fame!
Whose force and wisdom, or in war or peace,
Thought scarce can equal; and no words express!
Thy answer will we soon report, and bring
To thy alliance our deluded king:
And let rash Turnus other courts implore,
His sinking cause and int'rests to restore;
While we will lend our lab'ring hands with joy,
To raise this fated town, this second Troy."
He said; the rest assent with equal praise,
And fix the truce for twelve succeeding days.
Meantime the Latins and the Trojans rove
Safe o'er the hills, and mingle in the grove.
Now the tough ash the sounding axes ply;
Th' unrooted pines turn upward to the sky:
The wedge divides, with many a vig'rous stroke,
The scented cedar, and the pond'rous oak.
And, nodding o'er the cars, (a mighty load!)
The length'ning elms roll lumbering down the road.
Now fame, the messenger of sorrow, bears
The death of Pallas to the father's ears;
That on triumphant wings with pride, before,
The glorious tidings of his conquests bore. [stand
Straight rushing through the gates, the people
In ranks, a fun'ral torch in every hand.
The mingling blaze a dreadful splendour yields,
Flames to the skies, and lightens all the fields.
The Phrygian train approach, a solemn show!
And join the mourners in the public woe.
Loud shriek the matrons, as the corse appears,
And the whole city seems one scene of tears.
But nought the wretched father can restrain:
He breaks, all frantic, through the parting train;
Then on the bier his aged body threw,
And kiss'd his son, as to the corse he grew:
While from his eyes the gushing sorrows flow,
Fixt in a long dumb agony of woe.
A thousand things in vain he strove to say,
But scarce could these for anguish find their way:
"Is this thy promise then, my child, with care
And cool reserve, to mingle in the war?
Too well, alas! I knew how honour's charms
Wou'd fire thy youth to seek the rough alarms!
In these thy first essays, and rudiments of arms!
Oh! dire essays!—too fond was thy delight
To learn the dreadful lessons of the fight!
Where now are all my vows (my Pallas) where?
Ah! the stern gods grew deaf to ev'ry pray'r!
How blest art thou, dear partner of my bed,
Free from this stroke, among the happier dead!
Thee, Heav'n in mercy snatch'd to shades below;
Thee, death deliver'd from this scene of woe!
I, in the dregs of age, O cruel doom!
Usurp on nature, and defraud the tomb;
Still live, and drag a load of sorrows on!
Live—and (more terrible!) survive my son!
Me, in the battle, if the foes had slain,
When, with my force, I join'd the Trojan train,
I (as I should) had perish'd; and this state
On the dead father, not the son, shou'd wait!
Nor yet will I impute my murder'd boy
To you, O warriors! or my leagues with Troy:
'Twas not your crime, my friends, he fell so young;
No!—'tis the father's, who has liv'd so long,
With his slain son to blast his closing eye,
And wish, in bitterness of soul, to die.
Yet, though before his time the fates requir'd
My dear, dear boy; he gloriously expir'd!
Yet to the destin'd shore his friends he led,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the dead:
Ye gods! I'm satisfy'd—he perish'd *well!*
His father thanks you; for in fight *he fell!*
Nor will I add more honours to the boy,
Than those design'd him by the prince of Troy,
Those, the bold Tuscan hosts and heroes gave,
To wait the corse triumphant to the grave:
With those, his own bright trophies be his share,
Trophies of chiefs, he vanquish'd in the war.
Ah! to thy years, proud Turnus, had he ran,
Till age confirm'd the hero in the man,
Ev'n thou hadst stood conspicuous to the sight,
The most distinguish'd trophy of the fight.
But why with tears so long have I with-held
(Wretch that I am!) the soldiers from the field?
Go—tell your prince, that yet I breathe below,
And bear the world, a spectacle of woe!
(Robb'd of my age's pride, my only joy!)
'Tis, that I wait his vengeance for my boy,
His vengeance on proud Turnus' guilty head,
Due to the sad survivor and the dead.
'Tis all, himself, or fortune, now can give;
'Tis for that only, I endure to live.
Life has no joys for me; but I should go
Pleas'd with these tidings to my boy below!"
And now, to wretched men, the dawning ray
Restor'd their round of labours, and the day.
The Tuscan chief and Trojan prince command,
To raise the fun'ral structures on the strand.
Then to the piles, as ancient rites ordain,
Their friends convey the relics of the slain.
From the black flames the sullen vapours rise,
And smoke in curling volumes to the skies.
The foot thrice compass the high-blazing pyres;
Thrice move the horse, in circles, round the fires.
Their tears, as loud they howl at ev'ry round,
Dim their bright arms, and trickle to the ground.
A peal of groans succeeds; and Heav'n rebounds
To the mixt cries, and trumpet's martial sounds.
Some, in the flames, the wheels and bridles throw,
The swords and helmets of the vanquish'd foe.
Some, the known shields their brethren bore in vain,
And unsuccessful jav'lins of the slain.
Now round the piles the bellowing oxen bled,
And bristly swine; in honour of the dead,
The fields they drove; the fleecy flocks they slew,
And on the greedy flames the victims threw.
Around their friends the pensive warriors stand,
And watch the dying fires along the strand;
Many a long look they cast with streaming eyes,
And wait till dewy night had spangled o'er the skies.
Nor with less toil the busy Latian train
Erect unnumber'd structures for the slain;
Some, to their graves, with pious care commend;
Some to their native coast, and cities, send.
Some, of distinguish'd rank and high renown,
Are borne with fun'ral trophies to the town;
The rest, unhonour'd, to the fires they yield;
The huge promiscuous carnage of the field!
From the thick piles, the streaming flames arise,
Blaze o'er the fields, and kindle half the skies.
When the third morn disclos'd the dawning day,
They search'd the heaps, and bore the bones away:
In the warm ashes their remains they found,
Quench'd with their tears and bury'd in the ground;
Then o'er the relics rais'd a lofty mound.
But more tumultuous shrieks and clamours ring
Through the wide town, and palace of the king:

Boys, mothers, wives, and sisters, there complain
For fathers, children, lords, and brothers slain.
All with one gen'ral voice the war abhorr'd,
And the dire nuptials of the Daunian lord.
" Let him, whose boundless and ambitious pride
Aspires to gain a crown, and regal bride,
Let Turnus" (they exclaim) " in arms appear,
And with his single sword decide the war."
This Drances still inflames; and adds, with spite,
His godlike foe has dar'd him to the fight.
But Turnus to his side a number draws,
Who warmly plead the blooming hero's cause:
He stands supported by his former fame;
And the queen's favour shades his injur'd name.
'Midst these debates the pensive envoys bring
The final answer of th' Ætolian king—
Nor pray'rs, nor gifts, avail; but all the cost,
With all the fruitless embassy, was lost.
New succours must be sought; or peace implor'd,
In terms submissive, of the Trojan lord.
The Latian king, surrounded by his foes,
Sinks in despair, and bends beneath his woes.
The wrath of Heav'n, the recent tombs, that spread
The fields o'ercharg'd and peopled with the dead,
Point out the Trojan chief, ordain'd by fate
To sway the sceptre of the Latian state.
He calls a council; at the sov'reign's call
The peers, assembled, crowd the regal hall:
There, midst the rev'rend fathers of the state,
With mournful looks the hoary monarch sat;
The monarch bids th' embassadors report,
Distinct, their answer from th' Ætolian court.
Then, while attention held the solemn train,
With rev'rence due, sage Venulus began:
" Ye peers, a length of lands and perils past,
We saw the royal Diomede at last;
And touch'd, with wonder and respectful joy,
The mighty hand that rais'd imperial Troy.
There, blest with ease, the happy victor builds
A second Argos in the Gargan fields.
Straight to the court admitted, we begun,
And in submissive terms address'd the throne;
Present our gifts, our names and land disclose;
What war requir'd his aid; and who his foes.
When, with soft accents and a pleasing look,
Thus, in return, the gracious monarch spoke:
" 'Ye blest Ausonians! blest, from times of old,
By righteous Saturn, with an age of gold!
What madness rous'd you now with vain alarms,
From long hereditary peace, to arms?
All, all our Argive kings, who dar'd employ
Their swords to violate the tow'rs of Troy
(Those chiefs I pass that under Ilion dy'd,
Or Simois whelm'd beneath his roaring tide)
Toss'd round the world, in ev'ry distant clime,
Atone the guilt of that presumptuous crime.
From that dire war our desp'rate course we bore,
Each driven by tempests on a diff'rent shore.
Such scenes of sorrow not a foe could hear,
Nor Priam's self relate without a tear.
This truth Minerva's vengeful storm can tell,
When on Caphareus' rocks Oileus fell.
The Spartan lord[1], a banish'd wretch was hurl'd
To Proteus' pillars[2], in a distant world.
Ulysses, on the dread Sicilian coast,
Saw the grim Cyclops; and his comrades lost.
From Crete, Idomeneus, an exile, fled;
In his own realm, unhappy Pyrrhus bled.
To Libyan shores, the Locrian squadrons fly;
To flaming suns, that scorch the mid-day sky.
The king of kings[3], ill-fated! lost his life,
Stabb'd in his palace, by his trait'ress wife.
There the great victor of all Asia bled;
The proud adult'rer mounts his throne and bed.
Then, what long woes were mine? by Heav'n deny'd
To see my native realm, and beauteous bride?
For that blest sight, sad omens shock my eye;
Transform'd to birds, my comrades mount the sky,
Oh dire inflictions!—Now they wander o'er
The fishy floods, or scream along the shore.
From that curst moment all these woes were due,
When, fir'd with rage, against the gods I flew;
And, in the fight, my daring lance profan'd
(Mad as I was) immortal Venus' hand.
When Ilion fell, my vengeance then was o'er;
And with her ruins will I war no more.
My soul, now calm, no longer dwells with joy
On those misfortunes which we brought on Troy.
Bear back the presents, and the gifts you bring,
('Tis far, far safer) to the Trojan king.
For well, too well, the mighty chief I know,
And met in rigid fight the godlike foe;
Dreadful in arms he tow'r'd before the host;
Heav'ns! with how fierce a spring the lance he toss'd!
How, like a whirlwind, hurl'd it o'er the field!
How high he shook the sword, and rais'd the pond'rous shield!
Had Troy produc'd two more of equal fame,
Their conduct, courage, strength, and worth, the same;
All Greece had trembled thro' her hundred states;
Troy, with a tide of war, had turn'd the fates;
Pour'd o'er her plains, and thunder'd at her gates.
His conqu'ring sword, and Hector's valiant hand,
So long of old repell'd the Grecian band:
Their single valour sav'd their native wall,
And ten whole years suspended Ilion's fall.
Æneas shone his equal in the field;
But in his rev'rence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, my Latian friends; but oh! forbear
To tempt so terrible a foe to war.'—
This is the sum, great king, of what he said,
And this th' advice of royal Diomede."
Thus, of their charge, the legates made report;
Straight ran a mingled murmur through the court.
So when by rocks the torrents are withstood,
In deep hoarse murmurs rolls th' imprison'd flood;
Beats on the banks; and, with a solemn sound,
Works, foams, and runs in circling eddies round.
Soon as the noise was silenc'd from the throne,
(Heav'n first invok'd) the hoary prince begun;
" I wish, O rev'rend fathers, we had sat,
Before these perils, on th' endanger'd state:
Far better than a council now to call,
When Troy's embody'd pow'rs surround our wall!
An host of heroes to the fight we dare,
And wage with demigods a fatal war.
No toils their fiery ardour can restrain;
Though vanquish'd, straight they fly to arms again.
Our hopes of great Tydides' aid are flown;
And now must centre in ourselves alone:
Nor these how slender, need I here relate,
Since your own eyes behold our dang'rous state.

[1] Menelaus. [2] Egypt. [3] Agamemnon.

Not but, I grant, all fought with all their pow'r;
Arms, strength, and courage, could perform no more.
In the dire war has labour'd ev'ry hand,
With the whole force and numbers of the land,
But still in vain our efforts have we try'd;
Heav'n fights for Troy, and combats on her side.
Then hear attentive what my thoughts suggest—
A length of lands, far-stretching to the west,
Against Sicania, near the Tyber, lies;
Where, high in air, the tow'ring hills arise.
These tracts, th' Aurancians and Rutulians plough,
And feed their flocks along the bending brow.
These, with their woods, the Trojans shall possess,
And both the nations join in leagues of peace.
Since such their wish, ev'n let the warlike band
Raise a new town, and settle in the land.
But would they leave our Latian shores again,
And for some other region cross the main,
Twice ten strong vessels let us build, or more
(For thick the forests grow along the shore):
The form and number let themselves assign;
The work, the rigging, and the cost, be mine.
Yet more;—with peaceful olive in their hand,
An hundred peers and princes of the land,
To firm the sacred league, in solemn state,
With ample presents on their prince shall wait;
Rich gifts of gold, and polish'd ivory bear,
The robe of purple, and the regal chair.
Ye peers! with freedom these high points debate;
Speak, speak your minds, and save the sinking state."

Then Drances rose, a proud distinguish'd name,
With envy fir'd at Turnus' spreading fame.
His mother's blood illustrious splendours grace,
By birth as gen'rous as his sire was base.
Potent and rich, in factious counsels skill'd;
Bold at the board; a coward in the field;
Loud he harangu'd the court, and, as he rose,
These vile reproaches on the warrior throws:

"What you propose, great monarch, is so plain
To all the synod, that replies are vain.
But none dares speak; though all can understand
The sole expedient our affairs demand.
Let him, by whose unhappy conduct led,
For whose curs'd cause, so many chiefs have bled,
So many princes of our land lie low,
Till our whole city wears one face of woe,
Him, who pretends to storm a host, but flies,
While the proud boastful coward braves the skies;
Let Turnus (for I must, I will, pursue
The public good, though death is in my view)
Grant that high favour to this rev'rend train,
At least, of these our suff'rings to complain!
O king! to those rich gifts design'd before
For the great Trojan, add one present more:
One that your duteous senate must request,
And one he values more than all the rest.
By fear or violence no longer sway'd
Give to so brave a prince th' imperial maid;
By that sure pledge a lasting peace obtain;
Or know, the peace, without the pledge, is vain.
But should our king so bold a step disclaim,
Aw'd by the terrours of his rival's name;
To dreadful Turnus we prefer our pray'r
For his permission, to bestow the fair,
And to our prince and country to restore
Their rights, and bluster on the throne no more.
Why, for thy pride, our lives should we expose,
O fatal chief! the source of all our woes?
'Tis a destructive war; but, to be free.
From these long ills, we humbly sue to thee;
To thee, for peace are all our pray'rs apply'd;
And, the sole pledge of peace, the royal bride.
And first, myself, thy fancy'd foe, (a name
I scorn alike to own, or to disclaim)
Ev'n I, a suppliant, beg thy grace, to spare
Our bleeding country, and forsake the war.
In pity, prince, this wond'rous favour yield:
'Tis time, when routed, to renounce the field!
Too long have we bemoan'd our slaughter'd hosts,
Our lands dispeopled, and our wasted coasts.
If love of glory has thy soul possess'd,
If fame inspires, or courage warms thy breast;
If none can please thee, but a princess—go—
Meet in the listed field thy gen'rous foe.
Sure! if our worthy chief a queen can gain,
For us—no matter—we may well be slain!
Unwept, unbury'd, to the fowls resign'd;
The world's last dregs; the refuse of mankind!
We, worthless souls! were born for him alone,
And, from our necks, he mounts into the throne!
But go, proud warrior, if one spark remains
Of courage in thy soul, and warms thy veins;
Go—meet thy rival—answer his demand—
Go—fight the Trojan hero, hand to hand.
Yet the vain boaster soon, I trust, will fly,
Nor stand the terrours of that deathful eye!"

These scornful words the haughty youth engage
In all the fiery violence of rage;
Then, while a groan of indignation broke
Deep from his heart, the wrathful hero spoke:

"Drances, that tongue a stream of words can yield;
Then, when our hands are wanted in the field,
First in debate! but sure 'tis safer far
With words to flourish, than to wage the war;
To deal in long harangues, while walls enclose
Thee and thy fears; and guard thee from the foes.
Remov'd from danger, you can talk aloud,
And mouth and bellow to the list'ning crowd.
Proceed then, dastard, in thy wonted strain;
Throw forth a storm of eloquence again;
With all thy malice, all thy art, declaim,
And brand with cowardice my injur'd fame!
Since the full triumphs of the day are thine,
And thy own trophies stand as high as mine!
Try, try, this hour, thy courage; see! the foes
Advance, approach us, and our walls enclose:
Lo! in the battle all the troops are join'd!
Why halts the fiery Drances yet behind?
Shall all thy valour, wretch! consist so long
In those swift feet, and in that swifter tongue?
I routed, monster! and compell'd to fly?—
Who but thyself could forge that shameless lye?
Say, was I routed on yon deathful plain,
When Tyber's streams run purple to the main?
Where, wretch, didst thou sit brooding o'er thy fear,
When Pallas bled beneath my vengeful spear?
When, all in heaps, his vanquish'd troops retir'd
Before this arm, or round their lord expir'd.
Or where?—when both the giant brethren fell;
When thousands more my falchion plung'd to Hell
In one victorious day, tho' compass'd round
With foes, and press'd within the hostile mound?
All, all, but thou, stood witness to the sight!
Nor didst thou dare look out upon the fight!
'Tis a destructive war—Go, dastard, go,
And preach that rule you practise to the foe;

At once avow that int'rest you embrace:
Go, and alarm our friends, our arms disgrace;
But praise and honour a twice-vanquish'd race.
Tell, tell the crowd, how ev'ry Argive lord
And monarch trembled at the Phrygian sword;
That Tydeus' son, that Peleus' baffled heir,
Retir'd from Hector, nor could stand his war;
That Aufidus himself, with sudden dread,
When on his banks Æneas rais'd his head,
Ran back, astonish'd, to his native bed.
Such are his base suggestions, which appear
False as himself; or his dissembled fear
Of my revenge: that vanity resign:
Such blood shall never stain a sword like mine!
Still may thy soul dismiss that idle care,
Lurk in that abject breast, and tremble there!—
But to resume, O king! our great debate
(Your dread commands) the solemn cares of state:
Since on our arms no farther stress you lay,
But lose at once all courage, with the day;
If, on this one defeat, our hopes are o'er;
If all our future prospects are no more;
Gods! let us raise these coward hands, to gain
Peace, pardon, life; and court the victor's chain!
Yet, O ye princes! did the least remains
Of our bold fathers' courage warm our veins;
Those I should ever deem the truly great,
Those, who in fields of battle brave their fate;
Those, who, to 'scape that shame, with glory fir'd,
Bled; and, at once, triumphantly expir'd!
But since a yet unbroken force we find,
Confed'rate towns, and nations still behind;
Since Troy, so nobly by our troops withstood,
Has bought her glory with her dearest blood;
Since, in their turn, the tempest threatens all;
Since, with the vanquish'd, the proud victors fall;
Why, on our first attempt, this low despair?
This flight, before the trumpet calls to war?
Time oft has succour'd an endanger'd state [fate!
By some new change, and snatch'd her from her
Some kingdoms strange vicissitudes sustain;
Now crush'd by fortune, and now rais'd again!
What though th' Ætolian monarch has deny'd
To arm, and bring his forces to our side,
Yet, with Messapus, on our part appears
Tolumnius, still successful in the wars;
And many a glorious chief who lead their bands,
Impatient for renown, from distant lands.
Besides our Latian youth, of matchless might,
With glory fir'd, and eager for the fight,
The Volscian princess leads her valiant train,
All sheath'd in brazen armour, to the plain.
But since my foes and friends the fight demand;
The public peace no longer I withstand:
Full well the way to victory I know;
In that high hope, I'll dare this dreaded foe,
This new Achilles to the listed field,
In all his heav'nly arms, and huge Vulcanian shield!
Nor shall my deeds my ancestry disgrace,
Nor once degen'rate from my glorious race.
For you, O king! for you, my friends, for all,
Behold your self-devoted Turnus fall!
Me does my rival to the fight demand?
Grant, O ye gods! the challenge still may stand;
Nor let you wretch, however you decide
My fate, the danger or the fame divide."
Meantime Æneas, midst the high debate,
Leads on his eager troops to seize the gate.
The Trojan squadrons, and the Tuscan train,
March from the flood, embattled, o'er the plain.
Before the godlike prince, the loud report
Flew swift, and scar'd the city and the court;
The crowds all kindle at the dire alarms,
And, fir'd with martial fury, fly to arms.
The youth rush forth to war; the sires complain,
And strive to stop the growing rage in vain.
From either side the diff'rent murmurs rise,
And their tumultuous clamours rend the skies,
So ring the forests with the feather'd brood,
A thousand notes re-echoing through the wood:
So scream the swans on fair Padusa's bounds;
And down the waters float the mingling sounds.
"Is this an hour, cool methods to devise,
And talk of peace?" the fiery Turnus cries;
"Declaim, ye dastards, talk, ye triflers, on,
While the proud Trojan arms, and storms the town!"
He said; and rush'd impetuous to the plain;
"Lead, lead, brave Volusus, our Ardean train,
And summon to the fight the Volscian force;
Thou, thou Messapus, range th' embattled horse,
And join great Coras, and his brother's care,
Wide o'er the field to spread the op'ning war.
All, all, be ready; with divided pow'rs
Guard you the passes; you defend the tow'rs.
Bend you to battle; and, in firm array,
Attend your gen'ral where he leads the way."
The troops obey; and, gath'ring at the call,
Pour in tumultuous heaps to guard the wall.
The pensive father of the Latian state
(Confus'd, amaz'd) suspended the debate;
And his own conduct blames, that he resign'd
To the queen's counsel his compliant mind;
On such wrong motives rais'd an impious war,
And robb'd the Trojan of the promis'd fair.
To sink a trench before the gates, they run,
Fix the strong pile, and roll the pond'rous stone.
Alarm'd, and summon'd by the trumpet's sound,
Boys, maids, and matrons, crowd the ramparts round.
All aids these dire extremities demand,
Fire every heart, and strengthen ev'ry hand.
Now, with the queen, the matrons in a train
Ride with large presents to Minerva's fane:
Lavinia grac'd her side; the royal fair;
The guiltless cause of this destructive war.
To earth her streaming eyes the maid inclin'd;
In sad procession move the crowd behind.
They burn rich odours at the sacred shrine,
And seek, with suppliant pray'r, the pow'rs divine:
"Against the Phrygian pirate, lend thy aid,
O queen of battles! great Tritonian maid!
Break, break his jav'lin; let him meet his fate,
And grind the dust beneath our lofty gate!"
Meanwhile in arms the furious Turnus shone:
First, the brave hero drew the corslet on;
Thick scales of brass the costly work infold:
His manly legs he cas'd in greaves of gold.
Bare was his face; and, with a martial pride,
The starry sword hung glitt'ring at the side.
Bold and exulting, with a dauntless air,
The mighty chief anticipates the war;
In his fond hopes already has he won
The field, before the battle is begun.
The golden splendours, dazzling to the view,
Flash'd from his arms, and lighten'd as he flew.
So the gay pamper'd steed, with loosen'd reins
Breaks from the stall, and pours along the plains;
With large smooth strokes he rushes to the flood,
Bathes his bright sides, and cools his fiery blood;

Neighs as he flies; and, tossing high his head,
Snuffs the fair females in the distant mead;
At ev'ry motion, o'er his neck reclin'd,
Plays his redundant mane, and dances in the wind.
Him, at the gate, thus issuing to the plain,
Camilla meets with all her female train;
Leaps in a moment from her gen'rous steed;
The beauteous band alight with equal speed:
"Prince, if the bold and brave" (she cries) "may
Trust their own valour for success in war; [dare
Myself, with these, will stand the Trojan force;
Myself will vanquish all the Tuscan horse.
Guard thou the city, be that province thine;
But let the dangers of the field be mine."
"O queen! thy country's pride," the chief replies
(And on the dread virago fix'd his eyes);
"To such uncommon worth, heroic maid!
What thanks are due? what honours can be paid?
Since those, and death, you scorn with equal pride,
With me, the labours of the day divide.
The Trojan, bent his fraudful scheme to frame,
(In this my spies confirm the voice of fame)
Has sent, before, his active troops, who wield
The lighter arms, to scour along the open field.
Meantime himself, along the lofty crown
Of yon steep mountain, hastens to the town.
But, in the wood, an ambush I prepare,
And try to foil him in the wiles of war.
He lies imprison'd in that narrow strait;
And, if he moves, he rushes on his fate.
Go thou, supported by our Latian force,
Go—with spread ensigns meet the Tuscan horse,
Great Tybur's brothers, both renown'd in might,
With brave Messapus, wait thee to the fight.
Beneath thy care, shall march the martial band,
Fir'd by thy high example and command."
This said; each chief he rous'd to arms, and goes
With eager speed to circumvent the foes.
A winding vale there lay, within the shade
Of woods, by nature for an ambush made.
To this, a rough and slender passage led;
Above, a smooth and level plain was spread,
Unknown, and stretching o'er the mountain's head.
There safe, the soldier, to the left or right,
May dare th' ascending war, and urge the fight;
Roll rocky fragments from the craggy brow,
And dash the pond'rous ruins on the foe.
Hither the prince (for well he knew the way)
Flew, seiz'd the post, and close in ambush lay.
But now Latonia, in th' ethereal sphere,
For her Camilla touch'd with anxious fear,
Bespoke swift Opis, in a mournful strain,
A nymph, and one of her own virgin train:
"Alas! dear Opis, my Camilla goes
To seek the fatal war, and brave the foes;
See! where she rushes to the deathful plain,
And proudly wears Diana's arms in vain!
Still from my soul the darling maid I lov'd;
And time the growing fondness has improv'd;
E'er since stern Metabus, her hapless sire,
Forc'd by his rebel subjects to retire,
Fled from Privernum, his imperial town,
And lost his old hereditary crown.
Safe he convey'd, through crowds of raging foes,
His babe, the dear companion of his woes,
And call'd Camilla, from her mother's name;
And in his flight through wilds and deserts came;
The savage hills and woods he wander'd o'er,
And in his arms the lovely burthen bore;
While with their jav'lins, in an endless tide,
The Volscians press'd their prince on ev'ry side:
When lo! old Amasenus' streams delay
His course, and foam across the warrior's way:
For late, the flood, increas'd with sudden rains,
Had burst the banks, and floated half the plains:
First he resolves to swim, and gain the shore;
But love retards him, and the charge he bore.
Thus, while a thousand schemes divide his breast,
Sudden, on this, he fixes as the best:
His mighty pond'rous spear, of knotted oak,
Long harden'd in the flames, the monarch took;
To this strong lance the tender babe he bound,
With cork and pliant osiers wrapt around,
Then pois'd the loaded spear, in act to throw;
But for my favour first address'd his vow:
'To thee, chaste goddess of the forest wild,
Behold; a father dedicates his child;
She flies for refuge to thy pow'r divine,
And the first weapons that she knows are thine.
Thus then I send, to thy protecting care,
Thy little suppliant through the fields of air.'
This said; with all his force the lance he threw;
High o'er the roaring waves Camilla flew;
Then the bold warrior, press'd on ev'ry side
By his fierce foes, plung'd headlong in the tide,
The flood surmounted, and the jav'lin tore,
Charg'd with the sacred infant, from the shore.
Each town with stern unhospitable hate,
Against the wand'ring monarch shut her gate:
Nor could he bear (his scorn was grown so high)
To stand distinguish'd by the public eye.
From all society of men he fled;
A shepherd's life among the mountains led;
There with his daughter past the hours away,
In dens of beasts and savages of prey;
Sought ev'ry foster-mother of the wood,
And in her lips distill'd the milky food.
Soon as the little Amazon could go:
He on her shoulders hung a slender bow:
A small light quiver at her side she wore,
And in her hand a pointed jav'lin bore:
No rich embroider'd robes her limbs infold,
Nor were her waving locks adorn'd with gold.
The spoils of some fierce tiger wrapp'd her round,
That, from her head, hung trailing to the ground:
Ev'n then her tender hand the dart could fling,
Or whirl the pebble from the sounding sling,
Strike the long crane, or snowy swan, on high,
And fetch the tow'ring quarry from the sky.
Her charms surpris'd the Tuscan matron train,
Who court the huntress for their sons in vain.
Not all their courtship, nor their pray'rs, could
The maid, from sworn virginity, to love. [move
With Dian's love content, she keeps her vow:
She shoots my arrows, and she bends my bow.
Ah! from my soul I wish, the hapless fair
Had never mingled in the direful war!
Then still my darling might the maid remain,
The pride and glory of my virgin train!
But since her doom is seal'd, her fate is nigh,
Descend, my nymph, this instant from the sky.
To yonder plain, impetuous, bend thy flight,
Where, see! in arms she rushes on the fight.
Here, take my bow; and, from this dreadful sheath,
Draw forth the winged messenger of death.
And, who the sacred virgin shall destroy,
Or of the Latian bands, or sons of Troy,
With this keen arrow make my vengeance good;
Let him atone the sacrilege with blood.

Then will I bear the breathless maid away,
Her spoils and body in a cloud convey,
To the dark grave commend her dear remains,
And safe dispose 'em in her native plains."
The goddess said; the nymph obedient flies,
Wrapt in a sounding whirlwind down the skies.
Now to the walls (a close-embody'd force)
March the swift Trojan and the Tuscan horse;
Beneath their valiant chiefs, in thick array,
The troops embattled urge their fiery way.
Aloft the foaming coursers prance and bound,
Press on the rein, and proudly paw the ground.
Tremb'ling for joy, they hope the dire alarms;
The fields gleam dreadful with their waving arms.
Spears, nodding helms, and shields, with mingled flame round, and set the region in a blaze. [rays,
Nor with less speed, beneath Messapus' care,
The Latian troops pour furious to the war.
Full in the front the mighty Coras came,
With bold Catillus, to the field of fame.
O'er all distinguish'd in the martial scene,
Rode with her female train the Volscian queen,
Fierce to the fight the valiant troops advance,
Protend, and poise, and shake the flaming lance.
Thick clouds of dust their trampling feet excite;
Th' impatient coursers neigh, and snuff the distant fight.
At length, within a jav'lin's reach appear
Both hosts; and, shouting, join the horrid war;
Rouse to the fight their gen'rous steeds, and pour
Their darts incessant, in a rattling show'r.
In one dark storm the sounding lances fly,
Shade the bright Sun, and intercept the sky.
First horse to horse, and man to man oppos'd,
The bold Aconteus and Tyrrhenus clos'd;
Each eager warrior hurl'd the pointed spear,
And urg'd his courser in a full career;
The steeds, encount'ring with a thund'ring sound,
Shock; and Aconteus tumbles to the ground.
Swift, as discharg'd from the loud engine flies
The glowing stone, or lightning from the skies;
So swift the warrior, from his courser far,
Shoots with a spring, and breathes his fiery soul
Now all the Latian horse disorder'd run, [in air.
(Their shields slung back) tumultuous, to the town,
The chase with cries the joyful Trojans led,
With great Asylas thund'ring at their head.
Soon as they reach the walls, the rallying train
Rein round their steeds, and face the foes again.
Then, in their turn, the vanquish'd Trojans wheel'd,
And, pale with terrour, measur'd back the field.
Thus, in alternate tides, o'er all the strand
Swells the vast ocean, and invades the land.
Wave after wave, the waters mount on high,
Till o'er the rocks the foamy surges fly.
Then headlong, in her turn, the roaring main
Rolls back, impetuous, to her bounds again;
Rolls back, as rapid as she came before,
With all the floating trophies of the shore.
Twice the Rutulians to the city flew;
And twice they rally, and the foes pursue.
Till in the third assault the hosts engage;
Then burns the fight with unextinguish'd rage.
All, man to man, and breast to breast, oppos'd,
In one dire shock the charging squadrons clos'd.
Then bled the battle; and a load of slain,
Shields, helms, and jav'lins, cover'd wide the plain.
In a red deluge all the fields lie drown'd;
And cries and agonising groans resound
Of wounded warriors, lab'ring out their breath,
And coursers plunging in the pangs of death.

With cautious eyes, Orsilochus from far
Observ'd strong Remulus, and mark'd for war;
Nor durst approach the chief; but hurl'd the spear,
With all his strength, beneath his courser's ear.
Stung with the stroke, and madding with the wound,
He rears and paws in air, with many a bound,
And cast his hapless master on the ground.
Next bled Iolas by Catillus' steel;
By the same hand the huge Herminius fell;
All pale in death the mighty hero lies;
Vain were his giant arms, and giant size;
Th' intrepid chief (his head and shoulders bare,
Tall, and distinguish'd by his golden hair)
Tow'r'd in the front, the mark of all the war!
Through his broad shoulders past, the deadly wound
Contracts, and bends him double to the ground.
Now all the fields with crimson streams are dy'd;
And the vast carnage smokes on ev'ry side.
The charms of honour ev'ry bosom fire,
To win the day; or gloriously expire.
Her breast half-naked, through the direful scene
Of blood and slaughter flew the Volscian queen.
The shafts and quiver at her side appear,
The polish'd bow, and all Diana's war.
Now the swift dart with matchless might she cast;
Now with her axe she laid the battle waste:
Ev'n when she flies, she bends the backward bow,
And sends the winged vengeance at the foe.
Around, in pomp, her sister warriors ride,
All bright in arms, and combat side by side.
Her brazen pole-axe, there, Tarpeia wields;
And, here, Larina glitters o'er the fields;
Italian virgins; her supreme delight;
In peace her friends; her comrades in the fight.
So round their queen, Hippolyte the fair,
Or bold Penthesile's refulgent car,
Move the triumphant Amazonian train,
In bright array, exulting, to the plain.
Proudly they march, and clash their painted arms,
And all Thermodoon rings with proud alarms;
With female shouts they shake the sounding field;
And fierce they poise the spear, and grasp the moony shield.
Who first, who last, by thy victorious hand,
Heroic maid! sunk breathless on the sand?
First, Clytius' son, the great Eumenius, dies;
Through his broad breast the quiv'ring jav'lin flies;
Grimly he grinds the dust, distain'd with blood,
And rolls and welters in a crimson flood.
Liris and Pegasus at once are kill'd,
And both, transfix'd, fall headlong on the field;
One stoop'd, to reach his wounded courser's rein;
One flew, to prop his sinking friend, in vain!
Now Hippotas' brave son Amastrus fell;
And now she threatens, with the pointed steel,
Tereus the swift, Harpalycus the strong;
And drove in heaps the hostile chiefs along.
Demophoon, Chromis, fled her dreadful spear;
She pours, and hangs tempestuous in the rear.
Thus through the ranks of war she rag'd, and slew
A Phrygian foe with ev'ry dart she threw.
The mighty hunter, Ornytus, from far,
On his Apulian courser sought the war:
A bull's black hide his ample shoulders spread;
A wolf's rough spoils grinn'd horrid o'er his head:
A bended spear he brandish'd in his hand,
And tow'r'd conspicuous o'er the martial band.

With ease, as all the troops confus'dly fled,
She slew the foe, and thus insults the dead:
"Me, Tuscan, didst thou deem thy destin'd prey,
Like hunted game, the fortune of the day?
Lo! by a woman's arm, this fatal hour,
That boast is answer'd, and thy vaunts no more!
Go!—let thy sire the glorious tidings know;
Camilla sent thee to the shades below!"
Then on two Trojan chiefs, of giant size,
Butes, and tall Orsilochus, she flies.
But Butes, face to face, she brav'd in war;
Swift through the neck she drove the pointed spear,
Where the bright helm and corslet left a part,
To let in fate, wide open to the dart.
From fierce Orsilochus the virgin wheel'd
At first, in flight dissembled, round the field:
But, in a ring still lessening, to delude
The furious chief, she fled, till she pursu'd:
Then while, in vain, her circumvented foe
Implores his life; high-rising to the blow,
Cleaves his broad front with a redoubled wound;
The blood and brains rush smoking on the ground.
The son of Aunus cross'd her in her way,
And for a while stood trembling in dismay;
A wretch, that, like his own Ligurian line,
Could cheat, while fortune favour'd the design.
Soon as he found it vain to shun by flight
The female warrior, or maintain the fight;
Resolv'd to circumvent the hostile maid,
Thus to the queen the low dissembler said:
"Where is the mighty praise, to vaunt the force,
And trust the swiftness, of your rapid horse?
Dismiss your steed, vain maid! and let us stand
Engag'd in single combat, hand to hand,
Soon shall be known, proud princess, what you can,
When, on these terms, a woman fights a man."
Thus he:—the queen springs furious on the plain
From her fleet steed, and gives him to the train.
On foot she dares the dastard to the field,
Draws her bright sword, and grasps her maiden shield.
Flush'd with gay hopes, to find his fraud succeed,
He turns, he flies, and, to his utmost speed,
With goring spurs provokes his smoking steed.—
"Deluded fool!" (she cries, in lofty strain)
"On me thy little arts are try'd in vain;
Nor hence, ev'n yet, in safety shalt thou run,
To please thy sire with falsehoods like his own."
She said; and, springing with a fiery course,
The raging maid outstripp'd the flying horse;
Turn'd, seiz'd the reins; oppos'd in battle stood;
Then gluts her vengeance with his reeking blood.
Not with more ease the falcon, from above,
Shoots, seizes, gripes, and rends, the trembling dove;
All stain'd with blood, the beauteous feathers fly,
And the loose plumes come flutt'ring down the sky.
Meantime th' almighty sire of men and gods,
Enthron'd in high Olympus' bright abodes,
Surveys the war; the Tuscan chief inspires
With gen'rous rage, and fills with martial fires.
Through all the cleaving ranks, with eager speed,
Flies the bold Tarchon on his rapid steed;
Calls on each chief by name; adjures the train,
Leads, rallies, and inflames the troops again.
"Ye scandal of your race, your country's shame!
Warm'd with no honour, no regard of fame!
What fear, ye cowards, ev'ry breast controls,
Unnerves your limbs, and chills your trembling souls?
Thus then, from one flies all our scatter'd band!
Gods!—but from one, and from a female hand;
Oh! cast away the sword, the shield and spear;
The idle pomp and pageantry of war!—
Yet were you never recreants to delight,
Nor to the softer battles of the night;
When pipes proclaim the sacred revels nigh,
How swift, how eager, to the feast you fly!
In the full bowls you centre all your love;
Pleas'd, when the priest invites you to the grove,
You run, and riot in the rich repast;
The first in banquets, but in fights the last!"
He said; and, bent on death, in deep despair,
Rush'd on his steed amidst the thickest war:
Then urg'd at Venulus his furious course, [horse,
Seiz'd him at once, and snatch'd him from his
Thus in his arms, with matchless strength, he bore,
Fierce as he rode, the hapless chief, before.
His troops behold the scene with strange surprise,
And peals of shouts run rattling round the skies;
While with his captive, all in open view,
O'er the wide field the fiery hero flew.
The point then breaking from the warrior's dart,
The chief explores a penetrable part,
And meditates the wound; the struggling foe
Defends his throat, and disappoints the blow.
As when th' imperial eagle soars on high,
And bears some speckled serpent through the sky;
While her sharp talons gripe the bleeding prey,
In many a fold her curling volumes play;
Her starting brazen scales with horrour rise;
The sanguine flames flash dreadful from her eyes;
She writhes, and hisses at her foe, in vain,
Who wins at ease the wide aërial plain;
With her strong hooky beak the captive plies,
And bears the struggling prey, triumphant through the skies;
So with the chief the mighty Tarchon flew;
And, kindling at the sight, the troops their prince pursue.
Now Aruns on the Volscian princess waits,
(Aruns the destin'd victim of the fates)
Wheels round, and seeks with ev'ry wily art
The favouring moment to discharge the dart.
Where'er the furious maid her steps inclin'd,
The wretch in silence follows close behind:
When from the conquer'd foes she bends her course,
Thither the insidious warrior turns his horse;
Oft shifts his place; runs anxious to and fro;
Flies round the circuit; and, in act to throw,
Aims his sure jav'lin at the beauteous foe.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far
Shone in bright arms amid the crowded war.
Magnificently gay, he proudly press'd
A prancing steed, in stately trappings dress'd;
Rich scales of brass and gold, inwrought with art,
Grac'd with a mimic plumage ev'ry part.
Himself, in purple clad, amid the foe
Sent his swift arrows from a Lycian bow.
Gold was the bow, that from his shoulder sounds,
And gold the helmet, that his head surrounds.
His robes, with many a rustling silken fold,
With care were gather'd, and confin'd in gold;
His crimson tunic was embroider'd o'er;
And purple buskins on his legs he wore.
This chief she singles from the warring crew,
And, blind to danger, through the squadrons flew;
With the rich spoils to deck Diana's shrine;
Or that herself in Trojan arms may shine.

All, all the woman in her bosom rose!
For this bright prize, she plung'd amid the foes;
When, from his covert, Aruns lanch'd his spear;
But first to Heav'n preferr'd his suppliant pray'r;
"O Phœbus! guardian of Soracte's woods,
And shady hills; a god above the gods!
To whom our natives pay the rites divine,
And burn whole crackling groves of hallow'd pine;
Walk o'er the fire, in honour of thy name,
Unhurt, unsing'd, and sacred from the flame;
Give to my favour'd arms, to clear away
The deep dark stains of this disgraceful day.
Nor spoils nor trophies from the maid I claim;
No—to my future life I trust for fame.
If by my hand this raging pest be slain,
I ask no honour; but retire again,
Pleas'd, tho' inglorious, to my native plain."
The god consents to half his warm request,
But in the fleeting winds dispers'd the rest.
Camilla's death was granted to his pray'r;
His safe return was lost in empty air.
Now as the jav'lin sings along the skies,
All to the Volscian princess turn their eyes.
The fair rush'd on, regardless of the sound,
Till in her pap she felt the fatal wound.
Deep, deep infix'd, the pointed weapon stood
Full in her heart, and drank the vital blood.
Swift to her succour fly her female train,
And in their arms the sinking queen sustain;
But far more swift affrighted Aruns fled,
With fear and joy, nor turn'd his guilty head:
Back he retires, all trembling and dismay'd;
Nor cou'd he bear, in death to view the dreadful maid.
As when a prowling wolf, whose rage has slain
Some stately heifer, or the guardian swain,
Flies to the mountain with impetuous speed,
Confus'd, and conscious of the daring deed,
Claps close his quiv'ring tail between his thighs,
Ere yet the peopled country round him rise:
Nor less confus'd, pale Aruns took his flight;
Shunn'd ev'ry eye, and mingled in the fight.
The dying queen, in agonising pain,
Tugs at the pointed steel, but tugs in vain.
Deep riveted within, the rankling dart
Heav'd in the wound, and panted in her heart.
She sinks, she swoons, she scarcely draws her breath,
And, all around her, swim the shades of death.
The starry splendours languish in her eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
A maid she calls, the partner of her cares,
Her friend in peace, her sister in the wars.
"Acca; no more:—for mortal is my wound;
A dizzy mist of darkness swims around:
The victory was mine; but ah! 'tis past!
This hour, this fatal moment, is my last!
Go, and my dying words to Turnus bear;
Bid him, this instant to the field repair;
This instant, from the town the foe repel:—
And now, dear friend, a long and last farewel!"
With that the queen, expiring, dropp'd the rein,
And from her courser sunk upon the plain.
In thick short sobs the vital spirit flies,
Her head declin'd, and drooping as she dies!
Her radiant arms bestrew the field of fight:
Her soul, indignant, sought the realms of night.
Then, from the hosts the doubling clamours rise,
And shouts tumultuous echo to the skies.
The Trojan band, a firm determin'd force,
The Tuscan chiefs, with all th' Arcadian horse,
Rush furious to the field; the slaughter spread:
The tumult deepen'd, and the combat bled.
Meantime fair Opis, from a mountain's brow,
Awhile unmov'd survey'd the fight below.
But when from far she saw Camilla slain,
And, round the corse, the shouting hostile train,
Deep from her heaving ivory bosom broke
A mournful groan, and thus the goddess spoke:
"Too, too severely, much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!
In vain made sacred by thy virgin vow
To Dian's name, and grac'd with Dian's bow!
Nor yet in death thy goddess will disclaim
Her favour'd maid, but crown with endless fame!
Thy praise shall round the nations be display'd,
And to thy fate due vengeance shall be paid.
This moment will I make that vengeance good:
The guilty wretch shall render blood for blood."
Beneath a hill, Dercennus' tomb appears,
A potent Latian lord in former years;
A grove of venerable oaks display'd,
Wide round the monument, a gloomy shade.
Hither the goddess took her rapid flight,
And spy'd gay Aruns from the tow'ring height.
There as the youth exults, and swells with pride,
"Whither, poor dastard, wouldst thou fly?" (she cry'd)
"Turn, wretch—this moment for thy guilt atone;
And for Camilla's death receive thy own.
Go—to the shades of Hell, her victim, go—
A prize unworthy of Diana's bow!"
She said; and instant from the golden sheath
Drew forth the feather'd messenger of death.
Fierce in her rage, the circling horns she bends
To the full stretch, and joins the doubling ends.
One hand approach'd the point; one drew the bow,
And to her breast strain'd the tough nerve below.
At once the murd'rer heard the sounding dart,
And felt the steely vengeance in his heart.
He lies deserted by his social train,
Pale and expiring on a foreign plain!
While, from the field, triumphant Opis flies,
And on spread pinions mounts the golden skies.
First fled Camilla's band (their princess kill'd):
Then the Rutulians, routed, quit the field.
Atinas' self, the chiefs, and armies, run,
And spur their smoking coursers to the town.
Nor can the troops sustain, nor dare oppose
The slaught'ring swords of their victorious foes;
Athwart their backs th' unbended bows they sling;
And with their trampling steeds the sounding champain rung.
The city now th' advancing host appals:
A cloud of dust, thick gath'ring to the walls,
From the tall tow'rs the trembling matrons spy;
And female shrieks, tumultuous, rend the sky.
Mixt with their foes, rush headlong through the gate
The Latian squadron, nor can shun their fate;
In vain for shelter to their houses fly;
Ev'n there transfixt, in heaps the wretches die.
Some close the gates, exclude their social train,
Who beg admission to the town in vain.
While these defend th' endanger'd posts, and those
Rush on their swords, a dreadful slaughter rose.
With piercing shrieks, and lamentable cries,
The children bleed before their parents' eyes.
While close behind advanc'd the thund'ring foe:
Some leap down headlong to the trench below;

Some with loose reins, abandon'd to their fate,
Spurr'd their impetuous steeds against the gate.
But, when Camilla's corse appear'd in view,
Warm'd by their country's love, the women flew,
And from the walls a storm of jav'lins threw.
With harden'd clubs th' advancing foe they dare,
And with tough staves repel the rising war.
Fierce they rush on: they glow with martial fire,
And for their native walls with joy and pride expire.

Meanwhile to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
The careful nymph the dismal news convey'd;
That in the fight the Volscian queen was slain;
That the proud foe pursu'd the vanquish'd train,
Who, flush'd with full success, rush'd furious on,
And spread the growing terrour to the town.
The chief, (for so his adverse fates requir'd:)
Struck with the tidings, and with anger fir'd,
All headlong leaves the guarded hills again;
But scarce descended to the subject plain,
Ere the great Trojan seiz'd the vacant road,
Climb'd the tall hill, and issu'd from the wood.

By the black clouds of dust, Æneas found
The Latian host embattled wide around:
And Turnus knew the Dardan chief was near,
From the loud shouts, that thicken'd on his ear;
Perceiv'd the footsteps of the trampling foe,
And heard distinct the fiery coursers blow.
Soon had the heroes join'd the horrid fight;
But now the Sun roll'd down the rapid light,
And plung'd, beneath the red Iberian sea,
The panting steeds that drew the burning day.
Before the city, camp th' impatient pow'rs;
These to defend; and those to storm the tow'rs.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat. Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutulians, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, and forces Turnus to a duel; with whose death the poem concludes.

When Turnus saw the Latians, in despair,
Sink with the weight of unsuccessful war,
Himself the object of the public spite
Mark'd out, and summon'd to the promis'd fight;
The furious prince the single combat claims,
And conscious courage sets his soul in flames.
As, pierc'd at distance by the hunter's dart,
The Libyan lion rouses at the smart;
And loudly roaring traverses the plain;
Scourges his sides; and rears his horrid mane;
Tugs furious at the spear; the foe defies;
And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies:
So storm'd proud Turnus; and in wrathful strain,
Thus to the king th' impetuous chief began:
"Where is this Trojan foe, so bold and brave?
Would he retract the challenge that he gave?
My soul can brook no more delays; I yield
To his own terms, and dare him to the field.
Renew the truce, perform the sacred rite;
This hour, this moment, I demand the fight.
This hand shall wipe our late disgrace away
(Our hosts may sit spectators of the day!)
This trusty sword the dastard shall destroy,
And plunge to Hell that fugitive of Troy.
If not—I'll own him victor of the war,
And to his arms resign the royal fair."

So spoke the furious prince, with scornful pride,
The king with mild benevolence reply'd:
"The more, brave youth, thy try'd, distinguish'd might
And valour drive thee headlong to the fight,
The more it should concern our royal care,
To weigh the perils and events of war;
This fond and youthful ardour to asswage
With the cool caution of consid'rate age.
How many vanquish'd cities are thy own,
Besides a fair hereditary throne!
Me too these wealthy warlike lands obey;—
Thus both may reign with independent sway.
Our realm, brave Turnus, other virgins grace,
Of blooming features, and illustrious race,
Then undisguis'd, this truth with patience hear,
Though harsh and wounding to a lover's ear.
All pow'rs forbid, the human and divine,
To match our daughter in the Latian line.
Won by thy birth, my consort's tears and cries,
And my own love, I broke all sacred ties;
Robb'd the great Trojan of the plighted fair;
Then flew to arms, and wag'd an impious war.
From that dire source to tell what mischiefs flow,
Would be to mention, what too well you know:
Fights, deaths, defeats, that speak the wrath divine;
Where all the sad pre-eminence is thine.
In two fierce battles routed and o'erthrown,
Scarce our last hopes are shelter'd in the town:
Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore,
And the full streams of Tyber smoke with gore.
Where am I borne, irresolute and blind?
What changeful phrensy turns my wav'ring mind?
If, on thy death, the Trojan is my friend,
Sure in thy life the stern debate may end!
How would all Italy my name disgrace!
How all my kindred of thy royal race!
Shouldst thou (which Heaven avert!) by me be led
To death, the victim of my daughter's bed!
If I should hasten to so sad an end,
My child's fond lover, and my gen'rous friend!
Think on the turns of fate, and chance of wars;
Pity thy rev'rend father's silver hairs,
Who mourns thy absence in thy native town,
Nor knows the danger of so dear a son!"

But no success these warm entreaties found:
The proffer'd med'cine but inflam'd the wound.
Scarce could he speak for rage, disdain, and pride,
But thus at length the fiery youth reply'd:
"O best of fathers! all this needless care
For Turnus' life, at his request, forbear.
Life is a trifle I with scorn disclaim,
For the bright purchase of immortal fame.
This hand, these weapons too, are fatal found;
And the blood flies, where Turnus deals the wound.
Nor in this combat shall his mother shroud
The recreant Trojan in an airy cloud.
Nor shield the coward with her aid divine:—
This day, ye gods! this glorious day, is mine!"

But now the frantic queen, on these alarms,
Half-dead with fear, hung trembling on his arms:
"Oh! grant me, Turnus, grant this one request;
If ever love or rev'rence touch'd thy breast
For lost Amata, to these sorrows yield!
Nor meet thy rival in the fatal field.
Regard, dear youth, regard my streaming tears,
Thou only prop of my declining years!
Our sinking house relies on thee alone;
On thee, our fame, our empire, and the throne.
In thy misfortune must Amata join;
Her fate and welfare are involv'd in thine.
With thee to death, for refuge, will I run,
Nor live a captive to a Trojan son."
With pity touch'd, the fair Lavinia hears
Her mother's cries, and answers with her tears.
A lovely blush the modest virgin warms,
Glows in her cheek, and lights up all her charms.
So looks the beauteous iv'ry, stain'd with red:
So roses, mixt with lilies in the bed,
Blend their rich hues—then, gazing on the fair,
The hero rag'd, more eager for the war.
And thus—"O royal mother! cease your fears,
Nor send me to the fight with boding tears.
'Tis not in me, if Heav'n has fix'd my date,
To check th' unalterable course of fate.
Go, faithful herald, go! and instant bear
This dreaded message to the Phrygian's ear:
"Soon as Aurora's rays the mountain gild,
He need not lead his forces to the field:
Our single valour shall dispute the day
(The hosts in peace the combat shall survey).
Thus shall his death or mine the war decide,
And the proud victor gain the royal bride."
He said; and furious to the palace speeds;
There, at his call, rush forth the fiery steeds,
Of matchless spirit, and immortal kind,
White as the snow, and swifter than the wind.
Of old, to great Pilumnus, bold and brave,
The sires of these Erectheus' daughter gave.
Before their lord the gen'rous coursers bound,
Neigh, foam, and fly, and paw the trembling ground;
The grooms with combs their flowing manes divide,
And gently stroke their chests, and soothe their noble pride.
Meantime the hero drew his armour on;
With gold and burnish'd brass the cuirass shone.
The glitt'ring helmet next his temple spread;
The crimson crest plays dreadful o'er his head:
He grasps the pond'rous shield, and flaming blade,
The sword that Vulcan for his father made,
Of matchless temper; which the fiery god
Had plung'd red-hissing in the Stygian flood.
Last the bright spear he seiz'd, large, strong, and tall,
Propp'd on a column 'midst the lofty hall;
The mighty Actor's spoil. The hero shook
The beamy jav'lin; and with fury spoke:
"My trusty spear, still faithful to my hand!
Still wing'd with death, to answer my command:
Which once brave Actor's arm was wont to wield!
And mine now throws; the terrour of the field!
In this great moment fly, nor fly in vain,
But stretch yon Phrygian eunuch on the plain:
Oh! give me, thro' his heart thy point to thrust,
And soil his scented tresses in the dust,
The costly cuirass from his breast to tear,
And by one noble stroke to terminate the war!"
Thus, fir'd with fury, to the fight he flies;
Keen flash the flames, and lighten from his eyes.
So the fierce bull, collected in his might,
Roars for his rival, and demands the fight;
Impatient for the war, with fury burns,
And tries on every tree his angry horns;
Bends his stern brows, and pushes at the air;
And paws the flying sands, the *prelude* of the war.
As fierce and eager for the dire alarms,
The Trojan blazes in celestial arms;
To meet his rival in the field prepares,
Pleas'd with the fight to terminate the wars.
He sets his sorrowing friends and son at ease;
Expounds the fates' unchangeable decrees;
And instant bids the messengers report
The terms of combat to the Latian court.
Scarce had the morn (all beauteous to behold!)
Tipt the blue mountains with a gleam of gold;
The Sun's fierce steeds, high-bounding o'er the sea,
From their wide nostrils snort the beams of day;
When for the chiefs they drew a line around,
And in just limits close the listed ground:
Then verdant altars raise to all the pow'rs
Of Earth or Heav'n, whom either host adores.
In linen robes, with vervain crown'd, they bring
The sacred fire, and water from the spring.
Here, with bright lances, all th' Ausonian train
Pour through the op'ning portals to the plain:
The Trojans there, and Tuscans in array,
And ranks embattled bend their eager way.
Amid the thousands, with a grace divine,
In gold and purple gay, the leaders shine.
Here, tow'ring o'er the troops Asylas stood;
Great Mnestheus there, of Troy's imperial blood;
There, brave Messapus, of immortal strain,
Sprung from the mighty monarch of the main.
The sign now giv'n through each impatient host,
Each chief retires to his appointed post.
At ease the soldiers fall their pond'rous shields,
And pitch their idle jav'lins in the fields.
Old sires and matrons, with the vulgar throng,
Lean'd o'er the walls, and from the turrets hung.
With longing eyes the great event they wait,
And crowds on crowds press forward thro' the gate.
But from the fam'd Albano's shady brows,
(Though then without a name the mountain rose)
The queen of Heav'n the Latian town beheld,
The hosts embattled, and the crowded field.
Then to brave Turnus' sister, who presides
O'er lakes and streams, and awes the roaring tides,
(On the fair nymph that province was bestow'd,
For her lost honour, by the thund'ring god)
Her fears the goddess of the skies express'd;
And thus the regent of the floods address'd:
"Queen of the founts and streams, and far above
The race of Latian nymphs in Juno's love,
Those nymphs, who, by my wand'ring lord misled,
Presum'd to mount our own imperial bed;
Yet thee I suffer'd in his grace to rise,
And share th' immortal honours of the skies.
With deep concern sad tidings must I bear,
What I must grieve to speak, and you to hear.
The Latian state and Turnus, in the war,
While fortune favour'd, were my constant care.
Now his inevitable hour draws nigh;
On terms unequal is he doom'd to die.
But from the fatal field, th' appointed fight,
Lo! I retire; nor can I bear the sight.
If thou can'st save him yet from death, descend:
Some better fate thy efforts may attend;
Fly—and exert the sister and the friend."

She said; Juturna wept, by grief opprest,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her iv'ry breast.
"Fly!" Juno cries, "and stop the dire debate,
Fly, fly, and snatch him, if you can, from fate!
Nor waste the hours in tears, and vain despair;
Break, break the truce, and wake the slumb'ring war.
On me discharge the crime."—The goddess said;
And left involv'd in doubts the mournful maid.
Now came the kings: four stately coursers bear,
In pomp, the Latian lord's imperial car.
Twelve golden rays around his temple shone,
To mark his glorious lineage from the Sun.
Young Turnus next appear'd; two spears he held,
And two white coursers drew him to the field.
Æneas then advanc'd, with grace divine,
Th' illustrious father of the Roman line;
High in his hand the starry buckler rais'd;
And in immortal arms the hero blaz'd:
With him his son Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's majestic race.
Slow the procession moves: the sacred priest
Stood by his altar, in the linen vest;
A tender lamb for sacrifice preferr'd,
And a young victim from the bristly herd.
They turn their faces to the dawning day;
The salted cakes with solemn rev'rence pay;
The victims sign'd; the foremost hairs they drew,
And on the hearth the first libations threw.
Then the great Trojan prince unsheath'd his sword,
And thus with lifted hands the gods ador'd:
"Thou land, for which I wage the war, and thou,
Great source of day, be witness to my vow!
Almighty king of Heav'n, and queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r)
Thou Mars, enthron'd on great Olympus' height,
Lord of the field, and master of the fight;
Ye springs, ye floods, ye various pow'rs who lie
Beneath the deeps, or tread the golden sky;
Hear, and attest! if, victor in the fray,
The Dauuian leader gains the glorious day,
My son his claim of empire shall release;
My Trojan subjects shall depart in peace.
But should the conquest prove my happy lot,
(For so I think, and Heav'n confirm the thought!)
The Latians never shall my rule obey;
Already I disclaim th' imperial sway.
From fight let each unconquer'd nation cease,
And join in leagues of everlasting peace.
To king Latinus I resign the care,
The pomp of state, with all concerns of war;
And ev'ry regal claim:—the rites divine,
And the religious province, shall be mine.
For me my Trojan friends a town shall frame,
And grace the tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name."
Thus he. Then old Latinus lifts his eyes,
And his right hand, with rev'rence, to the skies.
"By the same oath, by Heav'n, and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain;
Latona's twins, that grace the bright abode;
Janus, the mighty, double-fronted god!
Th' infernal monarch, and the fiends below,
And Jove, whose bolts avenge the broken vow!
To sanctify my word, behold! I stand,
And on these hallow'd altars lay my hand:
Whate'er ensues, misfortune or success,
No time shall break this solemn league of peace,
Nor shake my purpose; but entire, and whole,
I'll keep the sacred tenour of my soul;
No art shall win me, and no pow'r compel;
Not, tho' the golden skies should plunge to Hell;
Yon starry splendours from their spheres should fall,
And Ocean spread his waters o'er the ball.
Firm is the sword, and sure the oath I swore;
Sure, as this sceptre ne'er shall flourish more;
No more its verdant honours shall renew,
Lopt from the mother-tree where once it grew;
Now by the artist's hand adorn'd with brass,
And worn successive by our regal race!"
The princes thus the solemn compact bound
By mutual oaths, with all the peers around.
The priests before the fires the victims slay;
Eager the smoking entrails rend away;
And, on the altars rang'd, the loaded chargers lay.
But the Rutulians griev'd, by fears opprest,
And various tumults work'd in ev'ry breast.
Long since they saw their prince o'ermatch'd in might,
And curs'd the terms of such unequal fight.
Their dread increases, as the chiefs draw near,
And Turnus' looks augment the gen'ral fear.
Trembling, aghast, he moves with silent pace;
A deadly paleness spreads o'er all his face.
Close by the altar's side, in care profound,
His pensive eyes he fix'd upon the ground.
Soon as the sister saw the giddy crowd
Had chang'd their minds, and spoke their fears aloud;
In great Camerte's form, of high renown
For birth, his father's valour and his own,
Her flight amidst the murm'ring bands she took,
Inflam'd their rage, and thus the host bespoke:
"What shame, Rutulians, valiant as we are,
On one to lay the whole success of war!
Behold the utmost force the foe can boast,
The few poor relics of their shatter'd host.
Heav'ns!—can we shrink from such a slender power!
Are not our men the same? our numbers more?
Should our whole army to the fight repair,
Scarce all their troops would half employ our war!
'Tis true, your hero to the gods shall rise,
A self-devoted victim, to the skies.
Yet the brave chief eternal praise shall claim,
And live for ever in a length of fame:
While we, O shame! a base degen'rate host,
Look tamely on, and see our country lost!
Stretch our vile hands to servitude abhorr'd,
And court the bondage of a foreign lord!"
This fiery speech inflam'd the list'ning train;
Through all the host the gath'ring murmur ran.
Now chang'd, the Latians wish for peace no more,
But long to break the league they sought before.
They pity Turnus' fortune, and prepare,
With eager ardour to renew the war.
His sister sent (the tumult to improve)
A false delusive omen from above.
In pomp a tow'ring eagle soars on high,
And sudden, shooting from th' ethereal sky,
Drives a vast flock of wat'ry fowls before,
On sounding wings, along the winding shore;
Then, where the floods in soft meanders ran,
In his huge talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' astonish'd Latian bands in courage rise,
When lo! the flock (more wond'rous to their eyes)
Turn, and pursue the victor through the skies.
Prest by the foe, encumber'd with the prey,
He drops the prize, and wings th' aërial way;
With shouts the Latians hail th' auspicious sight,
Range all their troops, and hasten to the fight.

"'Tis what I wish'd, the long-expected sign,"
(Tolumnius cry'd) "I thank the pow'rs divine.
Rise, follow me, my friends, your aid supply,
Forc'd by the foe, like yonder birds to fly;
While through your wasted shores the victor sweeps;
Who now shall soon rush headlong to the deeps.
Haste; save your leader from the fatal fray;
Close, close your ranks; engage; and win the day."
He said; sprung forth; and 'midst the Trojans threw
His furious dart, that whistled as it flew,
Tumultuous shouts pursue the parting spear,
And all now grow more eager for the war.
Nine brave Arcadians, at their squadrons' head,
Gilippus' offspring by a Tuscan bed,
Shone in the front; the spear impetuous flew
Amidst the brothers, and the youngest slew;
A lovely blooming youth; with fury cast,
Beneath the belt the steely jav'lin past,
Transfix'd the stripling with a deadly wound,
And stretch'd him pale and gasping on the ground.
All fir'd with vengeance for their brother slain,
Fierce to the combat fly the martial train.
Some draw the glitt'ring sword, and some advance
With the broad spear, and shake the flaming lance.
With equal speed, their ardour to oppose,
Pour forth in endless tides the Latian foes.
As swift th' Arcadian troops, with sculptur'd shields,
Rush'd on with Troy, and delug'd all the fields.
Straight to their ensigns the bold bands repair,
Impatient to decide the great event by war.
The madding crowd the sacred rites confound;
Strip the bright altars; toss the fires around;
And seize the goblets: while the jav'lins fly
In iron storms, and tempest all the sky.
The good old king, affrighted, from the plain
Bears back his violated gods again.
Some yoke the coursers to the car with speed,
Some vault, impetuous, on the snorting steed.
Some to the field the kindling troops excite,
Draw their bright swords, and headlong rush to fight.
Eager to break the peace, with all his force,
The fierce Messapus spurr'd his thund'ring horse
Full on Aulestes, with a furious spring,
Who wore the royal ensigns of a king:
O'er the high altars as the chief gave way,
Headlong he plung'd in dust, and grov'ling lay.
There at his length, extended on the plain,
He pleads for mercy; but he pleads in vain!
Th' impetuous victor flew with rapid speed,
Shook his huge spear, and, bending from the steed,
Transfix'd the monarch; then, insulting, cries,
"He bleeds!—this victim sure must please the skies!"
The joyful Latians, eager for the prey,
Strip the warm corse, and bear the spoils away.
Then as the mighty Ebusus drew near,
And at bold Chorinæus shook the spear,
He rush'd against him with a furious pace,
Snatch'd a red brand, and dash'd it on his face.
Through ambient air a noisome scent expires,
As the long beard shrunk crackling in the fires.
Stunn'd as he stood with sudden darkness round,
The raging victor drags him to the ground;
Then seiz'd his locks; his forceful knee apply'd,
And plung'd the vengeful falchion in his side.
From Podalirius, eager to pursue,
Through the first ranks, the shepherd Alsus flew;
Then turn'd, and, with his axe descending full,
Cleaves at one dreadful stroke his shatter'd skull.
With blood and brains his arms are cover'd o'er;
The thirsty sands are drench'd with streams of gore.
An iron sleep came swimming o'er his sight,
And wrapp'd the warrior in eternal night.
But the just Trojan prince, amidst the band,
Without his helmet rush'd, and stretch'd his hand:
"Whither, my friends, ah! whither wou'd you run?
The terms stand fixt; the combat is my own.
Dismiss your fears; nor my revenge pursue;
For Turnus, Turnus is your gen'ral's due.
That victim, these religious rites demand,
Already sacred to this conqu'ring hand."
While yet he spoke; loud hissing through the skies,
With thirsty rage, a feather'd arrow flies,
And reach'd the hero with a certain aim;
But from what hand, was never told by fame:
None knew, what fortune, or assisting god,
So proud a triumph on the foe bestow'd,
Nor one in all the mighty host was found,
Who claim'd the merit of so base a wound.
The chiefs astonish'd, Turnus now beheld,
And the brave prince retiring from the field:
High hopes of conquest in his bosom rise;
Straight for his coursers, and his arms, he cries;
Vaults, with a furious bound, into the car,
Shakes the loose reins, and rushes to the war.
Raging he spreads the growing slaughter round:
Some foes expire; some welter on the ground:
Some fly—in vain! for, swifter than the wind,
His winged lance arrests 'em from behind.
Fierce o'er the prostrate foes the hero rolls
His whirling wheels, and crushes out their souls.
As when on Hebrus' banks the god of war
Flies to the combat on his rattling car;
Frowns, shouts, and, clashing on his dreadful shield,
Lashes his fiery coursers to the field;
The steeds devour the ground, outstrip the wind,
And leave the pinions of the storm behind:
Thrace feels thro' all her realms their furious course,
Shook by the prancings of the thund'ring horse;
Fear, Fraud, and Force, and Flight, a ghastly train
Of horrid fiends, attend him to the plain.
So drove stern Turnus with resistless might,
His smoking coursers o'er the field of fight;
Their rapid hoofs through heaps of carnage tore;
Plung'd deep into the sands, distain'd with gore;
O'er piles of dead and dying warriors bound,
And, as they fly, they dash the bloody dust around.
Now hapless Thamyris and Pholus fell,
And now he sent bold Sthenelus to Hell.
These, hand to hand, he slew, approaching near;
The last, at distance, with his pointed spear:
At distance both th' Imbrasidæ expire,
Train'd in fair Lycia, by their valiant sire:
In closer fight, the dauntless warriors join'd;
Or distanc'd with their steeds the winged wind.
There with high vaunts rush'd proud Eumedes on,
Foredoom'd to fate, ambitious Dolon's son.
Base as his father, with his grandsire's name,
The recreant soldier sought the field of fame,
But with the luckless fortune of his sire,
Who claim'd Pelides' coursers for his hire,
When sent the Grecian army to explore;
Vain fool! he ventur'd, but return'd no more;
Slain by Tydides' hand, resign'd his breath,
And shar'd a juster recompense in death.

Him when the Daunian hero spy'd from far,
First a light dart he lanch'd in open air,
Stops the fleet steeds, and, furious, quits the car;
Stood o'er the Trojan, prostrate as he lay,
Trod on his neck, and wrench'd the sword away.
Then through his throat the deadly falchion thrust,
And thus insults him grov'ling in the dust:
"Lie there! possess the land thy valour gains!
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains!
Such, such deserv'd rewards I still bestow,
When call'd to battle, on the vaunting foe;
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy
These realms, ye proud presumptuous sons of Troy!"

Next, by his flying spear Asbutes bled:
A second lance laid mighty Chlœrus dead.
In Dares' breast he plung'd the pointed steel,
And sent the bold Thersilochus to Hell:
Then pierc'd Thymœtes with a fatal wound,
Whose flound'ring steed had cast him to the ground.
As o'er th' Ægean deeps when Boreas roars,
And rolls the waves tumultuous to the shores,
The driving clouds before the whirlwind fly,
And break, and scatter, through the ruffled sky:
So where bold Turnus rush'd, inflam'd with ire,
Their orders scatter, and whole hosts retire.
Whirl'd on his rapid car, the hero gains
New rage, new vigour, as he sweeps the plains.
High o'er his helm his crimson crest, inclin'd
By ev'ry breath, nods dreadful in the wind.
No more, in proud disdain, con'd Phegeus bear
To see the hero rule the tide of war;
But, rashly furious, to the car proceeds,
Seiz'd the loose reins, and turn'd the flying steeds.
Him, as suspended on the yoke he hung,
By the swift chariot dragg'd in dust along,
Through the bor'd corslet, the sharp jav'lin found,
And rais'd the warrior with a slender wound.
Yet with his shield oppos'd he dares the blow,
And with his brandish'd sword assaults the foe.
The whirling wheels, with fiery speed impell'd,
Soon shoot him headlong on the sanguine field.
Swift Turnus follow'd, and his falchion drew;
Between the cuirass and the head it flew:
The gushing blood distains the sands around,
And the pale trunk lay grov'ling on the ground.
Thus while the conqu'ring chief his progress held,
Rag'd, storm'd, and reign'd the master of the field;
Achates, Mnestheus, and the royal heir,
Attend the Trojan prince with duteous care,
(As propt, and leaning on the spear, he went)
And plac'd the bleeding hero in the tent.
The steel, deep riveted, with eager hands
He tugs impatient, and their aid demands,
More wide to lay the wound, a passage bare,
Unroot the dart, and send him to the war.
Now came Iapis to relieve his pain,
Of old by Phœbus lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.
On whom the god had proffer'd to bestow
His lyre, his bays, his prescience, and his bow.
But (to prolong his drooping father's days)
The youth refus'd his arrows, lyre, and bays,
And prescient skill; but chose the healing part,
A silent, useful, though inglorious art.
Unmov'd with all the sorrow and the care
Of friends, attendants, and the royal heir,
His mighty spear, th' impatient chief sustains,
Who grinds his teeth for rage; nor heeds the glowing pains.

The sage now hastens to the task assign'd,
And first dispatchful tucks his robes behind;
Tries all the vegetable pow'rs around,
To cool the smart, and mitigate the wound.
His hands solicit now with tender art;
Now tug in vain with vigour at the dart. [prav'r;
At length he pray'd; nor Phœbus heard the
And nearer every moment pour'd the war,
Thick and more thick the growing horrours rise;
A cloud of dust involves the golden skies. [nigh,
The trampling steeds, the thund'ring foes, drew
And 'midst the camp the show'ring jav'lins fly.
The mingling cries from ev'ry part resound;
Some shout, some groan, some gasp upon the ground.
Now, touch'd with pity for the hero's pain,
Descends the goddess mother on the plain.
A branch of sov'reign dittany she bore,
From Ida gather'd, on the Cretan shore.
Luxuriant leaves the taper stalk array;
The stalk in flow'rs; the flow'rs in purple gay.
The goats, when pierc'd at distance by the dart,
Apply the med'cine to the wounded part.
This juice, while clouds conceal her radiant face,
The queen infuses in the golden vase!
Tempers with scented panacee the whole,
And with ambrosial liquors crowns the bowl.
Nor knew the sage the succour that he found,
But with the balmy mixture bathes the wound.
At once the throbbing anguish past away;
Stanch'd was the blood, and in the bottom lay.
The dart, though deeply rooted, at command
Moves up, and answers the physician's hand.
His former vigour now succeeds to pain,
And life burns bright in all her pow'rs again.
Iapis first perceiv'd th' immortal art,
That cool'd the raging pangs, and clos'd the part.
Raptur'd he saw the cure; and first impell'd
The prince, renew'd in courage, to the field.
"Arms for the chief," he cries, "prepare his arms;
And instant send him to the dire alarms.
This cure, great hero, is no work of mine,
Not mortal art, but done by hands divine.
Thy life some guardian god has made his care,
Who sends thee back to fight, and conquer in the war."

The fierce, impatient prince had cover'd o'er
His manly legs with golden greaves before.
Now, all on fire, his mighty lance he took,
And in his hand the pond'rous weapon shook.
High on his arm the heav'nly shield he rais'd;
And on his breast the radiant cuirass blaz'd.
Then, with a close embrace, he strain'd his son;
And kiss'd him thro' his helm, and thus begun:
"From me true courage, and in camps to dare,
From others learn, my son, success in war.
I go to labour in the bloody fray,
To fight, and guard thee, in the dreadful day;
To crown thee with a bright immortal name;
To teach thy youth the glorious paths to fame.
Thou, in thy riper years, the virtues trace,
And copy all the worthies of thy race.
Thy soul may Hector and Æneas fire,
Thy godlike uncle, and thy martial sire!"
So spoke the hero, and, by rage impell'd,
Tow'r'd from the tent, majestic, to the field;
Shook an huge jav'lin in his vig'rous hand;
And with their chief pour'd forth the martial band.
Antheus and Mnestheus led th' embattled train,
And all rush'd furious to the deathful plain.

Beneath the warriors groans the trembling ground,
And clouds of dust involve the region round.
Now Turnus and his host the foe beheld
From a high mound, advancing o'er the field.
Th' astonish'd troops a gen'ral fear confounds;
But first his sister heard the dreadful sounds.
Too well she knew the dire alarms from far,
And trembling fled before the moving war.
Fierce, with their leaders, march the Trojan train;
And the black squadrons darken all the plain.
As when some tempest o'er mid ocean roars,
And, wing'd with whirlwinds, gathers to the shores;
With boding hearts the peasants hear from far
The sullen murmurs of the distant war;
Foresee the harvests level'd with the ground,
And all the forests spread in ruins round;
Swift to the land the hollow grumbling wind
Flies, and proclaims the furious storm behind.
So swift, so furious, great Æneas flew,
And led against the foes the martial crew.
The thick'ning squadrons, wedg'd in close array,
In one black body win their desp'rate way.
By Mnestheus slain, in dust Archesius lies,
And by Thymbræus' sword Osiris dies.
Next Gyas' lance the mighty Usens sped,
And Epulo by brave Achates bled.
Ev'n curs'd Tolumnius fell, whose fatal spear,
Lanch'd at the Dardan host, renew'd the war.
A peal of shouts, tumultuous, tore the sky,
And o'er the field the pale Rutulians fly.
But with disdain the Trojan hero glows;
Nor wastes his vengeance on inferior foes.
He scorns to fight the few who stand their ground,
Or in their backs the flying crowds to wound:
Turnus, and him alone, he calls aloud
To fight, and hunts him through the dusty cloud.
On this, his anxious sister, seiz'd with fear,
Hurl'd from his lofty seat the charioteer,
Metiscus the renown'd; tost far away,
The wond'ring chief beneath the harness lay,
Herself assumes his armour, voice, and air;
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the car.
As the black swallow, that, in quest of prey,
Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
When for her children she provides the feast,
To still the clamours of the craving nest;
Now wild excursions round the cloyster takes;
Now, sportive winds, or skims along the lakes:
So flies the goddess on the rapid car,
From side to side, and traverses the war:
Now here, now there, she brings the chief to sight;
But still she turns him from the fatal fight.
Nor less the prince unravels all her ways,
And hunts his foes through ev'ry various maze;
Thrids all the shifting course, and breaks the crowd
With furious speed, and calls the chief aloud.
Oft has he spy'd him, and approach'd the car;
As oft his sister plung'd amid the war.
Where'er the Trojan hero bends his course;
Averse the goddess turns the flying horse.
What should he do? a thousand thoughts divide
His wav'ring soul, that points to ev'ry side!
When lo! Messapus cross'd him in the field,
And in his hand two shining jav'lins held.
One, at the prince, with level'd aim, he threw:
Beneath his shield the cautious prince withdrew;
Low bending on his knee, secure he lay;
But the swift jav'lin strikes his plume away.
Then, when the meditated fraud he view'd,
That still his rival fled, as he pursu'd;
He first invok'd the thund'rer to redress
The rites profan'd, and violated peace;
Then rush'd amid the train; nor check nor bound
His fury knew, but stretch'd the slaughter round.
The faithless foe he thinks it vain to spare,
And, fir'd with vengeance, gives a loose to war.
What god will now inspire me, to display
The rage of death, and horrours of the day?
What crowds of heroes perish'd on the plain,
By mighty Turnus, and Æneas, slain!
Was it thy will the nations should engage
(Great sire of Heav'n) with such unbounded rage?
So soon from war and violence to cease,
Leagu'd in a bond of everlasting peace?
Æneas first slew Sucro in the fight,
Whose sword had turn'd the Trojan troops to flight.
With a swift stroke, and all his force apply'd,
He plung'd the deadly falchion in his side.
Then, with his brother, Amycus was kill'd,
Cast from their steed by Turnus on the field.
With the long lance, this tow'ring chief he gor'd:
Thro' that, impetuous, drove the pointed sword:
Then, on his chariot hung, in triumph bore
Their heads aloft, that dropp'd with livid gore:
Next, at one charge, on three bold chiefs he flew;
Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus, slew.
With them, of Theban race, Onytes fell,
Fair Peridia's son; and sunk to Hell.
Then bled two brothers, who from Lycia come;
Nor their own Phœbus could prevent their doom.
Next poor Menœtes by his arm was slain,
Who shunn'd so long the dreadful war in vain;
A skilful angler; once he made abode,
Bless'd with content, by Lerna's plenteous flood.
There dress'd his father, to the great unknown,
A stranger field, and furrows not his own.
As the fierce flames through the tall forest fly,
This way and that, and kindle all the sky;
Or rapid torrents from the mountains sweep,
Roar down the sides, and thunder to the deep;
With weight resistless, and destructive sway,
O'er half a ruin'd country break their way:
So through the field, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
As swift and fierce the rival heroes rag'd.
They burst with wrath; they rise to ev'ry blow;
They send their souls with ev'ry lance they throw.
A rock's vast weight the great Æneas threw:
Th' enormous fragment like a whirlwind flew,
And hurl'd Murranus on the ground, who brings
His vaunted lineage from the Latian kings.
Headlong the warrior from the chariot flies
Amidst the harness, and encumber'd lies:
The coursers startle at the flaming sword;
Paw down, and trample on their dying lord.
On Hyllus, Turnus rush'd with all his might,
As, fir'd with rage, the chief advanc'd to fight.
Full at his golden helmet, o'er the plain
The jav'lin flew, and stung him to the brain:
Nor thee, the bravest of the Grecian band,
Thy valour, Creteus, sav'd from Turnus' hand!
Next fell the priest Cupencus in the strife,
Nor his own gods could guard his sacred life;
Full in his breast Æneas plung'd the dart.
That pierc'd the shield, and quiver'd in
Then bled great Æolus, by Turnus
And sunk, a bulk enormous on the field.
Whom not the Grecian heroes could destroy,
Nor all their armies, in the wars of Troy,
Nor great Achilles with his vengeful steel,
Though by his arm the Phrygian empire fell.

Here ends his life; his stately palace stood
Beneath fair Ida's consecrated wood:
There liv'd the mighty man; his cold remains
At length lie bury'd in the Latian plains.
Now in all parts the martial squadrons wage
A gen'ral war, with undistinguish'd rage.
The Latian, Trojan, and Rutulian force,
The Tuscan cohorts, and Arcadian horse,
Beneath their chiefs, embattled, spread the plain;
Here Mnestheus, there Serestus, fires the train;
Here great Asylas swept the field; and there
Storm'd brave Messapus, the renown'd in war.
Each fights, as in his arm the mighty day,
With all the fate of his great gen'ral, lay;
No stop, no check the fiery warriors knew;
With their long toils their kindling ardour grew,
And with fresh vigour to the combat flew.
But Venus now inspires her godlike son
To leave the field, and storm th' imperial town.
As following Turnus through the ranks he flies,
From side to side he darts his eager eyes;
When, lo! before him, in a full survey,
Exempt from war, the fenceless city lay.
He views the promis'd prize with stern delight;
His soul takes fire, and kindles at the sight.
Sudden the hero calls his chiefs around,
With all his bands, and mounts a rising ground.
Then, as they rais'd their ample shields, and shook
Their pointed lances, their bold leader spoke.
"Attend, and instant these commands obey;
Inspir'd by favouring Jove, who points the way:
All speed this noble enterprise demands,
Claims all your care, and urges all your hands.
This day, this hour, unless the Latians yield,
And own your chief the victor of the field,
Ev'n from the lowest stone my rage shall tear
Yon town, the source of this destructive war.
Yon perjur'd court my vengeance shall confound,
And those proud tow'rs lie smoking on the ground.
Twice have we vanquish'd the Rutulian train;
Still must I wait till Turnus will be slain;
No!—at yon walls the sure destruction aim;
Revenge the broken league with sword and flame;
Your arms against the guilty city bend:
There the dire war began, and there shall end."
Rous'd at the word, all wedg'd in firm array,
Straight to the town the squadrons urge their way.
They toss the brands, the scaling engines rear,
And round the ramparts rose the sudden war.
Some to the portals fly with speed, and slay
The guards or citizens, who cross their way.
Some hurl the vengeful darts; the jav'lins fly
In dusky clouds, and intercept the sky.
Æneas rais'd his hand amid the crowd,
Calls, and upbraids the Latian prince aloud,
Obtesting Heaven, that, wounded, and compell'd
By his perfidious foes, he took the field;
That twice the rites of peace their arms profane,
And from their impious rage a second war began.
But mad confusions in the city rise:
'Tis tumult all; for all at once advise.
These arm, and fly to guard the walls; and those,
[illegible]demand admission for the foes.
[illegible]w the peace, with clamours bring
[illegible] gates the helpless hoary king.
So when the swain invades, with stifling smoke,
The bees close-cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,
They fire; and, trembling for th' endanger'd state,
Inflam'd with wrath, with fell revenge and hate,
This way, and that, in loud tumultuous swarms,
Fly o'er their waxen town with hoarse alarms.
The steams offensive roll the cells around;
Their sullen murmurs through the rock resound;
While thick'ning, thro' the cleft the smokes arise,
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.
But to complete and aggravate their fears,
A new mischance involv'd the town in tears.
For, when the wretched queen beheld on high
O'er the proud domes the fiery tempest fly;
The ramparts storm'd; th' exulting Trojans near;
Nor Turnus' troops before the town appear;
Many a long look she cast, but cast in vain;
And in her fears concludes the hero slain;
She raves against the gods in wild despair;
She calls herself the auth'ress of the war:
A thousand plaints she vented o'er and o'er,
And in her rage her purple garments tore.
Then, on a lofty beam, the matron ty'd
The noose dishonest, and obscenely dy'd.
Soon through the court the dreadful rumour rans;
With frantic sorrow rave the female train.
Struck with superior grief, Lavinia tears
Her blooming rosy cheeks, and golden hairs.
To their loud shrieks the palace walls reply;
Thence through the town the fatal tidings fly.
All feel the stroke; and all the loss lament;
His royal robes the rev'rend monarch rent.
In wild despair, with furious hands he spread
A cloud of dust o'er all his hoary head;
And weeps and mourns aloud (a moving scene!)
His ruin'd empire, and self-murder'd queen.
Oft, but in vain, he blam'd himself alone,
That rashly he refus'd the Trojan for his son.
But now more slow his progress Turnus held,
And chas'd a few poor stragglers o'er the field.
With heartless chear, dejected, he proceeds;
And with their master flag the fiery steeds.
He hears the tumult in the walls behind, [wind.
Shrieks, cries, and shouts, that thicken in the
"Alas!" he cries, "what clamours strike my ear!
What sounds distressful from the town I hear!"
Then to the hero, as the steeds he stay'd,
Thus in the driver's form the sister said;
"This way, my lord, your former course pursue,
And urge your conquest o'er the hostile crew.
Your friends defend the town; th' Italians there
Wage with the Dardan chief an equal war.
Against his Trojans let us bend our way,
As num'rous, valiant, and renown'd, as they."
"Sister," the chief replies, "whom well I knew
(Though in a mortal form conceal'd from view)
When you dissolv'd the league, by art with-held
The single fight, and mingled in the field,
O say! what pow'r dispatch'd thee from the skies,
With this sad scene to shock thy mournful eyes?
To share the labours of the dire debate,
A weeping witness of thy brother's fate?
That brother soon must perish on the plains!
For ah! what chance, what beam of hope remains?
I saw my dear Murranus yield his breath,
Who call'd on Turnus in the pangs of death;
Ev'n yet I see the warrior bite the ground,
And the soul rushing through the mighty wound!
I saw, where, stretch'd in dust, brave Ufens lay,
Nor liv'd this scene of ruin to survey,
But shut out bondage from his closing eyes;
His corse and arms remain the victor's prize.
And shall I see the city wrapt in flame?
What else was wanting to complete my shame?

How will the Latians hoot their hero's flight!
Gods!—how will Drances point them to the sight?
But oh!—shall Latium see her hero fly?—
Is it so terrible but once to die?—
Hear me, oh hear me, all ye gods below!
Since ev'ry power celestial is my foe;
Lo! I descend to your infernal coast,
From realms of light, a great and glorious ghost,
White, and unsully'd with that dire disgrace,
Nor stain the splendours of my regal race!"
While yet he spoke, athwart the war with speed
Flew bleeding Sages on his foaming steed.
Full in his face a feather'd arrow stood;
And to the Dauuian chief he calls aloud.
"Turnus, on you, our last, last hope depends;
Oh! haste in pity, and relieve your friends:
For, raging, to the town Æneas pours,
To level with the dust the Latian tow'rs.
See! o'er the roofs the fires tempestuous rise!
Hark!—how they roar, and thunder in the skies!
All eyes are fixt on you, and you alone:
The king himself stands doubtful which to own,
You, or your Trojan rival, for his son.
Yet worse—his queen, till now your chief support,
Self-murder'd, fills with terrour all the court.
Messapus only with Atinas stands,
To guard the gates and animate the bands;
Whom in wedg'd ranks the hostile troops enclose,
And round them thick an iron harvest grows;
While you, for whom they fight, neglect the train,
And idly wheel your chariot round the plain!"
A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,
He stood; he gaz'd; his bosom swell'd with grief:
Pride, conscious valour, fury, love, and shame,
At once set all the hero in a flame.
Soon as his soul recover'd from the stroke;
Soon as, dispers'd, the cloud of passion broke;
Back from his car, the ruin to behold,
His eager eyes the mournful warrior roll'd,
Where the fierce fires in burning torrents rise
O'er the tall roofs; and, curling to the skies,
Had wrapt a tow'r in flames, sublime and strong,
Rais'd by himself, that roll'd on wheels along;
Whence the bold soldier broke the war below,
And rain'd an iron tempest on the foe.
"Now, sister, fate prevails; no more delay;
I'll go where rigorous fortune points the way,
Prepar'd the bitterness of death to bear,
I'll meet this Trojan hand to hand in war.
No more those eyes shall view thy brother's shame,
Pursu'd, and flying o'er the field of fame;
Give, give me, goddess, in this martial fire,
This high-wrought blaze of fury, to expire."
He said; and sudden, with an eager bound,
Leap'd from the trembling chariot to the ground;
Leaves his lamenting sister, in despair;
Springs thro' a storm of darts, the prince to dare;
And bursts impetuous through the ranks of war.
As when by age, or rains, or tempests, torn,
A rock from some high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds, and swains, involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from th' aërial steep;
Leaps down the mountain's side, with many a bound,
In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground;
So to the city, through the cleaving train,
Thro' streams of blood, that drench'd the purpled plain,
While round his head the whistling jav'lins play,
As swift, the raging hero breaks his way.
Then from afar, he beckons with his hand,
And loudly thus bespoke his social band:
"To me, ye Latians, the whole war resign,
All, all the fortune of the field is mine.
'Tis just, ye warriors, that your chief alone
Assert the compact, or its breach atone.
I claim, I claim the right, in single fray,
To meet my rival, and decide the day."
Back at the word the squadrons are compell'd,
And for the champions form an open field.
Now the great Trojan chief, at Turnus' name,
Fierce from the town in all his terrours came;
Leaves ev'ry second work of war behind;
Joy, pride, and courage, raise his daring mind.
All flush'd with hopes, and glorying in his might,
The godlike prince moves forward to the fight:
He burns impatient for the dire alarms;
And thunders in the bright Vulcanian arms.
With vast gigantic strides, he tow'rs on high,
And looks a second Athos in the sky;
Or Eryx, that in Heav'n his forehead shrouds;
Or father Apennine involv'd in clouds,
When with a depth of snows his brows are crown'd,
And all his nodding groves, majestic, wave around.
Meantime the warriors, who defend the town,
Or with huge engines break the bulwarks down,
And all the nations, studious of the sight,
Their arms unbuckled, to survey the fight, [plains,
Ev'n Death stands still; and, o'er the crowded
Through the long ranks, a solemn silence reigns.
Nor less amaz'd, the Latian lord beheld
Two chiefs engag'd in combat on the field,
By love, fate, honour, and ambition, led
To try their title to his daughter's bed.
Soon as each army from the field withdrew,
Fierce, to the fight, the mighty heroes flew.
They launch their spears; their clashing shields resound:
Beneath their fury groans the trembling ground.
Then their bright swords the raging champions drew,
And with repeated blows the charge renew.
Courage, and chance, and strength, in both unite;
And the bold chiefs maintain an equal fight.
As, where proud Sila's tow'ring summits rise,
Or huge Taburnus heaves into the skies,
With frowning fronts two mighty bulls engage;
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage;
Far from the scene the trembling keepers fly;
Struck dumb with terrour, stand the heifers by;
Nor know which lord the subject herds shall lead,
And reign at large the monarch of the mead.
Pierce strokes they aim, repeated o'er and o'er;
Their dewlaps, necks, and sides, are bath'd in gore;
The mountains, streams, and woods rebellow to the roar.
So to the fight the furious heroes fly,
So clash their shields, and echo to the sky.
Now Jove suspends his scales; two diff'rent weights
He cast in both, and try'd the warriors' fates.
This, light with conquest, to the gods ascends;
That, charg'd with death, sinks downwards to the fiends.
With his drawn falchion Turnus strikes the foe
On his full stretch, and rises to the blow.
Loud shouts and groans succeed; each army bent
Their eager eyes, and wait the great event.
When lo! all shatter'd flies the traitor sword,
And in the stroke deserts the Dauuian lord.

A stranger hilt he spies, and shakes in vain:
All, all his hopes in flight alone remain;
And, swifter than the wind, he darts along the plain.
For when the chief first vaulted on the car
With headlong haste, and rush'd into the war,
He left his father's temper'd sword, 'tis said,
And seiz'd his charioteer Metiscus' blade;
And, ev'n with this, the growing slaughter spread,
While from his rage the trembling Trojans fled.
But when the mortal steel a stroke bestow'd
On heav'nly arms, the labour of a god!
The falchion, faithless to the warrior's hand,
Broke short—the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
O'er the wide field distracted Turnus springs,
And flies with wild affright in mazy rings:
For here he views th' embattled Trojan pow'rs;
Here a vast lake; and there the Latian tow'rs.
But still his foe, though tardy from his wound,
Treads all his steps, unrav'ling ev'ry round.
As the fleet stag, by the stanch hound pursu'd,
Now bounds above the banks, now shoots along the flood;
Now from the meshy toils with terrour springs,
Scar'd by the plumes, that dance upon the strings:
He starts, he pants, he stares with wild amaze,
And flies his op'ning foe a thousand ways.
Close at his heels, the deep-mouth'd furious hound
Turns, as he turns, and traces all the ground.
On his full stretch he makes his eager way,
And holds, or thinks he holds, the trembling prey.
Forth darts the stag—his foe, cast far behind,
Catches but empty air, and bites the wind.
The hunters shout; the streams, the rocks, reply;
And the tumultuous peals run rattling round the sky.
Thus, flying in distress, the Daunian lord
Calls on his friends; demands his trusty sword.
But the great Trojan, with a lofty cry,
Forbids the bands the weapon to supply;
Denouncing death, and threat'ning all around,
Th' imperial town to level with the ground.
O'er ten large circuits, with a rapid pace,
This hero leads, and that pursues, the chase.
No light reward must crown their eager strife;
The long-contending prize is Turnus' noble life!
To Faunus sacred had an olive stood:
The shipwreck'd sailors, on the hallow'd wood,
Hung their devoted vests in honour of the god.
But late, to leave the field for combat free,
The Trojans fell'd the venerable tree.
Full in the root, Æneas drove his spear:
The dart, deep riveted, stood trembling there:
The hero, struggling with incessant pain,
Now bends to disengage the lance again;
And with his dart, at least, o'ertake the foe,
Who, frighted, to the god preferr'd his vow.
"Thy suppliant's pray'r, in pity, Faunus, hear,
And thou, kind mother Earth, detain the spear;
If still I honour'd with a pious hand
Your plant, by guilty Troy with steel profan'd."
Thus he; the god attends his humble strain;
The Trojan labours at the root in vain:
There as he tugs the lance with all his might,
Fierce, and impatient to renew the fight,
Once more Juturna to the chief restor'd
(In brave Metiscus' form) his temper'd sword.
The heav'nly Venus view'd with high disdain,
And from the root releas'd the dart again.
Renew'd in might, the tow'ring chiefs advance;
One shook the sword, and one the flaming lance.
Their heaving bosoms swell with stern delight,
Pant for the combat, and demand the fight.
Then to his consort, who the war survey'd
Thron'd on a golden cloud, the thund'rer said:
"What schemes, my queen, are left, with vain debate,
Ev'n yet to check the ripe events of fate?
You know, and own, Æneas soon must rise
From Earth, already sacred to the skies.
Long since, those glories to the chief are ow'd,
And Heav'n now opens to receive the god.
To what fond purpose then this fruitless care?
To linger in the clouds, and urge the war?
Say, was it just, to wake the dire alarms?
To violate a god with mortal arms,
When the bold sister to the chief restor'd,
By thy assistance, his paternal sword?
(For what without thy succour could she dare?)
And sent the vanquish'd Turnus to the war?
At length, at length, the needless strife give o'er,
At my request, indulge your rage no more;
Nor let revenge, dire enemy to rest,
For ever prey on that immortal breast.
Oh! let thy lord thy secret sorrow share,
Or, more than share it, give me all thy care!
To their last sacred point the fates are come;
Here, here they fix'd th' unalterable doom.
The Latian court in ruins could you lay,
And drive the Trojans o'er the land and sea;
Profane with blood the holy bridal rite,
Rekindle war, and urge them to the fight;
This we indulg'd: now give thy efforts o'er
At our command; and thwart the fates no more."
So spoke th' imperial sov'reign of the skies;
And, in submissive terms, the queen replies:
"Great sire! because thy sacred will I know,
I left my Turnus to his doom below.
Nor had I sat, but at the will of Jove,
Disgrac'd and pensive, in the clouds above;
But in the front of fight my foes engag'd,
And, wrapt in flames, thro' all the battle rag'd;
I bade Juturna mingle in the strife,
Nay, venture more, to save a brother's life.
That charge I own; but not to bend a bow,
Or hurl a single jav'lin at the foe.
This, this, I swear, by the black Stygian floods,
The sole dread sanction of th' immortal gods:
Now back to Heav'n, great father, I repair,
And from this hour renounce the hateful war.
But yet I beg, O sov'reign of the sky!
What not the hardest laws of fate deny;
For your own Latium I implore this grace,
This honour for your own majestic race;
When by these nuptials both the realms combine,
And in firm leagues of peace and friendship join;
Still may the Latians, still remain the same,
Nor take from Troy their language, garb, or name!
May the great race of Alban monarchs reign;
Kings after kings the regal line sustain;
And from th' Italian blood may Rome arise,
In all her pride and glory, to the skies.
But may a long oblivion quite destroy,
The last, last ruins, with the name of Troy!"
The goddess spoke; and, with a smile, replies
The sire of men, and monarch of the skies:
"Can Saturn's other heir, who reigns above,
Th' imperial sister, and the wife, of Jove,
With endless schemes of vengeance break her rest?
Why burns such wrath in a celestial breast?

Cease, cease, at length, and lay your anger by.
Since with your wish, my empress, we comply.
Th' Ausonians ever shall remain the same
In customs, garb, religion, and the name; [came:
And the lost Trojan race forget from whence they
In manners, laws, and language, shall they join,
And Ilion shall increase the Latian line.
From hence a pious godlike race shall rise;
The first of men; the darlings of the skies.
Nor all the nations of the world shall pay
More glorious honours to thy name, than they."
Then, pleas'd and reconcil'd, the queen of Jove
Flies to her palace,—in the realms above.
'Twas then th' eternal sire of Heav'n expell'd
The wat'ry goddess from the fighting field:
Two hideous monsters wait obsequious by,
Tremendous fiends! the furies of the sky;
Hell-born and horrible, they sprung to light,
With dire Megæra, from the womb of Night.
Huge wreaths of serpents spires their temples bound:
Their wings in whirlwinds drove the air around,
When bent the minds of mortal men to scare
With the black horrours of the last despair;
When for the guilty world the god prepares
Woes, death, disease, blue pestilence, and wars;
In pomp terrific, frown the fiends abhorr'd;
Before the throne of Heav'n's almighty lord,
To wreak his vengeance, in his courts they stand,
Watch his imperial nod, and fly at his command.
Of these the swiftest from the skies he sent,
To fright the goddess with the dire portent.
Fir'd with her charge, the fiend, with rapid flight,
Shot in a whirlwind from Olympus' height.
As when the Parthian dips, with fatal art,
And doubly arms, with death, th' envenom'd dart;
He draws the circling bow; the quiv'ring string
Twangs; and the weapon whizzes on the wing:
So swift to Earth the baleful fury flew,
Till Turnus and the hosts appear'd in view.
When lo! contracted, to the bird she turns,
That hoots o'er desolated piles and urns,
Whose piercing strains the midnight hours invade,
And break the solemn silence of the shade.
Chang'd to this form obscene, the fury flies
Round Turnus' head, and chills him with surprise;
This way and that she flutters o'er the field,
And screams his death, and beats his sounding shield.
His inmost soul a sudden horrour stung; [tongue:
Stiff rose his hair; amazement chain'd his
But soon, too soon, the goddess knew the sound
Of the black fury as she flies around:
She tore her beauteous face in wild despair,
Beat her white breast, and rent her golden hair.
"Ah me!" she cries, "in this unequal strife,
How can thy sister now defend thy life?
What can I more to lengthen out thy date,
(Wretch that I am) and stop the course of fate?
How can I stand that hideous fiend of night?
Hence, hence, ye furies!—lo, I quit the fight.
Your threats, ye baleful birds of night, forbear,
Nor fright a trembling goddess to despair.
Too well I know your pinions clatt'ring round.—
There was a scream!—Hell, Hell is in the sound!
You came (I know) commission'd from above,
Sent by the high command of haughty Jove.
This then, is this the sole reward bestow'd,
For my lost honour, by the grateful god?
Ah! why this lengthen'd life must I endure?
Deny'd the taste of death, its only cure!
Curs'd with the fruitless honours of the sky!
Condemn'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Pleas'd, with my brother would I yield my breath,
And share his fate, unprivileg'd from death.
Joy is no more; and nothing Jove bestows
In life immortal, but immortal woes!
Earth! Earth! thy inmost centre open throw,
And rest a goddess in the shades below!"
Then in her azure robes she wrapp'd her head,
Sigh'd, sobb'd, and plung'd into her wat'ry bed;
Her last low murmurs, as the stream divides,
Work up in air, and bubble on the tides.
Now at the foe, the Trojan hero shook
His pointed spear, and sternly thus bespoke:
"What methods, Turnus, yet remain for flight?
'Tis strength, not swiftness, must decide the fight.
Try all thy arts and vigour to escape
Thy instant doom, and vary ev'ry shape;
Wish for the morning's rapid wings, to fly,
Shoot down to Hell; or vault into the sky."—
"Not those insulting empty vaunts I dread,"
Reply'd the mournful chief, and shook his head;
"No—but the gods with fear my bosom move,
And he, my greatest foe, almighty Jove!"
The warrior said; and cast his fiery eyes
Where an huge stone, a rocky fragment, lies;
Black, rough, prodigious, vast!—the common bound
For ages past, and barrier of the ground. [bound
Scarce twelve strong men the pond'rous mass could
Such as disgrace these dark degen'rate days. [raise,
This in his trembling hand he heav'd to throw,
Ran with the load, and hurl'd it at the foe:
But ran all giddy with affright, nor knew
Which way he took, nor what a weight he threw.
His loose knees tremble, nor support their load:
Round his cold heart congeals the settling blood.
Short of the mark, and guiltless of a wound,
Th' unwieldy mass came thund'ring to the ground.
And, as when slumber seals the closing sight,
The sick wild fancy labours in the night;
Some dreadful visionary foe we shun
With airy strides, but strive in vain to run;
In vain our baffled limbs their pow'rs essay;
We faint, we stagger, sink, and fall away;
Drain'd of our strength, we neither fight nor fly,
And on the tongue the struggling accents die:
The chief so labours, but with fruitless pain;
The fiend still thwarts him, and he toils in vain!
Amidst a thousand doubts, he stands opprest,
A thousand terrours working in his breast.
Now to the Latian battlements on high,
Now to his friends, he turns his trembling eye,
Now to the threat'ning lance, already wing'd to fly.
No friendly aid, no glimm'ring hopes appear,
No car, no steeds, nor goddess charioteer!
With level'd eye the Trojan mark'd the part;
Then whirls with all his force the whizzing dart.
A stone disploded, with less fury far,
Flies from the brazen enginry of war:
And wrapp'd in flames, far less enrag'd and loud,
Bursts the big thunder from the breaking cloud.
Swift as the whirlwind sweeps along the skies,
The jav'lin, charg'd with sure destruction, flies;
Its rapid progress through the sev'nfold shield,
And the thick mail, with matchless fury held;
Thence, through his thigh, drove deep the griding wound,
And bent the hapless warrior to the ground.
With peals of groans the pale Rutulians rise:
The groves and mountains ring with mournful cries.

His eyes and hands the vanquish'd hero rear'd,
And to the chief his moving pray'r preferr'd:
"Prince, I deserve, nor deprecate, my death:
Then, use thy fortune; take my forfeit breath!
Yet, if a parent's woes thy soul incline,
Think what thy father was; then pity mine!
Think at thy feet the hoary monarch thrown,
Grov'ling, and pleading for an only son!
Then save the son! in him the father save!
Nor bow his age, with sorrow, to the grave!
Or, oh! at least, this mercy I implore,
My breathless relics to my friends restore.
Thine is the conquest, lo! the Latian bands
Behold their gen'ral stretch his suppliant hands!
Restrain thy farther vengeance; I resign
My former claim; the royal fair is thine."
Awhile, the hero, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Repress'd his hand, and gaz'd upon the foe.
His melting words to mercy now inclin'd,
Still more and more, the victor's noble mind;
When, lo! by chance, the golden belt he spy'd,
The belt of Pallas, glitt'ring at his side;
Which from the dying youth the warrior tore,
And the refulgent prize in triumph wore.
His eyes, fierce-flaming, o'er the trophy roll,
That wakes the slumb'ring vengeance in his soul.
Then with loud accents, and a dreadful look,
Stern and terrific, to the prince he spoke: [tend?
"Thou! wretch accurs'd! canst thou to grace pre-
Clad in the spoils of my dear murder'd friend?
Go then, a victim to his spirit, go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the fatal blow.
Thus is his ghost aton'd."—The hero said;
And bury'd in his breast the furious blade.
With a deep groan the dying warrior fell,
And the majestic soul disdainful plung'd to Hell.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP,

EARL STANHOPE, VISCOUNT MAHON, AND BARON ELVASTON,

this translation is dedicated, by his lordship's humble servant and chaplain,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

BOOK I.

Give me, ye sacred Muses, to impart
The hidden secrets of your tuneful art;
Give me your awful mysteries to sing,
Unlock, and open wide, your sacred spring;
While from his infancy the bard I lead,
And set him on your mountain's lofty head;
Direct his course, and point him out the road
To sing in epic strains an hero or a god.
What youth, whose generous bosom pants for praise,
Will dare with me to beat those arduous ways?
O'er high Parnassus' painful steeps to go,
And leave the groveling multitude below:
Where the glad Muses sing, and form the choir,
While bright Apollo strikes the silver lyre,
Approach thou first, great Francis, nor refuse
To pay due honours to the sacred Muse;
While Gallia waits for thy auspicious reign,
Till age completes the monarch in the man;
Meantime the Muse may bring some small relief,
To charm thy anguish, and suspend thy grief;
While guilty fortune's stern decrees detain
Thee and thy brother in the realms of Spain;
Far, far transported from your native place,
Your country's, father's, and your friend's embrace!
Such are the terms the cruel fates impose
On your great father, struggling with his woes,
Such are their hard conditions:—they require
Precious to purchase, and redeem, the sire.
But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears, abstain,
Fate may relent, and Heaven grow mild again;
At last, perhaps, the glorious day may come,
The day that brings our royal exile home;
When, to thy native realms in peace restor'd,
The ravish'd crowds shall hail their passing lord;
When each transported city shall rejoice,
And nations bless thee with a public voice;
To the throng'd fanes the matrons shall repair;
Absolve their vows, and breathe their souls in prayer.
Till then, let every Muse engage thy love,
With me at large o'er high Parnassus rove,
Range every bower, and sport in every grove.
First then observe, that verse is ne'er confin'd
To one fixt measure, or determin'd kind;
Though at its birth it sung the gods alone,
And then religion claim'd it for her own;
In sacred strains address'd the deity,
And spoke a language worthy of the sky;
New themes succeeding bards began to choose,
And in a wider field engag'd the Muse;
The common bulk of subjects to rehearse
In all the rich varieties of verse.
Yet none of all with equal honours shine
(But those which celebrate the Power Divine)
To those exalted measures, which declare
The deeds of heroes, and the sons of war.
From hence posterity the name bestow'd
On this rich present of the Delphic god;
Fame says, Phœmonoe in this measure gave
Apollo's answers from the Pythian cave. [choose,
But ere you write, consult your strength, and
A theme proportion'd justly to your Muse.
For though in chief these precepts are bestow'd
On him who sings an hero or a god;
To other themes their general use extends,
And serves in different views to different ends.
Whether the lofty Muse, with tragic rage,
Would proudly stalk in buskins on the stage;
Or in soft elegies our pity move,
And show the youth in all the flames of love;
Or sing the shepherd's woes in humble strains,
And the low humours of contending swains:
These faithful rules shall guide the bard along
In every measure, argument, and song.
Be sure (whatever you propose to write)
Let the chief motive be your own delight,
And well-weigh'd choice;—a task enjoin'd refuse,
Unless a monarch should command your Muse.

(If we may hope those golden times to see,
When bards become the care of majesty!)
Free and spontaneous the smooth numbers glide,
Where choice determines, and our wills preside;
But, at command, we toil with fruitless pain,
And drag th' involuntary load in vain.
Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm desire,
On the first glimmering of the sacred fire;
Defer the mighty task; and weigh your power;
And every part in every view explore;
And let the theme in different prospects roll
Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the soul.
But ere with sails unfurl'd you fly away,
And cleave the bosom of the boundless sea;
A fund of words and images prepare,
And lay the bright materials up with care,
Which, at due time, occasion may produce,
All rang'd in order for the poet's use.
Some happy objects by mere chance are brought
From hidden causes to the wandering thought;
Which, if once lost, you labour long in vain
To catch th' ideal fugitives again.
Nor must I fail their conduct to extol,
Who, when they lay the basis of the whole,
Explore the ancients with a watchful eye,
Lay all their charms and elegancies by,
Then to their use the precious spoils apply.
At first without the least restraint compose,
And mould the future poem into prose;
A full and proper series to maintain,
And draw the just connection in a chain;
By stated bounds your progress to control,
To join the parts, and regulate the whole.
And now 'tis time to spread the opening sails
Wide to the wanton winds and flattering gales;
'Tis time we now prescribe the genuine laws
To raise the beauteous fabric with applause;
But first some method requisite appears
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.
In vain the bard the sacred wreath pursues,
Unless train'd up and season'd to the Muse.
Soon as the prattling innocent shall reach
To the first use and rudiments of speech,
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,
Ev'n then the tuneful Nine should win his love
By just degrees.—But make his guide your choice
For his chaste phrase and elegance of voice;
That he at first successfully may teach
The methods, laws, and discipline of speech;
Lest the young charge, mistaking right and wrong,
With vicious habits prejudice his tongue.
Habits, whose subtle seeds may mock your art,
And spread their roots and poison thro' his heart.
Whence none shall move me to approve the wretch,
Who wildly borne above the vulgar reach,
And big with vain pretences to impart
Vast shows of learning, and a depth of art,
For sense th' impertinence of terms affords;
An idle cant of formidable words;
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools;
The vile disgrace, and lumber of the schools:
In vain the circling youths, a blooming throng,
Dwell on th' eternal jargon of his tongue.
Deluded fools!—The same is their mistake,
Who at the limpid stream their thirst may slake,
Yet choose the tainted waters of the lake.
Let no such pest approach the blooming care,
Deprave his style, and violate his ear;
But far, oh far, to some remoter place
Drive the vile wretch to teach a barbarous race!

Now to the Muse's stream the pupil bring,
To drink large draughts of the Pierian spring;
And from his birth the sacred bard adore,
Nurst by the Nine, on Mincio's flowery shore;
And ask the gods his numbers to inspire,
With like invention, majesty, and fire.
He reads Asganius' deeds with equal flame,
And longs with him to run at nobler game.
For youths of ages past he makes his moan,
And learns to pity years so like his own;
Which with too swift, and too severe a doom,
The fate of war had hurried to the tomb.
His eyes, for Pallas, and for Lausus, flow,
Mourn with their sires, and weep another's woe.
But when Euryalus, in all his charms,
Is snatch'd by fate from his dear mother's arms,
And as he rolls in death, the purple flood
Streams out, and stains his snowy limbs with blood,
His soul the pangs of generous sorrow pierce,
And a new tear steals out at every verse.
Meantime with bolder steps the youth proceeds,
And the Greek poets in succession reads;
Seasons to either tongue his tender ears;
Compares the heroes' glorious characters;
Sees, how Æneas is himself alone,
The draught of Peleus' and Laertes' son;
How, by the poet's art, in one, conspire
Ulysses' conduct, and Achilles' fire.
But now, young bard, with strict attention hear,
And drink my precepts in at either ear;
Since mighty crowds of poets you may find,
Crowds of the Grecian and Ausonian kind,
Learn hence what bards to quit or to pursue,
To shun the false, and to embrace the true;
Nor is it hard to cull each noble piece,
And point out every glorious son of Greece;
Above whose numbers Homer sits on high,
And shines supreme in distant majesty;
Whom with a reverent eye the rest regard,
And owe their raptures to the sovereign bard;
Through him the god their panting souls inspires,
Swells every breast, and warms with all his fires.
Blest were the poets with the hallow'd rage,
Train'd up in that and the succeeding age:
As to his time each poet nearer drew,
His spreading fame in just proportion grew,
By like degrees the next degenerate race
Sunk from the height of honour to disgrace.
And now the fame of Greece extinguish'd lies,
Her ancient language with her glory dies.
Her banish'd princes mourn their ravish'd crowns,
Driven from their old hereditary thrones;
Her drooping natives rove o'er worlds unknown,
And weep their woes in regions not their own;
She feels through all her states the dreadful blow,
And mourns the fury of a barbarous foe.
But when our bards brought o'er th' Aonian maids
From their own Helicon to Tyber's shades;
When first they settled on Hesperia's plains,
Their numbers ran in rough unpolish'd strains.
Void of the Grecian art their measures flow'd;
Pleas'd the wild satyrs, and the sylvan crowd.
Low shrubs and lofty forests whilom rung
With uncouth verse, and antiquated song;
Nor yet old Ennius sung in artless strains,
Fights, arms, and hosts embattel'd on the plains,
Who first aspir'd to pluck the verdant crown
From Grecian heads, and fix it on his own.
New wonders the succeeding bards explore,
Which slept conceal'd in Nature's womb before;

Her awful secrets the bold poet sings,
And sets to view the principles of things;
Each part was fair, and beautiful the whole,
And every line was nectar to the soul.
By such degrees the verse, as ages roll'd,
Was stampt to form, and took the beauteous
Ausonia's bards drew off from every part [mould.
The barbarous dregs, and civilis'd the art.
Till, like the day, all shining and serene,
That drives the clouds, and clears the gloomy scene,
Refines the air, and brightens up the skies,
See the majestic head of Virgil rise;
Phœbus' undoubted son!—who clears the rust
Of the rough ancients, and shakes off their dust.
He on each line a nobler grace bestow'd;
He thought, and spoke in every word a god.
To grace this mighty bard, ye Muses, bring
Your choicest flowers, and Ville all the spring;
See! how the Grecian bards, at distance thrown,
With reverence bow to this distinguish'd son;
Immortal sounds his golden lines impart,
And nought can match his genius but his art.
Ev'n Greece turns pale, and trembles at his fame,
Which shades the lustre of her Homer's name.
'Twas then Ausonia saw her language rise
In all its strength and glory to the skies;
Such glory never could she boast before,
Nor could succeeding poets make it more.
From that blest period the poetic state
Ran down the precipice of time and fate;
Degenerate souls succeed, a wretched train,
And her old fame at once drew back again.
One, to his genius trusts, in every part,
And scorns the rules and discipline of art.
While this, an empty tide of sound affords,
And roars and thunders in a storm of words.
Some, musically dull, all methods try
To win the ear with sweet stupidity;
Unruffled strains for solid wit dispense,
And give us numbers, when we call for sense.
Till from th' Hesperian plains and Tyber chas'd,
From Rome the banish'd sisters fled at last;
Driven by the barbarous nations, who from far
Burst into Latium with a tide of war.
Hence a vast change of their old manners sprung,
The slaves were forc'd to speak their master's tongue;
No honours now were paid the sacred Muse,
But all were bent on mercenary views;
Till Latium saw with joy th' Aonian train
By the great Medici restor'd again;
Th' illustrious Medici, of Tuscan race,
Were born to cherish learning in disgrace,
New life on every science to bestow,
And lull the cries of Europe in her woe.
With pity they beheld those turns of fate,
And propp'd the ruins of the Grecian state;
For lest her wit should perish with her fame,
Their care supported still the Argive name;
They call'd th' aspiring youths from distant parts,
To plant Ausonia with the Grecian arts;
To bask in ease, and science to diffuse,
And to restore the empire of the Muse;
They sent to ravag'd provinces with care,
And cities wasted by the rage of war,
To buy the ancients' works, of deathless fame,
And snatch th' immortal labours from the flame;
To which the foes had doom'd each glorious piece,
Who reign and lord it in the realms of Greece.
(But we, ye gods, would raise a foreign lord,
As yet untaught to sheath the civil sword!)
Through many a period this has been the fate,
And this the list of the poetic state.
Hence sacred Virgil from thy soul adore
Above the rest, and to thy utmost power
Pursue the glorious paths he struck before.
If he supplies not all your wants, peruse
Th' immortal strains of each Augustan Muse.
There stop—nor rashly seek to know the rest,
But drive the dire ambition from thy breast,
Till riper years and judgment form thy thoughts
To mark their beauties, and avoid their faults.
Meantime, ye parents, with attention hear,
And, thus advis'd, exert your utmost care;
The blameless tutor from a thousand choose,
One from his soul devoted to the Muse;
Who, pleas'd the tender pupil to improve,
Regards, and loves him, with a father's love.
Youth, of itself to numerous ills betray'd,
Requires a prop, and wants a foreign aid;
Unless a master's rules his mind incline
To love and cultivate the sacred Nine,
His thoughts a thousand objects will employ,
And from Parnassus lead the wandering boy.
So trusts the swain the saplings to the earth;
So hopes in time to see the sprouting birth;
Against the winds defensive props he forms,
To shield the future forest from the storms;
That each emboldened plant at length may rise
In verdant pride, and shoot into the skies.
But let the guide, if e'er he would improve
His charge, avoid his hate, and win his love;
Lest in his rage wrong measures he may take,
And loath the Muses for the teacher's sake.
His soul then slacken'd from her native force,
Flags at the barrier, and forgets the course.
Nor by your anger be the youth o'er-aw'd,
But scorn th' ungenerous province of the rod;
Th' offended Muses never can sustain
To hear the shriekings of the tender train,
But, stung with grief and anguish, hang behind;
Damp'd is the sprightly vigour of the mind.
The boy no daring images inspire,
No bright ideas set his thoughts on fire:
He drags on heavily th' ungrateful load,
Grown obstinately dull, and season'd to the rod.
I know a pedant, who to penance brought
His trembling pupils for the lightest fault;
His soul transported with a storm of ire,
And all the rage that malice could inspire:
By turns the torturing scourges we might hear,
By turns the shrieks of wretches stunn'd the ear.
Still to my mind the dire ideas rise,
When rage unusual sparkled in his eyes;
When with the dreadful scourge insulting loud,
The tyrant terrify'd the blooming crowd—
A boy the fairest of the frighted train,
Who yet scarce gave the promise of a man,
Ah! dismal object! idly pass'd the day
In all the thoughtless innocence of play;
When lo! th' imperious wretch, inflam'd with rage,
Fierce, and regardless of his tender age,
With fury storms; the fault his clamours urge:
His hand high-waving brandishes the scourge,
Tears, vows, and prayers, the tyrant's ears assail;
In vain;—nor tears, nor vows, nor prayers, prevail.
The trembling innocent from deep despair
Sicken'd, and breath'd his little soul in air.

For him, beneath his poplar, mourns the Po;
For him the tears of hoary Serius flow!
For him their tears the watery sisters shed,
Who lov'd him living, and deplor'd him dead!
The furious pedant, to restrain his rage,
Should mark th' example of a former age,
How fierce Alcides, warm'd with youthful ire,
Dash'd on his master's front his vocal lyre.
But yet, ye youths, confess your masters' sway,
And their commands implicitly obey.
Whoever then this arduous task pursues,
To form the bard, and cultivate the Muse,
Let him by softer means, and milder ways,
Warm his ambition with the love of praise;
Soon as his precepts shall engage his heart,
And fan the rising fire in every part,
Light is the task;—for then the eager boy
Pursues the voluntary toil with joy;
Disdains th' inglorious indolence of rest,
And feeds th' immortal ardour in his breast.
And here the common practice of the schools,
By known experience, justifies my rules,
The youths in social studies to engage;
For then the rivals born with generous rage,
Each soul the stings of emulation raise,
And every little bosom beats for praise.
But gifts propos'd will urge them best to rise;
Fir'd at the glorious prospect of a prize,
With noble jealousy, the blooming bard
Reads, labours, glows, and strains for the reward;
Fears lest his happy rival win the race,
And raise a triumph on his own disgrace.
But when once season'd to the rage divine,
He loves and courts the raptures of the Nine;
The sense of glory, and the love of fame,
Serve but as second motives to the flame;
The thrilling pleasure all the bard subdues,
Lock'd in the strict embraces of the Muse.
See! when harsh parents force the youth to quit,
For meaner arts, the dear delights of wit,
If e'er the wonted warmth his thoughts inspire,
And with past pleasures set his mind on fire;
How from his soul he longs, but longs in vain,
To haunt the groves and purling streams again;
No stern commands of parents can control,
No force can check the sallies of his soul.
So burns the courser season'd to the rein,
That spites his females on a distant plain,
And longs to act his pleasures o'er again.
Fir'd with remembrance of his joys, he bounds,
He foams and strives to reach the well-known grounds;
The goring spurs his furious flames improve,
And rouse within him all the rage of love;
Ply'd with the scourge he still neglects his haste,
And moves reluctant, when he moves at last;
Reverts his eye, regrets the distant mare;
And neighs impatient for the dappled fair.
How oft the youth would long to change his fate,
Who, high advanc'd to all the pomp of state,
With grief his gawdy load of grandeur views.
Lost at too high a distance from the Muse!
How oft he sighs by warbling streams to rove,
And quit the palace for the shady grove;
How oft in Tybur's cold retreats to lye,
And gladly stoop to cheerful poverty,
Beneath the rigour of the wint'ry sky!
But yet how many curse their fruitless toil,
Who turn and cultivate a barren soil?
This, ere too late, the master may divine
By a sure omen, and a certain sign;
The hopeful youth, determin'd by his choice,
Works without precept, and prevents advice,
Consults his teacher, plies his task with joy,
And a quick sense of glory fires the boy.
He challenges the crowd;—the conquest o'er,
He struts away the victor of an hour.
Then vanquish'd in his turn; o'erwhelm'd with care,
He weeps, he pines, he sickens with despair;
Nor looks his little rivals in the face,
But flies for shelter to some lonely place,
To mourn his shame, and cover his disgrace.
His master's frowns impatient to sustain,
Straight he returns, and wins the day again.
This is the boy his better fates design
To rise the future darling of the Nine,
For him the Muses weave the sacred crown,
And bright Apollo claims him for his own.
Not the least hope th' unactive youth can raise,
Dead to the prospect, and the sense of praise;
Who your just rules with dull attention hears,
Nor lends his understanding, but his ears,
Resolv'd his parts in indolence to keep,
He lulls his drowsy faculties asleep;
The wretch your best endeavours will betray,
And the superfluous care is thrown away.
I fear for him, who ripens ere his prime;
For all productions there's a proper time.
Oh! may no apples in the spring appear,
Out-grow the seasons, and prevent the year,
Nor mellow yet, till autumn stains the vine,
And the full presses foam with floods of wine.
Torn from the parent tree too soon, they lie
Trod down by every swain who passes by.
Nor should the youth too strictly be confin'd,
'Tis sometimes proper to unbend his mind;
When tir'd with study, let him seek the plains
And mark the homely humours of the swains;
Or pleas'd the toils to spread, or horns to wind,
Hunt the fleet mountain-goat, or forest-hind.
Meantime the youth, impatient that the day
Should pass in pleasures unimprov'd away,
Steals from the shouting crowd, and quits the plains,
To sing the sylvan gods in rural strains;
Or calls the Muses to Albunea's shades,
Courts, and enjoys, the visionary maids.
So labour'd fields, with crops alternate blest,
By turns lie fallow, and indulge their rest;
The swain contented bids the hungry soil
Enjoy a sweet vicissitude from toil;
Till earth renews her genial powers to bear,
And pays his prudence with a bounteous year.
On a strict view your solid judgment frame,
Nor think that genius is in all the same;
How oft the youth, who wants the sacred fire,
Fondly mistakes for genius his desire?
Courts the coy Muses, though rejected still,
Nor Nature seconds his misguided will:
He strives, he toils with unavailing care;
Nor Heaven relents, nor Phœbus hears his prayer.
He with success, perhaps, may plead a cause,
Shine at the bar, and flourish by the laws;
Perhaps discover Nature's secret springs,
And bring to light th' originals of things.
But sometimes precept will such force impart,
That Nature bends beneath the power of art.
Besides, 'tis no light province to remove
From the rash boy the fiery pangs of love;

Till, ripe in years, and more confirm'd in age,
He learns to bear the flames of Cupid's rage;
Oft hidden fires on all his vitals prey,
Devour the youth, and melt his soul away
By slow degrees;——blot out his golden dreams,
The tuneful poets, and Castalian streams;
Struck with a secret wound, he weeps and sighs;
In every thought the darling phantoms rise;
The fancy'd charmer swims before his sight,
His theme all day, his vision all the night:
The wandering object takes up all his care,
Nor can he quit th' imaginary fair.
Meantime his sire, unconscious of his pain,
Applies the temper'd medicines in vain;
The plague, so deeply rooted in his heart,
Mocks every slight attempt of Pæan's art;
The flames of Cupid all his breast inspire,
And in the lover's quench the poet's fire.
When in his riper years, without control,
The Nine have took possession of his soul;
When, sacred to their god, the crown he wears,
To other authors let him bend his cares;
Consult their styles, examine every part,
And a new tincture take from every art.
First study Tully's language and his sense,
And range that boundless field of eloquence.
Tully, Rome's other glory, still affords
The best expressions and the richest words;
As high o'er all in eloquence he stood,
As Rome o'er all the nations she subdued.
Let him read men and manners, and explore
The site and distances from shore to shore;
Then let him travel, or to maps repair,
And see imagin'd cities rising there;
Range with his eyes the Earth's fictitious ball,
And pass o'er figur'd worlds that grace the wall.
Some in the bloody shock of arms appear,
To paint the native horrours of the war;
Through charging hosts they rush before they write,
And plunge in all the tumult of the fight.
But since our lives, contracted in their date
By scanty bounds and circumscrib'd by fate,
Can never lanch through all the depths of arts,
Ye youths, touch only the material parts;
There stop your labour, there your search control,
And draw from thence a notion of the whole.
From distant climes when the rich merchants come,
To bring the wealth of foreign regions home;
Content the friendly harbours to explore,
They only touch upon the winding shore;
Nor with vain labour wander up and down
To view the land, and visit every town;
That would but call them from their former road,
To spend an age in banishment abroad;
Too late returning from the dangerous main,
To see their countries and their friends again.
Still be the sacred poets your delight,
Read them by day, consult them in the night;
From those clear fountains all your raptures bring,
And draw for ever from the Muses' spring.
But let your subject in your bosom roll,
Claim every thought, and draw in all the soul.
That constant object to your mind display,
Your toil all night, your labour all the day.
I need not all the rules of verse disclose,
Nor how their various measures to dispose;
A tutor here with ease his charge may guide
To join the parts and numbers, or divide.
Now let him words to stated laws submit,
Or yoke to measures, or reduce to feet;
Now let him softly to himself rehearse
His first attempts and rudiments of verse;
Fix on those rich expressions his regard
To use made sacred by some ancient bard;
Toss'd by a different gust of hopes and fears,
He begs of Heaven an hundred eyes and ears.
Now here, now there, coy Nature he pursues,
And takes one image in a thousand views.
He waits the happy moment that affords
The noblest thoughts, and most expressive words,
He brooks no dull delay; admits no rest;
A tide of passion struggles in his breast;
Round his dark soul no clear ideas play,
The most familiar objects glide away.
All fixt in thought, astonish'd he appears,
His soul examines, and consults his ears;
And racks his faithless memory, to find
Some traces faintly sketch'd upon his mind.
There he unlocks the glorious magazine,
And opens every faculty within;
Brings out with pride their intellectual spoils,
And with the noble treasure crowns his toils;
And oft mere chance shall images display,
That strike his mind engag'd a different way.
Still he persists; regrets no toil nor pain,
And still the task, he tried before in vain,
Plies with unweary'd diligence again.
For oft unmanageable thoughts appear,
That mock his labour, and delude his care;
Th' impatient bard, with all his nerves apply'd,
Tries all the avenues on every side;
Resolv'd and bent the precipice to gain;
Though yet he labours at the rock in vain;
By his own strength and Heaven, with conquest
He wins th' important victory at last; [grac'd,
Stretch'd by his hands the vanquish'd monster lies,
And the proud triumph lifts him to the skies.
But when ev'n chance and all his efforts fail,
Nor toils, nor vigilance, nor cares prevail;
His past attempts in vain the boy renews,
And waits the softer seasons of the Muse;
He quits his work; throws by his fond desires;
And from his task reluctantly retires.
Thus o'er the fields the swain pursues his road,
Till stopt at length by some impervious flood,
That from a mountain's brow, o'ercharg'd with rains, [plains;
Bursts in a thundering tide, and foams along the
With horrour chill'd, he traverses the shore,
Sees the waves rise, and hears the torrent roar;
Then griev'd returns, or waits with vain delay
Till the tumultuous deluge rolls away.
But in no Iliad let the youth engage
His tender years, and unexperienc'd age;
Let him by just degrees and steps proceed,
Sing with the swains, and tune the tender reed:
He with success an humbler theme may ply,
And, Virgil-like, immortalise a fly:
Or sing the mice, their battles and attacks,
Against the croaking natives of the lakes:
Or with what art her toils the spider sets,
And spins her filmy entrails into nets.
And here embrace, ye teachers, this advice;
Not to be too inquisitively nice,
But, till the soul enlarg'd in strength appears,
Indulge the boy, and spare his tender years;
Till, to ripe judgment and experience brought,
Himself discerns and blushes at a fault;
For if the critic's eyes too strictly pierce,
To point each blemish out in every verse,

Void of all hope the stripling may depart,
And turn his studies to another art.
But if resolv'd his darling faults to see,
A youth of genius should apply to me,
And court my elder judgment to peruse
Th' imperfect labours of his infant Muse;
I should not scruple, with a candid eye,
To read and praise his poem to the sky;
With seeming rapture on each line to pause,
And dwell on each expression with applause.
But when my praises had inflam'd his mind,
If some lame verse limp'd slowly up behind;
One, that himself, unconscious, had not found,
By numbers charm'd, and led away by sound;
I should not fear to minister a prop,
And give him stronger feet to keep it up;
Teach it to run along more firm and sure;
Nor would I show the wound before the cure.
For what remains; the poet I enjoin
To form no glorious scheme, no great design,
Till free from business he retires alone,
And flies the giddy tumult of the town;
Seeks rural pleasures, and enjoys the glades,
And courts the thoughtful silence of the shades,
Where the fair Dryads haunt their native woods,
With all the orders of the sylvan gods.
Here in their soft retreats the poets lye,
Serene, and blest with cheerful poverty;
No guilty schemes of wealth their souls molest,
No cares, no prospects, discompose their rest;
No scenes of grandeur glitter in their view;
Here they the joys of innocence pursue,
And taste the pleasures of the happy few.
From a rock's entrails the barbarian sprung,
Who dares to violate the sacred throng
By deeds or words—The wretch, by fury driven,
Assaults the darling colony of Heaven!
Some have look'd down, we know, with scornful eyes [rise,
On the bright Muse who taught them how to
And paid, when rais'd to grandeur, no regard
From that high station to the sacred bard.
Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lye,
Or dread th' impending vengeance of the sky;
The gods still listen'd to their constant prayer,
And made the poets their peculiar care.
They, with contempt, on fortune's gift look down,
And laugh at kings who wear an envy'd crown.
Rais'd and transported by their soaring mind,
From their proud eminence they view mankind
Lost in a cloud; they see them toil below,
All busy to promote their common woe.
Of guilt unconscious, with a steady soul, [roll.
They see the lightnings flash, and hear the thunders
When, girt with terrours, Heaven's almighty sire
Launches his triple bolts, and forky fire,
When o'er high towers the red destroyer plays,
And strikes the mountains with the pointed blaze;
Safe in their innocence, like gods, they rise,
And lift their souls serenely to the skies.
Fly, ye profane;—the sacred Nine were given
To bless these lower worlds by bounteous Heaven:
Of old, Prometheus, from the realms above,
Brought down these daughters of almighty Jove,
When to his native earth the robber came,
Charg'd with the plunder of ethereal flame.
As due compassion touch'd his generous mind,
To see the savage state of human kind;
When, led to range at large the bright abodes,
And share th' ambrosial banquets of the gods;
In many a whirl he saw Olympus driven,
And heard th' eternal harmony of Heaven.
Turn'd round and round the concert charm'd his ears
With all the music of the dancing spheres;
The sacred Nine his wondering eyes behold,
As each her orb in just divisions roll'd;
The thief beholds them with ambitious eyes,
And, bent on fraud, he meditates the prize;
A prize! the noblest gift he could bestow
(Next to the fire) on human race below;
At length th' immortals reconcil'd resign'd
The fair celestial sisters to mankind;
Though bound to Caucasus with solid chains,
Th' aspiring robber groan'd in endless pains;
By which deterr'd, for ages lay supine
The race of mortals, nor invok'd the Nine:
Till Heaven in verse show'd man his future state,
And open'd every distant scene of fate.
First, the great father of the gods above
Sung in Dodona and the Libyan grove;
Next, to th' inquiring nations Themis gave
Her sacred answers from the Phocian cave;
Then Phœbus warn'd them from the Delphic dome,
Of future time, and ages yet to come;
And reverend Faunus utter'd truths divine
To the first founders of the Latian line.
Next the great race of hallow'd prophets came,
With them the Sibyls of immortal fame,
Inspir'd with all the god; who rapt on high
With more than mortal rage unbounded fly,
And range the dark recesses of the sky.
Next, at their feasts, the people sung their lays
(The same their prophets sung in former days);
Their theme an hero, and his deathless praise.
What has to man of nobler worth been given,
Than this the best and greatest boon of Heaven?
Whatever power the glorious gift bestow'd,
We trace the certain footsteps of a god;
By thee inspir'd, the daring poet flies,
His soul mounts up, and towers above the skies;
Thou art the source of pleasure, and we see
No joy, no transport, when debarr'd of thee;
Thy tuneful deity the feather'd throng
Confess in all the measures of their song.
Thy great commands the savages obey,
And every silent native of the sea:
Led by thy voice the starting rocks advance,
And listening forests mingle in the dance.
On thy sweet notes the damn'd rejoice to dwell,
Thy strains suspended all the din of Hell;
Lull'd by the sound, the furies rag'd no more,
And Hell's infernal porter ceas'd to roar.
Thy powers exalt us to the realms above,
To feast with gods, and sit the guests of Jove.
Thy presence softens anguish, woe, and strife,
And reconciles us to the load of life.
Hail, thou bright comfort of these low abodes,
Thou joy of men and darling of the gods.
As priest and poet, in these humble lays,
I boldly labour to resound thy praise;
To hang thy shrines, this gift I bring along,
And to thy altars guide the tender throng.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

BOOK II.

Proceed, ye Nine, descended from above,
Ye tuneful daughters of almighty Jove;

To teach the future age I hasten on,
And open every source of Helicon.
Your priest and bard with rage divine inspire,
While to your shrine I lead the blooming choir.
Hard was the way, and dubious, which we trod,
Now show, ye goddesses, a surer road;
Point out those paths, which you can find alone,
To all the world but to yourselves unknown;
Lo! all th' Hesperian youths with me implore
Your softer influence, and propitious power,
Who, rang'd beneath my banners, boldly tread
Those arduous tracks to reach your mountain's head.
New rules 'tis now my province to impart;
First to invent, and then dispose with art:
Each a laborious task; but they who share
Heav'n's kinder bounty, and peculiar care,
A glorious train of images may find,
Preventing hope, and crowding on the mind.
The other task, to settle every part,
Depends on judgment, and the powers of art;
From whence in chief the poet hopes to raise
His future glory, and immortal praise.
This as a rule the noblest bards esteem,
To touch at first in general on the theme;
To hint at all the subject in a line;
And draw in miniature the whole design.
Nor in themselves confide; but next implore
The timely aid of some celestial power;
To guide your labours, and point out your road,
Choose, as you please, your tutelary god;
But still invoke some guardian deity,
Some power, to look auspicious from the sky:
To nothing great should mortals bend their care,
Till Jove be solemnly addrest in prayer.
'Tis not enough to call for aid divine,
And court but once the favour of the Nine;
When objects rise, that mock your toil and pain,
Above the labour and the reach of man;
Then you may supplicate the blest abodes,
And ask the friendly succour of the gods.
Shock not your reader, nor begin too fierce,
Nor swell and bluster in a pomp of verse;
At first all needless ornament remove,
To shun his prejudice, and win his love,
At first, you find most favour and success
In plain expression, and a modest dress.
For if too arrogant you vaunt your might,
You fall with greater scandal in the fight,
When on the nicest point your fortune stands,
And all your courage, all your strength demands.
With gradual flights surprise us as we read;
And let more glorious images succeed,
To wake our souls; to kindle our desire
Still to read on, and fan the rising fire.
But ne'er the subject of your work proclaim
In its own colours, and its genuine name;
Let it by distant tokens be convey'd, [shade.
And wrapt in other words, and cover'd in their
At last the subject from the friendly shrowd
Bursts out, and shines the brighter from the cloud;
Then the dissolving darkness breaks away,
And every object glares in open day.
Thus great Ulysses' toils were I to choose[1],
For the main theme that should employ my Muse;
By how long labours of immortal fame,
Should shine my hero, but conceal his name;

As one, who lost at sea, had nations seen, [men,
And mark'd their towns, their manners, and their
Since Troy was level'd to the dust by Greece;
Till a few lines epitomis'd the piece.
But study now what order to maintain,
To link the work in one continued chain,
That, when the Muse displays her artful scheme,
And at the proper time unfolds the theme;
Each part may find its own determin'd place,
Laid out with method, and dispos'd with grace;
That to the destin'd scope the piece may tend,
And keep one constant tenour to the end.
First to surprising novelties inclin'd,
The bards some unexpected objects find,
To wake attention, and suspend the mind.
A cold dull order bravely they forsake;
Fixt and resolv'd the winding way to take,
They nobly deviate from the beaten track.
The poet marks th' occasion, as he sings,
To launch out boldly from the midst of things,
Where some distinguish'd incident he views,
Some shining action that deserves a Muse.
Thence by degrees the wondering reader brings
To trace the subject backward to its springs,
Lest at his entrance he should idly stay,
Shock'd at his toil, and dubious of his way;
For when set down so near the promis'd goal,
The flattering prospect tempts and fires his soul;
Already past the treacherous bounds appear,
Then most at distance, when they seem so near;
Far from his grasp the fleeting harbour flies,
Courts his pursuit, but mocks his dazzled eyes;
The promis'd region he with joy had spy'd,
Vast tracks of oceans from his reach divide;
Still must he backward steer his lengthen'd way,
And plough a wide interminable sea.
No skilful poet would his Muse employ,
From Paris' vote to trace the fall of Troy,
Nor every deed of Hector to relate,
While his strong arm suspended Ilion's fate;
Work! for some annalist! some heavy fool,
Correctly dry, and regularly dull.
Best near the end those dreadful scenes appear[2];
Wake then, and rouse the furies of the war.
But for his ravish'd fair at first engage
Peleides' soul in unrelenting rage.
Be this the cause that every Phrygian flood
Swells with red waves, and rolls a tide of blood;
That Xanthus' urns a purple deluge pour,
And the deep trenches float with human gore.
Nor former deeds in silence must we lose,
The league at Aulis, and the mutual vows,
The Spartan raging for his ravish'd spouse;
The thousand ships; the woes which Ilion bore
From Greece, for nine revolving years before.
This rule with judgment should the bard maintain[3],
Who brings Laërtes' wandering son again,
From burning Ilion to his native reign.
Let him not launch from Ida's strand his ships,
With his attendant friends into the deeps;
Nor stay to vanquish the Ciconian host;
But let him first appear (his comrades lost)
With fair Calypso on th' Ogygian coast.
From thence, a world of toils and dangers past,
Waft him to rich Phæacia's realms at last,
There at the feast his wanderings to relate,
His friends' dire change; his own relentless fate.

[1] Vid. Hom. Odyss. Lib. I.

[2] See Homer's Iliad.

[3] See the Odyssey.

But if the bard of former actions sings,
He wisely draws from those remoter springs
The present order, and the course of things.
As yet unfold th' event on no pretence,
'Tis your chief task to keep us in suspense.
Nor tell what presents[4] Atreus' son prepares,
To reconcile Achilles to the wars;
Or [5]by what god's auspicious conduct led,
From Polyphemus' den Ulysses fled.
Pleas'd with the toil, and on the prospect bent,
Our souls leap forward to the wish'd event.
No call of nature can our search restrain,
And sleep, and thirst, and hunger, plead in vain.
Glad we pursue the labour, we embrac'd,
And leave reluctant, when we leave at last.
See! how the bard triumphant in his art,
Sports with our passions, and commands the heart;
Now here, now there, he turns the varying song;
And draws at will the captive soul along;
Rack'd with uncertain hints, in every sense
We feel the lengthen'd anguish of suspense.
When Homer[6] once has promis'd to rehearse
Bold Paris' fight, in many a sounding verse,
He soon perceives his reader's warm desire
Wrapt in th' event, and all his soul on fire;
The poet then contrives some specious stay,
Before he tells the fortune of the day.
Till Helen to the king and elders show,
From some tall tower, the leaders of the foe,
And name the heroes in the fields below.
When chaste Penelope[7], to gain her end,
Invites her suitors the tough bow to bend;
(Her nuptial bed the victor's promis'd prize)
With what address her various arts she plies!
Skill'd in delays, and pc' ticly slow
To search her treasures for her hero's bow.
None lead the reader in the dark along,
To the last goal that terminates the song;
Sometimes th' event must glance upon the sight,
Not glare in day, nor wholly sink in night.
'Tis thus Anchises to his son relates
The various series of his future fates;
For this the prophets see[8], on Tyber's shore,
Wars, horrid wars, and Latium red with gore,
A new Achilles rising to destroy
With boundless rage the poor remains of Troy;
But raise his mind with prospects of success,
And give the promise of a lasting peace.
This knew the hero when he sought the plains,
Sprung from his ships[9], and charg'd the embattled swains,
Hew'd down the Latian troops with matchless might,
(The first, auspicious omen of the fight)
And at one blow gigantic Theron kill'd,
Bold, but in vain, and foremost of the field;
Thus too Patroclus[10] with his latest breath
Foretold his unregarding victor's death:
His parting soul anticipates the blow,
That waits brave Hector from a greater foe.
Thou too, poor Turnus, just before thy doom
Could'st read thy end, and antedate a tomb,
When o'er thy head the baleful fury flew,
And in dire omens set thy fate to view:
A bird obscene, she flutter'd o'er the field,
And scream'd thy death, and beat thy sounding shield.
For lo! the time, the fatal time is come,
Charg'd with thy death, and heavy with thy doom.
When Turnus, though in vain, shall rue the day;
Shall curse the golden belt he bore away;
Shall wish too late young Pallas' spoils unsought,
And mourn the conquest he so dearly bought.
Th' event should glimmer through its gloomy shrowd,
Though yet confus'd, and struggling in the cloud.
So, to the traveller, as he journies on
To reach the walls of some far distant town,
If, high in air, the dubious turrets rise,
Peep o'er the hills and dance before his eyes;
Pleas'd the refreshing prospect to survey,
Each stride he lengthens, and beguiles the way.
More pleas'd (the tempting scene in view) to go,
Than pensively to walk the gloomy vales below.
Unless the theme within your bosom roll,
Work in each thought, and run through all the soul;
Unless you alter with incessant pain,
Pull down, and build the fabric o'er again;
In vain, when rival-wits your wonder raise,
You'll strive to match those beauties which you praise.
To one just scope with fixt design go on;
Let sovereign reason dictate from her throne,
By what determin'd methods to advance,
But never trust to arbitrary chance.
Where chance presides, all objects wildly join'd,
Crowd on the reader, and distract his mind;
From theme to theme unwilling is he tost,
And in the dark variety is lost.
You see some bards, who bold excursions make
In long digressions from the beaten track;
And paint a wild unnecessary throng
Of things and objects foreign to the song;
For new descriptions from the road depart,
Devoid of order, discipline, and art.
So, many an anxious toil and danger past,
Some wretch returns from banishment at last;
With fond delay to range the shady wood,
Now here, now there, he wanders from the road;
From field to field, from stream to stream he roves,
And courts the cooling shelter of the groves.
For why should Homer[11] deck the gorgeous car,
When our rais'd souls are eager for the war?
Or dwell on every wheel, when loud alarms,
And Mars in thunder calls the host to arms?
When with his heroes we some dastard find[12],
Of a vile aspect, and malignant mind;
His awkward figure is not worth our care;
His monstrous length of head, or want of hair,
Not though he goes with mountain-shoulders by,
Short of a foot, or blinking in an eye.
Such trivial objects call us off too long
From the main drift and tenour of the song.
Drances[13] appears a juster character,
In council bold, but cautious in the war;
Factious and loud the listening throng he draws,
And swells with wealth, and popular applause;
But, what in our's would never find a place,
The bold Greek language may admit with grace.
Why should I here the stratagems recite,
And the low tricks of every little wit?
Some out of time their stock of knowledge boast,
Till in the pedant all the bard is lost.

[4] See Iliad. Lib. XIX.
[5] Odyss. IX.
[6] See Iliad. III.
[7] Odyssey XXI.
[8] See Virg. Æneid. Lib. VI. v. 890.
[9] Ibid. Lib. III. v. 458.
[10] Ibid. Lib. V. v. 531.
[11] Vid. Hom. Iliad, Lib. V. v. 722.
[12] Ibid. Lib. II. v. 212.
[13] Æneid. Lib. XI. v. 336.

Such without care their useless lumber place;
One black, confus'd, and undigested mass
With a wild heap encumbers every part,
Nor rang'd with grace, nor methodis'd with art.
But then in chief, when things abstruse they teach,
Themes too abstracted for the vulgar reach;
The hidden nature of the deities;
The secret laws and motions of the skies;
Or from what dark original began
The fiery soul, and kindled up the man:
Oft they in odious instances engage,
And for examples ransack every age;
With every realm; no hero will they pass,
But act against the rules of time and place.
Avoid, ye youths, these practices; nor raise
Your swelling souls to such a thirst of praise.
Some bards of eminence there are, we own,
Who sing sometimes the journies of the Sun,
The rising stars, and labours of the Moon:
What impulse bids the ocean rise and fall;
What motions shake and rock the trembling ball:
Though foreign subjects had engag'd their care,
The rage, the din and thunder of the war,
Through the loud field; the genius of the earth;
Or rules to raise the vegetable birth:
Yet 'tis but seldom, and when time and place
Require the thing, and reconcile to grace.
Those foreign objects necessary seem,
And flow, to all appearance, from the theme;
With so much art so well conceal'd they please,
When wrought with skill, and introduc'd with ease.
Should not Anchises [14], such occasion shown,
Resolve the questions of his godlike son?
If souls depriv'd of Heaven's fair light repair
Once more to day; and breathe the vital air?
Or if from high Olympus first they came,
Inspir'd with portions of ethereal flame,
Though here encumber'd with the mortal frame?
Tire not too long one subject when you write,
For 'tis variety that gives delight;
But when to that variety inclin'd,
You seek new objects to relieve the mind,
Be sure let nothing forc'd or labour'd seem,
But watch your time, and steal from off your theme.
Conceal with care your longing to depart,
For art's chief pride is still to cover art.
So Mulciber [15], in future ages skill'd,
Engrav'd Rome's glories on Æneas' shield,
On the bright orb her future fame enroll'd,
And with her triumphs charg'd the rising gold;
Here figur'd fights the blazing round adorn,
There his long line of heroes yet unborn.
But if a poet of Ausonian [16] birth
Describes the various kingdoms of the Earth,
Wide interspers't; the Medes, or swarthy Moors;
The different natures of their soils explores,
And paints the trees that bloom on India's shores:
On his own land he looks with partial eyes,
And lifts the fair Hesperia to the skies;
To all the fair Hesperia he prefers,
And makes the woods of Bactria yield to her's,
With proud Panchaia; though her groves she boasts,
And breathes a cloud of incense from her coasts.
Hear then, ye generous youths, on this regard
I should not blame the conduct of the bard,
Who in soft numbers, and a flowing strain,
Relieves and reconciles our ears again.
When I the various implements had sung
That to the fields, and rural trade belong,
In sweet harmonious measures would I tell
How Nature mourn'd when the great Cæsar fell [17].
When Bacchus' curling vines had grac'd my lays,
The rural pleasures next should share my praise [18].
The labour ended, and complete the whole,
Some bards with pleasure wander round the goal,
The flights and sallies of the Muse prolong,
And add new beauties to the finish'd song;
Pleas'd with th' excursion of the charming strain,
We strive to quit the work, but strive in vain.
Thus, were the bees the subject of my Muse,
Their laws, their natures, and celestial dews;
Poor Aristæus [19] should his fate disclose,
His mother's counsel should assuage his woes;
Old Proteus here should struggle in his chain,
There in soft verse the Thracian bard complain
(As Philomela on a poplar bough
Bewails her young, melodious in her woe):
Pangæan steeps his sorrows should return,
And vocal Thrace with Rhodope should mourn;
Hebrus should roll low-murmuring to the deep,
And barbarous nations wonder why they weep.
Thus too the poets, who the names declare
Of kings and nations gathering to the war,
Sometimes diversify the strain, and sing
The wondrous change of the Ligurian [20] king.
While for his Phaëton his sorrows flow,
And his harmonious strains beguile his woe,
O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,
And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies.
Thus too Hippolytus [21], by Diana's care
And Pæan's art, returns to upper air.
The bards now paint the arms their heroes wield,
And each bold figure on the glittering shield.
Great Aventinus [22], great Alcides' son,
Wore the proud trophy which his father won;
An hundred serpents o'er the buckler roll'd,
And hydra hiss'd from all her heads in gold.
Now blooming Tempe's cool retreats they sing,
And now with flowery beauties paint the spring.
Now with a sylvan scene the floods they hide;
Or teach the fam'd Eridanus to glide,
Or sport on fabled Achelous' side,
Or hoary Nereus' numerous race display,
The hundred azure sisters of the sea.
With them the nymphs that haunt their native woods,
And the long orders of the sylvan gods.
With gay descriptions sprinkle here and there
Some grave instructive sentences with care,
That touch on life, some moral good pursue,
And give us virtue in a transient view;
Rules, which the future sire may make his own,
And point the golden precepts to his son.
Sometimes on little images to fall,
And thus illustrate mighty things by small,
With due success the licens'd poet dares,
When to the ants [23] the Phrygians he compares,

[14] Vid. Æneid. Lib. VI.
[15] Ibid. Lib. VIII. v. 626.
[16] Virg. Georgic. Lib. II. v. 136.
[17] Georg. Lib. I. v. 466.
[18] Ibid. Lib. II. v. 458.
[19] Ibid. Lib. IV. v. 317.
[20] Æneid. Lib. X. v. 185.
[21] Ibid. Lib. VII. v. 756.
[22] Ibid. Lib. VII. v. 656.
[23] Ibid. Lib. IX. v. 402.

Who, leaving Carthage, gather to the seas;
Or the laborious Tyrians to the bees[24].
But swarming flies[25], offensive animals,
That buzz incessant o'er the smoking pales,
Are images too low, to paint the hosts
That roll and blacken o'er Ausonia's coasts.
The lofty Muse who sung the Latian war,
Would think such trivial things beneath her care.
How from his majesty would Virgil fall,
If Turnus, scarce repell'd from Ilion's wall,
Retiring grimly with a tardy pace,
Had e'er been figur'd by the patient ass[26]!
Whom unregarded troops of boys surround,
While o'er his sides their rattling strokes resound;
Slow he gives way, and crops the springing grain,
Turns on each side, and stops to graze again.
In every point the thing is just, we know,
But then the image is itself too low:
For Turnus, sprung from such a glorious strain,
The vile resemblance would with scorn disdain.
With better grace the lion[27] may appear,
Who, singly impotent the crowd to dare,
Repel, or stand their whole embody'd war,
Looks grimly back, and rolls his glaring eye,
Despairs to conquer, and disdains to fly.
Since fictions are allow'd, be sure, ye youths,
Your fictions wear at least the air of truths.
When Glaucus[28] meets Tydides on the plain,
Inflam'd with rage, and reeking from the slain;
Some think they could not pass the time away,
In such long narratives, and cool delay,
Amidst the raging tumult of the day.
But yet we hear fierce Diomed relate
The crime of bold Lycurgus, and his fate;
And Glaucus talks of brave Bellerophon,
Doom'd for a lawless passion not his own;
Sets forth the hero's great exploits to view,
How the bold chief the dire Chimæra slew,
The Solymæan host, and Amazonian crew.
For those surprising fictions are design'd
With their sweet falsehoods to delight the mind;
The bards expect no credit should be given
To the bare lie, though authoriz'd by Heaven,
Which oft with confidence they vent abroad,
Beneath the needful sanction of a god.
'Twas thus the roasted heifers[29] of the Sun
Spoke o'er the fire with accents not their own;
'Twas thus Achilles' steed[30] his silence broke,
And Trojan ships[31] in human voices spoke;
As wrought by Heaven these wonders they relate,
All airy visions of the ivory gate!
Speak things but once, if order be your care,
For more the cloy'd attention will not bear,
And tedious repetitions tire the ear.
In this we differ from the Grecian train,
Who tell Atrides' visions[32] o'er again.
'Tis not enough with them we know the cause
Why great Achilles from the war withdraws,
Unless the weeping hero[33], on the shore,
Tells his blue mother all we heard before.
So much on punctual niceties they stand,
That, when their kings dispatch some high command,
All, word for word, th' embassadors rehearse[34]
In the same tenour of unvaried verse.
Not so did Venulus[35] from Arpi bring
The final answer of th' Ætolian king.
Let others labour on a vast design,
A less, but polish'd with due care, be thine.
To change its structure, be your last delight;
Thus spend the day, and exercise the night,
Incessant in your toil. But if you choose
A larger field and subject for your Muse;
If scanty limits should the theme confine,
Learn with just art to lengthen the design
Beyond its native bounds; the roving mind
A thousand methods to this end may find;
Unnumber'd fictions may with truths be join'd.
Nature supplies a fund of matter still;
Then cull the rich variety at will.
See! how[36] the bard calls down th' embattled gods,
All rang'd in factions, from their bright abodes;
Who, fir'd with mutual hate, their arms employ,
And in the field declare for Greece or Troy;
Till Jove convenes a council to assuage
Their rising fury, and suspend their rage;
Though the blest gods, remov'd from human eyes,
Live in immortal ease within the distant skies.
And now th' infernal realm his theme he makes,
The reign of Pluto, the Tartarean lakes,
The Furies dreadful with their curling snakes.
He gathers omens from each bird that flies,
And signs from every wing that beats the skies.
He now describes a banquet, where the guest
Prolongs with narratives the royal feast.
Or at the glorious hero's tomb we read
Of games ordain'd in honour of the dead.
And oft for mercies in old times display'd,
To their own gods their annual rites are paid.
For monstrous Python slain, their praises rise,
And lift the fame of Phœbus to the skies.
In hymns Alcides' labours they resound:
While Cacus lies extended on the ground,
Alternate sing the labours of his hands,
Enjoin'd by fierce Eurystheus' stern commands;
The den of Cacus crowns the grateful strain,
Where the grim monster breathes his flames in vain.
Mark how sometimes the bard without control
Exerts his fire, and pours forth all his soul;
His lines so daring, and his words so strong;
We see the subject figur'd in the song:
When with the winds old ocean[37] he deforms,
Or paints the rage and horrours of the storms;
Or drives on pointed rocks the bursting ships,
Tost on the Euxine, or Sicilian deeps.
Or sings the plagues[38] that blast the livid sky,
When beasts by herds, and men by nations die;
Or the fierce flames that Ætna's jaws expire[39]
Her melted rocks, and deluges of fire,

[24] Ibid. Lib. I. v. 434.
[25] Iliad. Lib. II. v. 469.
[26] Ibid. Lib. XI. v. 557.
[27] Æneid. Lib. IX. v. 792.
[28] Iliad. Lib. VI. v. 119.
[29] Odyss. Lib. XII. v. 395.
[30] Iliad. Lib. XVII. v. 426.
[31] Æneid. Lib. X. v. 228.
[32] Vid. Iliad. Lib. II.
[33] Iliad. Lib. I. v. 370.
[34] Ibid. Lib. IX. v. 264.
[35] Æneid. Lib. XI. v. 243.
[36] All these particulars, to the end of this paragraph, are taken from Homer and Virgil.
[37] Æneid. Lib. I. [38] Ibid. Lib. III. v.
[39] Ibid. v. 571.

When from her mouth the bursting vapour flies,
And, charg'd with ruin, thunders to the skies;
While drifts of smoke in sooty whirlwinds play,
And clouds of cinders stain the golden day.
See! as the poet sounds the dire alarms,
Calls on the war, and sets the hosts in arms;
Squadrons on squadrons driven, confus'dly die;
Grim Mars in all his terrours strikes the eye;
More than description rising to the sight,
Presents the real horrours of the fight;
A new creation seems our praise to claim;
(Hence Greece derives the sacred poet's [40] name);
The dreadful clang of clashing arms we hear;
The agonizing groan, the fruitless prayer,
And shrieks of suppliants thicken on the ear.
Who, when he reads a city storm'd [41], forbears
To feel her woes, and sympathize in tears?
When o'er the palaces the flames aspire
From wall to wall, and wrap the domes in fire?
The sire, with years and hostile rage opprest!
The starting infant, clinging to the breast!
The trembling mother runs, with piercing cries,
Through friends and foes, and shrieking rends the skies.
Drag'd from the altar, the distracted fair
Beats her white breast, and tears her golden hair.
Here in thick crowds the vanquish'd fly away,
There the proud victors heap the wealthy prey;
With rage relentless ravage their abodes,
Nor spare the sacred temples of the gods.
O'er the whole town they run with wild affright,
Tumultuous haste, and violence of flight.
Why should I mention how our souls aspire,
Lost in the raptures of the sacred fire;
For ev'n the soul not always holds the same,
But knows at different times a different frame.
Whether with rolling seasons she complies,
Turns with the Sun, or changes with the skies;
Or through long toil, remissive of her fires,
Droops with the mortal frame her force inspires;
Or that our minds alternately appear
Now bright with joy, and now o'ercast with care.
No!—but the gods, th' immortal gods supply
The glorious fires; they speak the deity.
Then blest is he who waits th' auspicious nod,
The warmth divine, and presence of the god;
Who his suspended labours can restrain,
Till Heaven's serene indulgence smiles again.
But strive, on no pretence, against your power,
Till time brings back the voluntary hour.
Sometimes their verdant honours leave the woods,
And their dry urns defraud the thirsty floods;
Nor still the rivers a full channel yield,
Nor Spring with flowery beauties paints the field:
The bards no less such fickle changes find,
Dampt is the noble ardour of the mind;
Their wonted toil her wearied powers refuse;
Their souls grow slack and languid to the Muse,
Deaf to their call, their efforts are withstood;
Round their cold hearts congeals the freezing blood.
You'd think the Muses fled; the god no more
Would fire the bosom where he dwelt before,
No more return!—how often, though in vain,
The poet would renew the wonted strain!
Nor sees the gods who thwart his fruitless care,
Nor augurs Heaven relentless to his prayer.
Some read the ancient bards, of deathless fame,
And from their raptures catch the noble flame.
By just degrees; they feed the glowing vein,
And all th' immortal ardour burns again
In its full light and heat; the Sun's bright ray
Thus (when the clouds disperse) restores the day,
Whence shot this sudden flash that gilds the pole;
The god, the god comes rushing on his soul;
Fires with ethereal vigour every part,
Through every trembling limb he seems to dart,
Works in each vein, and swells his rising heart.
Deep in his breast the heavenly tumult plays,
And sets his mounting spirits on a blaze.
Nor can the raging flames themselves contain,
For the whole god descends into the man.
He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,
But sings inspir'd in more than human sounds.
Nor from his breast can shake th' immortal load,
But pants and raves impatient of the god;
And, rapt beyond himself, admires the force
That drives him on reluctant to the course.
He calls on Phœbus, by the god opprest,
Who breathes excessive spirit in his breast;
No force of thirst or hunger can control
The fierce, the ruling transport of his soul.
Oft in their sleep, inspir'd with rage divine,
Some bards enjoy the visions of the Nine:
Visions! themselves with due applause may crown;
Visions! that Phœbus or that Jove may own.
To such an height the god exalts the flame,
And so unbounded is their thirst of fame.
But here, ye youths, exert your timely care,
Nor trust th' ungovernable rage too far;
Use not your fortune, nor unfurl your sails,
Though softly courted by the flattering gales.
Refuse them still, and call your judgment in,
While the fierce god exults and reigns within;
To reason's standard be your thoughts confin'd,
Let judgment calm the tempest of the mind.
Indulge your heat with conduct, and restrain;
Learn when to draw, and when to give, the rein,
But always wait till the warm raptures cease,
And lull the tumults of the soul to peace;
Then, nor till then, examine strictly o'er
What your wild sallies might suggest before.
Be sure, from Nature never to depart;
To copy Nature is the task of art.
The noblest poets own her sov'reign sway,
And ever follow where she leads the way.
From her the different characters they trace,
That mark the human or the savage race,
Each various and distinct; in every stage
They paint mankind; their humours, sex, and age;
They show what manners the slow sage become,
What the brisk youth in all his sprightly bloom.
In every word and sentiment explain,
How the proud monarch differs from the swain.
I nauseate all confounded characters,
Where young Telemachus too grave appears,
Or reverend Nestor acts beneath his years.
The poet suits his speeches, when he sings,
To proper persons, and the state of things;
On each their just distinctions are bestow'd,
To mark a male, a female, or a god.
Thus when in Heaven seditious tumults rise [42],
Amongst the radiant senate of the skies,
The sire of gods, and sovereign of mankind,
In a few words unfolds his sacred mind.
Not so fair Venus; who at large replies,
And pities Troy, and counts her miseries,

[40] Ἀπὸ τοῦ ποιῶ. [41] Vid. Æneid. Lib. II. [42] Vid. Æneid. Lib. X.

Woes undeserv'd: but with contention fir'd,
And with the spirit of revenge inspir'd,
Fierce Juno storms amidst the blest abodes,
And stuns with loud complaints the listening gods.
When youthful Turnus [43] the stern combat claims,
His rising heart is fill'd with martial flames;
Impell'd by rage, and bent to prove his might,
His soul springs forward, and prevents the fight;
Rous'd to revenge, his kindling spirits glow,
Confirm his challenge, and provoke the foe,
The fugitive of Troy.—But while his rage
And youthful courage prompts him to engage,
On Latium's king incumbent it appears,
Grown old in prudence, piety, and years,
To weigh events, and youthful heat assuage,
With the cold caution and the fears of age.
In Dido's various character is seen
The furious lover and the gracious queen:
When Troy's fam'd chief, commanded from above,
Prepares to quit her kingdom, and her love;
She raves, she storms with unavailing care,
Grown wild with grief, and frantic with despair.
Through every street she flies; with anguish stung,
And broken accents flutter on her tongue;
Her words confus'd and interrupted flow,
Speak and express the hurry of her woe.
How in this Dido is that Dido lost;
Who late receiv'd the Trojans on her coast,
And bade them banish grief, and share her throne,
Dismiss their fears, and think her realms their own!

Next the great orators consult, and thence
Draw all the moving turns of eloquence:
That Sinon [44] may his Phrygian foes betray,
And lead the crowd, as fraud directs the way;
That wise Ulysses [45] may the Greeks detain,
While Troy yet stood, from measuring back the main.

Need I name Nestor [46], who could talk to peace,
With melting words, the factious kings of Greeks?
Whose soft address their fury could controul,
Mould every passion, and subdue the soul!
These soothing arts to Venus [47] sure were known,
To beg immortal arms to grace her son;
Her injur'd spouse each thrilling word inspires,
With every pang of love to second her desires.
With nicest art the fair adultress draws
Her fond addresses from a distant cause;
And all her guileful accents are design'd
To catch his passions, and ensnare his mind.
'Tis hence the poet learns in every part
To bend the soul, and give with wondrous art
A thousand different motions to the heart.
Hence, as his subject gay or sad appears,
He claims our joy, or triumphs in our tears.
Who, when he sees how Orpheus' [48] sorrows flow,
Weeps not his tears, and answers woe for woe?
When he his dear Eurydice deplores
To the deaf rocks, and solitary shores,
With the soft harp the bard relieves his pain,
For thee, when morning dawns, prolongs the strain,
For thee, when Phœbus seeks the seas again.
Or when the young Euryalus [49] is kill'd,
And rolls in death along the bloody field;
Like some fair flower beneath the share he lies,
His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies;
The reader's soul is touch'd with generous woe,
He longs to rush with Nisus on the foe;
He burns with friendly pity to the dead,
To raise the youth, and prop his sinking head;
And strives in vain to stop the gushing blood,
That stains his bosom with a purple flood.

But if the bard such images pursues,
That raise the blushes of the virgin-muse;
Let them be slightly touch'd, and ne'er exprest,
Give but an hint, and let us guess the rest.
If Jove commands the gathering storms to rise,
And with deep thunders rends the vaulted skies,
To the same cave together may repair
The Trojan hero [50] and the Tyrian fair.
The poet's modesty must add no more;
Enough, that Earth had given the sign before;
The conscious ether was with flames o'erspread,
The nymphs ran shrieking round the mountain's head.

Nor let young Troilus, unhappy boy,
Meet fierce Achilles in the plains of Troy;
But show th' unequal youth's untimely fall,
To great Æneas on the Tyrian wall;
Supine and hanging from his empty car,
Dragg'd by his panting coursers through the war.
This, from our bright examples you may trace,
To write with judgment, decency, and grace;
From others learn invention to increase,
And search in chief the glorious sons of Greece;
For her bright treasures Argos' realms explore,
Bring home triumphant all her gather'd store,
And with her spoils enrich the Latian shore.
Nor is the glory of translation less,
To give the Grecian bards a Roman dress,
If Phœbus' gracious smiles the labour crown,
Than if some new invention were your own.
Mincio's and Manto's glorious son behold,
Th' immortal Virgil, sheath'd in foreign gold,
Shines out unshum'd, and towers above the rest,
In the rich spoils of godlike Homer drest.
Let Greece in triumph boast that she imparts
To Latium's conquering realms her glorious arts:
While Latium's sons improve her best designs,
Till by degrees each polish'd labour shines,
While Rome advances now in arts, as far
Above all cities, as of old in war.

Ye gods of Rome, ye guardian deities,
Who lift our nation's glory to the skies;
And thou, Apollo, the great source of Troy,
Let Rome at least this single palm enjoy,
To shine in arts supreme, as once in power,
And teach the nations she subdued before;
Since discord all Ausonia's kings alarms,
And clouds the ancient glories of her arms.
In our own breasts we sheath the civil sword,
Our country naked to a foreign lord;
Which lately, prostrate, started from despair,
Burn'd with new hopes, and arm'd her hands for war.
But arm'd in vain;—th' inexorable hate
Of envious Fortune call'd her to her fate,
Insatiate in her rage; her frowns oppose
The Latian fame, and woes are heap'd on woes.
Our dread alarms each foreign [illegible] took,
Through all their tribes the distant nations shook,
To Earth's last bounds the fame of Leo runs,
Nile heard, and Indus trembled for his sons.

[43] Æneid. Lib. XII. v. 9.
[44] Vid. Æneid. Lib. II. [45] Hom. Iliad. Lib. II.
[46] Æneid. Lib. VIII. v. 370.
[47] Iliad. Lib. I. v. 246.
[48] Georgic. Lib. IV. v. 464.
[49] Æneid. Lib. IX. v. 433.
[50] Ibid. Lib. IV. v. 165.

Arabia heard the Mediwan line,
The first of men, and sprung from race divine.
The sovereign priest, and mitred king, appears
With his lov'd Julius join'd, who kindly shares
The reins of empire, and the public cares,
To break their country's chains, the generous pair
Concert their schemes, and meditate the war.
On Leo Europe's monarchs turn their eyes;
On him alone the western world relies;
And each bold chief attends his dread alarms,
While the proud crescent fades before his arms:
High on his splendid car, immortal Rome,
Thine eyes had seen the holy warrior come,
Lord of the vanquish'd world, in triumph home.
Thy streams, old Tyber, swell'd with conscious pride,
Had borne thy kindred warrior down thy tide;
While, crowded up in heaps, thy waves admire
The captive nations, and their strange attire,
Behind his wheels should march a numerous train
Of sceptre'd slaves, reluctant to the chain,
Forget their haughty threats, and boast in vain,
Though the proud foe, of Jury's realm possest,
Has spread his wide dominion through the East;
Sees his dread standard there at large unfurl'd,
And grasps in thought the empire of the world;
And now (ye gods) increas'd in barbarous power,
His armies hover o'er th' Hesperian shore:
To see the passing pomp, the ravish'd throng
Through every street should flow in tides along;
The sacred father, as the numbers roll'd,
Should his dear citizens again behold;
High o'er the shouting crowds enthron'd in gold;
Should show the trophies of his glorious toils,
And hang the shrines with consecrated spoils.
Piles of barbaric gold should glitter there,
The wealth of kingdoms, and the pomp of war:
But, by your crime, ye gods, our hopes are crost,
And those imaginary triumphs lost;
Interr'd with Leo, in one fatal hour,
Our prospects perish'd, as they liv'd before.

VIDA'S ART OF POETRY.

BOOK III.

WHAT style, what language, suits the poet's lays,
To claim Apollo's and the Muses' praise,
I now unfold; to this last bound I tend,
And see my promis'd labours at an end.
First then, with care a just expression choose,
Led by the kind indulgence of the Muse,
To dress up every subject when you write,
And set all objects in a proper light.
But lest the distant prospect of the goal
Should damp your vigour, and your strength control,
Rouse every power, and call forth all the soul.
See! how the Nine the panting youth invite,
With one loud voice to reach Parnassus' height;
See! how they hold aloft th' immortal crown,
To urge the course, and call the victor on;
See! from the clouds each lavish goddess pours,
Full o'er thy head, a sudden spring of flowers,
And roses fall in odoriferous showers;
Celestial scents in balmy breezes fly,
And shed ambrosial spirits from the sky.
In chief avoid obscurity, nor shroud
Your thoughts and dark conceptions in a cloud;
For some, we know, affect to shun the light,
Lost in forc'd figures, and involv'd in night,
Studious and bent to leave the common way,
They skulk in darkness, and abhor the day.
Oh! may the sacred Nine inspire my lays
To shine with pride in their own native rays;
For this we need not importune the skies,
In our own power and will the blessing lies.
Expression, boundless in extent, displays
A thousand forms, a thousand several ways;
In different garbs from different quarters brought,
It makes unnumber'd dresses for a thought;
Such vast varieties of hues we find
To paint conception, and unfold the mind!
If e'er you toil, but toil without success,
To give your images a shining dress,
Quit your pursuit, and choose a different way,
Till, breaking forth, the voluntary ray
Cuts the think darkness, and lets down the day.
Since then a thousand forms you may pursue,
A thousand figures rising to the view,
Unless confin'd and straiten'd in your scheme,
With the short limits of a scanty theme,
From these to those with boundless freedom pass,
And to each image give a different face.
The readers hence a wondrous pleasure find,
That charms the ear, and captivates the mind;
In this the laws of Nature we obey,
And act as her example points the way,
Which has on every different species thrown
A shape distinct and figure of its own;
Man differs from the beast that haunts the woods,
The bird from every native of the floods.
See how the poet banishes with grace
A native term to give a stranger place[1]!
From different images with just success
He clothes his matter in the borrow'd dress;
The borrow'd dress the things themselves admire,
And wonder whence they drew the strange attire;
Proud of their ravish'd spoils, they now disclaim
Their former colour, and their genuine name,
And, in another garb more beauteous grown,
Prefer the foreign habit to their own.
Oft as he paints a battle on the plain,
The battle's imag'd by the roaring main;
Now he the fight a fiery deluge names,
That pours along the fields a flood of flames;
In airy conflict now the winds appear,
Alarm the deeps, and wage the stormy war;
To the fierce shock th' embattled tempests pour,
Waves charge on waves, th' encountering billows roar.
Thus in a varyid dress the subject shines,
By turns the objects shift their proper signs;
From shape to shape, alternately they run,
To borrow others' charms, and lend their own[2].
Pleas'd with the borrow'd charms, the readers find
A crowd of different images combin'd,
Rise from a single object to the mind.
So the pleas'd traveller, from a mountain's brow,
Views the calm surface of the seas below;
Though wide beneath the floating ocean lies,
The first immediate object of his eyes,
He sees the forests trample from within,
And gliding meadows paint the deeps with green;
While to his eyes the fair delusions pass,
In gay succession through the watery glass.

[1] Persius and Lycophron.
[2] The metaphor.

[1]'Tis thus the bard diversifies his song,
Now here, now there, he calls the soul along.
The rich variety he sets to sight,
Cloys not the mind, but adds to our delight.
Now with a frugal choice the bard affords
The strongest light, and energy of words;
While humble subjects he contrives to raise
With borrow'd splendours, and a foreign blaze.
This, if on old tradition we rely,
Was once the current language of the sky;
Which first the Muses brought to these abodes,
Who taught mankind the secrets of the gods.
For in the court of Jove their choirs advance,
And sing alternate, as they lead the dance,
Mixt with the gods; they hear Apollo's lyre,
And from high Heaven the panting bard inspire.
Nor bards alone, but other writers reach
This bold, this daring privilege of speech;
In chief the orators, to raise their sense,
In this strong figure dress their eloquence,
When with persuasive strokes they plead a cause,
And bridle vice, and vindicate the laws;
Or on the dreadful verge of death defend,
And snatch from fate, a poor devoted friend.
Ev'n the rough hinds delight in such a strain,
When the glad harvest waves with golden grain,
And thirsty meadows drink the pearly rain;
On the proud vine her purple gems appear;
The smiling fields rejoice, and hail the pregnant year.
First from necessity the figure sprung,
For things, that would not suit our scanty tongue,
When no true names were offer'd to the view,
Those they transferr'd that border'd on the true;
Thence by degrees the noble licence grew.
The bards those daring liberties embrac'd,
Through want at first, through luxury at last:
They now to alien things, at will, confirm
The borrow'd honours of a foreign term.
So man, at first, the rattling storm to fly,
And the bleak horrours of the wintery sky,
Rais'd up a roof of osiers o'er his head,
And clos'd with homely clay the slender shed:
Now, regal palaces, of wondrous size,
With brazen beams, on Parian columns rise,
That heave the pompous fabric to the skies.
But other writers sprinkle here and there
These bolder beauties with a frugal care;
So vast a freedom is allow'd to none,
But suits the labours of the bard alone,
Who in the laws of verse himself restrains,
Ty'd up to time in voluntary chains.
Others, by no restraint or stop withheld,
May range the compass of a wilder field;
The sacred poets, who their labours fill
With pleasing fictions, or with truths at will,
Their thoughts in bolder liberties express,
Which look more beauteous in a foreign dress.
To all, unusual colours they impart,
Nor blush, if e'er detected in their art.
[2]Sometimes beyond the bounds of truth they fly,
And boldly lift their subject to the sky;
When with tumultuous shouts the Heavens rebound,
And all Olympus trembles with the sound;
Or with repeated accents they relate
The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate;

[2] The hyperbole.

[4]Oh sire! Oh country, once with glory crown'd!
Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!
Oh Jove! see Ilion smoking on the ground!
They now name Ceres for the golden grain,
Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main:
Or from the father's name point out the son;
Or for her people introduce a town:
So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,
Pale Afric shakes, and trembles through her states
And some, by Acheloüs' streams alone,
Comprise the floods of all the world in one.
[5]Lo! now they start aside, and change the strain
To fancy'd converse with an absent swain;
To grots and caverns all their cares disclose,
Or tell the solitary rocks their woes;
To scenes inanimate proclaim their love,
Talk with an hilt, or whisper to a grove,
On you they call, ye unattentive woods,
And wait an answer from your bordering floods.
[6]Sometimes they speak one thing, but leave behind
Another secret meaning in the mind:
A fair expression artfully dispense,
But use a word that clashes with the sense.
Thus pious Helen[7] stole the faithful sword,
While Troy was flaming, from her sleeping lord.
So glorious Drances[8] tower'd amid the plain,
And pil'd the ground with mountains of the slain;
Immortal trophies rais'd from squadrons kill'd,
And with vast spoils ennobled all the field.
[9]But now to mention farther I forbear,
With what strong charms they captivate the ear;
When the same terms they happily repeat,
The same repeated seem more soft and sweet.
This, were Arcadia judge[10], if Pan withstood,
Pan's judge, Arcadia, would condemn her god.
But though our fond indulgence grants the Muse
A thousand liberties in different views,
Whene'er you choose an image to express
In foreign terms, and scorn the native dress;
Yet be discreet, nor strain the point too far,
Let the transition still unforc'd appear,
Nor e'er discover an excess of care:
For some, we know, with awkward violence
Distort the subject, and disjoint the sense;
Quite change the genuine figure, and deface
The native shape with every living grace;
And force unwilling objects to put on
An alien face, and features not their own.
A low conceit in disproportion'd terms;
Looks like a boy dress'd up in giant's arms;
Blind to the truth, all reason they exceed,
[11]Who name a stall the palace of the steed,
Or grass the tresses of great Rhœa's head.
'Tis best sometimes an image to express
In its own colours, and its native dress;
The genuine words with happy care to use,
If nicely cull'd, and worthy of the Muse.
Some things alternately compar'd are shown,
Both names still true, and mutually their own;
But here the least redundance you must shun;
Tell us, in short, from whence the hint you drew,
And set the whole comparison to view;

[4] Hæc verba ex incerti nominis poetâ citat Cicero.
[5] The apostrophe. [6] The irony.
[7] See Æneid, Lib. VI. [8] Ibid. Lib. XI.
[9] The anaphora. [10] See Virg. Eclog. IV.
[11] The catachresis.

Lest, mindless of your first design, you seem
To lead the mind away, and rove from theme to theme.
But now pursue the method, that affords
The fittest terms, and wisest choice of words.
Not all deserve alike the same regard,
Nor suit the godlike labours of the bard;
For words as much may differ in degree,
As the most various kinds of poetry.
Though many a common term and word we find
Dispers'd promiscuously through every kind,
Those that will never suit th' heroic rage,
Might grace the buskin, and become the stage.
Their large, their vast variety explore
With piercing eyes, and range the mighty store.
From their deep fund the richest words unfold,
With nicest care be rich expression cull'd,
To deck your numbers in the purest gold.
The vile, the dark degenerate crowd refuse,
And scorn a dress that would disgrace the Muse:
Then, to succeed your search, pursue the road,
And beat the track the glorious ancients trod.
To those eternal monuments repair,
There read, and meditate for ever there.
If o'er the rest some mighty genius shines,
Mark the sweet charms and vigour of his lines.
As far as Phœbus and the heavenly powers
Smile on your labours, make his diction yours:
Your style by his authentic standard frame,
Your voice, your habit, and address, the same.
With him proceed to cull the rest; for there
A full reward will justify your care.
Examine all, and bring from all away
Their various treasures as a lawful prey.
Nor would I scruple, with a due regard,
To read sometimes a rude unpolish'd bard;
Among whose labours I may find a line,
Which from unsightly rust I may refine,
And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.
How often may we see a troubled flood
Stain'd with unsettled ooze and rising mud!
Which (if a well the bordering natives sink)
Supplies the thirsty multitude with drink.
The trickling stream by just degrees refines,
Till in its course the limpid current shines;
And taught through secret labyrinths to flow,
Works itself clear among the sands below.
For nothing looks so gloomy, but will shine
From proper care, and timely discipline;
If, with due vigilance and conduct, wrought
Deep in the soul, it labours in the thought.
Hence on the ancients we must rest alone,
And make their golden sentences our own.
To cull their best expressions claims our cares,
To form our notions, and our styles on theirs.
See! how we bear away their precious spoils,
And with the glorious dress enrich our styles;
Their bright inventions for our use convey,
Bring all the spirit of their words away,
And make their words themselves our lawful prey!
Unsham'd in other colours to be shown,
We speak our thoughts in accents not our own.
But your design with modest caution weigh,
Steal with due care, and meditate the prey.
Invert the order of the words with art,
And change their former scite in every part.
Thus win your readers, thus deceive with grace,
And let th' expression wear a different face;
Yourself at last, the glorious labour done,
Will scarce discern his diction from your own.
Some, to appear of diffidence bereft,
Steal in broad day, and glory in the theft;
When with just art, design and confidence,
On the same words they graft a different sense;
Preserve th' unvary'd terms and order too,
But change their former spirit for a new.
Or, with the sense of emulation bold,
With ancient bards a glorious contest hold:
Their richest spoils triumphant they explore,
Which, rang'd with better grace, they varnish o'er,
And give them charms they never knew before.
So trees, that change their soils, more proudly rise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies;
And, when transplanted, nobler fruits produce,
Exalt their nature, and ferment their juice.
So Troy's fam'd chief the Asian empire bore,
With better omens, to the Latian shore;
Though from thy realm, O Dido, to the sea
Call'd by the gods reluctantly away;
Nor the first nuptial pleasures could control
The fixt, the stubborn purpose of his soul.
Unhappy queen! thy woes suppress'd thy breath;
Thy cares pursued thee, and surviv'd in death.
Had not the Dardan fleet thy kingdom sought,
Thy life had shone unsully'd with a fault.
Come then, ye youths, and urge your generous toils;
Come strip the ancients, and divide the spoils
Your hands have won—but shun the fault of such,
Who with fond rashness trust themselves too much.
For some we know, who, by their pride betray'd,
With vain contempt reject a foreign aid;
Who scorn those great examples to obey,
Nor follow where the ancients point the way.
While from the theft their cautious hands refrain,
Vain are their fears, their superstition vain.
Nor Phœbus' smiles th' unhappy poet crown;
The fate of all his works prevents his own.
Himself his mouldering monument survives,
And sees his labours perish while he lives:
His fame is more contracted than his span,
And the frail author dies before the man.
How would he wish the labour to forbear,
And follow other arts with more successful care?
I like a fair allusion nicely wrought;
When the same words express a different thought.
And such a theft true critics dare not blame,
Which late posterity shall crown with fame.
Void of all fear, of every doubt bereft,
I would not blush, but triumph in the theft.
Nor on the ancients for the whole rely:
The whole is more than all their works supply;
Some things your own invention must explore,
Some virgin images untouch'd before.
New terms no laws forbid us to induce,
To coin a word, and sanctify to use;
But yet admit no words into the song, [sprung;
Unless they prove the stock from whence they
Point out their family, their kindred trace,
And set to view the series of their race.
But where you find your native tongue too poor,
Transport the riches of the Grecian store;
Inform the lump, and work it into grace,
And with new life inspire th' unwieldy mass;
Till, chang'd by discipline, the word puts on
A foreign nature, and forgets its own.
So Latium's language found a rich increase,
And grew and flourish'd from the wealth of Greece;
Till use, in time, had rifled Argos' stores,
And brought all Athens to th' Hesperian shores.

How many words from rich Mycenæ come,
Of Greek extraction, in the dress of Rome,
That live with ours, our rights and freedom claim,
Their nature different, but their looks the same?
Through Latium's realms, in Latium's garb they go,
At once her strangers, and her natives too.
Long has her poverty been fled, and long
With native riches has she grac'd her tongue.
Nor search the poets only, but explore
Immortal Tully's inexhausted store;
And other authors, born in happier days,
Shall answer all your wants, and beautify your lays.
Oft, in old bards, a verse above the rest
Shines, in barbaric spoils and trophies drest;
Thus Gaul, her victor's triumph to complete,
Supplies those words that paint her own defeat;
And vanquish'd Macedon, to tell her doom,
Gives up her language with her arms to Rome.
Then can we fear with groundless diffidence
A want of words that shall express our sense?
But, if compell'd by want, you may produce
And bring an antiquated word in use;
A word erst well-receiv'd in days of yore,
A word our old forefathers us'd before:
Well-pleas'd the reader's wonder to engage,
He brings our grandsires' habit on the stage,
And garbs that whilom grac'd an uncouth age.
Yet must not such appear in every place;
When rang'd too thick, the poem they disgrace.
Since of new words such numbers you command,
Deal out the old ones with a sparing hand.
[12] Whene'er your images can lay no claim
To a fix'd term, and want a certain name;
To paint one thing, the licens'd bard affords
A pompous circle, and a crowd of words.
Two plighted words in one with grace appear,
When they with ease glide smoothly o'er the ear.
Two may embrace at once, but seldom more;
Nor verse can bear the mingled shape of four;
No triple monsters dwell on Latium's shore.
When mixt with smooth, these harsher strains are found,
We start with horrour at the frightful sound;
The Grecian bards, in whom such freedoms please,
May match with more success such words as these;
Heap hills on hills, and bid the structure rise,
Till the vast pile of mountains prop the skies.
What words soever of vast bulk we view,
One of less size may sometimes split in two;
Sometimes we separate from the whole a part,
And prune the more luxuriant limbs with art.
Thus when the names of heroes we declare,
Names whose unpolish'd sounds offend the ear;
We add, or lop some branches which abound,
Till the harsh accents are with smoothness crown'd,
That mellows every word, and softens every sound.
By such an happy change, Sicharbas came,
To sink his roughness in Sichæus' name.
Hence would I rather choose those dire alarms
Of vast Enceladus, and Heaven in arms;
And the bold Titan's battles to rehearse,
Harmonious names, that glide into the verse;
Than count the rough, the barbarous nations o'er,
Which Rome subdued of old from shore to shore.
Let things submit to words on no pretence,
But make your words subservient to your sense;
Nor for their sake admit a single line,
But what contributes to the main design.

[12] The periphrasis.

Through every part most diligently pierce,
And weigh the sound and sense of every verse.
Unless your strictest caution you display,
Some words may lead the heedless bard away;
Steal from their duty, and desert their post,
And skulk in darkness, indolently lost;
Or, while their proper parts their fellows ply,
Contribute nought but sound and harmony.
This to prevent, consult your words; and know
How far their strength, extent, and nature go.
To all their charges and their labours fit;
To all, their several provinces of wit.
Without this care, the poem will abound
With empty noise, and impotence of sound;
Unmeaning terms will crowd in every part,
Play round the ear, but never reach the heart.
Yet would I sometimes venture to disperse
Some words, whose splendour should adorn my verse;
(Words, that to wit and thought have no pretence,
And rather vehicles of sound than sense;)
Till in the gorgeous dress the lines appear,
And court with gentle harmony the ear.
Nor with too fond a care such words pursue,
They meet your sight, and rise in every view.
Oft, from its chains the shackled verse unloose,
And give it liberty to walk in prose;
Then be the work renew'd with endless pain,
And join with care the shatter'd parts again;
The lurking faults and errours you may see,
When the words run unmanacled and free!
Attend, young bards, and listen while I sing;
Lo! I unlock the Muse's sacred spring;
Lo! Phœbus calls thee to his inmost shrine;
Hark! in one common voice, the tuneful Nine
Invite and court thee to the rites divine.
When first to man the privilege was given,
To hold by verse an intercourse with Heaven,
Unwilling that th' immortal art should lie
Cheap, and expos'd to every vulgar eye,
Great Jove, to drive away the groveling crowd,
To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,
Which mope exalted spirits may pursue,
And left it open to the sacred few.
For many a painful task, in every part,
Claims all the poet's vigilance and art.
'Tis not enough his verses to complete,
In measure, numbers, or determin'd feet;
Or render things, by clear expression bright,
And set each object in a proper light:
To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,
And make the sound a picture of the sense;
The correspondent words exactly frame,
The look, the features, and the mien, the same.
His thoughts the bard must suitably express,
Each in a different face, and different dress;
Lest in unvary'd looks the crowd be shown,
And the whole multitude appear as one.
With rapid feet and wings, without delay,
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away:
That, vast of size, his limbs huge, broad, and strong,
Moves pond'rous, and scarce drags his bulk along.
This blooms with youth and beauty in his face:
And Venus breathes on every limb a grace:
That, of rude form, his uncouth numbers shows,
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows;
His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,
Voluminous and vast, curls up behind.
At once the image and the lines appear
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear.

Nor are those figures given without a pause,
But fixt and settled by determin'd laws;
All claim and wear, as their deserts are known,
A voice, a face, and habit of their own.
Lo! when the sailors steer the ponderous ships[13],
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,
Incumbent on the main that roars around;
Beneath their labouring oars the waves resound;
The prows wide echoing thro' the dark profound;
To the loud call each distant rock replies,
Tost by the storm, the frothy surges rise;
While the hoarse ocean heats the sounding shore,
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar,
Flash at the shock, and gathering in an heap,
The liquid mountains rise, and overhang the deep:
See thro' her shores Trinacria's realms rebound,
Starting and trembling at the bellowing sound;
High towering o'er the waves the mountains ride,
And clash with floating mountains on the tide.
But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,
And calms at one regard the raging seas,
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,
And o'er the level light the galley glides.
The poet's art and conduct we admire,
When angry Vulcan rolls a flood of fire;
When on the groves and fields the deluge preys,
And wraps the crackling stubble in the blaze.
Nor less our pleasure, when the flame divides,
And climbs aspiring round the caldron's sides;
From the dark bottom work the waters up,
Swell, boil, and hiss, and bubble to the top.
Thus in smooth lines, smooth subjects we rehearse,
But the rough rock roars in as rough a verse[14].
If gay the subject, gay must be the song,
And the brisk numbers quickly glide along:
When the fields flourish, or the skies unfold
Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold.
If sad the theme, then each grave line moves slow,
The mournful numbers languishingly flow,
And drag, and labour with a weight of woe:
If e'er the boding bird of night, who mourns
O'er ruins, desolation, graves, and urns,
With piercing screams the darkness should invade,
And break the silence of the dismal shade.
When things are small, the terms should still be so:
For low words please us, when the theme is low.
But when some giant, horrible and grim,
Enormous in his gait, and vast in every limb,
Stalks towering on; the swelling words must rise
In just proportion to the monster's size.
If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove,
The verse too labours; the throng'd words scarce move:
When each stiff clod beneath the ponderous plough
Crumbles and breaks: th' encumber'd lines march slow.
Nor less; when pilots catch the friendly gales,
Unfurl their shrouds, and hoist the wide-stretch'd sails.
But if the poem suffers from delay,
Let the lines fly precipitate away.
And when the viper issues from the brake;
Be quick; with stones, and brands, and fire, attack
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.

When night descends; or, stunn'd by numerous strokes,
And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.
When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease,
And hush their roarings and their rage to peace;
So oft we see the interrupted strain
Stopp'd in the midst,—and with the silent main,
Pause for a space—at last it glides again.
When Priam strains his aged arm, to throw
His unavailing javelin at the foe;
(His blood congeal'd, and every nerve unstrung),
Then with the theme complies his artful song;
Like him the solitary numbers flow
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow,
Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force
Beats down embattled armies in his course:
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls,
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls;
Provokes his flying courser to his speed,
In full career to charge the warlike steed;
He piles the field with mountains of the slain;
He pours, he storms, he thunders thro' the plain.
In this the poet's justest conduct lies,
When with the various subjects he complies,
To sink with judgment, and with judgment rise.
We see him now, remissive of his force,
Glide with a low, and inoffensive course;
Stript of the gawdy dress of words he goes,
And scarcely lifts the poem up from prose:
And now he brings with loosen'd reins along
All in a full career the boundless song;
In wide array luxuriantly he pours
A crowd of words, and opens all his stores:
The lavish eloquence redundant flows,
Thick as the fleeces of the winter-snows,
When Jove invests the naked Alps, and sheds
The silent tempest on their hoary heads.
Sometimes the godlike fury he restrains,
Checks his impetuous speed, and draws the reins;
Balanc'd and pois'd, he neither sinks nor soars,
Ploughs the mid space, and steers between the shores,
And shaves the confines; till, all dangers past,
He shoots with joy into the port at last.
For what remains unsung; I now declare
What claims the poet's last and strictest care.
When, all adventures past, his labours tend
In one continued order to their end;
When the proud victor on his conquest smiles,
And safe enjoys the triumph of his toils;
Let him by timely diffidence be aw'd,
Nor trust too soon th' unpolish'd piece abroad.
Oh! may his rash ambition ne'er inflame
His breast, with such a dangerous thirst of fame!
But let the terrour of disgrace control
The warm, the partial fondness of the soul;
And force the bard to throw his passion by,
Nor view his offspring with a parent's eye,
Till his affections are by justice crost,
And all the father in the judge is lost.
He seeks his friends, nor trusts himself alone,
But asks their judgment, and resigns his own;
Begs them, with urgent prayers, to be sincere,
Just and exact, and rigidly severe;
Due verdict to pronounce on every thought,
Nor spare the slightest shadow of a fault;
But, bent against himself, and strictly nice;
He thanks each critic that detects a vice;

[13] Most of these examples are drawn word for word from Virgil.

[14] ——Sonat hæc de nare canina
Littera. Vid. Persium.

Tho' charg'd with what his judgment can defend,
He joins the partial sentence of his friend.
The piece thrown by; the careful bard reviews
The long-forgotten labours of his Muse:
Lo! on all sides far different objects rise,
And a new prospect strikes his wondering eyes,
Warm from the brain, the lines his love engross'd,
Now in themselves their former selves are lost.
Now his own labours he begins to blame,
And blushing reads them with regret and shame.
He loaths the piece; condemns it; nor can find
The genuine stamp, and image of his mind.
This thought and that, indignant he rejects;
When most secure, some danger he suspects;
Anxious he adds, and trembling he corrects.
With kind severities, and timely art,
Lops the luxuriant growth of every part;
Prunes the superfluous boughs, that wildly stray,
And cuts the rank redundancies away.
Thus arm'd with proper discipline he stands,
By day, by night, applies his healing hands,
From every line to wipe out every blot,
Till the whole piece is guiltless of a fault.
Hard is the task, but needful, if your aim
Tends to the prospect of immortal fame.
If some unfinish'd numbers limp behind,
When the warm poet rages unconfin'd,
Then when his swift invention scorns to stay,
By a full tide of genius whirl'd away;
He brings the sovereign cure their failings claim,
Confirms the sickly, and supports the lame.
Oft as the seasons roll, renew thy pain,
And bring the poem to the test again.
In different lights th' expression must be rang'd,
The garb and colours of the words be chang'd.
With endless care thy watchful eyes must pierce,
And mark the parts distinct of every verse.
In this persist; for oft one day denies
The kind assistance which the next supplies;
As oft, without your vigilance and care,
Some faults detected by themselves appear.
And now a thousand errours you explore,
That lay involv'd in mantling clouds before.
Oft, to improve his Muse, the bard should try,
By turns, the temper of a different sky.
For thus his genius takes a different face
From every different genius of a place.
The soul too changes, and the bard may find
A thousand various motions in his mind.
New gleams of light will every moment rise,
While from each part the scattering darkness flies.
And, as he alters what appears amiss,
He adds new flowers to beautify the piece.
But here, ev'n here, avoid th' extreme of such,
Who with excess of care correct too much:
Whose barbarous hands no calls of pity bound,
While with th' infected parts they cut the sound,
And make the cure more dangerous than the wound;
Till, all the blood and spirits drain'd away,
The body sickens, and the parts decay;
The native beauties die, the limbs appear
Rough and deform'd with one continued scar.
No fixt determin'd number I enjoin,
But when some years shall perfect the design,
Reflect on life; and, mindful of thy span,
Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man,
Wide o'er the spacious world, without delay,
Permit the finish'd piece to take its way;
Till all mankind admires the heavenly song,
The theme of every hand and every tongue.

See! thy pleas'd friends thy spreading glory draw,
Each with his voice to swell the vast applause;
The vast applause shall reach the starry frame,
No years, no ages, shall obscure thy fame,
And Earth's last ends shall hear thy darling name.
Shall we then doubt to scorn all worldly views,
And not prefer the raptures of the Muse?
Thrice happy bards! who, taught by Heaven, obey
These rules, and follow where they lead the way;
And hear the faithful precepts I bestow'd,
Inspir'd with rage divine, and labouring with the god.
But art alone, and human means, must fail,
Nor these instructive precepts will prevail,
Unless the gods their present aid supply,
And look with kind indulgence from the sky.
I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head;
And show'd the tuneful Muses from afar,
Mixt in a solemn choir, and dancing there.
Thither forbidden by the fates to go,
I sink and grovel in the world below.
Deterr'd by them, in vain I labour up,
And stretch these hands to grasp the distant top.
Enough for me, at distance if I view
Some bard, some happier bard, the path pursue;
Who, taught by me to reach Parnassus' crown,
Mounts up, and calls his slow companions on.
But yet these rules, perhaps, these humble lays,
May claim a title to a share of praise;
When, in a crowd, the gathering youths shall hear
My voice and precepts with a willing ear;
Close in a ring shall press the listening throng,
And learn from me to regulate their song.
Then, if the pitying fates prolong my breath,
And from my youth avert the dart of Death;
Whene'er I sink in life's declining stage,
Trembling and fainting on the verge of age,
To help their wearied master shall they run,
And lend their friendly hands to guide him on;
Through blooming groves his tardy progress wait,
And set him gently down at Phœbus' gate,
The while he sings, before the hallow'd shrine,
The sacred poets, and the tuneful Nine.
Here then in Roman numbers will we rise,
And lift the fame of Virgil to the skies;
Ausonia's pride and boast; who brings along
Strength to my lines, and spirit to my song:
First how the mighty bard transported o'er
The sacred Muses from the Aonian shore;
Led the fair sisters to th' Hesperian plains,
And sung in Roman towns the Grecian strains;
How in his youth to woods and groves he fled,
And sweetly tun'd the soft Sicilian reed;
Next, how, in pity to th' Ausonian swains,
He rais'd to Heaven the honours of the plains;
Rapt in Triptolemus's car on high,
He scatter'd peace and plenty from the sky;
Fir'd with his country's fame, with loud alarms,
At last he rous'd all Latium up to arms;
In just array the Phrygian troops bestow'd,
And spoke the voice and language of a god.
Father of verse! from whom our honours spring;
See! from all parts, our bards attend their king;
Beneath thy banners rang'd, thy fame increase,
And rear proud trophies from the spoils of Greece.
Low, in Elysian fields, her tuneful throng
Bow to thy laurels, and adore thy song:

On thee alone thy country turns her eyes;
On thee her poets' future fame relies.
See! how in crowds they court thy aid divine
(For all their honours but depend on thine);
Taught from the womb thy numbers to rehearse,
And sip the balmy sweets of every verse.
Unrivall'd bard! all ages shall decree
The first unenvy'd palm of fame to thee;
Thrice happy bard! thy boundless glory flies,
Where never mortal must attempt to rise;
Such heavenly numbers in thy song we hear,
And more than human accents charm the ear!
To thee, his darling, Phœbus' hands impart
His soul, his genius, and immortal art.
What help or merit in these rules are shown,
The youth must owe to thy support alone.

The youth, whose wandering feet with care I led
Aloft, o'er steep Parnassus' sacred head;
Taught from thy great example to explore
Those arduous paths which thou hast trod before.
Hail, pride of Italy! thy country's grace!
Hail, glorious light of all the tuneful race!
For whom, we weave the crown, and altars raise;
And with rich incense bid the temples blaze;
Our solemn hymns shall still resound thy praise.
Hail, holy bard, and boundless in renown!
Thy fame, dependent on thyself alone,
Requires no song, no numbers, but thy own.
Look down propitious, and my thoughts inspire;
Warm my chaste bosom with thy sacred fire!
Let all thy flames with all their raptures roll,
Deep in my breast, and kindle all my soul!

THE

WORKS OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP FRANCIS, D. D.

THE

LIFE OF THE TRANSLATOR,

THE REV. PHILIP FRANCIS.

FEW memoirs have been handed down to us of the able translator of Horace and Demosthenes. He was of Irish extraction, if not born in that kingdom; where his father was a dignified clergyman, and, among other preferments, held the rectory of St. Mary, Dublin, from which he was rejected by the court on account of his Tory principles. His son, our author, was also educated for the church, and obtained a doctor's degree. His edition of Horace made his name known in England about the year 1743, and raised him a reputation, as a classical editor and translator, which no subsequent attempts have been able to diminish. Dr. Johnson, many years after other rivals had started, gave him this praise: "The lyrical part of Horace never can be properly translated; so much of the excellence is in the numbers and the expression. Francis has done it the best: I'll take his, five out of six, against them all."

Some time after the publication of Horace, he appears to have come over to England; where, in 1753, he published a translation of part of the Orations of Demosthenes, intending to comprise the whole in two quarto volumes. It was a matter of some importance at that time to publish a large work of this kind, and the author had the precaution therefore to secure a copious list of subscribers. Unfortunately, however, it had to contend with the acknowledged merit of Leland's Translation; and, allowing their respective merits to have been nearly equal, Leland's had at least the priority in point of time, and, upon comparison, was preferred by the critics, as being more free and eloquent, and less literally exact. This, however, did not arise from any defect in our author's skill, but was merely an errour, if an errour at all, in judgment: for he conceived that as few liberties as possible ought to be taken with the style of his author, and that there was an essential difference between a literal translation, which only he considered as faithful, and an imitation, in which we can never be certain that we have the author's words or precise meaning. In the year 1755, he completed his purpose in a second volume, which was applauded as a

difficult work well executed, and acceptable to every friend of genius and literature: but its success was by no means correspondent to the wishes of the author or of his friends.

The year before the first volume of his Demosthenes appeared, he determined to attempt the drama, and his first essay was a tragedy, entitled Eugenia. This is professedly an adaptation of the French Cénie to English feelings and habits, but it had not much success on the stage. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, observes, that he did not think it would have succeeded so well, considering how long our British audiences had been accustomed to murder, racks, and poison, in every tragedy: yet it affected the heart so much, that it triumphed over habit and prejudice. In a subsequent letter, he says that the boxes were crowded till the sixth night, when the pit and gallery were totally deserted, and it was dropped. Distress without death, he repeats, was not sufficient to affect a true British audience, so long accustomed to daggers, racks, and bowls of poison; contrary to Horace's rule, they desire to see Medea murder her children on the stage. The sentiments were too delicate to move them: and their hearts were to be taken by storm, not by parley.

In 1754, Mr. Francis brought out another tragedy at Covent-Garden theatre, entitled Constantine, which was equally unsuccessful, but appears to have suffered principally by the improper distribution of the parts among the actors. This he alludes to, in the dedication to lord Chesterfield, with whom he appears to have been acquainted; and intimates, at the same time, that these disappointments had induced him to take leave of the stage.

During the political contests at the beginning of the present reign, he employed his pen in defence of government, and acquired the patronage of lord Holland; who rewarded his services by the rectory of Barrow in Suffolk, and the chaplainship of Chelsea-hospital. What were his publications on political topics, as they were anonymous, and probably dispersed among the periodical journals, cannot now be ascertained. They drew upon him, however, the wrath of Churchill, who in his Author has exhibited a portrait of Mr. Francis probably overcharged by spleen and envy. Churchill indeed was so profuse of his calumny, that, long before he died, his assertions had begun to lose their value. He is said to have intended to write a satirical poem, in which Francis was to make his appearance as the ordinary of Newgate. The severity of this satire was better understood at that time, when the ordinaries of Newgate were held in very little esteem, and some of them were grossly ignorant and dissolute.

Mr. Francis died at Bath, March 5, 1773, leaving a son, who in the same year was appointed one of the Supreme Council of Bengal, and is now sir Philip Francis, K. B., and M. P. for Appleby.

Of all the classical writers, Horace is by general consent allowed to be the most difficult to translate; yet so universal has been the ambition to perform this task, that scarcely an English poet can be named in whose works we do not find some part of Horace. These efforts, however, have not so frequently been directed to give the sense and local meaning of the author, as to tranfuse his satire, and adapt it to modern persons and times. But of the few who have exhibited the whole of

this interesting poet in an English dress, Mr. Francis has been supposed to have succeeded best in that which is most difficult, the lyric part, and likewise to have conveyed the spirit and sense of the original, in the Epistles and Satires, with least injury to the genius of the author. In his preface, he acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Dunkin, a poet of some celebrity, and an excellent classical scholar.

While Horace is accounted the most difficult, he is perhaps of all Latin authors the most popular; and accordingly we find more frequent quotations from him than from any other. He is in Latin what Pope is in English; and the reason is honourable to his talents, to the refinement and elegance of his sentiments, and to the universal range he took through the extensive provinces of manners, morals, and criticism. He was contemporary with Virgil and Varius, by whose means he obtained the patronage of Mæcenas and Augustus. To Mæcenas, he was so warmly attached, that it has been supposed, but not on sufficient authority, that he put an end to his own life in order to follow his generous patron. It is certain that he died soon after Mæcenas, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and in the year eighth before the Christian era.

PREFACE.

The works of Horace have been always numbered among the most valuable remains of antiquity. If we may rely upon the judgment of his commentators, he has united in his lyric poetry the enthusiasm of Pindar, the majesty of Alcæus, the tenderness of Sappho, and the charming levities of Anacreon. Yet he has beauties of his own genius, his own manner, that form his peculiar character. Many of his odes are varied with irony and satire; with delicacy and humour; with ease and pleasantry. Some of them were written in the first heat of imagination, when circumstances of time, places, persons, were strong upon him. In others, he rises in full poetical dignity; sublime in sentiments, bold in allusions, and profuse of figures; frugal of words, curious in his choice, and happily venturous in his use of them; pure in his diction, animated in his expressions, and harmonious in his numbers; artful in the plans of his poems, regular in their conduct, and happy in their execution. Surely the best attempts to translate so various an author, will require great indulgence, and any tolerable success may deserve it. But perhaps we shall better see the variety of our poet's genius by considering, if such an expression may be forgiven, the various genius of lyric poetry.

In the first ages of Greece, the lyric Muse was particularly appointed to celebrate the praises of the gods and heroes in their festivals. The noblest precepts of philosophy were enlivened by music, and animated by the language of poetry, while reason governed the raptures, which a religious enthusiasm inspired. We may therefore believe, that nothing could enter into its compositions, but what was chaste and correct, awful and sublime, while it was employed in singing the praises of gods, and immortalising the actions of men; in supporting the sacred truths of religion, and encouraging the practice of moral virtue. Such was its proper, natural character. But it soon lost this original excellence, and became debased to every light description of love, dances, feasts, gallantry, and wine. In this view it may be compared to one of its first masters, who descended (according to an expression of Quintilian) into sports and loves, although naturally formed for nobler subjects.

Yet this alteration, though it lessened its natural dignity, seems to have added to that pleasing variety, to which no other poetry can pretend. For when the skill and experience of the persons, who first cultivated the different kinds of poems, gave to each kind those numbers, which seemed most proper for it; as lyric poetry had given birth to all sorts of verse, so it preserved to itself all the measures of which they are composed, the pentameter alone excepted. Thus a variety of subjects is agreeably maintained by a variety of numbers, and they have both contributed to that free, unbounded spirit, which forms the peculiar character of lyric poetry.

In this freedom of spirit it disdains to mark the transitions, which preserve a connection in all other writings, and which naturally conduct the mind from one thought to another. From whence it must often happen, that while a translator is grammatically explaining his author, and opening his reasoning, that genius and manner, and boldness of thinking, which are effects of an immediate poetical enthusiasm, shall either be wholly lost, or greatly dissipated and enfeebled.

It is remarkable, that this kind of poetry was the first that appeared in Rome, as it was the first that was known in Greece, and was used in the same subjects by the Romans, while they had not yet any correspondence with Greece and her learning. However, it continued in almost its first rudeness until the Augustan age, when Horace, improved by reading and imitating the Grecian poets, carried

it at once to its perfection, and, in the judgment of Quintilian, is almost the only Latin lyric poet worthy of being read.

If we should inquire into the state of lyric poetry among English writers, we shall be obliged to confess that their taste was early vitiated, and their judgment unhappily misguided, by the too great success of one man of wit, who first gave Pindar's name to a wild, irregular kind of versification, of which there is not one instance in Pindar. All his numbers are exact, and all his strophes regular. But from the authority of Cowley, supported by an inconsiderate imitation of some other eminent writers, every idler in poetry, who has not strength or industry sufficient to confine his rhymes and numbers to some constant form (which can alone give them real harmony), makes an art of wandering, and then calls his work a Pindaric ode, in which, by the same justness of criticism, his imagination is as wild and licentious as his numbers are loose and irregular.

To avoid this fault, all the measures in the following translation are constantly maintained through each ode, except in the Carmen Seculare. But it may be useless to excuse particulars, when possibly the whole poem, in its present form, may be condemned. Yet by foreigners it has been called Mr. Sanadon's master-piece; and since the odes of Horace are certainly not in that order at present, in which they were originally published, it has been esteemed an uncommon proof of his critical sagacity, to have reconciled in one whole so many broken parts, that have so long perplexed the best commentators. Yet the reader will find some alteration of Mr. Sanadon's plan, for which the translator is obliged to the learned and reverend Mr. Jones, who lately published a very valuable edition of Horace.

Although it was impossible to preserve our author's measures, yet the form of his strophes has been often imitated, and, in general, there will be found a greater number of different stanzas in the translation, than in the original. One advantage there is peculiar to English stanzas, that some of them have a natural ease and fluency; others seem formed for humour and pleasantry; while a third kind has a tone of dignity and solemnity proper for sublimer subjects. Thus the measures and form of the stanza will often show the design and cast of the ode.

In the translation it has not only been endeavoured to give the poet's general meaning, but to preserve that force of expression, in which his peculiar happiness consists, and that boldness of epithets, for which one of his commentators calls him wonderful, and almost divine. Many odes, especially in the first book, have little more than choice of words and harmony of numbers to make them not unworthy of their author; and although these were really the most difficult parts of the translation, yet they will be certainly least entertaining to an English reader. In the usual manner of paraphrase or imitation, it had not been impossible to have given them more spirit, according to the taste of many a modern critic, by enlarging the poet's design, and adding to his thoughts; but, however hardy the translator may seem by his present adventurous undertaking, this was a presumption, of which he was very little capable.

It would be a tedious, useless, and ill-natured labour, to point out the faults in other versions of our poet. Let us rather acknowledge, that there are excellent lines in them, of which the present translator has taken as many as he could use upon his plan, and wishes, for the sake of the public, they could be found to exceed a hundred.

Yet still the far more valuable parts of our author remain to be considered. If in his Odes he appears with all the charms and graces and ornaments of poetry, in his Epistles and Satires he gives us the noblest precepts of philosophy, that ever formed the human heart, or improved the understanding. He tells us, that Homer shows in a clearer and more persuasive manner the beauty and advantages of virtue, the deformity and dangers of vice, than even the Stoic and Academician philosophers. Yet the morality of Homer is confined to politics; to the virtues or vices of princes, upon whom, indeed, the happiness or misery of their people depends. But in the morality of Horace, the happiness and misery of all human kind are interested. Here the gratitude and affection due to a good father for his care and tenderness are impressed upon the child. Here we are taught, that real greatness does not arise from the accident of being nobly born, or descended from a race of titled ancestors. We must imitate those virtues, to which they were indebted for their titles. Such are the sentiments of our poet's philosophy.

If his religion were a subject for our curiosity, it will appear to have been founded upon the best reasoning of the human understanding. He asserts a supreme Being, with that noble idea

of him, Unde nil majus generatur ipso, nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum. From this Being all others, both gods and men, received their existence, and upon him they depend for the continuance of it. But as creeds and practice too frequently differ, it is acknowledged, that our poet, although not professedly the disciple of any particular school, in general lived an Epicurean. Such a religion was happily suited to the natural indolence of his disposition, the carelessness of his temper, and the companionable gaiety of his humour. Yet we find him honest, just, humane, and good-natured; firm in his friendships; grateful, without flattery, to the bounty of Mæcenas, and wisely contented with the fortune which he had the honour of receiving from his illustrious patron. Among the numerous authors of antiquity, others, perhaps, may be more admired, or esteemed; none more amiable, more worthy to be beloved.

The difficulty of translating this part of his works arises in general from the frequent translations of lines in Grecian writers, and parodies on those of his contemporaries; from his introducing new characters on the scene, and changing the speakers of his dialogues; from his not marking his transitions from thought to thought, but giving them as they lay in his mind. These unconnected transitions are of great life and spirit; nor should a translator be too coldly regular in supplying the connection, since it will be a tame performance, that gives us the sense of Horace, if it be not given in his peculiar manner.

As his editors have often perplexed the text, by altering the measures of our author for the sake of a more musical cadence; so they, who have imitated or translated him with most success in English, seem to have forgotten, that a carelessness of numbers is a peculiar part of his character, which ought to be preserved almost as faithfully as his sentiments.

Style is genius, and justly numbered amongst the fountains of the sublime. Expression in poetry is that colouring in painting, which distinguishes a master's hand. But the misfortune of our translators is, that they have only one style; and consequently all their authors, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, are compelled to speak in the same numbers, and the same unvaried expression. The free-born spirit of poetry is confined in twenty constant syllables, and the sense regularly ends with every second line, as if the writer had not strength enough to support himself, or courage enough to venture into a third.

This unclassical kind of versification would be particularly most unnatural in a translation of Horace. It would make him argue in couplets, and the persons of his dialogues converse almost in epigrams. The translator has therefore followed the sense in one unbroken period. He has often endeavoured to imitate the prosaic cadence of his author, when he could with much more ease have made him appear like a modern original. He has run the lines into each other, as he believes it the best manner of preserving that loose, prosaic poetry, that negligence of numbers, which has ever been esteemed one of his peculiar beauties.

If we consider the poetical spirit and numerous variety of measures in his Odes, we may believe this careless versification in his Satires was not an effect of necessity, but of judgment. His frequent use of proverbs and common phrases; his different manner of expressing the same sentiments in his Odes and Satires, will convince us, that he really thought a satirist and a poet were extremely different characters; that the language of poetry was as unnatural to the morality of satire, as a low, familiar style to the majesty of an epic poem; or, as he himself expresses it, that the Muse of satire walks on foot, while all her sisters soar into the skies.

If this criticism be just, the dispute between Juvenal and Horace, with regard to style, may with ease be decided. In Juvenal the vices of his age are shown in all their natural horrours. He commands his readers in the language of authority, and terrifies them with images drawn in the boldness of a truly poetical spirit. He stands like a priest at an altar sacrificing to his gods; but even a priest, in his warmest zeal of religion, might be forgiven, if he confessed so much humanity, as not to take pleasure in hearing the groans, and searching into the entrails of the victim.

There is a kind of satire of such malignity, as too surely proceeds from a desire of gratifying a constitutional cruelty of temper. The satirist does not appear like a magistrate to give sentence on the vices of mankind, but like an executioner to slaughter the criminal. It was the saying of a great man, that he who hated vice, hated mankind; but certainly he does not love them as he ought, who indulges his natural sagacity in a discernment of their faults, and feels an ill-natured pleasure in exposing them to public view.

Our author was of another spirit; of a natural cheerfulness of temper; an easiness of manners, fashioned by the politeness of courts; a good understanding, improved by conversing with mankind; a quick discernment of their frailties, but, in general, so happy an art of correcting them, that he reproves without offending, and instructs without an affectation of superiority. He preserves a strength of reasoning necessary to persuade, without that dogmatical seriousness, which is apt to disgust or disoblige. He has this advantage over the rigid satirist, that we receive him into our bosoms, while he reasons with good-humour, and corrects in the language of friendship. Nor will his Satires be less useful to the present age, than to that in which they were written, since he does not draw his characters from particular persons, but from human nature itself, which is invariably the same in all ages and countries.

WORKS OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY PHILIP FRANCIS, D.D.

ODES.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From fair Etruria's ancient kings,
O thou, my patron and my friend,
On whom my life, my fame depend;
In clouds th' Olympic dust to roll,
To turn with kindling wheels the goal,
And gain the palm, victorious prize!
Exalt a mortal to the skies.
This man, by faction and debate,
Rais'd to the first employs of state;
Another, who from Libya's plain
Sweeps to his barn the various grain;
A third, who with unwearied toil
Ploughs cheerful his paternal soil;
While in their several wishes blest,
Not all the wealth by kings possest,
Shall tempt, with fearful souls, to brave
The terrours of the foamy wave.
When loud the winds and waters wage
Wild war with elemental rage,
The merchant praises the retreat,
The quiet of his rural seat;
Yet, want untutor'd to sustain,
Soon rigs his shatter'd bark again.
No mean delights possess his soul,
With good old wine who crowns his bowl;
Whose early revels are begun
Ere half the course of day be run,
Now, by some sacred fountain laid,
Now, stretch'd beneath some bowering shade.
The tented camps a soldier charm,
Trumpets and fifes his bosom warm;
Their mingled sounds with joy he'll hear,
Those sounds of war, which mothers fear.
The sportsman, chill'd by midnight Jove,
Forgets his tender, wedded love,
Whether his faithful hounds pursue,
And hold the bounding hind in view;
Whether the boar his hunters foils,
And foaming breaks the spreading toils.
An ivy-wreath, fair learning's prize,
Raises Mæcenas to the skies.
The breezy grove, the mazy round,
Where the light nymphs and satyrs bound,
If there the sacred Nine inspire
The breathing flute, and strike the lyre,
There let me fix my last retreat,
Far from the little vulgar, and the great.
But if you rank me with the choir,
Who tun'd with art the Grecian lyre,
Swift to the noblest heights of fame
Shall rise thy poet's deathless name.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS.

ENOUGH of snow and hail in tempests dire
Have pour'd on earth, while Heav'n's eternal sire
With red right arm at his own temples hurl'd
His thunders, and alarm'd a guilty world.
Lest Pyrrha should again with plaintive cries
Behold the monsters of the deep arise,
When to the mountain summit Proteus drove
His sea-born herd, and where the woodland dove
Late perch'd, his wonted seat, the scaly brood
Entangled hung upon the topmost wood,
And every timorous native of the plain
High-floating swarm amid the boundless main.
We saw, push'd backward to his native source,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course,
With impious ruin threat'ning Vesta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign;
With grief and rage while Ilia's bosom glows,
Boastful, for her revenge, his waters rose:
But now, th' uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the sea.
And yet, less numerous by their parents' crimes,
Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,
Of Roman arms with civil gore embru'd,
Which better had the Persian foe subdu'd.
Among her guardian gods, what pitying power
To raise her sinking state shall Rome implore?
Shall her own hallow'd virgins' earnest prayer
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's ear?
To whom shall Jove assign to purge away
The guilty deed? Come then, bright god of day,
But gracious veil thy shoulders beamy-bright,
Oh! veil in clouds th' unsufferable light.

Or come, sweet queen of smiles, while round thee rove,
On wanton wing, the powers of mirth and love;
Or hither, Mars, thine aspect gracious bend,
And powerful thy neglected race defend,
Parent of Rome, amidst the rage of fight
Sated with scenes of blood, thy fierce delight,
Thou, whom the polish'd helm, the noise of arms,
And the stern soldier's frown with transport warms:
Or thou, fair Maia's winged son, appear,
And human shape, in prime of manhood, wear;
Declar'd the guardian of th' imperial state,
Divine avenger of great Cæsar's fate.
Oh! late return to Heav'n, and may thy reign
With lengthen'd blessings fill thy wide domain;
Nor let thy people's crimes provoke thy flight,
On air swift-rising to the realms of light.
Great prince and father of the state, receive
The noblest triumphs which thy Rome can give;
Nor let the Parthian, with unpunish'd pride,
Beyond his bounds, O Cæsar, dare to ride!

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED TO ATHENS.

So may the Cyprian queen divine,
And the twin-stars, with saving lustre shine;
So may the father of the wind
All others, but the western breezes, bind,
As you, dear vessel, safe restore
Th' entrusted pledge to th' Athenian shore,
And of my soul the partner save,
My much lov'd Virgil, from the raging wave.
Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,
Around that daring mortal's bosom roll'd,
Who first to the wild ocean's rage
Lanch'd the frail bark, and heard the winds engage
Tempestuous, when the South descends
Precipitate, and with the North contends;
Nor fear'd the stars portending rain,
Nor the loud tyrant of the western main,
Of power supreme the storm to raise,
Or calmer smooth the surface of the seas.
What various forms of death could fright
The man, who view'd with fixt unshaken sight,
The floating monsters, waves inflam'd,
And rocks for shipwreck'd fleets ill-fam'd?
Jove has the realms of earth in vain
Divided by th' inhabitable main,
If ships profane, with fearless pride,
Bound o'er th' inviolable tide.
No laws, or human or divine,
Can the presumptuous race of man confine.
Thus from the Sun's ethereal beam
When bold Prometheus stole th' enlivening flame,
Of fevers dire a ghastly brood,
Till then unknown, th' unhappy fraud pursu'd;
On Earth their horrours baleful spread,
And the pale monarch of the dead,
Till then slow-moving to his prey,
Precipitately rapid swept his way.
Thus did the venturous Cretan dare
To tempt, with impious wings, the void of air;
Through Hell Alcides urg'd his course:
No work too high for man's audacious force.
Our folly would attempt the skies,
And with gigantic boldness impious rise;
Nor Jove, provok'd by mortal pride,
Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside.

ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

Fierce winter melts in vernal gales,
And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails;
No more the ploughman loves his fire,
No more the lowing herds their stalls desire,
While earth her richest verdure yields,
Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.
Now joyous through the verdant meads,
Beneath the rising Moon, fair Venus leads
Her various dance, and with her train
Of nymphs and modest graces shakes the plain,
While Vulcan's glowing breath inspires
The toilsome forge, and blows up all its fires.
Now crown'd with myrtle, or the flowers
Which the glad earth from her free bosom pours,
We'll offer, in the shady grove,
Or lamb, or kid, as Pan shall best approve.
With equal pace impartial fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate;
Nor should our sum of life extend
Our growing hopes beyond their destin'd end.
When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,
Oppress with darkness and the fabled ghosts,
No more the dice shall there assign
To thee the jovial monarchy of wine.
No more shall you the fair admire,
The virgins' envy, and the youth's desire.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,
Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus drest with careless art,
Your yellow tresses bind?

How often shall th' unpractis'd youth
Of alter'd gods, and injur'd truth,
With tears, alas! complain?
How soon behold, with wondering eyes,
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main?

While, by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they, to whom, untried,
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride;
While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
To Neptune's saving power.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

Varius, who soars on Homer's wing,
Agrippa, shall thy conquests sing,
Whate'er, inspir'd by his command,
The soldier dar'd on sea or land.

But we nor tempt with feeble art
Achilles' unrelenting heart,
Nor sage Ulysses in our lays
Pursues his wanderings through the seas;
Nor ours in tragic strains to tell
How Pelops' cruel offspring fell.
The Muse, who rules th' unwarlike lyre,
Forbids me boldly to aspire
To thine or sacred Cæsar's fame,
And hurt with feeble song the theme.
Who can describe the god of fight
In adamantine armour bright?
Or Merion on the Trojan shore
With dust, how glorious! cover'd o'er?
Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid,
To warring gods an equal made?
But whether loving, whether free,
With all our usual levity,
Untaught to strike the martial string,
Of feasts and virgin fights we sing,
Of maids, who, when bold love assails,
Fierce in their anger—pare their nails.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Let other poets, in harmonious lays,
Immortal Rhodes or Mitylene praise,
Or Ephesus, or Corinth's towery pride,
Girt by the rolling main on either side;
Or Thebes, or Delphos, for their gods renown'd,
Or Tempe's plains with flowery honours crown'd.
There are, who sing in everlasting strains
The towers where wisdom's virgin-goddess reigns,
And ceaseless toiling court the trite reward
Of olive, pluck'd by every vulgar bard.
For Juno's fame, th' unnumber'd tuneful throng
With rich Mycenæ grace their favourite song.
And Argos boast, of pregnant glebe to feed
The warlike horse, and animate the breed:
But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,
Nor fair Larissa with such transport warms,
As pure Albunea's far-resounding source,
And rapid Anio, headlong in his course,
Or Tibur, fenc'd by groves from solar beams,
And fruitful orchards bath'd by ductile streams.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
The south wind often, when the welkin lowers,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual showers:
So, Plancus, be the happy wisdom thine,
To end the cares of life in mellow'd wine;
Whether the camp with banners bright display'd,
Or Tibur hold thee in its thick-wrought shade.
When Teucer from his sire and country fled,
With poplar wreaths the hero crown'd his head,
Reeking with wine, and thus his friends address'd,
Deep sorrow brooding in each anxious breast:
"Bold let us follow through the foamy tides,
Where Fortune, better than a father, guides;
Avaunt, despair! when Teucer calls to fame,
The same your augur, and your guide the same.
Another Salamis, in foreign clime,
With rival pride shall raise her head sublime;
So Phœbus nods: ye sons of valour true,
Full often tried in deeds of deadlier hue,
To day with wine drive every care away,
To morrow tempt again the boundless sea."

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

By the gods, my Lydia, tell,
Ah! why, by loving him too well,
Why you hasten to destroy
Young Sybaris, too am'rous boy?
Why he hates the sunny plain,
While he can sun or dust sustain?
Why no more, with martial pride,
Does he among his equals ride;
Or the Gallic steed command
With bitted curb and forming hand?
More than viper's baleful blood
Why does he fear the yellow flood?
Why detest the wrestler's oil,
While firm to bear the manly toil?
Where are now the livid scars
Of sportive, nor inglorious, wars,
When for the quoit, with vigour thrown
Beyond the mark, his fame was known?
Tell us, why this fond disguise,
In which like Thetis' son he lies,
Ere unhappy Troy had shed
Her funeral sorrows for the dead,
Lest a manly dress should fire
His soul to war and carnage dire.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

Behold Soracte's airy height,
See how it stands a heap of snow;
Behold the winter's hoary weight
Oppress the labouring woods below;
And, by the season's icy hand
Congeal'd, the lazy rivers stand.

Now melt away the winter's cold,
And larger pile the cheerful fire;
Bring down the vintage four-year-old,
Whose mellow'd heat can mirth inspire;
Then to the guardian powers divine
Careless the rest of life resign:

For, when the warring winds arise,
And o'er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak—and lo! the tempest dies
On the smooth bosom of the deep;
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.

To morrow with its cares despise,
And make the present hour your own,
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
And score it up as clearly won;
Nor let your youth disdain to prove
The joys of dancing and of love.

Now let the grateful evening shade,
The public walks, the public park,
An assignation sweetly made
With gentle whispers in the dark:
While age morose thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasures, these thy cares.

The laugh, that from the corner flies,
The sportive fair-one shall betray;
Then boldly snatch the joyful prize;
A ring or bracelet tear away,
While she, not too severely coy,
Struggling shall yield the willing toy.

ODE X.

HYMN TO MERCURY.

I SING the god, whose arts refin'd
The savage race of human kind,
By eloquence their passions charm'd,
By exercise their bodies form'd:
Hail, winged messenger of Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above;
Sweet parent of the bending lyre,
Thy praise shall all its sounds inspire.
Artful and cunning to conceal,
Whate'er in sportive theft you steal,
When from the god who gilds the pole,
Even yet a boy, his herds you stole,
With angry voice the threat'ning power
Bade thee the fraudful prey restore;
But of his quiver too beguil'd,
Pleas'd with the theft Apollo smil'd,
You were the wealthy Priam's guide,
When, safe from Agamemnon's pride,
Through hostile camps, which round him spread
Their watchful fires, his way he sped.
Unspotted spirits you consign
To blissful seats and joys divine,
And, powerful with your golden wand,
The light, unbodied crowd command;
Thus grateful does your office prove
To gods below, and gods above.

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

STRIVE not, Leuconoë, to pry
Into the secret will of fate,
Nor impious magic vainly try,
To know our lives' uncertain date;

Whether th' indulgent power divine
Hath many seasons yet in store,
Or this the latest winter thine,
Which breaks its waves against the shore.

Thy life with wiser arts be crown'd,
Thy filter'd wines abundant pour,
The lengthen'd hope with prudence bound
Proportion'd to the flying hour;

Even while we talk in careless ease,
Our envious minutes wing their flight;
Then swift the fleeting pleasure seize,
Nor trust tomorrow's doubtful light.

ODE XII.

HYMN TO JOVE.

WHAT man, what hero, on the tuneful lyre,
Or sharp-ton'd flute, will Clio choose to raise
Deathless to fame? What god? whose hallow'd name,
The sportive image of the voice,
Shall in the shades of Helicon repeat,
On Pindus, or on Hæmus, ever cool,
From whence the forests in confusion rose
To follow Orpheus and his song:
He, by his mother's art, with soft delay
Could stop the river's rapid lapse, or check
The winged winds; with strings of concord sweet
Powerful the listening oaks to lead.

Claims not th' eternal sire his wonted praise?
Awful who reigns o'er gods and men supreme,
Who sea and earth—this universal globe
With grateful change of seasons guides;
From whom no being of superior power,
Nothing of equal, second glory, springs,
Yet first of all his progeny divine
Immortal honours Pallas claims:
God of the vine, in deeds of valour bold,
Fair virgin-huntress of the savage race,
And Phœbus, dreadful with unerring dart,
Nor will I not your praise proclaim.
Alcides' labours, and fair Leda's twins,
Fam'd for the rapid race, for wrestling fam'd,
Shall grace my song: soon as whose star benign
Through the fierce tempest shines serene,
Swift from the rocks down foams the broken surge,
Calm are the winds, the driving clouds disperse,
And all the threatening waves, so will the gods,
Smooth sink upon the peaceful deep.
Here stops the song, doubtful whom next to praise,
Or Romulus, or Numa's peaceful reign,
The haughty ensigns of a Tarquin's throne,
Or Cato, glorious in his fall.
Grateful in higher tone the Muse shall sing
The fate of Regulus, the Scaurian race,
And Paulus, 'midst the waste of Canna's field,
How greatly prodigal of life!
Form'd by the hand of penury severe,
In dwellings suited to their small demesne,
Fabricius, [illegible]s, and Camillus rose;
To deeds of martial glory rose.
Marcellus, like a youthful tree, of growth
Insensible, high shoots his spreading fame,
And like the Moon, the feebler fires among,
Conspicuous shines the Julian star.
Saturnian Jove, parent and guardian god
Of human race, to thee the fates assign
The care of Cæsar's reign; to thine alone
Inferior let his empire rise;
Whether the Parthian's formidable powers,
Or farthest India's oriental sons,
With suppliant pride beneath his triumph fall,
Wide o'er a willing world shall he
Contented reign, and to thy throne shall bend
Submissive. Thou in thy tremendous car
Shalt shake Olympus' head, and at our groves
Polluted, hurl thy dreadful bolts.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

AH! when on Telephus his charms,
When on his rosy neck and waxen arms,
Lydia with ceaseless rapture dwells,
With jealous spleen my glowing bosom swells,
My reason in confusion flies,
And on my cheek th' uncertain colour dies,
While the down-stealing tear betrays
The lingering flame, that on my vitals preys.
I burn, when in excess of wine,
Brutal, he soils those snowy arms of thine,
Or on thy lips the fierce-fond boy
Impresses with his teeth the furious joy.
If yet my voice can reach your ear,
Hope not to find him constant and sincere,
Cruel who hurts the fragrant kiss,
Which Venus bathes with quintessence of bliss.

Thrice happy they, whom love unites
In equal rapture, and sincere delights,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life.

ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

UNHAPPY vessel! shall the waves again
Tumultuous bear thee to the faithless main?
What would thy madness, thus with storms to sport?
Cast firm your anchor in the friendly port.
Behold thy naked decks; the wounded mast
And sail-yards groan beneath the southern blast,
Nor without ropes thy keel can longer brave
The rushing fury of th' imperious wave:
Torn are thy sails, thy guardian gods are lost,
Whom you might call in future tempests tost.
What though majestic in your pride you stood
A noble daughter of the Pontic wood,
You now may vainly boast an empty name,
Or birth conspicuous in the rolls of fame.
The mariner, when storms around him rise,
No longer on a painted stern relies.
Ah! yet take heed, lest these new tempests sweep
In sportive rage thy glories to the deep.
Thou, late my deep anxiety and fear,
And now my fond desire and tender care,
Ah! yet take heed, avoid those fatal seas
That roll among the shining Cyclades.

ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

WHEN the perfidious shepherd bore
The Spartan dame to Asia's shore,
Nereus the rapid winds oppress'd,
And calm'd them to unwilling rest,
That he might sing the dreadful fate
Which should their guilty loves await.
"Fatal to Priam's ancient sway
You bear th' ill-omen'd fair away;
For soon shall Greece in arms arise,
Deep-sworn to break thy nuptial ties.
What toils do men and horse sustain!
What carnage loads the Dardan plain!
Pallas prepares the bounding car,
The shield and helm, and rage of war.
"Though proud of Venus 'guardian care,
In vain you comb your flowing hair;
In vain you sweep th' unwarlike string,
And tender airs to females sing;
For though the dart may harmless prove
(The dart that frights the bed of love);
Though you escape the noise of fight,
Nor Ajax can o'ertake thy flight;
Yet shalt thou, infamous of lust,
Soil those adulterous hairs in dust.
"Look back and see, with furious pace,
That ruin of the Trojan race,
Ulysses drives, and sage in years
Fam'd Nestor, hoary chief, appears.
Intrepid Teucer sweeps the field;
And Sthenelus, in battle skill'd;
Or skill'd to guide with steady rein,
And pour his chariot o'er the plain.
Undaunted Merion shalt thou feel;
While Diomed, with furious steel,
In arms superior to his sire,
Burns after thee with martial fire.
"As when a stag at distance spies
A prowling wolf, aghast he flies,
Of pasture heedless; so shall you,
High-panting, fly when they pursue,
Not such the promises you made,
Which Helen's easy heart betray'd,
Achilles' fleet, with short delay,
Vengeful protracts the fatal day;
But when ten rolling years expire,
Thy Troy shall blaze in Grecian fire."

ODE XVI.

TO TYNDARIS.

DAUGHTER, whose loveliness the bosom warms
More than thy lovely mother's riper charms,
Give to my bold lampoons what fate you please,
To wasting flames condemn'd, or angry seas.
But yet remember, nor the god of wine,
Nor Pythian Phœbus from his inmost shrine,
Nor Dindymene, nor her priests possest,
Can with their sounding cymbals shake the breast
Like furious anger in its gloomy vein,
Which neither temper'd sword, nor raging main,
Nor fire wide-wasting, nor tremendous Jove,
Rushing in baleful thunders from above,
Can tame to fear. Thus sings the poet's lay—
"Prometheus, to inform his nobler clay,
Their various passions chose from ev'ry beast,
And with the lion's rage inspir'd the human breast."
From anger all the tragic horrours rose,
That crush'd Thyestes with a weight of woes;
From hence proud cities date their utter falls,
When, insolent in ruin, o'er their walls
The wrathful soldier drags the hostile plough,
That haughty mark of total overthrow.
Me too in youth the heat of anger fir'd,
And with the rapid rage of rhyme inspir'd;
But now, repentant, shall the Muse again
To softer numbers tune her melting strain,
So thou recal thy threats, thy wrath control,
Resume thy love, and give me back my soul.

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

PAN from Arcadia's hills descends
To visit oft my Sabine seat,
And here my tender goats defends
From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat.

For when the vales, wide-spreading round,
The sloping hills, and polish'd rocks,
With his harmonious pipe resound,
In fearless safety graze my wandering flocks;

In safety through the woody brake,
The latent shrubs and thyme explore,
Nor longer dread the speckled snake,
And tremble at the martial wolf no more.

Their poet to the gods is dear,
They love his piety and Muse,
And all our rural honours here
Their flow'ry wealth around thee shall diffuse.

Here shall you tune Anacreon's lyre,
Beneath a shady mountain's brow,
To sing frail Circe's guilty fire,
And chaste Penelope's unbroken vow.

Far from the burning dog-star's rage
Here shall you quaff our harmless wine;
Nor here shall Mars intemperate wage
Rude war with him who rules the jovial vine:

Nor Cyrus' bold suspicions fear;
Not on thy softness shall he lay
His desperate hand, thy clothes to tear,
Or brutal snatch thy festal crown away.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

Round Catilus' walls, or in Tibur's rich soil,
To plant the glad vine be my Varus' first toil;
For God hath propos'd to the wretch who's athirst,
To drink, or with heart-gnawing cares to be curst.
Of war, or of want, who e'er prates o'er his wine?
For 'tis thine, father Bacchus; bright Venus, 'tis thine,
To charm all his cares. Yet that no one may pass
The freedom and mirth of a temperate glass,
Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels so dire,
And the Thracians, whom wine can to madness inspire:
Insatiate of liquor when glow their full veins,
No distinction of vice or of virtue remains.
Great god of the vine, who dost candour approve,
I ne'er will thy statues profanely remove;
I ne'er will thy rites, so mysterious, betray
To the broad-glaring eye of the tale-telling day.
Oh! stop the loud cymbal, the cornet's alarms,
Whose sound, when the Bacchanal's bosom it warms,
Arouses self-love, by blindness misled.
And vanity, lifting aloft the light head,
And honour, of prodigal spirit, that shows,
Transparent as glass, all the secrets it knows.

ODE XIX.

ON GLYCERA.

Venus, who gave the Cupids birth,
And the resistless god of wine,
With the gay power of wanton mirth,
Now bid my heart its peace resign;
Again for Glycera I burn,
And all my long-forgotten flames return.

Like Parian marble pure and bright,
The shining maid my bosom warms;
Her face, too dazzling for the sight,
Her sweet coquetting—how it charms!
Whole Venus rushing through my veins,
No longer in her favourite Cyprus reigns;

No longer suffers me to write
Of Scythians, fierce in martial deed,
Or Parthian, urging in his flight
The battle with reverted steed:
Such themes she will no more approve,
Nor aught that sounds impertinent to love.

Here let the living altar rise,
Adorn'd with every herb and flower;
Here flame the incense to the skies,
And purest wine's libation pour;
Due honours to the goddess paid,
Soft sinks to willing love the yielding maid.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

A hoet's beverage, vile and cheap,
(Should great Mæcenas be my guest)
Crude vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in sober cups, shall crown the feast:

'Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,
Its rougher juice to melt away:
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,

When in applausive shouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.

From the Cæcubian vintage prest
For you shall flow the racy wine;
But ah! my meagre cup's unblest
With the rich Formian or Falernian vine.

[For the Twenty-first Ode—see the Secular Poem.]

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

The man who knows not guilty fear,
Nor wants the bow nor pointed spear;
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quiver teeming with the poison'd dart,

Whether through Libya's burning sands
His journey leads, or Scythia's lands,
Inhospitable waste of snows,
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows:

For musing on my lovely maid,
While careless in the woods I stray'd,
A wolf—how dreadful! cross'd my way,
Yet fled—he fled from his defenceless prey:

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forests lies,
Nor such the tawny lion reigns
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

Place me, where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever-lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year:

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles.

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

Chloe flies me like a fawn,
Which through some sequester'd lawn
Panting seeks the mother-deer,
Not without a panic fear

Of the gently-breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game
To destroy her tender frame.
Haste thee, leave thy mother's arms,
Ripe for love are all thy charms.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

WHEREFORE restrain the tender tear?
Why blush to weep for one so dear?
Sweet Muse, of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quintilius—sunk to endless rest,
With death's eternal sleep oppress!
Oh! when shall Faith, of soul sincere,
Of Justice pure the sister fair,
And Modesty, unspotted maid,
And Truth in artless guise array'd,
Among the race of human kind
An equal to Quintilius find?
How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn!
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain,
Yet all thy pious grief is vain:
In vain do you the gods implore
Thy lov'd Quintilius to restore,
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By nature fated to the grave.
What though you can the lyre command,
And sweep its tones with softer hand
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
Once drew the listening trees along,
Yet ne'er returns the vital heat
The shadowy form to animate;
For when the ghost-compelling god
Forms his black troops with horrid rod,
He will not, lenient to the breath
Of prayer, unbar the gates of Death.
'Tis hard: but patience must endure,
And soothe the woes it cannot cure.

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

THE wanton herd of rakes profest
Thy windows rarely now molest
With midnight raps, or break thy rest
With riot.
The door, that kindly once could move
The pliant hinge, begins to love
Its threshold, and no more shall prove
Unquiet.
Now less and less assail thine ear
These plaints, "Ah, sleepest thou, my dear,
While I whole nights, thy true-love, here
Am dying?"
You in your turn shall weep the taunts
Of young and insolent gallants,
In some dark alley's midnight haunts
Late plying:
While raging tempests chill the skies,
And burning lust (such lust as tries
The madding dams of horses) fries
Thy liver;
Our youth, regardless of thy frown,
Their heads with fresher wreaths shall crown,
And fling thy wither'd garlands down
The river.

ODE XXVI.

TO HIS MUSE.

WHILE in the Muse's friendship blest,
Nor fear nor grief shall break my rest;
Bear them, ye vagrant winds, away,
And drown them in the Cretan sea.
Careless am I, or who shall reign
The tyrant of the Scythian plain,
Or with what anxious fear opprest
Heaves Tiridates' panting breast.
Sweet Muse, who lov'st the virgin spring,
Hither thy sunny flow'rets bring,
And let thy richest chaplet shed
Its fragrance round my Lamia's head;
For nought avails the poet's praise,
Unless the Muse inspire his lays.
Oh! string the Lesbian lyre again,
Let all thy sisters raise the strain,
And consecrate to deathless fame
My lov'd, my Lamia's honour'd name.

ODE XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

WITH glasses made for gay delight,
'Tis Thracian, savage rage, to fight.
With such intemperate, bloody fray,
Fright not the modest god away.
Monstrous! to see the dagger shine
Amidst the midnight joys of wine.
Here bid this impious clamour cease,
And press the social couch in peace.
Say, shall I drink this heady wine,
Press'd from the rough Falernian vine?
Instant, let yonder youth impart
The tender story of his heart,
By what dear wound he blissful dies,
And whence the gentle arrow flies.
What! does the bashful boy deny?
Then, if I drink it let me die.
Whoe'er she be, a generous flame
Can never know the blush of shame.
Thy breast no slave-born Venus fires,
But fair, ingenuous love inspires.
Then safely whisper in my ear,
For all such trusts are sacred here.
Ah! worthy of a better flame!
Unhappy youth! is she the dame?
Unhappy youth! how art thou lost,
In what a sea of troubles tost!
What drugs, what witchcraft, or what charms,
What god, can free thee from her arms?
Scarce Pegasus can disengage
Thy heart from this *Chimæra's rage*.

ODE XXVIII.

A MARINER AND THE GHOST OF ARCHYTAS.

MARINER.

Archytas, what avails thy nice survey
Of ocean's countless sands, of earth and sea;
In vain thy mighty spirit once could soar
To orbs celestial, and their course explore;
If here, upon the tempest-beaten strand,
You lie confin'd, till some more liberal hand
Shall strow the pious dust in funeral rite,
And wing thee to the boundless realms of light.

GHOST.

Even he, who did with gods the banquet share,
Tithonus, rais'd to breathe celestial air,
And Minos, Jove's own counsellor of state,
All these have yielded to the power of fate.

MARINER.

Even your own sage, whose monumental shield,
Borne through the terrours of the Trojan field,
Prov'd that alone the mouldering body dies,
And souls immortal from our ashes rise,
Even he a second time resign'd his breath,
Sent headlong to the gloomy realms of Death:

GHOST.

Not meanly skill'd, even by your own applause,
In moral truth, and nature's secret laws.
One endless night for all mankind remains,
And once we all must tread the shadowy plains.
In horrid pomp of war the soldier dies;
The sailor in the greedy ocean lies;
Thus age and youth promiscuous crowd the tomb:
No mortal head can shun th' impending doom.
When sets Orion's star, the winds, that sweep
The raging waves, o'erwhelm'd me in the deep:
Nor thou, my friend, refuse with impious hand
A little portion of this wandering sand
To these my poor remains; so may the storm
Rage o'er the woods, nor ocean's face deform:
May gracious Jove with wealth thy toils repay,
And Neptune guard thee through the watery way!
Thy guiltless race this bold neglect shall mourn,
And thou shalt feel the just returns of scorn.
My curses shall pursue thy guilty deed,
And all in vain thy richest victims bleed.
Whate'er thy haste, oh! let my prayer prevail,
Thrice strow the sand, then hoist the flying sail.

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

Iccius, the blest Arabia's gold
Can you with envious eye behold?
Or will you boldly take the field,
And teach Sabæa's kings to yield,
Or meditate the dreadful Mede
In chains triumphantly to lead?
Should you her hapless lover slay,
What captive maid shall own thy sway?
What courtly youth, with essenc'd hair,
Shall at thy board the goblet bear,
Skilful with his great father's art
To wing with death the pointed dart?
Who shall deny that streams ascend,
And Tiber's currents backward bend,
When you have all our hopes betray'd;
You, that far other promise made;
When all your volumes, learned store!
The treasures of Socratic lore,
Once bought at mighty price, in vain,
Are sent to purchase arms in Spain?

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

Queen of beauty, queen of smiles,
Leave, oh! leave thy favourite isles:
A temple rises to thy fame,
Where Glycera invokes thy name,
And bids the fragrant incense flame.

With thee bring thy love-warm son,
The graces bring with flowing zone,
The nymphs, and jocund Mercury,
And sprightly youth, who without thee
Is nought but savage liberty.

ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

When at Apollo's hallow'd shrine
The poet hails the power divine,
And here his first libations pours,
What is the blessing he implores?
He nor desires the swelling grain,
That yellows o'er Sardinia's plain;
Nor the fair herds, that lowing feed
On warm Calabria's flowery mead;
Nor ivory, of spotless shine;
Nor gold, forth-flaming from its mine;
Nor the rich fields that Liris laves,
And eats away with silent waves.
Let others quaff the racy wine,
To whom kind Fortune gives the vine;
The golden goblet let him drain,
Who vent'rous ploughs th' Atlantic main,
Blest with three safe returns a-year,
For he to every god is dear.
To me boon Nature frankly yields
Her wholesome salad from the fields;
Nor ask I more, than sense and health
Still to enjoy my present wealth.
From age and all its weakness free,
O son of Jove, preserv'd by thee,
Give me to strike the tuneful lyre,
And thou my latest song inspire.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

If with thee beneath the shade
Many an idle air I play'd,
Now the Latian song, my lyre,
With some immortal strain inspire,
Such as once Alcæus sung,
Who, fierce in war, thy music strung,
When he heard the battle roar,
Or moor'd his sea-tost vessel on the shore.
Wine and the Muses were his theme,
And Venus, laughter-loving dame,

With Cupid ever by her side,
And Lycus, form'd in beauty's pride,
With his hair of jetty dye,
And the black lustre of his eye.
Charming shell, Apollo's love,
How grateful to the feasts of Jove!
Hear thy poet's solemn prayer,
Thou soft'ner of each anxious care.

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

No more in elegiac strain
Of cruel Glycera complain,
Though she resign her faithless charms
To a new lover's younger arms.
The maid, for lovely forehead fam'd,
With Cyrus' beauties is inflam'd;
While Pholoë, of haughty charms,
The panting breast of Cyrus warms:
But wolves and goats shall sooner prove
The pleasures of forbidden love,
Than she her virgin honour stain,
And not the filthy rake disdain.
So Venus wills, whose power controls
The fond affections of our souls;
With sportive cruelty she binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds.
Thus, when a better Venus strove
To warm my youthful breast to love,
Yet could a slave-born maid detain
My willing heart in pleasing chain,
Though fiercer she than waves that roar,
Winding the rough Calabrian shore.

ODE XXXIV.

A FUGITIVE from Heaven and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep scienc'd in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy; but now
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plough
To that blest harbour, which I left before.

For lo! that awful heavenly sire,
Who frequent cleaves the clouds with fire,
Parent of day, immortal Jove,
Late through the floating fields of air,
The face of Heaven serene and fair,
His thundering steeds and winged chariot drove;

When, at the bursting of his flames,
The ponderous earth, and vagrant streams,
Infernal Styx, the dire abode
Of hateful Tænarus profound,
And Atlas to his utmost bound,
Trembled beneath the terrours of the god.

The hand of Jove can crush the proud
Down to the meanest of the crowd,
And raise the lowest in his stead;
But rapid Fortune pulls him down,
And snatches his imperial crown,
To place, not fix it, on another's head.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

Goddess, whom Antium, beauteous town, obeys,
Whose various will with instant power can raise
Frail mortals from the depths of low despair,
Or change proud triumphs to the funeral tear:

Thee the poor farmer, who with ceaseless pain
Labours the glebe; thee, mistress of the main,
The sailor, who with fearless spirit dares
The rising tempest, courts with anxious prayers:

Thee the rough Dacian, thee the vagrant band
Of field-born Scythians, Latium's warlike land,
Cities and nations, mother-queens severe,
And purple tyranny beholds with fear.

Nor in thy rage with foot destructive spurn
This standing pillar, and its strength o'erturn;
Nor let the nations rise in bold uproar,
And civil war, to break th' imperial power.

With solemn pace and firm, in awful state
Before thee stalks inexorable Fate,
And grasps empaling nails, and wedges dread,
The hook tormentous, and the melted lead:

Thee Hope and Honour, now, alas, how rare!
With white enrob'd, attend with dutcous care,
When from the palace of the great you fly
In angry mood, and garb of misery.

Not such the crowd of light companions prove,
Nor the false mistress of a wanton love,
Faithless who wait the lowest dregs to drain,
Nor friendship's equal yoke with strength sustain.

Propitious guard our Cæsar, who explores
His vent'rous way to furthest Britain's shores;
Our new-rais'd troops be thy peculiar care,
Who dreadful to the East our banners bear.

Alas! the shameless scars! the guilty deeds,
When by a brother's hand a brother bleeds!
What crimes have we, an iron age, not dar'd?
In terrour of the gods what altars spar'd?

Oh! that our swords with civil gore distain'd,
And in the sight of gods and men profan'd—
Sharpen again, dread queen, the blunted steel,
And let our foes the pointed vengeance feel.

ODE XXXVI.

WITH incense heap the sacred fire,
And bolder strike the willing lyre.
Now let the heifer's votive blood
Pour to the gods its purple flood;
Those guardian gods, from furthest Spain,
Who send our Numida again.
A thousand kisses now he gives,
A thousand kisses he receives.
But Lamia most his friendship proves,
Lamia with tenderness he loves.
At school their youthful love began,
Whence they together rose to man.
With happiest marks the day shall shine,
Nor want th' abundant joy of wine;
Like Salian priests the dance we'll lead,
And many a mazy measure tread.
Now let the Thracian goblet foam,
Nor, in the breathless draught o'ercome,
Shall Bassus yield his boasted name
To Damalis of tippling fame.
Here let the rose and lily shed
Their short-liv'd bloom; let parsley spread
Its living verdure o'er the feast,
And crown with mingled sweets the guest.
On Damalis each amorous boy
Shall gaze with eyes that flow with joy.

While she, as curls the ivy-plant,
Shall twine luxuriant round her new gallant.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now let the bowl with wine be crown'd,
Now lighter dance the mazy round,
And let the sacred couch be stor'd
With the rich dainties of a priestly board.

Sooner to draw the mellow'd wine,
Prest from the rich Cæcubian vine,
Were impious mirth, while yet elate
The queen breath'd ruin to the Roman state.

Surrounded by a tainted train,
Wretches enervate and obscene,
She rav'd of empire—nothing less—
Vast in her hopes, and giddy with success.

But, hardly rescu'd from the flames,
One lonely ship her fury tames;
While Cæsar with impelling oar
Pursu'd her flying from the Latian shore:

Her, with Egyptian wine inspir'd,
With the full draught to madness fir'd,
Augustus sober'd into tears,
And turn'd her visions into real fears.

As darting sudden from above
The hawk attacks a tender dove;
Or sweeping huntsman drives the hare
O'er wide Æmonia's icy deserts drear;

So Cæsar through the billows press'd,
To lead in chains the fatal pest:
But she a nobler fate explor'd,
Nor woman-like beheld the deathful sword,

Nor with her navy fled dismay'd,
In distant realms to seek for aid,
But saw unmov'd her state destroy'd,
Her palace desolate, a lonely void;

With fearless hand she dar'd to grasp
The writhings of the wrathful asp,
And suck the poison through her veins,
Resolv'd on death, and fiercer from its pains:

Then scorning to be led the boast
Of mighty Cæsar's naval host,
And arm'd with more than mortal spleen,
Defrauds a triumph, and expires a queen.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS SLAVE.

I TELL thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
Nor for me the linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind:
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows,
But beneath the mantling vine
While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait, and I carouse.

ODES.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

O POLLIO, thou the great defence
Of sad, impleaded innocence,
On whom, to weigh the grand debate,
In deep consult the fathers wait;
For whom the triumphs o'er Dalmatia spread
Unfading honours round thy laurell'd head;

Of warm commotions, wrathful jars,
The growing seeds of civil wars;
Of double Fortune's cruel games,
The specious means, the private aims,
And fatal friendships of the guilty great,
Alas! how fatal to the Roman state!

Of mighty legions late subdu'd,
And arms with Latian blood imbru'd,
Yet unaton'd (a labour vast!
Doubtful the die, and dire the cast!)
You treat adventurous, and incautious tread
On fires with faithless embers overspread:

Retard awhile thy glowing vein,
Nor swell the solemn, tragic scene;
And when thy sage, historic cares
Have form'd the train of Rome's affairs,
With lofty rapture re-inflam'd, infuse
Heroic thoughts, and wake the buskin'd Muse!

Hark! the shrill clarion's voice I hear,
Its threatening murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines, with brazen breath,
The trumpet sounds the charge of death;
While the strong splendours of the sword affright
The flying steed, and mar the rider's sight!

Panting with terrour, I survey
The martial host in dread array,
The chiefs, how valiant and how just!
Defil'd with not inglorious dust,
And all the world in chains, but Cato see
Of spirit unsubdu'd, and dying to be free.

Imperial Juno, fraught with ire,
And all the partial gods of Tyre,
Who, feeble to revenge her arms,
Retreated to their native skies,
Have in the victor's bleeding race repaid
Jugurtha's ruin, and appeas'd his shade.

What plain, by mortals travers'd o'er,
Is not enrich'd with Roman gore?
Unnumber'd sepulchres record
The deathful harvest of the sword,
And proud Hesperia, rushing into thrall,
While distant Parthia heard the cumbrous fall.

What gulph, what rapid river flows
Unconscious of our wasteful woes?
What rolling sea's unfathom'd tide
Have not the Dacian slaughters dy'd?
What coast, encircled by the briny flood,
Boasts not the shameful tribute of our blood?

But thou, my Muse, to whom belong
The sportive jest and jocund song,
Beyond thy province cease to stray,
Nor vain revive the plaintive lay:
Seek humbler measures, indolently laid
With me beneath some love sequester'd shade.

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Gold hath no lustre of its own,
It shines by temperate use alone,
And when in earth it hoarded lies,
My Sallust can the mass despise.
With never-failing wing shall Fame
To latest ages bear the name
Of Proculeius, who could prove
A father, in a brother's love.
By virtue's precepts to control
The furious passions of the soul
Is over wider realms to reign,
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to distant Lybia join,
And both the Carthages were thine.
The dropsy, by indulgence nurs'd,
Pursues us with increasing thirst,
Till art expels the cause, and drains
The watery languour from our veins.
But Virtue can the crowd unteach
Their false, mistaken forms of speech;
Virtue, to crowds a foe profest,
Disdains to number with the blest,
Phraates, by his slaves ador'd,
And to the Parthian crown restor'd,
And gives the diadem, the throne,
And laurel wreath, to him alone
Who can a treasur'd mass of gold
With firm, undazzled eye behold.

ODE III.

TO DELLIUS.

In adverse hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your spirit rise too high,
Though Fortune kindly change the scene—
Remember, Dellius, you were born to die.

Whether your life in sorrows pass,
And sadly joyless glide away;
Whether, reclining on the grass,
You bless with choicer wine the festal day,

Where the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the Sun's intemperate beam,
In hospitable shades their branches twine,
And winds with toil, though swift, the tremulous stream.

Here pour your wines, your odours shed,
Bring forth the rose's short-liv'd flower,
While Fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.

Your purchas'd woods, your house of state,
Your villa, wash'd by Tiber's wave,
You must, my Dellius, yield to Fate,
And to your heir these high-pil'd treasures leave.

Whether you boast a monarch's birth,
While wealth unbounded round you flows,
Or poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
No pity for his victim Pluto knows.

We all must tread the paths of Fate;
And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat, ah! never to return.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Let not my Phocens think it shame
For a fair slave to own his flame;
A slave could stern Achilles move,
And bend his haughty soul to love:
Ajax, invincible in arms,
Was captiv'd by his captive's charms:
Atrides 'midst his triumphs mourn'd,
And for a ravish'd virgin burn'd,
What time the fierce barbarian bands
Fell by Pelides' conquering hands,
And Troy (her Hector swept away)
Became to Greece an easier prey.
Who knows, when Phyllis is your bride,
To what fine folk you'll be allied?
Her parents dear, of gentle race,
Shall not their son-in-law disgrace.
She sprang from kings, or nothing less,
And weeps the family's distress.
Think not that such a charming she
Can of the wretched vulgar be,
A maid, so faithful and so true
To love, to honour, and to you!
Her dear mamma, right-virtuous dame,
Could ne'er have known the blush of shame.
While thus with innocence I praise,
Let me no jealous transports raise.
Heart-whole and sound I laid her charms,
Her face, her taper legs, her arms;
For, trembling on to forty years,
My age forbids all jealous fears.

ODE V.

See, thy heifer's yet unbroke
To the labours of the yoke,
Nor hath strength enough to prove
Such impetuous weight of love.
Round the fields her fancy strays,
O'er the mead she sportive plays;
Now beneath the sultry beam
Cools her in the passing stream,
Now with frisking steerlings young
Sports the sallow groves among.
Do not then commit a rape
On the crude, unmellow'd grape:
Autumn soon, of various dyes,
Shall with kinder warmth arise,
Bid the livid clusters glow,
And a riper purple show.
Time to her shall count each day,
Which from you it takes away,
Till with bold and forward charms
She shall rush into your arms.
Pholoë, the flying fair,
Shall not then with her compare;
Nor the maid of bosom bright,
Like the Moon's unspotted light,

O'er the waves, with silver rays,
When its floating lustre plays;
Nor the Cnidian fair and young,
Who, the virgin-choir among,
Might deceive, in female guise,
Strangers, though extremely wise,
With the difference between
Sexes hardly to be seen,
And his hair of flowing grace,
And his boyish, girlish face.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS, who hast vow'd to go
With Horace even to farthest Spain,
Or see the fierce Cantabrian foe,
Untaught to bear the Roman chain,
Or the barbaric Syrts, with mad recoil
Where Mauritanian billows ceaseless boil:

May Tibur to my latest hours
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whose lusty towers
The Grecians fix'd their blissful seat:
There may my labours end, my wanderings cease,
There all my toils of warfare rest in peace!

But should the partial Fates refuse
That purer air to let me breathe,
Galesus, thy sweet stream I'll choose,
Where flocks of richest fleeces bathe:
Phalantus there his rural sceptre sway'd,
Uncertain offspring of a Spartan maid.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
Of this wide globe's extended shores;
Where nor the labours of the bee
Yield to Hymettus' golden stores,
Nor the green berry of Venafran soil
Swells with a riper flood of fragrant oil.

There Jove his kindest gifts bestows,
There joys to crown the fertile plains;
With genial warmth the winter glows,
And spring with lengthen'd honours reigns;
Nor Aulon, friendly to the clustering vine,
Envies the vintage of Falernian wine.

That happy place, that sweet retreat,
The charming hills that round it rise,
Your latest hours and mine await:
And when at length your Horace dies,
There the deep sigh thy poet-friend shall mourn,
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

VARUS, from early youth belov'd,
And oft with me in danger prov'd,
Our daring host when Brutus led,
And in the cause of freedom bled,
To Rome and all her guardian powers
What happy chance the friend restores,
With whom I've cheer'd the tedious day,
And drunk its loitering hours away,
Profuse of sweets while Syria shed
Her liquid odours on my head?
With thee I saw Philippi's plain,
Its fatal rout, a fearful scene!
And dropp'd, alas! th' inglorious shield,
Where valour's self was forc'd to yield,
Where soil'd in dust the vanquish'd lay,
And breath'd th' indignant soul away.
But me, when dying with my fear,
Through warring hosts, inwrapp'd in air,
Swift did the god of wit convey;
While thee wild war's tempestuous sea
In ebbing tides drove far from shore,
And to new scenes of slaughter bore.
To Jove thy votive offerings paid,
Beneath my laurel's sheltering shade,
Fatigu'd with war, now rest reclin'd,
Nor spare the casks for thee design'd.
Here joyous fill the polish'd bowl,
With wine oblivious cheer thy soul,
And from the breathing phials pour
Of essenc'd sweets a larger shower.
But who the wreath unfading weaves
Of parsley, or of myrtle leaves?
To whom shall beauty's queen assign
To reign the monarch of our wine?
For Thracian-like I'll drink to day,
And deeply Bacchus it away.
Our transports for a friend restor'd
Should ev'n to madness shake the board.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

If e'er th' insulted powers had shed
Their vengeance on thy perjur'd head,
If they had mark'd thy faithless truth
With one foul nail, or blacken'd tooth,
Again thy falsehood might deceive,
And I the faithless vow believe.
But when, perfidious, you engage
To meet high Heaven's vindictive rage,
You rise, with heighten'd lustre fair,
Of all our youth the public care.
It thrives with thee to be foresworn
By thy dead mother's hallow'd urn:
By Heaven and all the stars that roll
In silent circuit round the pole:
By Heaven, and every nightly sign,
By every deathless power divine.
Yes; Venus laughs, the nymphs with smiles,
The simple nymphs! behold thy wiles,
And with the blood of some poor swain
By thy perfidious beauty slain,
Fierce Cupid whets his burning darts,
For thee to wound new lovers' hearts.
Thy train of slaves grows every day,
Infants are rising to thy sway;
And they who swore to break thy chain
Yet haunt those impious doors again.
Thee for their boys the mothers fear,
The frugal father for his heir;
And weeping stands the virgin bride,
In Hymen's fetters lately tied,
Lest you detain, with brighter charms,
Her perjur'd husband from her arms.

ODE IX.

TO VALGIUS.

NOR everlasting rain deforms
The squalid fields; nor endless storms,

Inconstant, vex the Caspian main;
Nor on Armenia's frozen plain
The loitering snow unmelting lies;
Nor, loud when northern winds arise,
The labouring forests bend the head,
Nor yet their leafy honours shed:
Yet still in elegiac strains
My Valgius for his son complains.
When Vesper lifts his evening ray,
Or flies the rapid beam of day.
Not for his son the Grecian sage,
Renown'd for thrice the mortal age,
Not for their youthful brother dead,
Such sorrows Priam's daughters shed.
At length these weak complaints give o'er,
Indulge th' unmanly grief no more:
But let us bolder sweep the string.
And Cæsar's new-rais'd trophies sing:
The Tigris, and its freezing flood.
Euphrates, with its realms, subdu'd;
Whose waves are taught with humbler pride
Smoother to roll their lessening tide;
The Scythians, who reluctant yield,
Nor pour their squadrons o'er the field.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

Licinius, would you live with ease,
Tempt not too far the faithless seas,
And when you hear the tempest roar,
Press not too near th' unequal shore.
The man, within the golden mean
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell,
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell,
And, in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state.
When high in air the pine ascends,
To every ruder blast it bends.
The palace falls with heavier weight,
When tumbling from its airy height;
And when from Heaven the lightning flies,
It blasts the hills that proudest rise.
Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breast,
With virtue's tranquil wisdom blest,
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.
If Jove the winter's horrours bring,
Yet Jove restores the genial spring.
Then let us not of Fate complain,
For soon shall change the gloomy scene.
Apollo sometimes can inspire
The silent Muse, and wake the lyre:
The deathful bow not always plies,
Th' unerring dart not always flies.
When Fortune, various goddess, lowers,
Collect your strength, exert your powers:
But, when she breathes a kinder gale,
Be wise, and furl your swelling sail.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

Be not anxious, friend, to know
What our fierce Cantabrian foe,
What intends the Scythian's pride,
Far from us whom seas divide.
Tremble not with vain desires,
Few the things which life requires,
Youth with rapid swiftness flies,
Beauty's lustre quickly dies,
Wither'd age drives far away
Gentle sleep and amorous play.
When in vernal bloom they glow,
Flowers their gayest honours show.
Nor the Moon with equal grace
Always lifts her ruddy face.
Thus while nature's works decay,
Busy mortal, prithee say,
Why do you fatigue the mind,
Not for endless schemes design'd?
Thus beneath this lofty shade,
Thus in careless freedom laid,
While Assyrian essence sheds
Liquid fragrance on our heads,
While we lie with roses crown'd,
Let the cheerful bowl go round:
Bacchus can our cares control,
Cares that prey upon the soul.
Who shall from the passing stream
Quench our wine's Falernian flame?
Who the vagrant wanton bring,
Mistress of the lyric string,
With her flowing tresses tied,
Loosely, like a Spartan bride?

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Numantia's wars, for years maintain'd,
Or Hannibal's vindictive ire,
Or seas with Punic gore distain'd,
Suit not the softness of my feeble lyre;

Nor savage Centaurs mad with wine,
Nor Earth's gigantic rebel brood,
Who shook old Saturn's seats divine,
Till by the arm of Hercules subdu'd.

You in historic prose shall tell
The mighty power of Cæsar's war;
How kings beneath his battle fell,
Or dragg'd indignant his triumphal car.

Licymnia's dulcet voice, her eye
Bright-darting its resplendent ray,
Her breast, where love and friendship lie,
The Muse commands me sing in softer lay;

In raillery the sportive jest,
Graceful her mien in dancing charms,
When playful at Diana's feast
To the bright virgin choir she winds her arms.

Say, shall the wealth by kings possest,
Or the rich diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the East,
Purchase one lock of my Licymnia's hair?

While now her bending neck she plies
Backward to meet the burning kiss,
Then with an easy cruelty denies,
Yet wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss.

ODE XIII.

Whoever rais'd and planted thee,
Unlucky and pernicious tree,

In hour accurs'd with impious hand
(Thou bane and scandal of my land)
Well may I think the parricide
In blood his guilty soul had dyed,
Or plung'd his dagger in the breast,
At midnight, of his sleeping guest,
Or temper'd every baleful juice
Which poisonous Colchian glebes produce;
Or, if a blacker crime be known,
That crime the wretch had made his own,
Who on my harmless grounds and me
Bestow'd thee, luckless, falling tree.
While dangers hourly round us wait,
No caution can prevent our fate.
All other deaths the sailor dares,
Who yet the raging ocean fears;
The Parthian views with deep dismay
The Roman chains, and firm array;
The Roman dreads the Parthian's speed,
His flying war, and backward reed;
While Death, unheeded, sweeps away
The world, his everlasting prey.
How near was I those dreary plains,
Where Pluto's auburn consort reigns;
Where awful sits the judge of Hell;
Where pious spirits blissful dwell;
Where Sappho's sweet complaints reprove
The rivals of her fame and love,
Alcæus bolder sweeps the strings,
And seas, and war, and exile sings!
Thus while they strike the various lyre,
The ghosts the sacred sounds admire;
But when Alcæus tunes the strain
To deeds of war, and tyrants slain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song.
What wonder? when with bending ears
The dog of Hell astonish'd hears,
And, in the Furies' hair entwin'd,
The snakes with cheerful horrour wind;
While, charm'd by the melodious strains,
The tortur'd ghosts forget their pains,
Orion quits his bold delight,
To chase the lion's rage, or lynx's flight.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

How swiftly glide our flying years!
Alas! nor piety nor tears
Can stop the fleeting day;
Deep-furrow'd wrinkles, posting age,
And death's unconquerable rage,
Are strangers to delay.

Though every day a bull should bleed
To Pluto, bootless were the deed,
The monarch tearless reigns,
Where vultur-tortur'd Tityos lies,
And triple Geryon's monstrous size
The gloomy wave detains.

Whoever tastes of earthly food
Is doom'd to pass the joyless flood,
And hear the Stygian roar;
The sceptre'd king, who rules the earth,
The labouring hind, of humbler birth,
Must reach the distant shore.

The broken surge of Adria's main,
Hoarse-sounding, we avoid in vain,
And Mars in blood-stain'd arms;
The southern blast in vain we fear,
And autumn's life-annoying air
With idle fears alarms:

For all must see Cocytus flow,
Whose gloomy water sadly slow
Strays through the dreary soil.
The guilty maids, an ill-fam'd train!
And, Sisyphus, thy labours vain,
Condemn'd to endless toil.

Your pleasing consort must be left,
And you, of villas, lands, bereft,
Must to the shades descend;
The cypress only, hated tree!
Of all thy much-lov'd groves, shall thee,
Its short-liv'd lord, attend.

Then shall your worthier heir discharge
And set th' imprison'd casks at large,
And dye the floor with wine,
So rich and precious, not the feasts
Of holy pontiffs cheer their guests
With liquor more divine.

ODE XV.

In royal pride our buildings rise,
The useless plough neglected lies;
Ponds, broad as lakes, our fields o'erspread;
Th' unmarried plane high waves the head
Above the elm; while all around,
Wafting their fragrance o'er the ground,
Where once the olive pour'd its shade,
And its rich master's cares repaid,
The violet and myrtle greets
The senses with a waste of sweets;
While vainly would Apollo's ray
Through our thick laurels pour the day.
Not such were Cato's sage decrees,
Nor Romulus by arts like these
In wisdom form'd th' imperial sway,
And bid th' unwilling world obey:
Though small each personal estate,
The public revenues were great;
Arcades were then by law confin'd,
Nor open'd to the northern wind:
Or turf, or brick, where Fortune pleas'd,
The private dwelling humbly rais'd,
While awful to the powers divine
Rose high to Heaven the sacred shrine,
And all the public structures shone
Enrich'd with ornamental stone.

ODE XVI.

TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

Caught in the wild Ægæan seas,
The sailor bends to Heaven for ease,
While clouds the Moon's fair lustre hide,
And not a star his course to guide.
Furious in war the Thracian prays,
The quiver'd Mede, for ease, for ease,
A blessing never to be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.

Nor can the consul's power control
The sickly tumults of the soul,
Or bid the cares to stand aloof
That hover round the vaulted roof.
Happy the man whose frugal board
His father's plenty can afford:
His gentle sleep, nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor sordid care.
Why do we aim with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life?
To climates warm'd by other suns
In vain the wretched exile runs;
Flies from his country's native skies,
But never from himself he flies;
Corroding cares incessant charge
His flight, and climb his armed barge;
Or though he mount the rapid steed,
Care follows with unerring speed,
Far fleeter than the timorous hind,
Far fleeter than the driving wind.
The spirit that, serenely gay,
Careless enjoys the present day,
Can with an easy, cheerful smile
The bitterness of life beguile;
Nor fears th' approaching hour of fate,
Nor hopes for human bliss complete.
Achilles perish'd in his prime,
Tithon was worn away by time,
And Fate, with lavish hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.
A hundred bleating flocks are thine,
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing thy mares invite the reins,
Thy robes the twice-dy'd purple stains:
On me not unindulgent Fate
Bestow'd a rural, calm retreat,
Where I may tune the Roman lyre,
And warm the song with Grecian fire;
Then scorn, in conscious virtue proud,
The worthless malice of the crowd.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Why will Mæcenas thus complain,
Why kill me with the tender strain?
Nor can the gods nor I consent
That you, my life's great ornament,
Should sink untimely to the tomb,
While I survive the fatal doom.
Should you, alas! be snatch'd away,
Wherefore, ah! wherefore should I stay,
My value lost, no longer whole,
And but possessing half my soul?
One day, believe the sacred oath,
Shall lead the funeral pomp of both;
With thee to Pluto's dark abode,
With thee I'll tread the dreary road.
Nor fell Chimæra's breath of fire,
Nor hundred-handed Gyas dire,
Shall ever tear my friend from me:
So Justice and the Fates decree.
Whether fair Libra's kinder sign,
Or Scorpius with an eye malign
Beheld my birth (whose gloomy power
Rules dreadful o'er the natal hour),
Or Capricorn, with angry rays
Who shines the tyrant of the seas,
With equal beams our stars unite,
And strangely shed their mingled light.
Thee Jove's bright influence snatch'd away
From baleful Saturn's impious ray,
And stopp'd the rapid wings of Fate,
When the full theatre, elate,
With joyful transports hail'd thy name,
And thrice uprais'd the loud acclaim.
A tree, when falling on my head,
Had surely crush'd me to the dead,
But Pan, the poet's guardian, broke,
With saving hand, the destin'd stroke.
For thee, let the rich victim's blood
Pour forth to Jove its purple flood;
For thee, the votive temple rise;
For me, a humble lambkin dies.

ODE XVIII.

No walls, with ivory inlaid,
Adorn my house; no colonnade
Proudly supports my citron beams,
Nor rich with gold my cieling flames;
Nor have I, like an heir unknown,
Seiz'd upon Attalus his throne;
Nor dames, to happier fortunes bred,
Draw down for me the purple thread;
Yet with a firm and honest heart,
Unknowing or of fraud or art,
A liberal vein of genius blest,
I'm by the rich and great carest.
My patron's gift, my Sabine field,
Shall all its rural plenty yield,
And, happy in that rural store,
Of Heaven and him I ask no more.
Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay:
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies,
And, though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore,
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Your guilty progress would restrain.
The sacred landmark strives in vain
Your impious avarice to restrain;
You break into your neighbour's grounds,
And overleap your client's bounds.
Driven out by thee, to new abodes
They carry their paternal gods;
The wife her husband's sorrow shares,
And on her breast her squalid infants bears.
Yet, destin'd by unerring Fate,
Shall death this wealthy lord await;
Then whither tend thy wide demesnes?
For Earth impartial entertains
Her various sons, and in her breast
Princes and beggars equal rest.
Nor gold could bribe, nor art deceive,
The gloomy life-guard of the grave
Backward to tread the shadowy way,
And waft Promethens into day.
Yet he who Tantalus detains,
With all his haughty race, in chains,
Invok'd or not, the wretch receives,
And from the toils of life relieves.

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

I saw (let future times believe)
The god of wine his lectures give;
'Midst rocks far distant was the scene;
With ears erect the satyrs stood,
And every goddess of the wood
Listen'd th' instructive, solemn strain.

The recent terrour heaves my breast,
Yet, with th' inspiring power possest,
Tumultuous joys my soul have warm'd;
Dreadful, who shak'st the ivy spear,
Thy votary thus prostrate hear,
And be thy rage, thy rage disarm'd.

Give me to sing, by thee inspir'd,
Thy priestesses to madness fir'd:
Fountains of wine shall pour along,
And, melting from the hollow tree,
The golden treasures of the bee,
And streams of milk shall fill the song.

Fair Ariadne's crown shall rise,
And add new glories to the skies:
While I to listening nations tell
How impious Pentheus' palace burn'd,
With hideous ruin overturn'd,
And how the mad Lycurgus fell.

Indus and Ganges own thy sway,
Barbaric seas thy power obey,
And o'er the pathless mountain's height
(Her head with horrid snakes enroll'd,
Which harmless writhe their angry fold)
Thy raptur'd priestess speeds her flight.

When rising fierce in impious arms,
The giant-race with dire alarms
Assail'd the sacred realms of light,
With lion-wrath, and dreadful paw,
With blood-besmear'd and foaming jaw,
You put their horrid chief to flight.

For dancing form'd, for love and wit,
You seem'd for war's rude toils unfit,
And polish'd to each softer grace:
But dreadful when in arms you shone,
You made the fatal art your own,
In war excelling as in peace.

With golden horn supremely bright,
You darted round the bending light
Far-beaming through the gloom of Hell;
When Cerberus, with fear amaz'd,
Forgot his rage, and fawning gaz'd,
And at thy feet adoring fell.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

With strong, unwonted wing I rise,
A two-form'd poet, through the skies;
Far above envy will I soar,
And tread this worthless earth no more.
For know, ye rivals of my fame,
Though lowly born, a vulgar name,
I will not condescend to die,
Nor in the Stygian waters lie.

A rougher skin now clothes my thighs,
Into a swan's fair form I rise,
And feel the feather'd plumage shed
Its down, and o'er my shoulders spread.
Swift as with Dædalean wing,
Harmonious bird, I'll soaring sing,
And, in my flight, the foamy shores
Where Bosphorus tremendous roars,
The regions bound by northern cold,
And Lybia's burning sands, behold.
Then to the learned sons of Spain,
To him who ploughs the Scythian main,
To him who, with dissembled fears,
Conscious, the Roman arms reveres,
To him who drinks the rapid Rhone,
Shall Horace, deathless bard! be known.
My friends, the funeral sorrow spare,
The plaintive song, and tender tear;
Nor let the voice of grief profane
With loud laments the solemn scene;
Nor o'er your poet's empty urn
With useless, idle sorrows mourn.

ODES.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

Monarchs on earth their power extend,
Monarchs to Jove submissive bend,
And own the sovereign god,
With glorious triumph who subdu'd
The Titan race, gigantic brood!
And shakes whole nature with his nod.

When rival candidates contend,
And to the field of Mars descend
To urge th' ambitious claim,
Some of illustrious birth are proud,
Some of their clients' vassal crowd,
And some of virtue's fame.

Others the rural labour love,
And joy to plant the spreading grove,
The furrow'd glebe to turn;
Yet with impartial hand shall Fate
Both of the lowly and the great
Shake the capacious urn.

Behold the wretch, with conscious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head
Who views th' impending sword;
Nor dainties force his pall'd desire,
Nor chant of birds, nor vocal lyre,
To him can sleep afford;

Heart-soothing sleep, which not disdains
The rural cot, and humble swains,
And shady river fair:
Or Tempe's ever-blooming spring,
Where zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
And fan the buxom air.

Who nature's frugal dictates hears,
He nor the raging ocean fears,
Nor stars of power malign,
Whether in glooiny storms they rise,
Or swift descending through the skies
With angry lustre shine;

Whether his vines be smit with hail,
Whether his promis'd harvests fail,
Perfidious to his toil;
Whether his drooping trees complain
Of angry winter's chilling rain,
Or stars that burn the soil.

Not such the haughty lord, who lays
His deep foundations in the seas,
And scorns earth's narrow bound;
The fish, affrighted, feel their waves
Contracted by his numerous slaves,
Even in the vast profound.

High though his structures rise in air,
Pale *menaces*, and *black* despair,
This haughty lord shall find
O'ertake his armed galley's speed,
And when he mounts the flying steed,
Sits gloomy Care behind.

If purple, which the morn outshines,
Or marble from the Phrygian mines,
Though labour'd high with art,
If essence, breathing *sweets* divine,
Or flowing bowls of generous wine,
Ill sooth an anxious heart,

On columns, rais'd in modern style,
Why should I plan the lofty pile
To rise with envied state;
Why, for a vain, superfluous store,
Which would encumber me the more,
Resign my Sabine seat?

ODE II.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

Our hardy youth should learn to bear
Sharp want, to rein the warlike steed,
To hurl the well-directed spear
With pointed force, and bid the Parthian bleed.

Thus form'd in war's tumultuous trade
Through summer's heat, and winter's cold,
Some tyrant's queen, or blooming maid,
Shall from her walls the martial youth behold:

"Let not, alas! my royal spouse,
Untaught the deathful sword to wield,
That lion in his anger rouse,
Whom furious rage drives through th' ensanguin'd field."

What joys, what glories round him wait,
Who bravely for his country dies!
While with dishonest wounds shall Fate
Relentless stab the coward as he flies.

With stainless lustre Virtue shines,
A base repulse nor knows, nor fears;
Nor claims her honours, nor declines,
As the light air of crowds uncertain veers:

To him who not deserves to die
She shows the paths which heroes trod,
Then bids him boldly tempt the sky,
Spurn off his mortal clay, and rise a god.

To silence due rewards we give;
And they who mysteries reveal
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
Oft with the bad the righteous bleed:
Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.

ODE III.

The man, in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.

Let the wild winds, that rule the seas
Tempestuous, all their horrours raise;
Let Jove's dread arm with thunders rend the spheres,
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears.

Thus to the flamy towers above,
The vagrant hero, son of Jove,
Upsoar'd with strength his own, where Cæsar lies,
And quaffs, with glowing lips, the bowl's immortal joys.

Lyæus thus his tigers broke,
Fierce and indocile, to the yoke;
Thus from the gloomy regions of the dead,
On his paternal steeds, Rome's mighty founder fled;

When Heaven's great queen with words benign
Address'd th' assembled powers divine——
"Troy, hated Troy, an umpire lewd, unjust,
And a proud foreign dame, have sunk thee to the dust.

"To me, and wisdom's queen decreed,
With all thy guilty race to bleed,
What time thy haughty monarch's perjur'd sire
Mock'd the defrauded gods, and robb'd them of their hire.

"The gaudy guest, of impious fame,
No more enjoys th' adulterous dame;
Hector no more his faithless brothers leads
To break the Grecian force; no more the victor bleeds.

"Since the long war now sinks to peace,
And all our heavenly factions cease;
Instant to Mars my vengeance I resign.
And here receive his son, though born of Trojan line.

"Here, with encircling glories bright,
Free let him tread the paths of light,
And, rank'd among the tranquil powers divine,
Drink deep the nectar'd bowl, and quaff celestial wine.

"From Rome to Troy's detested shores,
While loud a length of ocean roars,
Unenvied let th' illustrious exiles reign,
Where Fate directs their course, and spreads their wide domain.

"On Priam's and th' adulterer's urn
While herds the dust insulting spurn,
Let the proud Capitol in glory stand,
And Rome, to triumph'd Medes, give forth her stern command:

"Let the victorious voice of Fame
Wide spread the terrours of her name,
Where seas the continents of earth divide,
And Nilus bathes the plain with his prolific tide.

"Let her the golden mine despise;
For deep in earth it better lies,
Than when by hands profane, from nature's store,
To uman use compell'd, flames forth the sacred ore.

" Where nature's utmost limits end,
Let her triumphant arms extend;
Or where the Sun pours down his madding beams,
Or where the clouds are dark, and rain perpetual streams.

" Thus let the warlike Romans reign
(So Juno and the Fates ordain),
But on these terms alone, no more to dare,
Through piety or pride, their parent Troy repair;

" For Troy rebuilt, ill-omen'd state!
Shall feel the same avenging fate;
Again my Grecians shall victorious prove,
By me led on to war, the sister-wife of Jove.

" Thrice should Apollo raise her wall,
Thrice shall her brazen bulwarks fall,
Thrice shall her matrons feel the victor's chain,
Deplore their slaughter'd sons, deplore their husbands slain."

But whither would the Muse aspire!
Such themes nor suit the sportive lyre,
Nor should the wanton, thus in feeble strain,
The councils of the gods, immortal themes! profane.

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

Descend from Heaven, and in a lengthen'd strain,
Queen of melodious sounds, the song sustain,
Or on the voice high-rais'd, the breathing flute,
The lyre of golden tone, or sweet Phœbean lute.

Hark! some celestial voice I raptur'd hear!
Or does a pleasing phrenzy charm my ear?
Through hallow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath threathe.
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy

Fatigued with sleep, and youthful toil of play,
When on a mountain's brow reclin'd I lay
Near to my natal soil, around my head
The fabled woodland doves a verdant foliage spread;

Matter, be sure, of wonder most profound
To all the gazing habitants around,
Who dwell in Acherontia's airy glades
Amid the Bantian woods, or low Ferentum's meads.

By snakes of poison black, and beasts of prey,
That thus, in dewy sleep unharm'd I lay;
Laurels and myrtle were around me pil'd,
Not without guardian gods an animated child.

Yours, I am ever yours, harmonious Nine,
Whether I joy in Tibur's vale supine;
Whether I climb the Sabine mountain's height,
Or in Prænestè's groves or Baian streams delight.

Nor tree devoted, nor tempestuous main,
Nor flying hosts, that swept Philippi's plain
In fearful rout, your filial bard destroy'd,
While in your springs divine and choral sports he joy'd.

If by the Muse's faithful guidance led,
Or Libya's thirsty sands I'll fearless tread,
Or climb the venturous bark, and launch from shore, [roar.
Though Bosphorus in storms with madding horrours

Nor Britons, of inhospitable strain,
Nor quiver'd Scythians, nor the Caspian main,
Nor he who joyous quaffs the thirsty bowl
Streaming with horses' blood, shall shake my dauntless soul.

When Cæsar, by your forming arts inspir'd,
Cheerful disbands his troops, of conquest tir'd,
And yields to willing Peace his laurell'd spoils,
In the Pierian cave you charm the hero's toils;

Gracious from you the lenient counsels flow,
Which bid the hero spare his prostrate foe;
For Cæsar rules like Jove, whose equal sway
The ponderous mass of earth and stormy seas obey:

O'er gods and mortals, o'er the dreary plains,
And shadowy ghosts, supremely just he reigns,
But, dreadful in his wrath, to Hell pursu'd,
With thunder's headlong rage, the fierce Titanian brood,

Whose horrid youth, elate with impious pride,
Unnumber'd, on their sinewy force relied:
Mountain on mountain pil'd they rais'd in air,
And shook the throne of Jove, and bade the Thunderer fear.

But what could Minas, of enormous might,
Typhœus; or Porphyrion's threatening height,
Or bold Encelsdus fierce-darting far
The trunks of trees uptorn, dire archer of the war,

Though with despair and rage inspir'd they rose,
To sage Minerva's sounding shield oppose?
While Vulcan here in flames devour'd his way,
There matron Juno stood, and there the god of day,

Resolv'd, till he had quell'd th' aspiring foe,
Never to lay aside th' unerring bow.
He the pure dew of fair Castalia loves,
There bathes his flowing hair, and haunts his natal groves.

Ill-counsell'd force, by its own native weight,
Precipitately falls; with happier fate
While the good gods upraise the just design,
And bold, unhallow'd schemes pursue with wrath divine.

This truth shall hundred-handed Gyas prove,
And warm Orion, who with impious love
Tempting the goddess of the sylvan scene,
Was by her virgin darts, gigantic victim! slain.

On her own monsters hurl'd with hideous weight,
Fond mother Earth deplores her offspring's fate,
By thunders dire to fivid Orcus doom'd,
Nor fire can eat its way through Ætna unconsum'd.

Such are the pains to lawless lust decreed;
On Tityus' liver shall the vulture feed
With rage ungorg'd, while Pluto stern detains
His amorous rival bound in thrice an hundred chains.

ODE V.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

Dread Jove in thunder speaks his just domain;
On Earth, a present god, shall Cæsar reign,
Since world-divided Britain owns his sway,
And Parthia's haughty sons his high behests obey.

O name of country, once how sacred deem'd!
O sad reverse of manners, once esteem'd!
While Rome her ancient majesty maintain'd;
In his own Capitol while Jove imperial reign'd,

Could they to foreign spousals meanly yield,
Whom Crassus led with honour to the field!
Have they, to their barbarian lords allied,
Grown old in hostile arms beneath a tyrant's pride,

Basely forgetful of the Roman name,
The heaven-descended shields, the Vestal flame,
That wakes eternal, and the peaceful gown,
Those emblems which the Fates with boundless empire crown?

When Regulus refus'd the terms of peace
Inglorious, he foresaw the deep disgrace,
Whose foul example should in ruin end,
And even to latest times our baffled arms attend,

Unless the captive youth in servile chains
Should fall unpitied. "In the Punic fanes
Have I not seen," the patriot captain cried,
"The Roman ensigns fix'd in monumental pride!

"I saw our arms resign'd without a wound;
Our free-born citizens in fetters bound;
The gates of Carthage open, and the plain,
Late by our war laid waste, with culture cloth'd again.

"Ransom'd, no doubt, with nobler sense of fame
The soldier shall return—Ye purchase shame.
When the fair fleece imbibes the dyer's stain,
Its native colour lost it never shall regain,

"And valour, failing in the soldier's breast,
Scorns to resume what cowardice possess'd.
When from the toils escap'd the hind shall turn
Fierce on her hunters, he the prostrate foe may spurn

"In second fight, who felt the fetters bind
His arms enslav'd; who tamely hath resign'd
His sword unstain'd with blood; who might have died,
Yet on a faithless foe, with abject soul, relied;

"Who for his safety mix'd poor terms of peace
Even with the act of war; O foul disgrace!
O Carthage, now with rival glories great,
And on the ruins rais'd of Rome's dejected state!"

The hero spoke; and from his wedded dame
And infant-children turn'd, opprest with shame
Of his fall'n state; their fond embrace repell'd,
And sternly on the earth his manly visage held,

Till, by his unexampled counsel sway'd,
Their firm decree the wavering senate made;
Then, while his friends the tears of sorrow shed,
Amidst the weeping throng the glorious exile sped.

Nor did he not the cruel tortures know,
Vengeful, prepar'd by a barbarian foe;
Yet, with a countenance serenely gay, [stay;
He turn'd aside the crowd, who fondly press'd his

As if, when wearied by some client's cause,
After the final sentence of the laws,
Cheerful he hasted to some calm retreat,
To taste the pure delights that bless the rural seat.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

Though guiltless of your fathers' crimes,
Roman, 'tis thine, to latest times,
The vengeance of the gods to bear,
Till you their awful domes repair,
Profan'd with smoke their statues raise,
And bid the sacred altars blaze.
That you the powers divine obey,
Boundless on Earth extends your sway;
From hence your future glories date,
From hence expect the hand of Fate.
Th' offended gods, in horrours dire,
On sad Hesperia pour'd their ire:
The Parthian squadrons twice repell'd
Our inauspicious powers, and quell'd
Our boldest efforts, while they shone
With spoils from conquer'd Romans won.
The Dacians, whose unerring art
Can wing with death the pointed dart;
Th' Ægyptian, for his navies fam'd,
Had Neptune's boundless empire claim'd,
And almost in their rage destroy'd
Imperial Rome, in civil strife employ'd.
Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed, from whence the woes,
That various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain-head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.
With pliant limbs the tender maid
Now joys to learn the shameless trade
Of wanton dancing, and improves
The pleasures of licentious loves;
Then soon amid the bridal feast
Boldly she courts her husband's guest;
Her love no nice distinction knows,
But round the wandering pleasure throws,
Careless to hide the bold delight
In darkness and the shades of night.
Nor does she need the thin disguise;
The conscious husband bids her rise,
When some rich factor courts her charms,
And calls the wanton to his arms,
Then, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame.
Not such the youth, of such a strain,
Who dy'd with Punic gore the main;
Who Pyrrhus' flying war pursu'd,
Antiochus the Great subdu'd,
And taught that terrour of the field,
The cruel Hannibal, to yield:
But a rough race, inur'd to toil,
With heavy spade to turn the soil,
And by a mother's will severe
To fell the wood, and homeward bear
The ponderous load, even when the Sun
His downward course of light had run,
And from the western mountain's head
His changing shadows lengthening spread,
Unyok'd the team, with toil opprest,
And gave the friendly hour of rest.
What feels not Time's consuming rage?
More vicious than their fathers' age
Our sires begot the present race,
Of manners impious, bold and base;
And yet, with crimes to us unknown,
Our sons shall mark the coming age their own.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIE.

Ah! why does Asterie thus weep for the youth
Of constancy faithful, of honour and truth,
Whom the first kindly zephyrs, that breathe o'er the spring,
Enrich'd with the wares of Bithynia shall bring?
Driven back from his course by the tempests, that rise
When stars of mad lustre rule over the skies,
At Oricum now poor Gyges must stay,
Where sleepless he weeps the cold winter away;
While his landlady Chloë, in sorrow of heart,
Bids her envoy of love exert all his art,
Who tells him how Chloë, unhappy the dame!
Deep sighs for your lover, and burns in your flame.
He tells him how Proetus, deceiv'd by his wife,
Attempted, ah dreadful! Bellerophon's life,
And urg'd by false crimes, how he sought to destroy
The youth for refusing, too chastely, the joy:
How Peleus was almost dispatch'd to the dead,
While the lovely Magnessian abstemious he fled.
Then he turns every tale, and applies it with art,
To melt down his virtue, and soften his heart;
But constant and heart-whole young Gyges appears,
And deafer than rocks the tale-teller hears.
Then, fair-one, take heed, lest Enipeus should prove
A little too pleasing, and tempt thee to love;
And though without rival he shine in the course,
To rein the fierce steed though unequal his force,
Tho' matchless the swiftness with which he divides,
In crossing the Tiber, the rough-swelling tides,
Yet shut the fond door at evening's first shade,
Nor look down to the street at the soft serenade;
Or if cruel he call thee in love-sighing strain,
Yet more and more cruel be sure to remain.

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

The Greek and Roman languages are thine,
Their hallow'd customs, and their rites divine;
And well you might the flowery wreaths admire,
The fragrant incense, and the sacred fire,
Rais'd on the living turf, to hail the day
To which the married world their homage pay.
When on my head a tree devoted fell,
And almost crush'd me to the shades of Hell,
Grateful I vow'd to him, who rules the vine,
A joyous banquet, while beneath his shrine
A snow-white goat should bleed; and when the year
Revolving bids this festal morn appear,
We'll pierce a cask with mellow juice replete,
Mellow'd with smoke since Tullus rul'd the state.
Come then, Mæcenas, and for friendship's sake,
A friend preserv'd, a hundred bumpers take.
Come drink the watchful tapers up to day,
While noise and quarrels shall be far away.
No more let Rome your anxious thoughts engage,
The Dacian falls beneath the victor's rage,
The Medes in civil wars their arms employ,
Inglorious wars! each other to destroy;
Our ancient foes, the haughty sons of Spain,
At length, indignant, feel the Roman chain;
With bows unbent the hardy Scythians yield,
Resolv'd to quit the long-disputed field.
No more the public claims thy pious fears:
Be not too anxious then with private cares,
But seize the gifts the present moment brings,
Those fleeting gifts, and leave severer things.

ODE IX.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND LYDIA.

HORACE.

While I was pleasing to your arms,
Nor any youth, of happier charms,
Thy snowy bosom blissful press'd,
Not Persia's king like me was blest.

LYDIA.

While for no other fair you burn'd,
Nor Lydia was for Chloë scorn'd,
What maid was then so blest as thine?
Not Ilia's fame could equal mine.

HORACE.

Now Chloë reigns; her voice and lyre
Melt down the soul to soft desire;
Nor will I fear even death, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

My heart young Calais inspires,
Whose bosom glows with mutual fires,
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If death would spare the charming boy.

HORACE.

Yet what if Love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should I shake off bright Chloë's chain,
And take my Lydia home again?

LYDIA.

Though he exceed in beauty far
The rising lustre of a star;
Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas,
When vex'd with storms; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

ODE X.

TO LYCE.

Though you drank the deep stream of Tanais icy,
The wife of some barbarous blockhead, O Lyce,
Yet your heart might relent to expose me reclin'd
At your cruel-shut door to the rage of the wind.
Hark, your gate! how it creaks! how the grove, planted round
Your beautiful villa, rebellows the sound!
How Jupiter numbs all the regions below,
And glazes with crystal the fleeces of snow!
Away with these humours of pride and disdain,
To Venus ungrateful, to Cupid a pain,
Lest while by the pulley you raise to the top,
Your rope should run back, and your bucket should drop.
No sprightly Tyrrhenian begot thee a prude,
Another Penelope, harsh to be woo'd.
O, though neither presents, nor vow-sighing strain,
Nor violet painting the cheek of thy swain,
Nor thy husband, who gives up his heart for a ditty
To a song-singing wench, can provoke thee to pity;

Though, like the hard oak, you're to softness in-
And milder than all of the serpentine kind, [clin'd,
Yet think not this side can for ever sustain
Thy threshold hard-hearted, and sky-falling rain.

ODE XI.

TO MERCURY.

O THOU, by whose harmonious aid
Amphion's voice the listening stones could lead;
And sweetest shell of power to raise,
On seven melodious strings, thy various lays;
Not vocal, when you first were found,
But of a simple and ungrateful sound;
Now tun'd so sweetly to the ear,
That gods and men with sacred rapture hear;
Oh! thou inspire the melting strain,
To charm my Lyde's obstinate disdain,
Who like a filly o'er the field
With playful spirit bounds, and fears to yield
To hand of gentlest touch, or prove,
Wild as she is, the joys of wedded love.
'Tis yours, with all their beasts of prey,
To bid the forests move, and powerful stay
The rapid stream. The dog of Hell,
Immense of bulk, to thee soft-soothing fell,
And suppliant bow'd, though round his head
His hundred snakes their guardian horrours spread;
Baleful his breath though fiery glow'd,
And from his three-tongued jaws fell poison flow'd.
Ixion, of his pains beguil'd,
And Tityos, with unwilling pleasure, smil'd;
Dry stood their urn, while with soft strain
You sooth'd the labours of the virgin train.
Let Lyde hear, what pains, decreed,
Though late, in death attend the direful deed.
There doom'd to fill, unceasing task!
With idle toil, an ever-streaming cask;
Impious, who, in the hour of rest,
Could plunge their daggers in a husband's breast.
Yet worthy of the nuptial flame,
And nobly meriting a deathless name,
Of many, one untainted maid,
Gloriously false, her perjur'd sire betray'd.
Thus to her youthful lord:—"Arise;
Awake, lest sleep eternal close thine eyes;
Eternal sleep: and ah! from whom
You little dreaded the relentless doom.
Oh! fly, my lord, this wrathful sire;
Far from my sisters fly, those sisters dire,
Who riot in their husbands' blood,
As lionesses rend their panting food;
While I, to such fell deeds a foe,
Nor bind thee here, nor strike the fatal blow.
Me let my father load with chains,
Or banish to Numidia's farthest plains;
My crime, that I, a loyal wife,
In mercy spar'd a wretched husband's life.
While Venus, and the shades of night,
Protect thee, speed, by sea or land, thy flight;
May every happy omen wait
To guide thee through this gloomy hour of fate!
Yet not forgetful of my doom,
Engrave thy grateful sorrows on my tomb."

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

UNHAPPY the maidens forbidden to prove
The bumper's full joy, or the raptures of love;
Unhappy the girls, who are destin'd to hear
The tedious rebukes of old uncles severe.
Cytherea's wing'd son now bids thee resign
The toils of Minerva, the spinster divine;
For now, Neobule, with other desires
The brightness of Hebrus thy bosom inspires;
When he rises with vigour from Tiber's rough waves,
Where the oil of his labours, athletic he laves,
Like Bellerophon skilful to rein the fierce steed,
At cuffs never conquer'd, nor out-stripp'd in speed,
And dextrous, with darts never flying in vain,
To wound the light stag bounding over the plain,
Or active and valiant the boar to surprise,
Transfix with his spear, as in covert he lies.

ODE XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

FOUNTAIN, whose waters far surpass
The shining face of polish'd glass,
To thee, the goblet, crown'd with flowers,
Grateful the rich libation pours;
A goat, whose horns begin to spread,
And bending arm his swelling head,
Whose bosom glows with young desires,
Which war or kindling love inspires,
Now meditates his blow in vain,—
His blood shall thy fair fountain stain.
When the fierce dog-star's fervid ray
Flames forth, and sets on fire the day,
To vagrant flocks, that range the field,
You a refreshing coolness yield;
Or to the labour-wearied team
Pour forth the freshness of thy stream.
Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The oak, that spreads thy rocks around,
From whence thy babbling waters bound.

ODE XIV.

ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN.

THY prince, O Rome, who foreign realms
Explor'd like Jove's immortal son,
Fearless to search the laurel wreath
By death and glorious daring won,
Victorious comes from farthest Spain,
To Rome and all his guardian gods again.

Let her, who to her arms receives
With joy her own, her laurell'd spouse,
Her private sacrifice perform'd,
Pay to just Heaven her public vows,
And let the fair Octavia lead
The matron-train in suppliant veils array'd;

The matron-train, to whose glad arms
Their sons, with conquest crown'd, return;
And you, fair youth, whose pious tears
Your slaughter'd sires and husbands mourn,
This day at least your griefs restrain,
And luckless from ill-omen'd words abstain.

This day, with truly festal joy,
Shall drive all gloomy cares away;
For, while imperial Cæsar holds
O'er the glad Earth his awful sway,
Nor fear of death from foreign arms,
Or civil rage, my dauntless soul alarms.

Boy, bring us essence, bring us crowns;
Pierce me a cask of ancient date,
Big with the storied Marsian war,
And with its glorious deeds replete,
If yet one jovial cask remain
Since wandering Spartacus o'erswept the plain.

Invite Neæra to the feast,
Who sweetly charms the listening ear,
And bid the fair-one haste to bind
In careless wreaths her essenc'd hair;
But should her porter bid you stay,
Leave the rough, surly rogue, and come away.

When hoary age upon our heads
Pours down its chilling weight of snows,
No more the breast with anger burns,
No more with amorous heat it glows:
Such treatment Horace would not bear,
When warm with youth, when Plancus fill'd the consul's chair.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

Thou poor man's incumbrance, thou rake of a wife,
At length put an end to this infamous life;
Now near thy long home, to be rank'd with the shades,
Give over to frisk it with buxom young maids,
And, furrow'd with wrinkles, profanely to shroud
Those bright constellations with age's dark cloud.
What Pholoë well, with a decency free,
Might practise, sits awkward, O Chloris, on thee.
Like her, whom the timbrel of Bacchus arouses,
Thy daughter may better lay siege to the houses
Of youthful gallants, while she wantonly gambols,
Of Nothus enamour'd, like a goat in its rambles;
The spindle, the distaff, and wool-spinning thrifty,
Not musical instruments, fit thee at fifty;
Nor roses empurpled enriching the breeze,
Nor hogsheads of liquor drunk down to the lees.

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

Or watchful dogs an odious ward
Might well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immur'd,
And by strong gates of oak secur'd,
Although by mortal gallants lewd
With all their midnight arts pursu'd,
Had not great Jove and Venus fair
Laugh'd at her father's fruitless care;
For well they knew no fort could hold
Against a god transform'd to gold.
Stronger than thunder's winged force
All-powerful gold can speed its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur, rose;
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.
Yet anxious care, and thirst of more,
Attend the still increasing store.

While you in humble rank appear,
Gracing the knighthood that you wear,
By your example taught, I dread
To raise the far conspicuous head.
The more we to ourselves deny,
The more the gods our wants supply,
Far from the quarters of the great,
Happy, though naked, I retreat,
And to th' unwishing few with joy
A blest and bold deserter fly,
Possest of what the great despise,
In real, richer pomp, I rise,
Than if, from fair Apulia's plain,
I stor'd in heaps the various grain,
While, of the wealthy mass secure,
Amidst the rich abundance poor.
The streamlet, flowing through my ground;
The wood, which a few acres bound;
The little farm of kindly soil,
Nor faithless to its master's toil,
Shall tell the consul, whose domain
Extends o'er Afric's fertile plain,
Though of his envied lot possest,
He ne'er shall be like Horace blest.
Though nor the fam'd Calabrian bee
Collect its golden sweets for me;
For me no Formian vintage grows,
With mellow'd warmth where Bacchus flows;
Nor on the verdant Gallic mead
My flocks of richer fleeces feed:
Yet am I not with want opprest,
Which vainly seeks the port of rest,
Nor would thy bounteous hand deny
My larger wishes to supply:
But while those wishes I restrain,
Further I stretch my small domain
Than could I distant kingdoms join,
And make united empires mine:
For sure the state of man is such,
They greatly want, who covet much:
Then happy he, whom Heaven has fed
With frugal but sufficient bread.

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Ælius, whose ancient lineage springs
From Lamus, founder of the name,
(From whom a sacred line of kings
Shines through the long records of fame,

From whom th' illustrious race arose,
Who first possess'd the Formian towers,
And reign'd where Liris smoothly flows
To fair Marica's marshy shores)

If the old shower-foretelling crow
Croak not her boding note in vain,
To-morrow's eastern storm shall strow
The woods with leaves, with weeds the main.

Then pile the fuel while you may,
And cheer your spirit high with wine;
Give to your slaves one idle day,
And feast upon the fatted swine.

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

Faunus, who with eager flame
Chase the nymphs, thy flying game,

If a tender kid distain,
Each returning year, thy fane,
If with wine we raise the soul,
(Social Venus loves the bowl)
If thy consecrated shrine
Smoke with odours,—breath divine!
Gently traverse o'er my bounds,
Gently through my sunny grounds,
Gracious to my fleecy breed,
Sporting o'er the flowery mead.
See my flocks in sportive vein
Frisk it o'er the verdant plain,
When through winter's gloom thy day
Festal shines, the peasants play,
On the grassy-matted soil,
Round their oxen, free from toil.
See the wolf forgets his prey,
With my daring lambs to play;
See the forest's bending head
At thy feet its honours shed,
While with joyful foot the swain
Beats the glebe he plough'd with pain.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

When Inachus reign'd to thee is notorious,
When slain for his country was Codrus the glorious;
When govern'd the monarchs from Peleus descended;
When Troy was besieg'd, and so bravely defended;
But where the best Chian, or what it may cost ye,
Or how we may warm the long winter and frosty,
Or temper our water with embers so glowing,
Ah! Telephus, here thou art strangely unknowing.
Here's a bumper to midnight; to Luna's first shining;
A third to our friend in his post of divining.
Come, fill up the bowl, then fill up your bumpers,
Let three, or thrice three, be the jovial of numbers.
The poet, enraptur'd, sure never refuses
His brimmers thrice three to his odd-number'd Muses:
But the Graces, in naked simplicity cautious,
Are afraid, more than three might to quarrels debauch us.
Gay frolic, and mirth, to madness shall fire us;
Why breathes not the flute, then, with joy to inspire us?
Why hang on the wall, in silence dolorous,
The soft-swelling pipe, and the hautboy sonorous?
I hate all the slaves, who are sparing of labour:
Give us roses abundant, and let our old neighbour,
With his damsel, ill-suited to such an old fellow,
Even burst with his envy to hear us so mellow.
Poor Horace in flames, how slowly consuming!
For Glycera burns, while Chloë the blooming
Her Telephus courts, whose tresses are beaming,
As are the bright rays from Vesperus streaming.

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

Pyrrhus, you tempt a danger high,
When you would steal from angry lioness her cubs, and soon shall fly
Inglorious.
What wars of horrid form arise,
Through crowds of lovers when she flies
To seek her boy, and snatch the prize,
Victorious!

You shoot; she whets her tusks to bite;
While he, who sits to judge the fight,
Treads on the palm with foot so white,
Disdainful;
And sweetly floating in the air,
Wanton he spreads his fragrant hair,
Like Ganymede, or Nireus fair,
And vainful.

ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

Gentle cask of mellow wine,
And of equal age with mine;
Whether you to broils or mirth,
Or to madding love give birth,
Or the toper's temples steep
Sweetly in ambrosial sleep;
For whatever various use
You preserve the chosen juice,
Worthy of some festal hour,
Now the hoary vintage pour:
Come—Corvinus, guest divine,
Bids me draw the smoothest wine.
Though with science deep imbued,
He, not like a Cynic rude,
Thee despises; for of old
Cato's virtue, we are told,
Often with a bumper glow'd,
And with social raptures flow'd.
You by gentle tortures oft
Melt hard tempers into soft;
You strip off the grave disguise
From the counsels of the wise,
And with Bacchus, blithe and gay,
Bring them to the face of day.
Hope by thee, fair fugitive!
Bids the wretched strive to live;
To the beggar you dispense
Heart and brow of confidence;
Warm'd by thee, he scorns to fear
Tyrant's frown or soldier's spear.
Bacchus boon, and Venus fair,
(If she come with cheerful air)
And the Graces, charming band!
Ever dancing hand in hand;
And the living taper's flame,
Shall prolong thy purple stream,
Till returning Phœbus bright
Puts the lazy stars to flight.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

Of groves and mountains guardian maid,
Invok'd by three mysterious names;
Goddess three-form'd, whose willing aid
With gracious pow'r appears display'd,
From death to save our pregnant dames:

To thee I consecrate the pine,
That nodding waves my villa round,
And here, beneath thy hallow'd shrine,
Yearly shall bleed a festal swine,
That meditates the side-long wound,

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

If on the new-born Moon, with hands supine,
My Phidyle, laborious rustic, prays,
If she with incense, and a ravening swine,
And yearly fruits, her household gods appease,
Nor pestilential storm shall smite her vines,
Nor barren mildew shall her harvests fear;
Nor shall her flocks, when the sad year declines,
Beneath its fruitage, feel the autumnal air.
Let the devoted herds, that lowing feed
In snow-topt Algidon's high-branching wood,
Or the fair kine of rich Albania, bleed,
And stain the pontiff's hallow'd axe with blood;
The little gods, around thy sacred fire,
No vast profusion of the victim's gore,
But pliant myrtle wreaths alone require,
And fragrant herbs, the pious, rural store.
A grateful cake, when on the hallow'd shrine
Offer'd by hands that know no guilty stain,
Shall reconcile th' offended powers divine,
When bleeds the pompous hecatomb in vain.

ODE XXIV.

AGAINST MISERS.

Though of th' unrifled gold possest
Of gorgeous Ind, and Araby the blest;
Though with hewn, massy rocks you raise
Your haughty structures midst th' indignant seas:
Yet, soon as Fate shall round your head,
With adamantine strength, its terrours spread,
Not the dictator's power shall save
Your soul from fear, your body from the grave.
Happy the Scythians, houseless train!
Who roll their vagrant dwellings o'er the plain;
Happy the Getes fierce and brave,
Whom no fix'd laws of property enslave;
While open stands the golden grain,
The free-born fruitage of th' unbounded plain,
Succeeding yearly to the toil,
They plough with equal tasks the public soil.
Not there the guiltless step-dame knows
The baleful draught for orphans to compose;
No wife high-portion'd rules her spouse,
Or trusts her essenc'd lover's faithless vows;
The lovers there for dowry claim
The father's virtue and the mother's fame,
That dares not break the nuptial tie,
Polluted crime! whose portion is to die.
O that some patriot, wise and good,
Would stop this impious thirst of civil blood,
And joy on statues to behold
His name, the father of the state, enroll'd!
Oh! let him quell our spreading shame,
And live to latest times in honour'd name.
Though living Virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.
But wherefore do we thus complain,
If Justice wear her awful sword in vain?
And what are laws, unless obey'd
By the same moral virtues they were made?
If neither burning heats extreme,
Where eastern Phœbus darts his fiercest beam,
Nor where the northern tempest blows,
And freezes down to earth th' eternal snows,
Nor the wild terrours of the main
Can daunt the merchant, and his voyage restrain;
If want, ah, dire disgrace! we fear,
From thence with vigour act, with patience bear,
While Virtue's paths untrodden lie,
Those paths that lead us upwards to the sky?
Oh! let us consecrate to Jove
(Rome shall with shouts the pious deed approve)
Our gems, our gold, pernicious store!
Or plunge into the deep the baleful ore.
If you indeed your crimes detest,
Tear forth, uprooted from the youthful breast,
The seeds of each deprav'd desire,
While manly toils a firmer soul inspire.
Nor knows our youth, of noblest race,
To mount the maung'd steed, or urge the chase;
More skill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice:
And yet his worthless heir to raise
To hasty wealth, the perjur'd sire betrays
His partners, co-heirs, and his friends;
But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possest,
There's something wanting still to make him blest.

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

Whither, in a sacred ecstasy,
Bacchus, when full of thy divinity,
Dost thou transport me? To what glades?
What gloomy caverns, unfrequented shades?
In what recesses shall I raise
My voice to sacred Cæsar's deathless praise,
Amid the stars to bid him shine,
Rank'd in the councils of the powers divine?
Some bolder song shall wake the lyre,
And sounds unknown its trembling strings inspire.
Thus o'er the steepy mountain's height,
Starting from sleep, thy priestess takes her flight;
Amaz'd beholds the Thracian snows,
With languid streams where icy Heber flows,
Or Rhodope's high-towering head,
Where frantic choirs barbarian measures tread.
O'er pathless rocks, through lonely groves,
With what delight my rapture'd spirit roves!
O thou, who rul'st the Naiad's breast;
By whom the Bacchanalian maids, possest
With sacred rage inspir'd by thee,
Tear from the bursting glebe th' uprooted tree,
Nothing or low, or mean, I sing,
No mortal sound shall shake the swelling string.
The venturous theme my soul alarms,
But warm'd by thee the thought of danger charms.
When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,
What can his daring votaries dismay?

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

I lately was fit to be call'd upon duty,
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty:
But now crown'd with conquest I hang up my arms,
My harp, that campaign'd it in midnight alarms:
Here fix on this wall, here my ensigns of wars,
By the statue of Venus, my torches and bars,
And arrows, which threaten'd, by Cupid their liege,
War, war on all doors that dare hold out a siege.

O goddess of Cyprus, and Memphis, that know
Nor the coldness or weight of love-chilling snow,
With a high-lifted stroke, yet gently severe,
Avenge me on Chloë, the proud and the fair.

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA.

Fierce from her cubs the ravening fox,
Or wolf from steep Lanuvian rocks,
Or pregnant bitch, or chattering jay,
Ill-omen'd, guide the wicked on their way;

Serpents, like arrows, sideling thwart
The road, and make their horses start.
For those I love, with anxious fear
I view the doubtful skies, a prudent seer,

And bid the chanting raven rise
When Phœbus gilds his orient skies,
Ere speeds the shower-boding crow
To lakes, whose languid waters cease to flow.

Happy may Galatea prove,
Nor yet unmindful of our love,
For now no luckless pye prevails,
Nor vagrant crow forbids the swelling sails.

Yet see what storms tumultuous rise,
While prone Orion sweeps the skies.
I know the Adriatic main,
And western winds, perfidiously serene.

But may the rising tempest shake
Our foes, and dreadful o'er them break;
For them the blackening ocean roar,
And angry surges lash the trembling shore.

When on her bull Europa rode,
Nor knew she press'd th' imperial god,
Bold as she was, th' affrighted maid
The rolling monsters of the deep survey'd.

Late for the rural nymphs she chose
Each flower, a garland to compose,
But now, beneath the gloom of night,
Views nought but seas, and stars of feeble light.

Soon as she touch'd the Cretan shore,
"My sire," she cries,—"ah! mine no more,
For every pious, tender name
Is madly lost in this destructive flame.

"Where am I, wretched and undone?
And shall a single death atone
A virgin's crime? Or do my fears
Deplore the guilty deed with waking tears?

"Or am I yet, ah! pure from shame,
Mock'd by a vain, delusive dream?
Could I my springing flowrets leave,
To tempt through length of seas the faithless wave?

"While thus with just revenge possest,
How could I tear that monstrous beast!
How could I break, by rage inspir'd,
Those horns, alas! too fondly once admir'd!

"Shameless, my father's gods I fly;
Shameless, and yet I fear to die,
Hear me, some gracious, heavenly power,
Let lions fell this naked corse devour.

"My cheeks ere hollow wrinkles seize,
Ere yet their rosy bloom decays,
While youth yet rolls its vital flood,
Let tigers fiercely riot in my blood.

"But hark! I hear my father cry,
'Make haste, unhappy maid, to die!
And if a pendant fate you choose,
Your faithful girdle gives the kindly noose;

"'Or, if you like a headlong death,
Behold the pointed rocks beneath;
Or plunge into the rapid wave,
Nor live on haughty tasks, a spinster slave.

"'Some rude barbarian's concubine,
Born as thou art of royal line.'"
Here the perfidious-smiling dame,
And idle Cupid, to the mourner came;

Awhile she rallied with the fair,
Then with a grave and serious air,
"Indulge," she cries, "thy rage no more,
This odious bull shall yield him to thy power.

"Yet sigh no more, but think of love,
For know, thou art the wife of Jove;
Then learn to bear thy future fame,
When Earth's wide continent shall boast thy name."

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

Say, what shall I do on the festival day
Of Neptune! Come, Lyde, without more delay,
And broach the good creature, invaulted that lies,
Cast off all reserve, and be merry and wise.
The evening approaches, you see, from yon hill;
And yet, as if Phœbus, though winged, stood still,
You dally to bring us a cup of the best,
Condemn'd, like its consul, ignobly to rest.
With voices alternate, the sea-potent king,
And the Nereids, with ringlets of azure, we'll sing.
From the sweet-sounding shell thy hand shall araise
Latona's, and swift-darting Cynthia's praise.
The gay-smiling goddess of love and delight,
Who rules over Cnidos, and Cyclades bright,
And guiding her swans with a soft silken rein,
Revisits her Paphos, shall crown the glad strain.
Then to the good night, while bumpers elate us,
We'll sing a farewel, and a decent quietus.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Descended from an ancient line,
That once the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Haste thee to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
For thee the fragrant essence flows,
For thee, Mæcenas, breathes the blooming rose.

From the delights, oh! break away,
Which Tibur's marshy prospect yields,
Nor with unceasing joy survey
Fair Æsula's declining fields;
No more the verdant hills admire
Of Telegon, who kill'd his aged sire.

Instant forsake the joyless feast,
Where appetite in surfeit dies,
And from the towered structure haste,
That proudly threatens to the skies;
From Rome and its tumultuous joys,
Its crowds, and smoke, and opulence, and noise.

Where health-preserving plainness dwells;
Nor sleeps upon the Tyrian dye,
To frugal treats, and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly.
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

Andromeda's conspicuous sire
Now darts his hidden beams from far;
The lion shows his maddening fire,
And barks fair Procyon's raging star;
While Phœbus, with revolving ray,
Brings back the burnings of the thirsty day.

Fainting beneath the sweltering heat,
To cooling streams and breezy shades
The shepherd and his flocks retreat,
While rustic sylvans seek the glades,
Silent the brook its borders laves,
Nor curls one vagrant breath of wind the waves.

But you for Rome's imperial state
Attend with ever-watchful care,
Or, for the world's uncertain fate
Alarm'd, with ceaseless terrours fear;
Anxious what eastern wars impend,
Or what the Scythians in their pride intend.

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night,
All that in future prospect lies,
Beyond the ken of mortal sight,
And laughs to see vain man oppress
With idle fears, and more than man distress.

Then wisely form the present hour;
Enjoy the bliss that it bestows;
The rest is all beyond our power,
And like the changeful Tiber flows,
Who now beneath his banks subsides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides:

But when descends a sudden shower,
And wild provokes his silent flood,
The mountains hear the torrent roar,
And echoes shake the neighbouring wood,
Then swollen with rage he sweeps away
Uprooted trees, herds, dwellings, to the sea.

Happy the man, and he alone,
Who, master of himself, can say,
"To day at least hath been my own,
For I have clearly liv'd to day:
Then let to morrow's clouds arise,
Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

"Not Jove himself can now make void
The joy, that wing'd the flying hour;
The certain blessing once enjoy'd,
Is safe beyond the godhead's power;
Nought can recal the acted scene,
What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

"But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy;
To day to me her bounty flows,
And now to others she the bliss bestows.

"I can applaud her while she stays;
But if she shake her rapid wings,
I can resign, with careless ease,
The richest gifts her favour brings,
Then folded lie in Virtue's arms,
And honest Poverty's undower'd charms.

"Though the mast howl beneath the wind,
I make no mercenary prayers,
Nor with the gods a bargain bind
With future vows, and streaming tears,
To save my wealth from adding more
To boundless ocean's avaricious store:

"Then in my little barge I'll ride,
Secure amid the foamy wave,
Calm will I stem the threatening tide,
And fearless all its tumults brave;
Even then, perhaps, some kinder gale, [sail."
While the twin stars appear, shall fill my joyful

ODE XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

More durable than brass, the frame
Which here I consecrate to fame;
Higher than pyramids that rise,
With royal pride, to brave the skies;
Nor years, though numberless the train,
Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain,
Nor winds, that loud in tempests break,
Shall e'er its firm foundation shake.
Nor shall the funeral pyre consume
My fame; that nobler part shall bloom,
With youth unfading shall improve,
While to th' immortal fane of Jove
The Vestal maids, in silent state
Ascending, on the pontiff wait.
With rapid course and deafening waves,
Where Aufidus impetuous raves,
And where a poor, enervate stream
From banish'd Daunus takes its name,
O'er warlike realms who fix'd his throne,
Shall Horace, deathless bard, be known,
Who first attempted to inspire
With Grecian sounds the Roman lyre.
With conscious pride, O Muse divine!
Assume the honours justly thine;
With laurel wreaths my head surround,
Such as the god of verse have crown'd.

ODES.

BOOK IV.

ODE 1.

TO VENUS.

Again new tumults fire my breast!
Ah, spare me, Venus! let thy suppliant rest.
I am no more, alas! the swain
I was in Cynara's indulgent reign.
Fierce mother of the Loves, no more
Attempt to bend me to thy charming power,
Harden'd with age; but swift repair
Where youth invokes thee with the soothing prayer.
Would you inflame, with young desire,
A bosom worthy of thy purest fire,
To Paulus guide, a welcome guest,
Thy purple swans, and revel in his breast.
Of noble birth, and graceful made,
Nor silent when affliction claims his aid,

He, with a hundred conquering arts,
Shall wave thy banners wide o'er female hearts.
When more successful he shall prove,
And laugh at rivals, who with gifts make love,
Thou in a citron dome shalt stand,
Form'd by the sculptor's animating hand.
There shall th' abundant incense flame,
And thou transported quaff the rising steam;
There shall the powers of music join,
And raise the song with harmony divine;
There shall the youths and virgins pay
To thee their grateful offerings twice a-day,
Like Salian priests the dance shall lead,
And many a mazy measure round thee tread.
For me, alas! those joys are o'er,
For me the vernal garland blooms no more;
No more the feats of wine I prove,
Nor the delusive hopes of mutual love.
Yet why, ah! fair-one, still too dear,
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Or why thus falter o'er my tongue
The words, which once harmonious pour'd along?
Swift through the fields, and flowing streams,
I follow thee in visionary dreams;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst, ah, cruel! from my arms.

ODE II.

TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

He, who to Pindar's height attempts to rise,
Like Icarus, with waxen pinions tries
His pathless way, and from the venturous theme
Falling, shall leave to azure seas his name.
As when a river, swollen by sudden showers,
O'er its known banks from some steep mountain pours,
So in profound, unmeasurable song,
The deep-mouth'd Pindar, foaming, pours along.
Well he deserves Apollo's laurell'd crown,
Whether new words he rolls enraptur'd down
Impetuous through the dithyrambic strains;
Free from all laws, but what himself ordains;
Whether in lofty tone sublime he sings
The immortal gods, or god-descended kings,
With death deserv'd who smote the Centaurs dire,
And quench'd the fierce Chimæra's breath of fire;
Or whom th' Olympic palm, celestial prize!
Victorious crowns, and raises to the skies,
Wrestler or steed—with honours, that outlive
The mortal fame which thousand statues give;
Or mourns some hapless youth in plaintive lay,
From his fond, weeping bride, ah! torn away;
His manners pure, his courage, and his name,
Snatch'd from the grave, he vindicates to fame.
Thus, when the Theban swan attempts the skies,
A nobler gale of rapture bids him rise;
But like a bee, which through the breezy groves
With feeble wing and idle murmurs roves,
Sits on the bloom, and with unceasing toil
From thyme sweet-breathing culls his flowery spoil;
So I, weak bard! round Tibur's lucid spring,
Of humbler strain laborious verses sing.
'Tis thine with deeper hand to strike the lyre,
When Cæsar shall his raptur'd bard inspire,
And crown'd with laurel, well-earn'd meed of war,
Drag the fierce Gaul at his triumphal car;
Than whom the gods ne'er gave, or bounteous Fate,
To human kind a gift more good or great,
Nor from the treasures shall again unfold,
Though Time roll backward to his ancient gold.
Be thine the festal days, the city's joys,
The forum silenc'd from litigious noise,
The public games for Cæsar safe restor'd,
A blessing oft with pious vows implor'd.
Then, if my voice can reach the glorious theme;
Then will I sing, amid the loud acclaim—
"Hail, brightest Sun! in Rome's fair annals shine;
Cæsar returns—eternal praise be thine!"
As the procession awful moves along,
Let shouts of triumph fill our joyful song;
Repeated shouts of triumph Rome shall raise;
And to the bounteous gods our altars blaze.
Of thy fair herds twice ten shall grateful bleed,
While I, with pious care, one steerling feed:
Wean'd from the dam, o'er pastures large he roves,
And for my vows his rising youth he proves:
His horns, like Luna's, bending fires appear,
When the third night she rises to her sphere;
And, yellow all the rest, one spot there glows
Full in his front, and bright as winter snows.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

He, on whose natal hour the queen
Of verse hath smil'd, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
First in the fam'd Olympic race:
He shall not after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laurell'd brows conspicuous far,
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride:
But him, the streams which warbling flow
Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
The master of th' Æolian song.
The sons of Rome, majestic Rome!
Have plac'd me in the poet's quire,
And Envy, now or dead or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.
Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who canst the finny race, though mute,
To cygnet's dying accents raise,
Thy gift it is, that all, with ease,
Me prince of Roman lyrics own;
That, while I live, my numbers please,
If pleasing, is thy gift alone.

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

As the majestic bird of towering kind,
Who bears the thunder through th' ethereal space,
(To whom the monarch of the gods assign'd
Dominion o'er the vagrant, feather'd race,
His faith approv'd, when to the distant skies
From Ida's top he bore the Phrygian prize)
Sprung from his nest, by sprightly youth inspir'd,
Fledg'd, and exulting in his native might,
Novice to toils; but as the clouds retir'd,
And gentler gales provok'd a bolder flight,
On sailing wings through yielding air explor'd
Unwonted paths, and panted while he soar'd;

Anon to ravage in the fleecy fold,
The glowing ardour of his youthful heart
Pour'd the beak'd foe; now more maturely bold
With talons fierce precipitant to dart
On dragons fell, reluctant in the fray;
Such is his thirst for battle, and for prey:

Or as a lion through the forest stalks,
Wean'd by his tawny dam from milky food;
A goat descries him from her flowery walks,
First doom'd to stain his youthful jaws with blood:
So Drusus look'd tremendous to his foes,
Beneath the frozen height of Alpine snows.

The Rhœtian bands beheld him such in war:
These daring bands, who with triumphant joy
Were wont to spread their baneful terrours far,
Tam'd by the conduct of the martial boy,
Felt what true courage could achieve, when led
By bright example, and by virtue bred;

Felt how Augustus with paternal mind
Fir'd the young Neroes to heroic deeds,
The brave and good are copies of their kind:
In steers laborious, and in generous steeds
We trace their sires: nor can the bird of Jove,
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove.

Yet sage instructions, to refine the soul
And raise the genius, wondrous aid impart,
Conveying, inward as they purely roll,
Strength to the mind, and vigour to the heart:
When morals fail, the stains of vice disgrace
The fairest honours, and the noblest race.

How much the grandeur of thy rising state
Owes to the Neroes, Rome imperial, say;
Witness Metaurus, and the dismal fate
Of vanquish'd Asdrubal, and that glad day,
Which first auspicious, as the darkness fled,
O'er Latium's face a tide of glory shed;

Resistless in his rage, before that day
The Carthaginian with vindictive ire
Through our fair cities urg'd his cruel way,
As through the pitchy pines destructive fire
Devours its course; or as when Eurus raves,
And howling rides the mad Sicilian waves.

The Roman youth, improving by their toils,
With better fate now wield the vengeful sword,
And see those temples, which were once the spoils
Of Tyrian rapine, to their gods restor'd;
When faithless Hannibal at length exprest
The boding sorrows of his anxious breast:

"Like stags, of coward kind, the destin'd prey
Of ravening wolves, we unprovok'd defy
Those, whom to baffle is our fairest play,
The richest triumph we can boast, to fly.
For mark that race, which to the Latian shore
Their gods, their sons, their sires, intrepid bore.

"That race, long tost upon the Tuscan waves,
Are like an oak upon the woody top
Of shaded Algidus, embrown'd with leaves,
Which, as keen axes its green honours lop,
Thro' wounds, thro' losses, no decay can feel,
Collecting strength and spirit from the steel.

"Not Hydra stronger, when dismember'd, rose
Against Alemena's much-enduring son,
Grieving to find, from his repeated blows,
The foe redoubled, and his toil begun;
Nor Colchis teem'd, nor Echionian Thebes,
A fiercer monster from their bursting glebes.

"In ocean plunge them, they emerge more bright;
At arms oppose them in the dusty field,
With routed squadrons they renew the fight,
And force your yet unbroken troops to yield,
And battles wage, to be the future boast
Of their proud consorts o'er our vanquish'd host.

"To lofty Carthage I no more shall send
Vaunts of my deeds, and heralds of my fame;
My boundless hopes, alas! are at an end,
With all the flowing fortune of our name:
Those boundless hopes, that flowing fortune, all
Are dash'd, and buried in my brother's fall."

The Claudian race, those favourites of the skies,
No toil shall damp, no fortitude withstand;
Superior they to difficulties rise,
Whom Jove protects with an indulgent hand;
Whom cautious cares, preventing wiles afar,
Guide through the perils of tumultuous war.

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

PROPITIOUS to the sons of Earth
(Best guardian of the Roman state)
The heavenly powers beheld thy birth,
And form'd thee glorious, good, and great;
Rome and her holy fathers cry, "Thy stay
Was promis'd short, ah! wherefore this delay?"

Come then, auspicious prince, and bring,
To thy long gloomy country, light,
For in thy countenance the spring
Shines forth to cheer thy people's sight:
Then hasten thy return; for, thou away,
Nor lustre has the Sun, nor joy the day.

As a fond mother views with fear
The terrours of the rolling main,
While envious winds, beyond his year,
From his lov'd home her son detain;
To the good gods with fervent prayer she cries,
And catches every omen as it flies;

Then anxious listens to the roar
Of winds, that loudly sweep the sky;
Nor, fearful, from the winding shore
Can ever turn her longing eye:
Smit with as faithful and as fond desires,
Impatient Rome her absent lord requires.

Safe by thy cares her oxen graze,
And yellow Ceres clothes her fields;
The sailor ploughs the peaceful seas,
And Earth her rich abundance yields;
While, nobly conscious of unsullied fame,
Fair honour dreads th' imputed sense of blame.

By thee our wedded dames are pure
From foul adultery's embrace;
The conscious father views secure
His own resemblance in his race:
Thy chaste example quells the spotted deed,
And to the guilt thy punishments succeed.

Who shall the faithless Parthian dread,
The freezing armies of the north,
Th' enormous youth, to battle bred,
Whom horrid Germany brings forth?
Who shall regard the war of cruel Spain,
If Cæsar live secure, if Cæsar reign?

Safe in his vineyard toils the hind,
Weds to the widow'd elm his vine;
Till the Sun sets his hill behind,
Then hastens joyful to his wine,
And in his gayer hours of mirth implores
Thy godhead to protect and bless his stores.

To thee he chants the sacred song,
To thee the rich libation pours;
Thee, plac'd his household gods among,
With solemn, daily prayer adores:
So Castor and great Hercules of old
Were with their gods by grateful Greece enroll'd.

Gracious and good, beneath thy reign
May Rome her happy hours employ;
And grateful hail thy just domain
With pious hymns and festal joy:
Thus, with the rising Sun we sober pray,
Thus, in our wine beneath his setting ray.

[The Sixth Ode will be found in the Secular Poem. See the first Chorus of Youths and Virgins, and the succeeding Hymn to Apollo.]

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

The snow dissolves, the field its verdure spreads,
The trees high wave in air their leafy heads;
Earth feels the change; the rivers calm subside,
And smooth along their banks decreasing glide;
The elder Grace, with her fair sister-train,
In naked beauty dances o'er the plain.
The circling hours that swiftly wing their way,
And in their flight consume the smiling day;
Those circling hours, and all the various year,
Convince us, nothing is immortal here.
In vernal gales cold winter melts away;
Soon wastes the spring in summer's burning ray;
Yet summer dies in autumn's fruitful reign,
And slow-pac'd winter soon returns again.
The Moon renews her orb with growing light;
But when we sink into the depths of night,
Where all the good, the rich, the brave are laid,
Our best remains are ashes and a shade. [power,
Who knows that Heaven, with ever-bounteous
Shall add to morrow to the present hour?
The wealth you give to pleasure and delight,
Far from thy ravening heir shall speed its flight;
But soon as Minos, thron'd in awful state,
Shall o'er thee speak the solemn words of Fate,
Nor virtue, birth, nor eloquence divine,
Shall bid the grave its destin'd prey resign:
Nor chaste Diana from infernal night
Could bring her modest favourite back to light;
And hell-descending Theseus strove in vain
To break his amorous friend's Lethean chain.

ODE VIII.

TO CENSORINUS.

With liberal heart to every friend
A bowl or caldron would I send;
Or tripods, which the Grecians gave,
As rich rewards to heroes brave;
Nor should the meanest gift be thine,
If the rich works of art were mine,
By Scopas or Parrhasius wrought,
With animating skill who taught
The shapeless stone with life to glow,
Or bade the breathing colours flow,
To imitate, in every line,
The form or human or divine.
But I nor boast the curious store,
And you nor want, nor wish for more;
'Tis yours the joys of verse to know,
Such joys as Horace can bestow,
While I can vouch my present's worth,
And call its every virtue forth.
Nor columns, which the public raise,
Engrav'd with monumental praise,
By which the breath of life returns
To heroes sleeping in their urns;
Nor Hannibal, when swift he fled,
His threats retorted on his head;
Nor impious Carthage wrapt in flame,
From whence great Scipio gain'd a name,
Such glories round him could diffuse
As the Calabrian poet's Muse;
And should the bard his aid deny,
Thy worth shall unrewarded die.
Had envious Silence left unsung
The child from Mars and Ilia sprung,
How had we known the hero's fame,
From whom the Roman empire came?
The poet's favour, voice, and lays,
Could Æacus from darkness raise,
Snatch'd from the Stygian gulfs of Hell,
Among the blissful isles to dwell.
The Muse forbids the brave to die,
The Muse enthrones him in the sky:
Alcides, thus, in Heaven is plac'd,
And shares with Jove th' immortal feast;
Thus the twin-stars have power to save
The shatter'd vessel from the wave,
And vine-crown'd Bacchus with success
His jovial votaries can bless.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

While with the Grecian bards I vie,
And raptur'd tune the social string,
Think not the song shall ever die,
Which with no vulgar art I sing,
Though born where Aufid rolls his sounding stream,
In lands far distant from poetic fame.

What though the Muse her Homer throned
High above all th' immortal choir,
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre:
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

Whatever old Anacreon sung,
However tender was the lay,
In spite of Time is ever young,
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her love still breathes the passions of her heart.

Helen was not the only fair,
By an unhappy passion fir'd,
Who the lewd ringlets of the hair
Of an adulterous beau admir'd;
Court arts, gold lace, and equipage have charms
To tempt weak woman to a stranger's arms.

Nor first from Teucer's vengeful bow
The feather'd death unerring flew,
Nor was the Greek the single foe
Whose rage ill-fated Ilion knew:
Greece had with heroes fill'd th' embattled plain,
Worthy the Muse in her sublimest strain.

Nor Hector first transported heard
With fierce delight the war's alarms,
Nor brave Deiphobus appear'd
Amid the tented field in arms,
With glorious ardour prodigal of life,
To guard a darling son and faithful wife.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave;
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard had they to make all time their own.

In earth if it forgotten lies,
What is the valour of the brave?
What difference, when the coward dies,
And sinks in silence to his grave?
Nor, Lollius, will I not thy praise proclaim,
But from oblivion vindicate thy fame.

Nor shall its livid power conceal
Thy toils—how glorious to the state!
How constant to the public weal
Through all the doubtful turns of fate!
Thy steady soul, by long experience found
Erect alike, when Fortune smil'd or frown'd.

Villains, in public rapine bold,
Lollius, the just avenger, dread,
Who never by the charms of gold,
Shining seducer, was misled:
Beyond thy year such virtue shall extend,
And death alone thy consulate shall end.

Perpetual magistrate is he,
Who keeps strict Justice full in sight;
With scorn rejects th' offender's fee,
Nor weighs convenience against right;
Who bids the crowd at awful distance gaze,
And Virtue's arms victoriously displays.

Not he, of wealth immense possest,
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the number of the blest
Should have his glorious name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name, who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what Heaven bestows:

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme;
Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
Far worse than death, a deed of shame;
Undaunted, for his country or his friend,
To sacrifice his life—O glorious end!

ODE X.

TO LIGURINUS.

O CRUEL still, and vain of beauty's charms,
When wint'ry age thy insolence disarms;
When fall those locks that on thy shoulders play,
And youth's gay roses on thy cheeks decay;
When that smooth face shall manhood's roughness wear,
And in your glass another form appear;
Ah why, you'll say, do I now vainly burn,
Or with my wishes not my youth return?

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, I have a cask of wine
Mellow'd by summers more than nine;
With living wreaths to crown our heads
The parsley's vivid verdure spreads;
To bind your hair the ivy twines,
With plate my cheerful sideboard shines:
With vervain chaste an altar bound,
Now thirsts for blood; the victim's crown'd.
All hands employ'd; with busy haste
My boys and girls prepare our feast;
Trembling the pointed flames arise,
The smoke rolls upward to the skies.
But why this busy, festal care?
This invitation to my fair?
This day the smiling month divides,
O'er which the sea-born queen presides;
Sacred to me, and due to mirth,
As the glad hour that gave me birth;
For, when this happy morn appears,
Mæcenas counts a length of years
To roll in bright succession round,
With every joy and blessing crown'd.
Gay Telephus exults above
The humble fortunes of thy love;
A rich and buxom maid detains
His captive heart in wilting chains.
The youth destroy'd by heavenly fire
Forbids ambition to aspire;
And Pegasus, who scorn'd to bear
His earth-born rider through the air,
A dread example hath supplied
To check the growth of human pride,
And caution my presumptuous fair
To grasp at things within her sphere.
Come then, my latest love, (for I
Shall never for another die)
Come learn with me to newer lays
Thy voice of harmony to raise.
The soothing song and charming air
Shall lessen every gloomy care.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

COMPANIONS of the Spring, the Thracian winds
With kindly breath now drive the bark from shore;
No frost, with hoary hand, the meadow binds,
Nor swoln with winter snow the torrents roar.

The swallow, hapless bird! now builds her nest,
And in complaining notes begins to sing,
That, with revenge too cruelly possess'd,
Impious she punish'd an incestuous king.

Stretch'd on the springing grass the shepherd swain
His reedy pipe with rural music fills;
The god, who guards his flock, approves the strain,
The god, who loves Arcadia's gloomy hills.

Virgil, 'tis thine with noble youths to feast;
Yet, since the thirsty season calls for wine,
Would you a cup of generous Bacchus taste,
Bring you the odours, and a cask is thine.

Thy little box of spikenard shall produce
A mighty cask, that in the cellar lies;
Big with large hopes shall flow th' inspiring juice,
Powerful to sooth our griefs, and raise our joys.

If pleasures such as these can charm thy soul,
Bring the glad merchandise, with sweets replete;
Nor empty-handed shall you touch the bowl,
Nor do I mean like wealthy folk to treat.

Think on the gloomy pile's funereal flames,
And be no more with sordid lucre blind;
Mix a short folly with thy labour'd schemes;
'Tis joyous folly, that unbends the mind.

ODE XIII.

TO LYCE.

The gods, the gods have heard my prayer:
See, Lyce, see that hoary hair,
Yet you a toast would shine:
You impudently drink and joke,
And with a broken voice provoke
Desires no longer thine.

Cupid, who joys in dimple sleek,
Now lies in blooming Chia's cheek,
Who tunes the melting lay;
From blasted oaks the wanton flies,
Scar'd at thy wrinkles, haggard eyes,
And head snow'd o'er with gray.

Nor glowing purple, nor the blaze
Of jewels, can restore the days,
To thee those days of glory,
Which, wafted on the wings of Time,
Even from thy birth to beauty's prime,
Recorded stand in story.

Ah! whither is thy Venus fled?
That bloom by Nature's cunning spread?
That every graceful art?
Of her, of her, what now remains,
Who breath'd the loves, who charm'd the swains,
And snatch'd me from my heart?

Once happy maid! in pleasing guiles
Who vied with Cynara in smiles,
Ah! tragical survival!
She glorious died in beauty's bloom,
While cruel Fate defers thy doom
To be the raven's rival:

That youths, in fervent wishes bold,
Not without laughter may behold
A torch, whose early fire
Could every breast with love inflame,
Now faintly spread a sickly gleam,
And in a smoke expire.

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

How shall our holy senate's care,
Or Rome with grateful joy prepare
Thy monumental honours, big with fame,
And in her festal annals eternize thy name?

O thou, where Sol with varied rays
The habitable globe surveys,
Greatest of princes, whose vindictive war
First broke th' unconquer'd Gaul to thy triumphal car!

For when thy legions Drusus led,
How swift the rapid Breuni fled!
The rough Genauni fell, and, rais'd in vain
Tremendous on the Alps, twice overwhelm'd the plain

Their haughty towers. With just success
While the good gods thy battle bless,
Our elder Nero smote with deep dismay [array.
The Rhœtians huge of bulk, and broke their firm

Conspicuous in the martial strife,
And nobly prodigal of life,
With what prodigious ruins he oppress'd
For glorious liberty the death-devoted breast!

As when the Pleiads rend the skies
In mystic dance, the winds arise,
And work the seas outam'd; such was the force,
With which through spreading fires he spurr'd his foaming horse.

So branching Aufidus, who laves
The Daunian realms, fierce rolls his waves,
When to the golden labours of the swain
He meditates his wrath, and deluges the plain.

As Claudius, with impetuous might,
Broke through the iron ranks of fight;
From front to rear the bloodless victor sped,
Mow'd down th' embattled field, and wide the slaughter spread.

Thine were his troops, his counsels thine,
And all his guardian powers divine:
For, since the day when Alexandria's port
Open'd, in suppliance low, her desolated court;

When thrice five times the circling Sun
His annual course of light had run;
Fortune by this success hath crown'd thy name,
Confirm'd thy glories past, and rais'd thy future fame.

Dread guardian of th' imperial state,
Whose presence rules thy country's fate,
On whom the Medes with awful wonder gaze,
Whom unhous'd Scythians fear, unconquer'd Spain obeys;

The Nile, who hides his sevenfold source,
The Tigris, headlong in his course,
The Danube, and the ocean wild that roars
With monster-bearing waves round Britain's rocky shores:

The fearless Gaul thy name reveres,
Thy voice the rough Iberian hears,
With arms compos'd the fierce Sicambrians yield,
Nor view, with dear delight, the carnage of the field.

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

I would have sung of battles dire
And mighty cities overthrown,
When Phœbus smote me with his lyre,
And warn'd me with an angry tone,
Not to unfold my little sail, or brave
The boundless torrours of the Tyrrhene wave.

Yet will I sing thy peaceful reign,
Which crowns with fruits our happy fields,
And, rent from Parthia's haughty fane,
To Roman Jove his eagles yields;
Augustus bids the rage of war to cease,
And shuts up Janus in eternal peace.

Restrain'd by arts of ancient fame,
Wild License walks at large no more,
Those arts, by which the Latian name,
The Roman strength, th' imperial pow'r,
With awful majesty unbounded spread
To rising Phœbus from his western bed.

While watchful Cæsar guards our age,
Nor civil wrath, nor loud alarms
Of foreign tumults, nor the rage
That joys to forge destructive arms,
And ruin'd cities fills with hostile woes,
Shall e'er disturb, O Rome, thy safe repose.

Nations, who quaff the rapid stream,
Where deep the Danube rolls his wave;
The Parthians, of perfidious fame,
The Getæ fierce, and Seres brave,
And they on Tanais who wide extend,
Shall to the Julian laws reluctant bend.

Our wives and children share our joy,
With Bacchus' jovial blessings gay;
Thus we the festal hours employ,
Thus grateful hail the busy day:
But first with solemn rites the gods adore,
And, like our sires, their sacred aid implore;

Then vocal, with harmonious lays
To Lydian flutes, of cheerful sound,
Attemper'd sweetly, we shall raise
The valiant deeds of chiefs renown'd,
Old Troy, Anchises, and the godlike race
Of Venus, blooming with immortal grace.

ODES.

BOOK V.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

While you, Mæcenas, dearest friend,
Would Cæsar's person with your own defend;
And Antony's high-towered fleet
With light Liburnian galleys fearless meet,
What shall forsaken Horace do,
Whose every joy of life depends on you?
With thee, 'tis happiness to live,
And life, without thee, can no pleasure give.
Shall I th' unkind command obey,
And idly waste my joyless hours away?
Or, as becomes the brave, embrace
The glorious toil, and spurn the thoughts of peace?
I will; and over Alpine snow,
Or savage Caucasus, intrepid go;
Or follow, with undaunted breast,
Thy dreadful warfare to the furthest west.
You ask, what aid I can afford,
A puny warrior; novice to the sword.
Absence, my lord, increases fear;
The danger lessens when the friend is near:
Thus, if the mother-bird forsake
Her unfledg'd young, she dreads the gliding snake
With deeper agonies afraid,
Not that her presence could afford them aid.
With cheerful heart will I sustain,
To purchase your esteem, this dread campaign:
Not that my ploughs, with heavier toil,
Or with a larger team, may turn my soil;
Not that my flocks, when Sirius reigns,
May browse the verdure of Lucania's plains;
Not that my villa shall extend
To where the walls of Tusculum ascend.
Thy bounty largely hath supplied,
Even with a lavish hand, my utmost pride;
Nor will I meanly wish for more,
Tasteless in earth to hide the sordid store,
Like an old miser in the play,
Or like a spendthrift squander it away.

ODE II.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Like the first mortals blest is he,
From debts, and usury, and business free,
With his own team who ploughs the soil,
Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.
The sounds of war nor break his sleep,
Nor the rough storm, that harrows up the deep;
He shuns the courtier's haughty doors,
And the loud science of the bar abjures.
Sometimes his marriageable vines
Around the lofty bridegroom elm he twines;
Or lops the vagrant boughs away,
Ingrafting better as the old decay;
Or in the vale with joy surveys
His lowing herd safe-wandering as they graze;
Or careful stores the flowing gold
Prest from the hive, or shears his tender fold;
Or when, with various fruits o'erspread,
The mellow Autumn lifts his beauteous head,
His grafted pears or grapes, that vie
With the rich purple of the Tyrian dye,
Grateful he gathers, and repays
His guardian gods upon their festal days;
Sometimes beneath an ancient shade,
Or on the matted grass supinely laid,
Where pours the mountain stream along,
And feather'd warblers chant the soothing song;
Or where the lucid fountain flows,
And with its murmurs courts him to repose.
But when the rain and snows appear,
And wintry Jove loud thunders o'er the year,
With hounds he drives into the toils
The foaming boar, and triumphs in his spoils;
Or for the greedy thrush he lays
His nets, and with delusive baits betrays;
Artful he sets the springing snare,
To catch the stranger crane, or timorous hare.
Thus happy, who would stoop to prove
The pains, the wrongs, and injuries of love?
But if a chaste and virtuous wife
Assist him in the tender cares of life;
Of sun burnt charms, but honest fame,
(Such as the Sabine, or Apulian dame);
Fatigu'd when homeward he returns,
The sacred fire with cheerful lustre burns;
Or if she milk her swelling kine,
Or in their folds his happy flocks confine;
While unbought dainties crown the feast,
And luscious wines from this year's vintage prest;
No more shall curious oysters please;
Or fish, the luxury of foreign seas
(If eastern tempests, thundering o'er
The wint'ry wave, shall drive them to our shore);
Or wild-fowl of delicious taste,
From distant climates brought to crown the feast,

Shall e'er so grateful prove to me,
As olives gather'd from their unctuous tree,
And herbs that love the flowery field,
And cheerful health with pure digestion yield;
Or fatling, on the festal day,
Or kid just rescued from some beast of prey.
Amid the feast how joys he to behold
His well-fed flocks home hasting to their fold!
Or see his labour'd oxen bow
Their languid necks, and drag th' inverted plough,
At night his numerous slaves to view
Round his domestic gods their mirth pursue!
The usurer spoke: determin'd to begin
A country-life, he calls his money in,
But, ere the Moon was in her wane,
The wretch had put it out to use again.

ODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

If parricide ever, in horrours more dire,
With impious right hand shall strangle his sire,
On garlic, than hemlock more rank, let him feed;
O stomach of mowers to digest such a weed!
What poison is this in my bosom so glowing?
Have I swallow'd the gore of a viper unknowing?
Canidia perhaps hath handled the feast,
And with witchery hellish the banquet hath drest.
With this did Medea her lover besmear,
Young Jason, beyond all his Argonauts fair;
The stench was so strong, that it tam'd to the yoke
The brass-footed bulls breathing fire and smoke.
On the gown of Creüsa its juices she shed,
Then on her wing'd dragon in triumph she fled.
Not such the strong vapour that burns up the plains,
When the dog-star in anger triumphantly reigns;
Not the shirt of Alcides, that well-labour'd soldier,
With flames more envenom'd burn'd into his shoulder.
May the girl of your heart, if ever you taste,
Facetious Mæcenas, so baleful a feast,
Her hand o'er your kisses, oh, may she bespread,
And lie afar off on the stock of the bed!

ODE IV.

As wolves and lambs by nature disagree,
So is my hatred firm to thee;
Thou wretch, whose back with flagrant whips is torn;
Whose legs with galling fetters worn;
Though wealth thy native insolence inflame,
A scoundrel ever is the same.
While you your thrice three ells of gown display,
And stalk along the sacred way,
Observe the free-born indignation rise,
Mark! how they turn away their eyes:
"This wretch," they cry, "with public lashing
Till even the beadle loath'd his trade,
Now ploughs his thousand acres of demesne,
And wears the pavement with his train;
Now on the foremost benches sits, in spite
Of Otho, an illustrious knight."
From slaves and pirates to assert the main,
Shall Rome such mighty fleets maintain,
And shall those fleets, that dreadful rule the sea,
A pirate and a slave obey?

ODE V.

ON THE WITCH CANIDIA.

"But oh, ye gods, whose awful sway
Heaven, Earth, and human-kind obey,
What can this hideous noise intend?
On me what ghastly looks they bend?
If ever chaste Lucina heard
Thy vows in hour of birth preferr'd;
Oh! by this robe's impurpled train,
Its purple pride, alas! how vain!
By the unerring wrath of Jove,
Unerring shall his vengeance prove;
Why like a step-dame do you stare,
Or like a wounded tigress glare?"
Thus while his sacred robes they tear,
The trembling boy prefers his prayer;
Then naked stands, with such a form
As might an impious Thracian charm.
Canidia, crown'd with writhing snakes
Dishevell'd, thus the silence breaks:
"Now the magic fire prepare,
And from graves uprooted tear
Trees, whose horrours gloomy spread
Round the mansions of the dead;
Bring the eggs and plumage foul
Of a midnight-shrieking owl;
Be they well besmear'd with blood
Of the blackest-venom'd toad;
From their various climates bring
Every herb that taints the spring;
Then into the charm be thrown,
Snatch'd from famish'd bitch, a bone;
Burn them all with magic flame,
Kindled first by Colchian dame."
Now Sagana, around the cell,
Sprinkled her waters black from Hell;
Fierce as a porcupine, or boar,
In frightful wreaths her hair she wore.
Vein, who never knew remorse,
Uplifts the spade with feeble force,
And, breathless with the hellish toil,
Deep-groaning breaks the guilty soil,
Turns out the earth, and digs a grave,
In which the boy (as o'er the wave
A lusty swimmer lifts his head)
Chin-deep sinks downward to the dead,
O'er dainties chang'd twice, thrice a-day,
Slowly to gaze his life away;
That the foul hags an amorous dose
Of his parch'd marrow may compose,
His marrow, and his liver dried,
The seat, where wanton thoughts reside.
When, fix'd upon his food in vain,
His eye-balls pin'd away by pain.
Naples, for idleness renown'd,
And all the villages around,
Believe that Folia shar'd their rites,
She who in monstrous lusts delights,
Whose voice the stars from Heaven can tear,
And charm bright Luna from her sphere.
Here, with black tooth and livid jaws,
Her unpar'd thumbs Canidia gnaws,
And into hideous accents broke;
In sounds, how direful! thus she spoke:
"Ye powers of darkness and of Hell,
Propitious to the magic spell,

Who rule in silence o'er the night,
While we perform the mystic rite,
Be present now, your horrours shed,
In hallow'd vengeance, on his head.
Beneath the forest's gloomy shade
While beasts in slumbers sweet are laid,
Give me the lecher, old and lewd,
By barking village-curs pursued,
Expos'd to laughter, let him shine
In essence—ah! that once was mine.
What! shall my strongest potions fail,
And could Medea's charms prevail?
When the fair harlot, proud of heart,
Deep felt the vengeance of her art;
Her gown, with powerful poisons dyed,
In flames enwrapp'd the guilty bride.
Yet every root and herb I know,
And on what steepy depths they grow,
And yet, with essence round him shed,
He sleeps in some bold harlot's bed;
Or walks at large, nor thinks of me,
By some more mighty witch set free.
"But soon the wretch my wrath shall prove,
By spells unwonted taught to love;
Nor shall even Marsian charms have power,
Thy peace, O Varus, to restore.
With stronger drugs, a larger bowl
I'll fill, to bend thy haughty soul;
Sooner the seas to Heaven shall rise,
And earth spring upwards to the skies,
Than you not burn in fierce desire,
As melts this pitch in smoky fire."
The boy, with lenient words, no more
Now strives their pity to implore;
With rage yet doubtful what to speak,
Forth from his lips these curses break:—
"Your spells may right and wrong remove,
But ne'er shall change the wrath of Jove;
For, while I curse the direful deed,
In vain shall all your victims bleed.
Soon as this tortur'd body dies,
A midnight Fury will I rise:
Then shall my ghost, though form'd of air,
Your cheeks with crooked talons tear,
Unceasing on your entrails prey,
And fright the thoughts of sleep away:
Such horrours shall the guilty know,
Such is the power of gods below.
"Ye filthy hags, with showers of stones
The vengeful crowd shall crush your bones;
Then beasts of prey, and birds of air,
Shall your unburied members tear,
And, while they weep their favourite boy,
My parents shall the vengeful sight enjoy."

ODE VI.

TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

You dog, that fearful to provoke
The wolf, attack offenceless folk!
Turn hither, if you dare, your spite,
And bark at me, prepar'd to bite.
For like a hound, or mastiff keen,
That guards the shepherd's flocky green,
Through the deep snows I boldly chase,
With ears erect, the savage race;
But you, when with your hideous yelling
You fill the grove, at crusts are smelling.
Fierce as Archilochus I glow;
Like Hipponax a deadly foe.
If any mongrel shall assail
My character with tooth and nail;
What! like a truant boy, shall I
Do nothing in revenge—but cry?

ODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

WHITHER, oh! whither, impious, do ye run?
Why is the sword unsheath'd; the war begun?
Has then too little of the Latian blood
Been pour'd on earth, or mixt with Neptune's flood?
Not that the Romans with avenging flame
Might burn the rival of the Roman name,
Or Britons, yet unbroken to our war,
In chains should follow our triumphal car,
But that the Parthian should his vows enjoy,
And Rome, with impious hand, herself destroy.
The rage of wolves and lions is confin'd;
They never prey but on a different kind.
Answer, "From madness rise those horrours dire?
Does angry fate, or guilt, your souls inspire?"
Silent they stand; with stupid wonder gaze,
While the pale cheek their inward guilt betrays.
'Tis so—the Fates have cruelly decreed,
That Rome for ancient fratricide must bleed:
The brother's blood, which stain'd our rising walls,
On his descendants, loud, for vengeance calls.

ODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHEN shall we quaff your old Cæcubian wine,
Reserv'd for pious feasts and joys divine?
Cæsar with conquest comes, and gracious Jove,
Who gave that conquest, shall our joys approve.
Then bid the breath of harmony inspire
The Doric flute, and wake the Phrygian lyre;
As late, when the Neptunian youth, who spurn'd
A mortal birth, beheld his navy burn'd,
And fled affrighted through his father's waves
With his perfidious host; his host of slaves,
Freed from those chains with which his rage design'd,
Impious! the free-born sons of Rome to bind.
The Roman troops (Oh! be the tale denied
By future times) enslav'd to woman's pride,
And to a wither'd eunuch's will severe
Basely subdu'd, the toils of war could bear.
Amidst the Roman eagles Sol survey'd,
O shame! th' Egyptian canopy display'd;
When twice a thousand Gauls aloud proclaim,
Indignant at the sight, great Cæsar's name,
And a brave fleet, by just resentment led,
Turn'd their broad prows, and to our havens fled.
Come, god of triumphs, bring the golden car,
The untam'd heifers, and the spoils of war;
For he, whose virtue rais'd his awful tomb
O'er ruin'd Carthage, ne'er return'd to Rome
So great and glorious, nor could Libya's field
To thee, O Triumph, such a leader yield.
Pursu'd by land and sea, the vanquish'd foe
Hath chang'd his purple for the garb of woe:
With winds, no more his own; with shatter'd fleet,
He seeks the far-fam'd hundred towns of Crete;

To tempest-beaten Libya speeds his way,
Or drives a vagrant through th' uncertain sea.
Boy, bring us larger bowls, and fill them round
With Chian, or the Lesbian vintage crown'd,
Or rich Cæcubian, which may best restrain
All sickening qualms, and fortify the brain,
Th' inspiring juice shall the gay banquet warm,
Nor Cæsar's danger shall our fears alarm.

ODE X.

TO MÆVIUS.

When filthy Mævius hoists the spreading sail,
Each luckless omen shall prevail.
Ye southern winds, invert the foamy tides,
And hang his labouring vessel's sides;
Let Eurus rouse the main with blackening roar,
Crack every cable, every oar;
Let the north wind rise dreadful o'er the woods,
As when it breaks the mountain-woods,
Nor let one friendly star shine o'er the night,
When sets Orion's gloomy light.
Mayst thou no kinder winds, O Mævius, meet,
Than the victorious Grecian fleet,
When Pallas turn'd her rage from ruin'd Troy,
The impious Ajax to destroy.
With streams of sweat the toiling sailor glows,
Thy face a muddy paleness shows;
Nor shall thy vile, unmanly wailings move
The pity of avenging Jove.
While watery winds the bellowing ocean shake,
I see thy luckless vessel break:
But if thy carcase reach the winding shore,
And birds the pamper'd prey devour,
A lamb and lustful goat shall thank the storm,
And I the sacrifice perform.

ODE XI.

TO PETTIUS.

Since cruel love, O Pettius, pierc'd my heart,
How have I lost my once-lov'd lyric art!
Thrice have the woods their leafy honour mourn'd,
Since for Inachia's beauties Horace burn'd.
How was I then (for I confess my shame)
Of every idle tale the laughing theme?
Oh! that I ne'er had known the jovial feast,
Where the deep sigh, that rends the labouring breast,
Where languor, and a gentle silence shows,
To every curious eye, the lover's woes.
Pettius, how often o'er the flowing bowl,
When the gay liquor warm'd my opening soul,
When Bacchus, jovial god, no more restrain'd
The modest secret, how have I complain'd,
That wealthy blockheads, in a female's eyes,
From a poor poet's genius bear the prize!
But if a generous rage my breast should warm,
I swore—no vain amusements e'er shall charm
My aching wounds. Ye vagrant winds, receive
The sighs, that sooth the pains they should relieve;
Here shall my shame of being conquer'd end,
Nor with such rivals will I more contend.
When thus, with solemn air, I vaunting said,
Inspir'd by thy advice I homeward sped:
But ah! my feet in wonted wanderings stray,
And to no friendly doors my steps betray;
There I forget my vows, forget my pride,
And at her threshold lay my tortur'd side.

ODE XIII.

TO A FRIEND.

See what horrid tempests rise,
And contract the clouded skies;
Snows and showers fill the air,
And bring down the atmosphere.
Hark! what tempests sweep the floods!
How they shake the rattling woods!
Let us, while it's in our power,
Let us seize the fleeting hour;
While our cheeks are fresh and gay,
Let us drive old age away;
Let us smooth its gather'd brows,
Youth its hour of mirth allows.
Bring us down the mellow'd wine,
Rich with years, that equal mine;
Prithee, talk no more of sorrow,
To the gods belongs to morrow,
And, perhaps, with gracious power
They may change the gloomy hour.
Let the richest essence shed
Eastern odours on your head,
While the soft Cyllenian lyre
Shall your labouring breast inspire.
To his pupil, brave and young,
Thus the noble Centaur sung:
"Matchless mortal! though 'tis thine,
Proud to boast! a birth divine,
Yet the banks, with cooling waves
Which the smooth Scamander laves;
And where Simois with pride
Rougher rolls his rapid tide,
Destin'd by unerring Fate,
Shall the sea-born hero wait.
There the Sisters, fated boy,
Shall thy thread of life destroy,
Nor shall azure Thetis more
Waft thee to thy natal shore;
Then let joy and mirth be thine,
Mirthful songs, and joyous wine,
And with converse blithe and gay
Drive all gloomy cares away."

ODE XV.

TO NEÆRA.

Clear was the night, the face of Heaven serene,
Bright shone the Moon amidst her starry train,
When round my neck as curls the tendril-vine—
(Loose are its curlings, if compar'd to thine);
'Twas then, insulting every heavenly power,
That, as I dictated, you boldly swore:
While the gaunt wolf pursues the trembling sheep;
While fierce Orion harrows up the deep;
While Phœbus' locks float wanton in the wind,
Thus shall Neæra prove, thus ever kind.
But, if with aught of man was Horace born,
Severely shalt thou feel his honest scorn;
Nor will he tamely bear the bold delight,
With which his rival riots out the night,
But in his anger seek some kinder dame,
Warm with the raptures of a mutual flame;
Nor shall thy rage, thy grief, or angry charms
Recall the lover to thy faithless arms.

And thou, whoe'er thou art, who joy to shine,
Proud as thou art, in spoils which once were mine,
Though wide thy land extends, and large thy fold,
Though rivers roll for thee their purest gold,
Though Nature's wisdom in her works were thine,
And beauties of the human face divine,
Yet soon thy pride her wandering love shall mourn,
While I shall laugh, exulting in my turn.

ODE XVI.

TO THE ROMANS.

In endless civil war th' imperial state
By her own strength precipitates her fate.
What neighbouring nations, fiercely leagu'd in arms,
What Porsena, with insolent alarms
Threatening her tyrant monarch to restore;
What Spartacus, and Capua's rival power;
What Gaul, tumultuous and devoid of truth,
And fierce Germania, with her blue-eyed youth;
What Hannibal, on whose accursed head
Our sires their deepest imprecations shed,
In vain attempted to her awful state,
Shall we, a blood-devoted race complete?
Again shall savage beasts these hills possess?
And fell barbarians, wanton with success,
Scatter our city's flaming ruins wide,
Or through her streets in vengeful triumph ride,
And her great founder's hallow'd ashes spurn,
That sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn?
But some, perhaps, to shun the rising shame
(Which Heaven approve) would try some happier scheme.
As the Phocæans oft for freedom bled,
At length, with imprecated curses, fled,
And left to bears and wolves the sacred fane,
With all their household gods, ador'd in vain;
So let us fly, as far as earth extends,
Or where the vagrant wind our voyage bends.
Shall this, or shall some better scheme prevail?
Why do we stop to hoist the willing sail?
But let us swear, when floating rocks shall gain,
Rais'd from the deep, the surface of the main;
When lowly Po the mountain summit laves,
And Apennine shall plunge beneath the waves;
When Nature's monsters meet in strange delight,
And the fell tigress shall with stags unite;
When the fierce kite shall woo the willing dove,
And win the wanton with adulterous love;
When herds on brindled lions fearless gaze,
And the smooth goat exults in briny seas:
Then, and then only, to the tempting gale
To spread repentant the returning sail.
Yet to cut off our hopes, those hopes that charm
Our fondness home, let us with curses arm
These high resolves. Thus let the brave and wise,
Whose souls above th' indocile vulgar rise;
Then let the crowd, who dare not hope success,
Inglorious, these ill-omen'd seats possess.
But ye, whom virtue warms, indulge no more
These female plaints, but quit this fated shore;
For earth-surrounding sea our flight awaits,
Offering its blissful isles, and happy seats,
Where annual Ceres crowns th' uncultur'd field,
And vines unprun'd their blushing clusters yield;
Where olives, faithful to their season, grow,
And figs with Nature's deepest purple glow;
From hollow oaks where honied streams distil,
And bounds with noisy foot the pebbled rill;
Where goats untaught forsake the flowery vale,
And bring their swelling udders to the pail;
Nor evening-bears the sheep-fold growl around,
Nor mining vipers heave the tainted ground;
Nor watry Eurus deluges the plain,
Nor heats excessive burn the springing grain.
Not Argo thither turn'd her armed head;
Medea there no magic poison spread;
No merchants thither plough the pathless main,
For guilty commerce, and a thirst of gain;
Nor wise Ulysses, and his wandering bands,
Vicious, though brave, e'er knew these happy lands.
O'er the glad flocks no foul contagion spreads,
Nor summer Sun his burning influence sheds.
Pure and unmixt the world's first ages roll'd:
But soon as brass had stain'd the flowing gold,
To iron harden'd by succeeding crimes,
Jove for the just preserv'd these happy climes,
To which the gods this pious race invite,
And bid me, rapture'd bard, direct their flight.

ODE XVII.

TO CANIDIA.

Canidia, to thy matchless art,
Vanquish'd I yield a suppliant heart;
But oh! by Hell's extended plains,
Where Pluto's gloomy consort reigns;
By bright Diana's vengeful rage,
Which prayers nor hecatombs assuage;
And by the books, of power to call
The charmed stars, and bid them fall,
No more pronounce the sacred scroll,
But back the magic circle roll.
Even stern Achilles could forgive
The Mysian king, and bid him live,
Though proud he rang'd the ranks of fight,
And hurl'd the spear with daring might.
Thus, when the murderous Hector lay
Condemn'd to dogs, and birds of prey,
Yet when his royal father kneel'd,
The fierce Achilles knew to yield;
And Troy's unhappy matrons paid
Their sorrows to their Hector's shade.
Ulysses' friends, in labours tried,
So Circe will'd, threw off their hide,
Assum'd the human form divine,
And dropp'd the voice and sense of swine.
O thou, whom tars and merchants love,
Too deep thy vengeful rage I prove,
Reduc'd, alas! to skin and bone,
My vigour fled, my colour gone.
Thy fragrant odours on my head,
More than the snows of age have shed.
Days press on nights, and nights on days,
Yet never bring an hour of ease,
While, gasping in the pangs of death,
I stretch my lungs in vain for breath.
Thy charms have power ('tis now confest)
To split the head, and tear the breast.
What would you more, all-charming dame?
O seas, and earth! this scorching flame!
Not such the fire Alcides bore,
When the black-venom'd shirt he wore;
Nor such the flames, that to the skies
From Ætna's burning entrails rise;

And yet, thou shop of poisons dire,
You glow with unrelenting fire,
Till, by the rapid heat calcin'd,
Vagrant I drive before the wind.
How long—? What ransom shall I pay?
Speak—I the stern command obey.
To expiate the guilty deed,
Say, shall a hundred bullocks bleed?
Or shall I to the lying string
Thy fame and spotless virtue sing?
Teach thee, a golden star, to rise,
And deathless walk the spangled skies?
When Helen's virtue was defam'd,
Her brothers, though with rage inflam'd,
Yet to the bard his eyes restor'd,
When suppliant he their grace implor'd.
Oh! calm this madness of my brain,
For you can heal this raging pain.
You never knew the birth of shame,
Nor by thy hand, all-skilful dame,
The poor man's ashes are upturn'd,
Though they be thrice three days inurn'd.
Thy bosom's bounteous and humane,
Thy hand from blood and murder clean;
And with a blooming race of boys
Lucina crowns thy mother-joys.

CANIDIA'S ANSWER.

I'll hear no more. Thy prayers are vain,
Not rocks, amid the wint'ry main,
Less heed the shipwreck'd sailor's cries,
When Neptune bids the tempest rise,
Shall you Cotyttia's feast deride,
Yet safely triumph in thy pride?
Or, impious, to the glare of day
The sacred joys of love betray?
Or fill the city with my name,
And pontiff-like our rites defame?
Did I with wealth in vain enrich
Of potent spells each charming witch,
Or mix the speedy drugs in vain?
No—through a lingering length of pain
Reluctant shalt thou drag thy days,
While every hour new pangs shall raise.
Gazing on the delusive feast,
Which charms his eye, yet flies his taste,
Perfidious Tantalus implores,
For rest, for rest, the vengeful powers;
Prometheus, while the vulture preys
Upon his liver, longs for ease;
And Sisyphus with many a groan,
Uprolls, with ceaseless toil, his stone,
To fix it on the topmost hill—
In vain—for Jove's all-ruling will
Forbids. When thus in black despair
Down from some castle, high in air,
You seek a headlong fate below,
Or try the dagger's pointed blow,
Or if the left-ear'd knot you tie,
Yet death your vain attempts shall fly;
Then on your shoulders will I ride,
And earth shall shake beneath my pride.
Could I with life an image warm,
(Impertinent, you saw the charm)
Or tear down Luna from her skies,
Or bid the dead, though burn'd, arise,
Or mix the draught inspiring love,
And shall my art on thee successless prove?

THE SECULAR POEM.

THE POET TO THE PEOPLE.

Stand off, ye vulgar, nor profane,
With bold, unhallow'd sounds, this festal scene:
In hymns inspir'd by truth divine,
I, priest of the melodious Nine,
To youths and virgins sing the mystic strain.

TO THE CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Phœbus taught me how to sing,
How to tune the vocal string;
Phœbus made me known to Fame,
Honour'd with a poet's name.
Noble youths, and virgins fair,
Chaste Diana's guardian care,
(Goddess, whose unerring dart
Stops the lynx, or flying hart)
Mark the Lesbian measures well,
Where they fall, and where they swell;
And in varied cadence sing,
As I strike the changing string.
To the god, who gilds the skies,
Let the solemn numbers rise;
Solemn sing the queen of night,
And her crescent's bending light,
Which adown the fruitful year
Rolls the months in prone career.
Soon, upon her bridal day,
Thus the joyful maid shall say:
"When the great revolving year
Bade the festal morn appear,
High the vocal hymn I rais'd,
And the listening gods were pleas'd:
All the vocal hymn divine,
Horace, tuneful bard, was thine."

FIRST CONCERT.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Tityos, with impious lust inspir'd,
By chaste Latona's beauties fir'd,
Thy wrath, O Phœbus, tried;
And Niobe, of tongue profane,
Deplor'd her numerous offspring slain,
Sad victims of their mother's pride.

Achilles too, the son of Fame,
Though sprung from Thetis, sea-born dame,
And first of men in fight;
Though warring with tremendous spear
He shook the Trojan towers with fear,
Yet bow'd to thy superior might;

The cypress, when by storms impell'd,
Or pine, by biting axes fell'd,
Low bends the towering head:
So falling on th' ensanguin'd plain,
By your unerring arrow slain,
His mighty bulk the hero spread.

He had not Priam's heedless court,
Dissolv'd in wine, and festal sport,
With midnight art surpris'd;
But bravely bold, of open force,
Had proudly scorn'd Minerva's horse,
And all its holy cheat despis'd;

Then arm'd, alas! with horrours dire,
Wide-wasting with resistless ire,
Into the flames had thrown
Infants, upon whose faltering tongue
Their words in formless accents hung,
Infants to light and life unknown:

But charm'd by beauty's queen and thee,
The sire of gods, with just decree
Assenting, shook the skies;
That Troy should change th' imperial seat,
And, guided by a better fate,
Glorious in distant realms should rise.

Oh! may the god, who could inspire
With living sounds the Grecian lyre;
In Xanthus' lucid stream
Who joys to bathe his flowing hair,
Now make the Latian Muse his care,
And powerful guard her rising fame!

SECOND CONCERT.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Ye virgins, sing Diana's praise.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Ye boys, let youthful Phœbus crown your lays.

THE TWO CHOIRS.

Together let us raise the voice
To her, belov'd by Jove supreme;
Let fair Latona be the theme,
Our tuneful theme, his beauteous choice.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Ye virgins, sing Diana's fame,
Who bathes delighted in the limpid stream;
Dark Erymanthus' awful groves,
The woods that Algidus o'erspread,
Or wave on Cragus' verdant head,
Joyous th' immortal huntress loves.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Ye boys, with equal honour sing
Fair Tempe cloth'd with ever-blooming spring;
Then hail the Delian birth divine,
Whose shoulders, beaming heavenly fire,
Grac'd with his brother's warbling lyre,
And with the golden quiver shine.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Mov'd by the solemn voice of prayer,
They both shall make imperial Rome their care,
And gracious turn the direful woes
Of famine and of weeping war
From Rome, from sacred Cæsar far,
And pour them on our British foes.

THIRD CONCERT.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Ye radiant glories of the skies,
Ever-beaming god of light,
Sweetly-shining queen of night,
Beneath whose wrath the wood-born savage dies;

Ye powers, to whom with ceaseless praise
A grateful world its homage pays,
Let our prayer, our prayer be heard,
Now in this solemn hour preferr'd,
When by the Sibyl's dread command,
Of spotless maids a chosen train,
Of spotless youths a chosen band,
To all our guardian gods uplift the hallow'd strain.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Fair Sun, who with unchanging beam
Rising another and the same,
Post from thy beamy car unfold
The glorious day,
Or hide it in thy setting ray,
Of light and life immortal source,
Mayst thou, in all thy radiant course,
Nothing more great than seven-hill'd Rome behold!

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Goddess of the natal hour,
Or, if other name more dear,
Propitious power,
Can charm your ear,
Our pregnant matrons gracious hear:
With lenient hand their pangs compose,
Heal their agonizing throes;
Give the springing birth to light,
And with every genial grace,
Prolific of an endless race,
Oh! crown our marriage-laws, and bless the nuptial rite:

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

That when the circling years complete
Again this awful season bring,
Thrice with the day's revolving light,
Thrice beneath the shades of night,
In countless bands our youthful choirs may sing
These festal hymns, these pious games repeat.

Ye Fates, from whom unerring flows
The word of truth; whose firm decree
Its stated bounds and order knows,
Wide spreading through eternity,
With guardian care around us wait,
And with successive glories crown the state.

Let earth her various fruitage yield,
Her living verdure spread,
And form, amid the waving field,
A sheafy crown for Ceres' head;
Fall genial showers, and o'er our fleecy care
May Jove indulgent breathe his purest air!

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Phœbus, whose kindly beams impart
Health and gladness to the heart,
While in its quiver lies the pestilential dart,
Thy youthful suppliants hear:

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Queen of the stars, who rul'st the night
In horned majesty of light,
Bend to thy virgins a propitious ear.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

If, ye gods, the Roman state
Was form'd by your immortal power,
Or if, to change th' imperial seat,
And other deities adore,
Beneath your guidance the Dardanian host
Pour'd forth their legions on the Tuscan coast;

For whom Æneas, through the fire,
In which he saw his Troy expire,
A passage open'd to an happier clime,
Where they might nobler triumphs gain,
And to never-ending time
With boundless empire reign,

Ye gods, inform our docile youth
With early principles of truth;
Ye gods, indulge the waning days
Of silver'd age with placid ease,
And grant to Rome an endless race,
Treasure immense and every sacred grace.

The prince, who owes to beauty's queen his birth,
Who bids the snowy victim's blood
Pour forth to day its purple flood,
Oh! may he glorious rule the conquer'd earth;
But yet a milder glory show
In mercy to the prostrate foe!

Already the fierce Mede his arms reveres,
Which wide extend th' imperial sway,
And bid th' unwilling world obey;
The haughty Indian owns his fears,
And Scythians, doubtful of their doom,
Await the dread resolves of Rome.

Faith, Honour, Peace, celestial maid,
And Modesty, in ancient guise array'd,
And Virtue (with unhallow'd scorn
Too long neglected) now appear,
While Plenty fills her bounteous horn,
And pours her blessings o'er the various year.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

If the prophetic power divine,
Fam'd for the golden bow and quiver'd dart,
Who knows to charm the listening Nine,
And feeble mortals raise with healing art;
If he with gracious eye survey the towers,
Where Rome his deity adores,
Oh! let each era still presage
Increase of happiness from age to age!

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Oh! may Diana, on these favourite hills,
Whose diffusive presence fills
Her hallow'd fane,
Propitious deign
Our holy priests to hear,
And to our youth incline her willing ear!

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Lo! we the chosen youthful choir,
Taught with harmonious voice to raise
Apollo's and Diana's praise,
In full and certain hope retire,
That all th' assembled gods, and sovereign Jove,
These pious vows, these choral hymns approve.

SATIRES.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, what's the cause, that no man lives
Contented with the lot which reason gives,
Or chance presents; yet all with envy view
The schemes that others variously pursue?
Broken with toils, with ponderous arms oppress,
The soldier thinks the merchant solely blest.
In opposite extreme; when tempests rise,
War is a better choice, the merchant cries;
The battle joins, and in a moment's flight,
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight.
When early clients thunder at his gate,
The barrister applauds the rustic's fate:
While, by subpœnas dragg'd from home, the clown
Thinks they alone are blest who live in town.
But every various instance to repeat
Would tire ev'n Fabius, of eternal prate.
Not to be tedious, mark the general aim
Of these examples—Should some god proclaim,
"Your prayers are heard: you, soldier, to your seas;
You, lawyer, take that envied rustic's ease:
Each to his several part—What! ha! not move
Even to the bliss you wish'd?" And shall not Jove
Swell both his cheeks with anger, and forswear
His weak indulgence to their future prayer?
But not to treat my subject as in jest,
(Yet may not truth in laughing guise be drest?
As masters fondly sooth their boys to read
With cakes and sweetmeats) let us now proceed;
With graver air our serious theme pursue,
And yet preserve our moral full in view.
Who turns the soil, and o'er the ploughshare
He who adulterates the laws, and vends; [bends;
The soldier, and th' adventurers of the main,
Profess their various labours they sustain,
A decent competence for age to raise,
And then retire to indolence and ease.

MISER.

For thus the little ant (to human lore
No mean example) forms her frugal store,
Gather'd, with mighty toil, on every side,
Nor ignorant, nor careless to provide
For future want.

HORACE.

Yet, when the stars appear,
That darkly sadden the declining year,
No more she comes abroad, but wisely lives
On the fair store industrious summer gives.
For thee, nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
Fire, sea, nor sword, stop thy pursuit of gold;
Nothing can break th' adventurous, bold design,
So none possess a larger sum than thine.
But, pritlee, whence the pleasure, thus by stealth
Deep in the earth to hide thy weight of wealth?

MISER.

One farthing lessen'd, you the mass reduce.

HORACE.

And if not lessen'd, whence can rise its use?
What though you thresh a thousand sacks of grain,
No more than mine thy stomach can contain.
The slave who bears the load of bread, shall eat
No more than he who never felt the weight.
Or say, what difference, if we live confin'd
Within the bounds by Nature's laws assign'd,
Whether a thousand acres of demesne,
Or one poor hundred, yield sufficient grain?

MISER.

Oh! but 'tis sweet to take from larger hoards,

HORACE.

Yet, if my little heap as much affords,

Why shall your granaries be valued more
Than my small hampers, with their frugal store?
You want a cask of water, or would fill
An ample goblet: whence the froward will
To choose a mighty river's rapid course,
Before this little fountain's lenient source?
But mark his fate, insatiate who desires
Deeper to drink, than nature's thirst requires;
With its torn banks the torrent bears away
Th' intemperate wretch; while he, who would allay
With healthy draughts his thirst, shall drink secure,
Fearless of death, and quaff his water pure.
Some, self deceiv'd, who think their lust of gold
Is but a love of fame, this maxim hold,
No fortune 's large enough, since others rate
Your worth proportion'd to a large estate.
Say, for their cure what arts would you employ?
"Let them be wretched, and their choice enjoy."
At Athens liv'd a wight, in days of yore,
Though miserably rich, yet fond of more,
But of intrepid spirit to despise
Th' abusive crowd. "Let them hiss on," he cries,
"While, in my own opinion fully blest,
I count my money, and enjoy my chest."
Burning with thirst, when Tantalus would quaff
The flying waters—Wherefore do you laugh?
Change but the name, of thee the tale is told,
With open mouth when dozing o'er your gold.
On every side the numerous bags are pil'd,
Whose hallow'd stores must never be defil'd
To human use; while you transported gaze,
As if, like pictures, they were form'd to please.
Would you the real use of riches know?
Bread, herbs, and wine are all they can bestow:
Or add, what nature's deepest wants supplies;
This, and no more, thy mass of money buys.
But, with continual watching almost dead,
House-breaking thieves, and midnight fires to dread,
Or the suspected slave's untimely flight
With the dear pelf; if this be thy delight,
Be it my fate, so Heaven in bounty please,
Still to be poor of blessings such as these!

MISER.

If, by a cold some painful illness bred,
Or other chance confine you to your bed, [friend
Your wealth shall purchase some good-natur'd
Your cordials to prepare, your couch attend,
And urge the doctor to preserve your life,
And give you to your children and your wife.

HORACE.

Nor wife, nor son, that hated life would save,
While all, who know thee, wish thee in the grave.
And canst thou wonder that they prove unkind,
When all thy passions are to gold confin'd?
Nature, 'tis true, in each relation gave
A friend sincere; yet what you thus receive,
If you imagine with unfeeling heart
And careless manners to preserve, your art
As well may teach an ass to scour the plain,
And bend obedient to the forming rein.
Yet somewhere should your views of lucre cease,
Nor let your fears of poverty increase,
As does your wealth; for, since you now possess
Your utmost wish, your labour should be less.
Ummidius once (the tale is quickly told),
So wondrous rich, he measur'd out his gold,
Yet never dress'd him better than a slave,
Afraid of starving ere he reach'd his grave:
But a bold wench, of right virago strain,
Cleft with an axe the wretched wight in twain.

MISER.

By your advice, what party shall I take?
Like Mænius live a prodigal, and rake
Like Nomentanus?

HORACE.

Why will you pretend,
With such extremes, your conduct to defend?
The sordid miser when I justly blame,
I would not have you prodigal of fame,
Spendthrift or rake; for sure some difference lies
Between the very fool and very wise;
Some certain mean in all things may be found,
To mark our virtues, and our vices bound.
But to return from whence we have digress'd:
And is the miser, then, alone unblest?
Does he alone applaud his neighbour's fate,
Or pine with envy of his happier state?
To crowds beneath him never turn his eye,
Where in distress the sons of virtue lie,
But, to outspeed the wealthy, bend his force,
As if they stopp'd his own impetuous course?
Thus, from the goal when swift the chariot flies,
The charioteer the bending lash applies,
To overtake the foremost on the plain,
But looks on all behind him with disdain.
From hence, how few, like sated guests, depart
From life's full banquet with a cheerful heart!
But let me stop, lest you suspect I stole
From blind Crispinus this eternal scroll.

SATIRE II.

TO MÆCENAS.

The tribes of minstrels, strolling priests and players,
Perfumers, and buffoons, are all in tears;
For ah! Tigellius, sweetest songster, 's dead,
And sure the soul of bounty with him fled.
Behold a wretch, in opposite extreme,
So fearful of a spendthrift's odious name,
He dare not ev'n a sordid pittance give
To raise a worthy friend, and bid him live.
Or ask another, why in thankless feasts
The wealth of all his frugal sires he wastes;
Then the luxurious treat profuse supplies
With borrow'd sums: "Because I scorn," he cries,
"To be a wretch of narrow spirit deem'd."—
By some condemn'd, by others he's esteem'd.
Fufidius, rich in lands, and large increase
Of growing usury, dreads the foul disgrace
To be call'd rake; and, ere the money's lent,
He prudently deducts his cent per cent.
Then, as he finds the borrower distrest,
Cruel demands a higher interest,
But lends profusely to the lavish heir,
Whose guardians prove too frugally severe.
"All-powerful Jove," th' indignant reader cries,
"But his expenses, with his income, rise!"
No—'tis amazing, that this man of pelf
Hath yet so little friendship for himself,
That ev'n the Self-tormentor in the play,
Cruel who drove his much-lov'd son away,
Amidst the willing tortures of despair,
Could not with wretchedness like his compare,

But say, at what this tedious preface aims—
That fools are ever vicious in extremes.
While soft Malthinus trails a length of train,
See that short robe ridiculously obscene.
Rufillus with perfumes distracts your head:
With his own scents Gorgonius strikes you dead.
There are, all other passions who disclaim,
Except th' empurpled robe, and wedded dame:
Others their safer, cheaper pleasures choose,
And take a willing mistress from the stews.
When awful Cato saw a noted spark
From a night-cellar stealing in the dark,
"Well done, my friend: if love thy breast inflame,
Indulge it here, and spare the married dame."
"Be *mine* the silken veil," Cupiennius cries,
"Such vulgar praise and pleasure I despise."
All ye, who wish some dire mishap may wait
This horning tribe, attend while I relate
What dangers and disasters they sustain,
How few their pleasures, and how mixt with pain.
A desperate leap one luckless caitiff tries;
Torn by the fragrant lash another dies:
Some are by robbers plunder'd as they fly;
Others with gold a wretched safety buy.
Such various woes pursue these sons of lust,
And all, but Galba, own the sentence just.
Far safer they, who venture their estate,
And trade with females of the second rate.
"Yet Sallust rages here with wild desires,
As mad as those which lawless love inspires."
But had he been with less profusion kind,
Had common sense his lavish hand confin'd,
He had not now been wholly lost to shame,
In fortune ruin'd, as undone in fame.
But here's the joy and comfort of his life,
To swear, he never touch'd his neighbour's wife.
Thus, to an actress when with lavish hand
Marsæus gave his mansion-house and land,
"My soul, thank Heaven," he cries, "from guilt is free;
"The wedded dames are vestal maids for me."
Actress or not, the crime is still the same,
Equal the ruin of estate and fame;
Equal the folly, whether in pursuit
Of wife, or slave, or loose-rob'd prostitute;
Unless you mean, content to be undone,
To hate the person, not the vice to shun.
Of Sylla's wanton daughter when possest,
Villius believ'd himself supremely blest:
To a dictator thus to be allied,
Dazzled his senses, and indulg'd his pride:
But sure, if vanity were fairly rated,
Methinks poor Villius was full hardly treated,
When buffeted and stabb'd the coxcomb dies,
While in the wanton's arms a scoundrel lies.
But Nature, rich in her own proper wealth
Of youth and beauty, cheerfulness and health,
In her pursuit of happiness, disclaims
The pride of titles, and the pomp of names.
Be thine her wise economy to learn,
And real from affected bliss discern.
Then, lest repentance punish such a life,
Never, ah! never kiss your neighbour's wife:
For see, what thousand mischiefs round you rise,
And few the pleasures, though you gain the prize.
What though Cerinthus dotes upon the girl,
Who flames with emerald green, or snowy pearl,
Is she beyond a common mistress blest
With leg more taper, or a softer breast?
Besides, the public nymph no varnish knows,
But all her venal beauties frankly shows,
Nor boasts some happier charm with conscious pride,
Nor strives a vile deformity to hide.
When skilful jockeys would a courser buy,
They strip him naked to the curious eye;
For oft an eager chapman is betray'd
To buy a founder'd or a spavin'd jade,
While he admires a thin, light-shoulder'd chest,
A little head, broad back, and rising crest.
Th' example's good: then keep it in thy mind,
Nor to the fair-one's faults be over-blind,
Nor gaze with idle rapture on her charms;
"Oh! what a taper leg! what snowy arms!"
For she may hide, whate'er she vainly shows,
Low hips, short waist, splay feet, and hideous length of nose.
But if you still pursue this dangerous game,
(Perhaps the dangers your desires inflame)
What formidable works around her rise!
Maids, chairmen, footmen, flatterers, guard the prize.
The flowing robe, and closely muffled veil,
With envious folds the precious thing conceal;
But what from Nature's commoners you buy,
Through the thin robe stands naked to your eye:
Or, if you will be cheated, pay the fair,
With foolish fondness, ere she shows her ware.
As when a sportsman through the snowy waste
Pursues a hare, which he disdains to taste,
"So" (sings the rake) "my passion can despise
An easy prey, but follow when it flies."
Yet can these idle versicles remove
The griefs and tortures of this guilty love?
Were it not better wisdom to inquire
How Nature bounds each impotent desire;
What she with ease resigns, or wants with pain,
And thus divide the solid from the vain?
Say, should your jaws with thirst severely burn,
Would you a cleanly earthen pitcher spurn?
Should hunger on your gnawing entrails seize,
Will turbot only or a peacock please?
Let her be straight and fair; nor wish to have
Or height or colour Nature never gave:
Then, while with joy I woo the pleasing fair,
What nymph, what goddess, can with mine compare?
No terrours rise to interrupt my joys,
No jealous husband, nor the fearful noise
Of bursting doors, nor the loud hideous yelling
Of barking dogs, that shakes the matron's dwelling,
When the pale wanton leaps from off her bed,
The conscious chamber-maid screams out her dread
Of horrid tortures; loudly cries the wife,
"My jointure's lost!"—I tremble for my life:
Unbutton'd, without shoes, I speed away,
Lest in my person, purse, or fame, I pay.
To be surpris'd is, sure, a wretched tale,
And for the truth to Fabius I appeal.

SATIRE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

With this one vice all songsters are possest;
Sing they can never at a friend's request,
Yet chant it forth, unask'd, from morn to night—
This vice Tigellius carried to its height.
Cæsar, who might command in firmer tone,
If, by his father's friendship and his own,
He ask'd a song, was sure to ask in vain;
Yet, when the whim prevail'd, in endless strain,

Through the whole feast the jovial catch he plies,
From base to treble o'er the gamut flies.
Nothing was firm, or constant, in the man;
He, sometimes, like a frighted coward ran,
Whose foes are at his heels; then solemn stalk'd,
As if at Juno's festival he walk'd.
Now with two hundred slaves he crowds his train;
Now walks with ten. In high and haughty strain,
At morn, of tetrarchs and of kings he prates;
At night—"A three-legg'd table, O ye fates!
A little shell the sacred salt to hold,
And clothes, though coarse, to keep me from the cold."
Yet give the man, thus frugal, thus content,
Ten thousand pounds, and every shilling's spent
In five short days. He drank the night away
Till rising dawn, then snor'd out all the day.
Sure such a various creature ne'er was known.—
"Has Horace, then, no vices of his own?"
That I have vices, frankly I confess,
But of a different kind, and somewhat less.
Mænius, behind his back, at Novius rail'd,
"What! don't you know yourself, or think conceal'd
From us, who know you, what a life you live?"
Mænius replies, "Indulgent, I forgive
The follies I commit." This foolish love
And criminal, our censure should reprove.
For wherefore, while you carelessly pass by
Your own worst vices with unheeding eye,
Why so sharp-sighted in another's fame,
Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam?
But know, that he with equal spleen shall view,
With equal rigour shall your faults pursue.
Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit.
His hair ill-cut, his robe that awkward flows,
Or his large shoes, to raillery expose
The man you love; yet is he not possest
Of virtues, with which very few are blest?
While underneath this rude, uncouth disguise,
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.
Search your own breast, and mark with honest care
What seeds of folly Nature planted there,
Or custom rais'd; for an uncultur'd field
Shall for the fire its thorns and thistles yield.
And yet a shorter method we may find,
As lovers, to their fair-one fondly blind,
Even on her foulness can delighted gaze;
For Hagne's wen can good Balbinus please.
Oh! were our weakness to our friends the same,
And stamp'd by virtue with some honour'd name!
Nor should we to their faults be more severe,
Than an indulgent father to his heir:
If with distorted eyes the urchin glares,
"Oh! the dear boy, how prettily he stares!"
Is he of dwarfish and abortive size?
"Sweet little moppet!" the fond father cries:
Or is th' unshapen'd cub deform'd and lame?
He kindly lisps him o'er some tender name.
Thus, if your friend's too frugally severe,
Let him a wise economist appear.
Is he, perhaps, impertinent and vain?
"The pleasant creature means to entertain."
Is he too free to prate, or frankly rude?
"'Tis manly plainness all, and fortitude."
Is he too warm? "No: spirited and bold."
Thus shall we gain new friends, and keep the old.
But we distort their virtue to a crime,
And joy th' untainted vessel to begrime.
Have we a modest friend, and void of art?
"He's a fat-headed wretch, and cold of heart."
While we converse with an ill-natur'd age,
Where calumny and envy lawless rage,
Is there a man by long experience wise,
Still on his guard, nor open to surprise?
His cautious wisdom and prudential fear
Shall artifice and false disguise appear.
If any one of simple, thoughtless kind,
(Such as you oft your careless poet find)
Who life's politer manners never knew,
If, while we read, or some fond scheme pursue,
He tease us with his mere impertinence,
We cry, "The creature wants even common sense."
Alas! what laws of how severe a strain,
Against ourselves we thoughtlessly ordain!
For we have all our vices, and the best
Is he, who with the fewest is oppress.
A kinder friend, who balances my good
And bad together, as in truth he should,
If haply my good qualities prevail,
Inclines indulgent to the sinking scale:
For like indulgence let his errours plead,
His merits be with equal measure weigh'd;
For he, who hopes his bile shall not offend,
Should overlook the pimples of his friend,
And even in justice to his own defects,
At least should grant the pardon he expects.
But since we never from the breast of fools
Can root their passions; yet while reason rules,
Let it hold forth its scales with equal hand,
Justly to punish, as the crimes demand.
If a poor slave, who takes away your plate,
Lick the warm sauce, or half-cold fragments eat,
Yet should you crucify the wretch, we swear
Not Labeo's madness can with yours compare.
Is the crime less, or less the want of sense,
Thus to resent a trivial, slight offence?
Forgive the man you lov'd, or you'll appear
Of joyless kind, ill-natur'd, and severe;
Yet you detest him, and with horrour shun,
As debtors from the ruthless Ruso run,
Who damns the wretches on th' appointed day
His interest or principal to pay,
Or else, like captives, stretch the listening ear
His tedious tales of history to hear.
A friend has foul'd my couch: ah! deep disgrace!
Or off the table thrown some high-wrought vase,
Or, hungry, snatch'd a chicken off my plate,
Shall I for this a good companion hate?
What if he robb'd me, or his trust betray'd,
Or broke the sacred promise he had made?
Who hold all crimes alike are deep distrest,
When we appeal to Truth's impartial test.
Sense, custom, social good, from whence arise
All forms of right and wrong, the fact denies.
When the first mortals crawling rose to birth,
Speechless and wretched, from their mother Earth,
For caves and acorns, then the food of life,
With nails and fists they held a bloodless strife;
But soon improv'd, with clubs they bolder fought,
And various arms, which sad experience wrought,
Till words, to fix the wandering voice, were found,
And names impress'd a meaning upon sound.
Thenceforth they cease from war; their towns enclose
With formidable walls, and laws compose
To strike the thief and highwayman with dread,
And vindicate the sacred marriage-bed.
For woman, long ere Helen's fatal charms,
Destructive woman! set the world in arms:

But the first heroes died unknown to fame,
Like beasts who ravish'd the uncertain dame;
When, as the stoutest bull commands the rest,
The weaker by the stronger was oppress.
Turn o'er the world's great annals, and you find,
That laws were first invented by mankind
To stop oppression's rage. For though we learn,
By nature, good from evil to discern;
What we should wise pursue, or cautious fly;
Yet can she never, with a constant eye,
Of legal justice mark each nice extreme;
Nor can right reason prove the crime the same,
To rob a garden, or, by fear unaw'd,
To steal, by night, the sacred things of God.
Then let the punishment be fairly weigh'd
Against the crime; nor let the wretch be flay'd,
Who scarce deserv'd the lash.—I cannot fear,
That you shall prove too tenderly severe,
While you assert all vices are the same;
And threaten, that were yours the power supreme,
Robbers and thieves your equal rage should feel,
Uprooted by the same avenging steel.
If your wise man's a shoemaker profest,
Handsome and rich, of monarchy possest;
Why wish for what you have?

STOIC.

Yet hold, my friend,
And better to the Stoic's sense attend.
For though the wise nor shoes nor slippers made,
He's yet a skilful shoemaker by trade:
Thus, though Hermogenes may sing no more,
He knows the whole extent of music's power;
Affronus thus turn'd lawyer in his pride,
His shop shut up, his razors thrown aside,
Was still a barber: so the wise alone
Is of all trades, though exercising none,
And reigns a monarch, though without a throne.

HORACE.

Great king of kings, unless you drive away
This pressing crowd, the boys in wanton play
Will pluck you by the beard, while you shall growl,
Wretch as thou art, and burst in spleen of soul.
In short, while in a farthing bath you reign,
With only one poor life-guard in your train;
While the few friends, with whom I joy to live,
Fool as I am, my follies can forgive,
I will to them the same indulgence show,
And bliss like mine thy kingship ne'er shall know.

SATIRE IV.

The comic poets, in its earliest age
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage,
Was there a villain, who might justly claim
A better right of being damn'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They freely stigmatis'd the wretch in rhyme.
From their example whole Lucilius rose,
Tho' different measures, different verse he chose.
He rallied with a gay and easy air,
But rude his numbers, and his style severe.
He weakly fancied it a glorious feat
His hundred lines extempore to repeat,
And as his verses like a torrent roll,
The stream runs muddy, and the water's foul.
He prattled rhymes; but lazy and unfit
For writing well; for much, I own, he writ.

Crispinus thus my littleness defies:
"Here make the smallest bet," the boaster cries.

CRISPINUS.

Pen, ink, and paper—name your place and time:
Then try, friend Flaccus, who can fastest rhyme.

HORACE.

Thank Heaven, that form'd me of an humble kind;
No wit, nor yet to prattling much inclin'd.
While thou shalt imitate the winds, that blow
From lungs of leather, till the metal flow.
Thrice happy Fannius, of his own free grace
Who in Apollo's temple hangs his face,
And gilds his works to view; while I with fear
Repeat my verses to the public ear;
Because by few such works as mine are read,
Conscious of meriting the lash they dread.
Take me a man, at venture, from the crowd,
And he's ambitious, covetous, or proud.
One burns to madness for the wedded dame;
Intemperate lusts another's breast inflame.
The silver vase with pleasure one admires,
While Albius o'er a bronze antique expires;
The venturous merchant, from the rising day
To regions warm'd beneath the setting ray,
Like dust collected by a whirlwind, flies
To save his pelf, or bid the mass arise.
All these the poet dread, his rhymes detest—
"Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast;
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expense, nor his best friend he spares;
And if he once, in his malignant vein,
The cruel paper with invectives stain,
The slaves, who carry water through the street,
To his charm'd ear his verses must repeat."
Now hear this short defence. For my own part,
I claim no portion of the poet's art.
'Tis not enough to close the flowing line,
And in ten syllables your sense confine,
Or write in mere prosaic rhymes like me,
That can deserve the name of poetry.
Is there a man, whom real genius fires,
Whom the diviner soul of verse inspires;
Who talks true greatness; let him boldly claim
The sacred honours of a poet's name.
Some therefore ask, "Can comedy be thought
A real poem, since it may be wrought
In style and subject without fire or force,
And, bate the numbers, is but mere discourse?"
But yet in passion'd tone the sire can chide
His spendthrift son, who spurns the portion'd bride,
And keeps a common wench, or deep in drink
Reels in fair day-light (shameful!) with his link.
Yet could Pomponius from his father hear,
Were he alive, a lecture less severe?
'Tis not enough your language to refine,
When, if you break the measures of the line,
In common life an angry father's rage
Is but the same as Demea's on the stage.
Take from Lucilius' verses, or from mine,
The cadences, and measures of the line,
Then change their order, and the words transpose,
No more the scatter'd poet's limbs it shows;
Not so—When hideous Discord bursts the bars,
And iron gates, to pour forth all her wars.
Of this enough; some future work shall show,
Whether 'tis real poetry, or no.
Now tell me, whether satire should appear,
With reason, such an object of your fear?

Sulcius, and Caprius; fiercest of their trade,
Hoarse with the virulence, with which they plead,
When thro' the streets they stalk with libels arm'd,
Mark how the thieves and robbers are alarm'd;
But yet the man of honest hands and pure
May scorn them both, in innocence secure:
Or though like Cœlius you a villain be,
I'm no informer: whence your fears of me?
With printers and their shops I never deal;
No rubric pillar sets my works to sale,
O'er which the hands of vulgar readers sweat,
Or whose soft strains Tigellius can repeat.
Even by my friends compell'd, I read my lays,
Nor every place nor every audience please.
Full many bards the public forum choose
Where to recite the labours of their Muse;
Or vaulted baths, that best preserve the sound,
While sweetly floats the voice in echoes round.
The coxcombs never think at whose expense
They thus indulge the dear impertinence.
"But you in libels, mischievous, delight,
And never, but in spleen of genius, write."
Is there, with whom I live, who knows my heart,
Who taught you how to aim this venom'd dart?
He, who malignant tears an absent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend;
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise;
Of things he never saw who tells his tale,
And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal—
This man is vile: here, Roman, fix your mark;
His soul is black, as his complexion's dark.
At tables, crowded with a dozen guests,
Some one shall scatter round his frigid jests,
And only spare his host, until the bowl,
Fair friend of truth, unlocks his inmost soul;
Yet, though a cruel joker you detest,
He seems a courteous, well-bred, easy guest.
But if in idle raillery I said,
Rufillus with perfumes distracts my head,
While foul Gorgonius breathes a ranker air,
You think me most envenom'd and severe.
If we, by chance, that thief Petillius name,
You, as your custom is, defend his fame.
"Petillius is my friend; from early youth
Cheerful we liv'd together, and in truth
I have been much indebted to his power,
And I rejoice to find his danger o'er.
But in the name of wonder be it said,
At that same trial how he sav'd his head!"—
Such rancour this, of such a poisonous vein,
As never, never, shall my paper stain;
Much less infect my heart, if I may dare
For my own heart, in any thing, to swear.
Yet some indulgence I may justly claim,
If too familiar with another's fame.
The best of fathers, on my youthful breast,
The detestation of a vice imprest
By strong examples. Would he have me live
Content with what his industry could give,
In frugal, sparing sort, "Behold, my son,
Young Albius there, how wretchedly undone!
Yet no mean lesson is the spendthrift's fate
To caution youth from squandering their estate."
To fright me from the harlot's vagrant bed,
"Behold Scetanius, and his ruin dread:"
That I might ne'er pursue the wedded dame,
"A lawful Venus will indulge your flame.
My son, by poor Trebonius be advis'd;
Sure, 'tis no pleasant tale to be surpris'd.
"'Twixt right and wrong the learned may decide,
With wise distinctions may your conduct guide;
Be mine the common wisdom, that inspires
The frugal manners of our ancient sires,
And, while your youth may yet a tutor claim,
To guard your virtue, and preserve your fame;
But soon as time confirms, with stronger tone,
Your strength and mind, your conduct be your own."
Thus did he form my youth with lenient hand.
When he for virtue urg'd the soft command,
Pointing some awful senator to view,
"His grave example constantly pursue."
Would he dissuade me? "Can you doubt," he cries,
"That equal ruin and dishonour rise
From such an action, when that scoundrel's name
Is branded with the flagrant marks of shame?"
A neighbour's funeral, with dire affright,
Checks the sick man's intemperate appetite;
So is the shame of others oft imprest
With wholesome terrours on the youthful breast.
Thus, pure from more pernicious crimes I live,
Some venial frailties you may well forgive,
For such I own I have; and yet even these,
A length of time, although by slow degrees,
A friend, whose candour freely may reprove,
Or my own reason, shall perhaps remove;
For in my bed, or in the colonnade
Sauntering, I call reflection to my aid.
"This was well done. Here happiness attends.
This conduct makes me pleasing to my friends.
Were that man's actions of a beauteous kind?
Oh! may I never be to such inclin'd!"
Thus, silently I talk my conduct o'er,
Or trifle with the Muse an idle hour;
For which, among my frailties, I demand
Forgiveness, and shall call a powerful band,
If you refuse, of poets to my aid,
(Well fraught with numbers is the rhyming trade)
To force you, like the proselytin Jews,
To be, like us, a brother of the Muse.

SATIRE V.

Leaving imperial Rome, my course I steer
To poor Aricia, and its moderate cheer.
From all the Greeks, in rhetorician lore,
The prize of learning my companion bore.
To Forum-Appii thence we steer, a place
Stuff'd with rank boatmen, and with vintners base
And laggard into two days' journey broke
What were but one to less-encumber'd folk:
The Appian road, however, yields most pleasure
To those who choose to travel at their leisure.
The water here was of so foul a stream,
Against my stomach I a war proclaim,
And wait, tho' not with much good-humour wait,
While with keen appetites my comrades eat.
The Night o'er Earth now spread her dusky shade,
And thro' the Heavens her starry train display'd;
What time, between the slaves and boatmen rise
Quarrels of clamorous rout. The boatman cries,
"Step in, my masters;" when with open throat,
"Enough, you scoundrel! will you sink the boat?"
Thus, while the mule is harness'd, and we pay
Our freights, an hour in wrangling slips away.
The fenny frogs with croakings hoarse and deep,
And gnats, loud buzzing, drive away our sleep.
Drench'd in the lees of wine, the wat'ry swain
And passenger, in loud alternate strain,

Chant forth the absent fair, who warms his breast,
Till wearied passenger retires to rest.
Our clumsy bargeman sends his mule to graze,
And the tough cable to a rock belays,
Then snores supine; but when at rising light
Our boat stood still, up starts a hair-brain'd wight;
With sallow cudgel breaks the bargeman's pate,
And bangs the mule at a well-favour'd rate.
Thence onward labouring with a world of pain,
At ten, Feronia, we thy fountain gain:
There land and bathe; then after dinner creep
Three tedious miles, and climb the rocky steep
Whence Anxur shines. Mæcenas was to meet
Cocceius here, to settle things of weight;
For they had oft in embassy been join'd,
And reconcil'd the masters of mankind.
Here while I bath'd my eyes with cooling ointment
They both arriv'd, according to appointment;
Fonteius too, a man of worth approv'd,
And no man more by Antony belov'd.
Laughing we leave an entertainment rare,
The paltry pomp of Fundi's foolish mayor,
The scrivener Lisœus; now with pride elate,
With incense fum'd, and big with robes of state.
From thence our wearied troop at Formiæ rests,
Murena's lodgers, and Fonteius' guests.
Next rising morn with double joy we greet,
For Plotius, Varius, Virgil, here we meet:
Pure spirits these; the world no purer knows;
For none my heart with more affection glows:
How oft did we embrace! our joys how great!
For sure no blessing in the power of fate
Can be compar'd, in sanity of mind,
To friends of such companionable kind.
Near the Campanian bridge that night we lay,
Where commissaries our expense defray.
Early next morn to Capua we came;
Mæcenas goes to tennis; hurtful game
To a weak stomach, and to tender eyes,
So down to sleep with Virgil, Horace lies.
Then by Cocceius we were nobly treated,
Whose house above the Caudian tavern's seated.
And now, O Muse, in faithful numbers tell
The memorable squabble that befel,
When Messius and Sarmentus join'd in fight,
And whence descended each illustrious wight.
Messius, of high descent, from—Osci came;
His mistress might her slave Sarmentus claim.
From such fam'd ancestry our champions rise—
"Hear me, thou horse-fac'd rogue!" Sarmentus cries;
We laugh; when Messius, throwing up his head,
Accepts the challenge. "O!" Sarmentus said,
"If you can threaten now, what would you do,
Had not the horn been rooted out, that grew
Full in thy front?" A gash, of deep disgrace,
Had stain'd the grisly honours of his face:
Then on his country's infamous disease,
And his own face, his ribaldry displays;
Begs him the one-eyed Cyclop's part to dance,
Since he nor mask nor tragic buskins wants.
Messius replied, in virulence of strain:
"Did you to Saturn consecrate your chain?
Tho' you were made a scrivener since your flight,
Yet that can never hurt your lady's right.
But, prithee, wherefore did you run away?
Methinks, a single pound of bread a day
Might such a sleek, thin-gutted rogue content:"
And thus the jovial length of night we spent.

At our next inn our host was almost burn'd,
While some lean thrushes at the fire he turn'd.
Through his old kitchen rolls the god of fire,
And to the roof the vagrant flames aspire.
But hunger all our terrours overcame,
We fly to save our meat, and quench the flame.
Apulia now my native mountains shows,
Where the north wind burns frore, and parching blows;
Nor could we well have climb'd the steepy height,
Did we not at a neighbouring village bait,
Where from green wood the smouldering flames arise,
And with a smoky sorrow fill our eyes.
In chariots thence at a large rate we came
Eight leagues, and baited at a town, whose name
Cannot in verse and measures be exprest,
But may by marks and tokens well be guess'd.
Its water, nature's cheapest element,
Is bought and sold; its bread most excellent;
Which wary travellers provide with care,
And on their shoulders to Canusium bear,
Whose bread is gritty, and its wealthiest stream
Poor as the town's of unpoetic name.
Here Varius leaves us, and with tears he goes:
With equal tenderness our sorrow flows.
Onward to Rubi wearily we toil'd,
The journey long, the road with rain was spoil'd.
To Barium, fam'd for fish, we reach'd next day,
The weather fairer, but much worse the way.
Then water-curs'd Egnatia gave us joke,
And laughter great, to hear the moon-struck folk
Assert, if incense on their altars lay,
Without the help of fire it melts away.
The sons of circumcision may receive
The wondrous tale, which I shall ne'er believe;
For I have better learn'd, in blissful ease
That the good gods enjoy immortal days,
Nor anxiously their native skies forsake,
When miracles the laws of nature break.
From thence our travels to Brundusium bend,
Where our long journey and my paper end.

SATIRE VI.

TO MÆCENAS.

Tho', since the Lydians fill'd the Tuscan coasts,
No richer blood than yours Etruria boasts;
Though your great ancestors have armies led,
You don't, as many do, with scorn upbraid
The man of birth unknown, or turn the nose
On me, who from a race of slaves arose:
While you regard not, from what low degree
A man's descended, if his mind be free;
Convinc'd, that long before th' ignoble reign
And power of Tullius, from a servile strain
Full many rose for virtue high renown'd,
By worth ennobled, and with honours crown'd:
While he, who boasts that ancient race his own,
Which drove the haughty Tarquin from the throne,
Is vile and worthless in the people's eyes:
The people, who, you know, bestow the prize
To men most worthless, and, like slaves to fame,
With foolish reverence hail a titled name,
And, rapt, with awe-struck admiration gaze
When the long race its images displays.
But how shall we, who differ far and wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide?

For grant, the crowd some high-birth'd scoundrel choose,
And to the low-born man of worth refuse
(Because low-born) the honours of the state,
Shall we from thence their vice or virtue rate?
Were I expell'd the senate-house with scorn,
Justly, perhaps, because thus meanly born,
I fondly wander'd from my native sphere;
Yet shall I with less real worth appear?
Chain'd to her beamy car, Fame drags along
The mean, the great, an undistinguish'd throng.
Poor Tillius, when compell'd, in luckless hour,
To quit your purple robe and tribune's power,
A larger share of envy was thy fate,
Which had been lessen'd in a private state.
For in black sandals when a coxcomb's drest,
When floats the robe empurpled down his breast,
Instant, "What man is this?" he round him hears,
"And who his father?" As when one appears
Sick of your fever, Barrus, to desire
That all the world his beauty should admire,
Anxious our girls inquire, "What mien and air,
What leg and foot he has, what teeth and hair!"
So he, who promises to guard the state,
The gods, the temples, and th' imperial seat,
Makes every mortal ask his father's name,
And not less curious of his mother's fame.
"And shall a Syrian's son, like you, presume
To hurl the free-born citizens of Rome
From the Tarpeian rock's tremendous height,
Or to the hangman Cadmus give their fate?"

TILLIUS.

My colleague sits below me one degree;
For Novius, like my father, was made free.

HORACE.

Shall you for this a true Messala seem,
And rise a Paulus in your own esteem?
But when two hundred waggons crowd the street,
And three long funerals in possession meet,
Beyond the fifes and horns his voice he raises,
And sure such strength of lungs a wondrous praise
As for myself, a freed-man's son confest, [is.
A freed-man's son, the public scorn and jest,
That now with you I joy the social hour,
That once a Roman legion own'd my power;
But though they envied my command in war,
Justly perhaps, yet sure 'tis different far
To gain your friendship, where no servile art,
Where only men of merit claim a part.
Nor yet to chance this happiness I owe;
Friendship like yours it had not to bestow.
First, my best Virgil, then my Varius told,
Among my friends what character I hold:
When introduc'd, in few and faltering words
(Such as an infant modesty affords)
I did not tell you my descent was great,
Or that I wander'd round my country-seat
On a proud steed in richer pastures bred:
But what I really was, I frankly said.
Short was your answer, in your usual strain;
I take my leave, nor wait on you again,
Till, nine months past, engag'd and bid to hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd.
An honour this, methinks, of nobler kind,
That innocent of heart and pure of mind,
Though with no titled birth, I gain'd his love,
Whose judgment can discern, whose choice approve.
If some few venial faults deform my soul,
(Like a fair face when spotted with a mole),
If none with avarice justly brand my fame,
With sordidness, or deeds too vile to name:
If pure and innocent: if dear (forgive
These little praises) to my friends I live,
My father was the cause, who, though maintain'd
By a lean farm but poorly, yet disdain'd
The country schoolmaster, to whose low care
The mighty captain sent his high-born heir,
With satchel, copy-book, and pelf to pay
The wretched teacher on th' appointed day.
To Rome by this bold father was I brought,
To learn those arts which well-born youth are taught,
So drest and so attended, you would swear
I was some senator's expensive heir:
Himself my guardian, of unblemish'd truth,
Among my tutors would attend my youth,
And thus preserv'd my chastity of mind
(That prime of virtue in its highest kind)
Not only pure from guilt, but ev'n the shame
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame;
Nor fear'd to be reproach'd, although my fate
Should fix my fortune in some meaner state,
From which some trivial perquisites arise,
Or make me, like himself, collector of excise.
For this my heart, far from complaining, pays
A larger debt of gratitude and praise;
Nor, while my senses hold, shall I repent
Of such a father, nor with pride resent,
As many do, th' involunt'ry disgrace,
Not to be born of an illustrious race.
But not with theirs my sentiments agree,
Or language; for, if nature should decree,
That we from any stated point might live
Our former years, and to our choice should give
The sires, to whom we wish'd to be allied,
Let others choose to gratify their pride;
While I, contented with my own, resign
The titled honours of an ancient line.
This may be madness in the people's eyes,
But, in your judgment, not, perhaps, unwise;
That I refuse to bear the pomp of state,
Unus'd and much unequal to the weight.
Instant a larger fortune must be made;
To purchase votes my low addresses paid;
Whether a jaunt or journey I propose,
With me a crowd of new companions goes,
While, anxious to complete a length of train,
Domestics, horses, chariots, I maintain.
But now, as chance or pleasure is my guide,
Upon my bob-tail'd mule alone I ride.
Gall'd is his crupper with my wallet's weight
His shoulder shows his rider's awkward seat.
Yet no penurious vileness e'er shall stain
My name, as when, great prætor, with your train
Of five poor slaves, you carry where you dine
Your travelling kitchen, and your flask of wine.
Thus have I greater blessings in my power,
Than you, proud senator, and thousands more.
Alone I wander, as by fancy led,
I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of bread;
I listen, while diviners tell their tale,
Then homeward hasten to my frugal meal,
Herbs, pulse, and pancakes; each a separate plate;
While three domestics at my supper wait.
A bowl on a white marble-table stands,
Two goblets, and a ewer to wash my hands;
An hallow'd cup of true Campanian clay,
My pure libations to the gods to pay.

I then retire to rest, nor anxious fear
Before dread Marsyas early to appear,
Whose very statue swears it cannot brook
The meanness of that slave-born judge's look.
I sleep till ten; then take a walk, or choose
A book, perhaps, or trifle with the Muse;
For cheerful exercise and manly toil
Anoint my body with the pliant oil,
But not with such as Natta's, when he vamps
His filthy limbs, and robs the public lamps.
But when the Sun pours down his fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire;
I haste to bathe, then decently regale
My craving stomach with a frugal meal,
Enough to nourish nature for a day,
Then trifle my domestic hours away.
Such is the life from bad ambition free;
Such comfort has the man low-born like me;
With which I feel myself more truly blest,
Than if my sires the quæstor's power possest.

SATIRE VII.

How mongrel Persius, in his wrathful mood,
That outlaw'd wretch, Rupilius King, pursu'd
With poisonous filth, and venom all his own,
To barbers and to blear-eyed folk is known.
Persius had wealth by foreign traffic gain'd,
And a vexatious suit with King maintain'd.
Presumptuous, vain, and obstinate the wight,
Conquering even King in virulence of spite;
In bitterness of speech outstripp'd the wind,
And left the swift-tongued Barrus far behind.
Now to the King returns our wandering tale,
When all fair means of reconcilement fail
(For men are obstinate when war's proclaim'd,
As they with inward courage are inflam'd;
When Hector and Achilles fierce engag'd,
Dire was the conflict, and to death they rag'd:
And why? because the gallant thirst of fame,
The love of glory, was in both extreme.
But if a quarrel between cowards rise,
Or between chiefs of less heroic size,
Glaucus to Diomed is forc'd to yield,
The dastard buys his peace, and quits the field).
What time o'er Asia with prætorial sway
Great Brutus rul'd, began this dire affray.
Persius and King, intrepid pair, engage,
(More equal champions never mounted stage)
And now they rush impetuous into court,
Fine was the sight, and delicate the sport.
Persius begins; loud bursts of laughter rise;
He praises Brutus, Brutus, to the skies,
"Brutus, like Sol, o'er Asia pours the day;
His friends are stars, and healthful is their ray,
Except the King; he like the dog-star reigns,
That dog of Heaven, detested by the swains."
Thus rush'd he onward like a winter-flood,
That tears its banks, and sweeps away the wood.
To this impetuous bitterness of tide
The King with equal virulence replied.
A vine-dresser he was, of rustic tone,
Whom oft the traveller was forc'd to own
Invincible; with clamorous voice oppress,
When "Cuckow, cuckow," was the standing jest.
But, with Italian vinegar imbued,
The sour-tongued mongrel the dispute renew'd;
"Let me conjure thee, by the powers divine,
Since 'tis the glory, Brutus, of thy line
To slaughter Kings, be this thy glorious deed,
That this same King beneath thy vengeance bleed."

SATIRE VIII.

In days of yore our godship stood
A very worthless log of wood,
The joiner doubting, or to shape us
Into a stool, or a Priapus,
At length resolv'd, for reasons wise,
Into a god to bid me rise;
And now to birds and thieves I stand
A terrour great. With ponderous hand,
And something else as red as scarlet,
I fright away each filching varlet.
The birds, that view with awful dread
The reeds, fast stuck into my head,
Far from the garden take their flight,
Nor on the trees presume to light.
In coffins vile the herd of slaves
Were hither brought to crowd their graves;
And once in this detested ground
A common tomb the vulgar found;
Buffoons and spendthrifts, vile and base,
Together rotted here in peace.
A thousand feet the front extends,
Three hundred deep in rear it bends,
And yonder column plainly shows
No more unto its heirs it goes.
But now we breathe a purer air,
And walk the sunny terrace fair,
Where once the ground with bones was white,
With human bones, a ghastly sight!
But, oh! nor thief, nor savage beast,
That us'd these gardens to infest,
E'er gave me half such care and pains
As they, who turn poor people's brains
With venom'd drugs and magic lay—
These I can never fright away;
For when the beauteous queen of night
Up-lifts her head adorn'd with light,
Hither they come, pernicious crones!
To gather poisonous herbs and bones.
Canidia with dishevell'd hair
(Black was her robe, her feet were bare)
With Sagana, infernal dame!
Her elder sister, hither came.
With yellings dire they fill'd the place,
And hideous pale was either's face.
Soon with their nails they scrap'd the ground,
And fill'd a magic trench profound
With a black lamb's thick-streaming gore,
Whose members with their teeth they tore,
That they may charm the sprites to tell
Some curious anecdotes from Hell.
The beldams then two figures brought:
Of wool and wax the forms were wrought;
The woollen was erect and tall,
And scourg'd the waxen image small,
Which in a suppliant, servile mood
With dying air just gasping stood.
On Hecate one beldam calls;
The other to the Furies bawls,
While serpents crawl along the ground,
And hell-born bitches howl around.
The blushing Moon, to shun the sight,
Behind a tomb withdrew her light.

Oh! if I lie, may ravens shed
Their ordure on my sacred head!
May thieves and prostitutes and rakes
Beneath my nose erect a jakes!
Not to be tedious, or repeat
How flats and sharps in concert meet,
With which the ghosts and hags maintain
A dialogue of passing strain;
Or how, to hide the tooth of snake
And beard of wolf, the ground they break;
Or how the fire of magic seiz'd
The waxen form, and how it blaz'd;
Mark! how my vengeance I pursu'd
For all I heard, for all I view'd.
Loud as a bladder bursts its wind
Dreadful I thunder'd from behind.
To town they scamper'd struck with fear,
This lost her teeth, and that her hair.
They dropp'd the bracelets from their arms,
Their incantations, herbs, and charms;
Whoe'er had seen them in their flight,
Had burst with laughing at the sight.

SATIRE IX.

Musing, as wont, on this and that,
Such trifles, as I know not what,
When late the street I saunter'd through,
A wight, whose name I hardly knew,
Approaching pertly makes me stand,
And thus accosts me, hand in hand:
"How do you do, my sweetest man?"
Quoth I, "As well as mortal can,
And my best wishes yours:"—when he
Would follow—"What's your will with me?"
"That one of your profound discerning
Should know me: I'm a man of learning."—
"Why, then, be sure upon that score
You merit my regard the more."
Impatient to discard the fop,
One while I run, another stop,
And whisper, as he presses near,
Some nothing in my servant's ear.
But while at every pore I sweated,
And thus in muttering silence fretted—
"Bolanus, happy in a skull
Of proof, impenetrably dull,
O for a portion of thy brains!"—
He on the town and streets and lanes
His prating, praising talent tried,
And, when I answer'd not, he cried,
"Aye, 'tis too plain; you can't deceive me,
You miserably wish to leave me,
But I shall never quit you so:
Command me—whither would you go?"—
"You do me honour—but, in short,
There's not the least occasion for't.
I visit one"—to cut the strife—
"You never saw him in your life;
Nor would I lead you such a round—
He lives above a mile of ground
Beyond the Tiber."—"Never talk
Of distance, for I love a walk.
I never have the least enjoyment
In idleness: I want employment.
Come on; I must and will attend
Your person to your journey's end."
Like vicious ass, that fretting bears
A wicked load, I hang my ears;
While he, renewing his civilities,
"If well I know my own abilities,
Not Viscus, though your friend of yore,
Not Varius could engage you more;
For who can write melodious lays
With greater elegance or ease?
Who moves with smoother grace his limbs
While through the mazy dance he swims?
Besides, I sing to that degree,
Hermogenes might envy me."
"Have you no mother, sister, friends,
Whose welfare on your health depends?"—
"Not one; I saw them all by turns
Securely settled in their urns."
Thrice happy they, secure from pain!
And I thy victim now remain:
Dispatch me; for my goody-nurse
Early presag'd this heavy curse:
She conn'd it by the sieve and shears,
And now it falls upon my ears—
Nor poison fell, with ruin stor'd,
Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
Nor pleurisy, nor asthma cough,
Nor cripple-gout, shall cut him off:
A noisy tongue, and babbling breath,
Shall tease and talk my child to death.
But if he would avert his fate,
When he arrives at man's estate,
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing.
We came to Vesta's about ten,
And he was bound in person then
To stand a suit, or by the laws
He must have forfeited his cause.
"Sir, if you love me, step aside
A little into court," he cried.
"If I can stand it out," quoth I,
"Or know the practice, let me die:
Besides, I am oblig'd to go
Precisely to the place you know."—
"I am divided what to do,
Whether to leave my cause, or you."—
"Sir, I beseech you, spare your pains.
Your humble servant."—"By no means."
I follow, for he leads the way;
'Tis death; but captives must obey.
Then he renews his plaguy strain, as
"How stands your friendship with Mæcenas?"
For friendships, he contracts but few,
And shows in that his judgment true.—
"Commend me to your brother-bard,
No man has play'd a surer card.
But you should have a man of art;
One who might act an under-part.
If you were pleas'd to recommend
The man I mention, to your friend,
Sir, may I never see the light
But you shall rout your rivals quite!"
"We live not there, as you suppose,
On such precarious terms as those:
No family was ever purer;
From such infections none securer.
It never hurts me in the least,
That one excels in wealth, or taste;
Each person there of course inherits
A place proportion'd to his merits.—
"'Tis wonderful! and, to be brief,
A thing almost beyond belief."—
"But, whether you believe or no,
The matter is exactly so."

"This adds but fuel to the fire,
The more you kindle my desire
To kiss his hand, and pay my court."—
"Assail, and you shall take the fort.
Such is the vigour of your wit,
And he is one that can submit;
The first attack is therefore nice,
The matter is to break the ice."
"I shan't be wanting there," he cried,
"I'll bribe his servants to my side;
To day shut out, still onward press,
And watch the seasons of access;
In private haunt, in public meet,
Salute, escort him through the street.
There's nothing gotten in this life
Without a world of toil and strife!"
While thus he racks my tortur'd ears,
A much-lov'd friend of mine appears,
Aristius Fuscus, one who knew
My sweet companion through and through.
We stop, exchanging "so and so:"
"Whence come, and whither do you go?"
I then began in woful wise
To nod my head, distort my eyes,
And pull his renegado sleeve,
That he would grant me a reprieve;
But he was absent all the while,
Malicious with a leering smile.
Provok'd at his dissimulation,
I burst with spleen and indignation.
"I know not what you had to tell
In private."—"I remember well:
But shall a day of business choose,
This is the sabbath of the Jews;
You would not thus offend the leathern
Curtail'd assemblies of the brethren"—
"I have no scruples, by your leave,
On that account."—"But, sir, I have:
I am a little superstitious,
Like many of the crowd capricious:
Forgive me, if it be a crime,
And I shall talk another time"—
Oh! that so black a sun should rise!
Away the cruel creature flies,
And leaves me panting for my life
Aghast beneath the butcher's knife.
At last, by special act of grace,
The plaintiff meets him face to face,
And bawls as loud as he could bellow:
"Ha! whither now, thou vilest fellow?"
"Sir, will you witness to my capture?"
I signified, I would, with rapture;
And then, to magnify the sport,
He drags my prattler into court;
And thus, amidst the noise and rabble,
Apollo sav'd me in the squabble.

SATIRE X.

Yes, I did say, Lucilius' verses roll'd
In ruder style precipitately bold;
Who reads Lucilius with so fond an eye,
Partially fond, who can this charge deny?
But, that with wit he lash'd a vicious age,
He's frankly prais'd in the same equal page.
Should I grant more, I may as well admit
Laberius' farces elegantly writ.
'Tis not enough a bursting laugh to raise,
Yet e'en this talent may deserve its praise;
Concise your diction; let your sense be clear,
Nor with a weight of words fatigue the ear.
Now change from grave to gay with ready art,
Now play the orator's or poet's part;
In raillery assume a gayer air,
Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare,
For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail.
The ancient writers of the comic stage
Our imitation here may well engage,
Though read not by Tigellius, smooth of face,
Or yonder ape, of horrible grimace,
Calvus, Catullus better suit their vein,
Whose wanton songs they chant in tuneful strain.
But yet a mighty feat it must be thought—
"His motley page with Greek and Latin's wrought!"
Blockheads! who think it wonderful or hard,
So oft perform'd by yonder Rhodian bard.
"But languages each other may refine
(As Chian softens the Falernian wine)
At least in verse." But say, my rhyming friend,
Were you that thief Petillius to defend,
While other lawyers sweated in the cause,
And urg'd in pure Latinity the laws:
While wondering crowds upon their language hung,
Would you, forgetful of your native tongue,
In foreign words and broken phrases speak,
The half-form'd jargon of a mongrel Greek?
In Latium born, I once propos'd to write
Some Grecian versicles: in deep of night
(When dreams, they say, are true) Rome's founder rose,
And awful spake, "You may as well propose
To carry timber to a wood, as throng
The crowded writers of the Grecian song."
Let swelling Furius on th' affrighted stage
Murder poor Memnon, or in muddy rage
Describe the head of Rhine: in idle vein
I write, what never shall presume to gain
The prize, where Metius high in judgment sits
To hear the labours of contending wits;
Or where the people with applauding hands
The well-wrought scene repeatedly demands.
Of all mankind, in light and easy vein
Fundanius best can paint the comic scene,
The wily harlot, and the slave, who join
To wipe the miser of his darling coin.
Pollio in pure Iambic numbers sings
The tragic deeds of heroes and of kings;
While Varius in sublime and ardent vein
Supports the grandeur of the epic strain.
On Virgil all the rural Muses smile,
Smooth flow his lines, and elegant his style.
Satire alone remain'd, no easy strain,
Which Varro, and some others, tried in vain,
While I, perhaps, some slight success may claim,
Though far inferior to th' inventor's fame:
Nor from his head shall I presume to tear
That sacred wreath, he well deserves to wear.
I said, his verse in muddy rapture flows,
And more his errours than his beauties shows;
But, prithee, you that boast a critic's name,
Don't you sometimes the mighty Homer blame?
Does not Lucilius, though of gentle strain,
Correct ev'n Accius, and reform his scene?
And in his pleasantry old Ennius rate,
When his dull lines want dignity and weight?
Yet, when he speaks of his own right to fame,
Confesses frankly their superior claim.

What then forbids our equal right to know
Why his own verses inharmonious flow?
Or whether in his subject lies the fault,
Or in himself, that they're not higher wrought,
Than if the art of verse were to confine
In ten low feet a cold, dull length of line,
Content his rhyming talents to display
In twice an hundred verses twice a day.
Such, Cassius, thy rapidity of song,
Which like a foaming river pour'd along,
Whose volum'd works (if Fame be not a liar)
Kindled around thy corpse the funeral fire.
Lucilius rallies with politer ease
Than all the rhyming tribe of ancient days,
Nay more correct than him (I frankly own)
Who form'd this kind of verse, to Greece unknown:
Yet, were he fated to the present age,
He sure had blotted the redundant page;
Prun'd all luxuriant excellence away,
And, while he labour'd o'er th' instructive lay,
Would often scratch his head in dull despair,
And to the quick his nails bemusing tear.
Would you a reader's just esteem engage?
Correct with frequent care the blotted page;
Nor strive the wonder of the crowd to raise,
But the few better judges learn to please.
Be thine, fond madman, some vile school to choose,
Where to repeat the labours of your Muse,
While I, like hiss'd Arbuscula unaw'd,
Despise the vulgar, since the knights applaud.
Say, shall that bug Pantilius move my spleen?
Shall I be tortur'd, when a wretch obscene,
Or foolish Fannius, for a sordid treat
With sweet Tigellius, shall my verses rate?
Let Plotius, Varius, and Mæcenas deign
With Virgil, Valgius, to approve my strain;
Let good Octavius even endure my lays;
Let Fuscus read, and either Viscus praise;
Let me, with no mean arts to purchase fame,
Pollio, Messala, and his brother name;
Let Bibulus and Servius be my own,
And Furnius, for a critic's candour known;
Among my learned friends are many more,
Whose names I pass in modest silence o'er:
These I can wish to smile; enjoy their praise;
Hope to delight, and grieve if I displease.
Begone, Demetrius, to thy lovesome train
Of minstrel scholars, and in sighing strain,
With soft Hermogenes these rhymes deplore—
Haste, boy, transcribe me this one satire more.

SATIRES.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

HORACE. TREBATIUS.

HORACE.

THERE are, to whom too poignant I appear;
Beyond the laws of satire too severe.
My lines are weak, unsinew'd, others say—
"A man might spin a thousand such a day."
What shall I do, Trebatius?

TREBATIUS.

Write no more.

HORACE.

What! give the dear delight of scribbling o'er!

TREBATIUS.

Yes.

HORACE.

Let me die but your advice were best,
But, sir, I cannot sleep; I cannot rest.

TREBATIUS.

Swim o'er the Tiber, if you want to sleep,
Or the dull sense in t'other bottle steep;
If you must write, to Cæsar tune your lays,
Indulge your genius, and your fortune raise.

HORACE.

Oh! were I equal to the glorious theme,
Bristled with spears his iron war should gleam:
A thousand darts should pierce the hardy Gaul,
And from his horse the wounded Parthian fall.

TREBATIUS.

Then give his peaceful virtues forth to fame;
His fortitude and justice be your theme.

HORACE.

Yes, I will hold the daring theme in view,
Perhaps hereafter your advice pursue.
But Cæsar never will your Flaccus hear;
A languid panegyric hurts his ear.
Too strongly guarded from the poet's lays,
He spurns the flatterer, and his saucy praise.

TREBATIUS.

Better even this, than cruelly defame,
And point buffoons and villains out by name,
Sure to be hated even by those you spare,
Who hate in just proportion as they fear.

HORACE.

Tell me, Trebatius, are not all mankind
To different pleasures, different whims inclin'd?
Millonius dances when his head grows light,
And the dim lamp shines double to his sight.
The twin-born brothers in their sports divide;
Pollux loves boxing; Castor joys to ride.
Indulge me then in this my sole delight,
Like great and good Lucilius let me write.
Behold him frankly to his book impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of his heart:
To write was all his aim, too heedless bard!
And well or ill, unworthy his regard.
Hence the old man stands open to your view,
Though with a careless hand the piece he drew.
His steps I follow in pursuit of fame,
Whether Lucania or Appulia claim
The honour of my birth; for on the lands,
By Samnites once possest, Venusium stands,
A forward barrier, as old tales relate,
To stop the course of war, and guard the state.
Let this digression, as it may, succeed—
No honest man shall by my satire bleed;
It guards me like a sword, and safe it lies
Within the sheath, till villains round me rise.
Dread King and Father of the mortal race,
Behold me, harmless bard, how fond of peace!

And may all kinds of mischief-making steel
In rust, eternal rust, thy vengeance feel!
But who provokes me, or attacks my fame,
"Better not touch me, friend," I loud exclaim,
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.
Th' informer Cervius threatens with the laws;
Turius your judge, you surely lose your cause:
Are you the object of Canidia's hate?
Drugs, poisons, incantations, are your fate:
For powerful Nature to her creatures shows
With various arms to terrify their foes.
The wolf with teeth, the bull with horns can fight;
Whence, but from instinct, and an inward light?
His long-liv'd mother trusts to Sæva's care—

TREBATIUS.

No deed of blood his pious hand could dare.

HORACE.

Wondrous indeed! that bulls ne'er strive to bite,
Nor wolves with desperate horns engage in fight.
No mother's blood the gentle Sæva spills,
But with a draught of honey'd poison kills.
Then, whether age my peaceful hours attend,
Or Death his sable pinions round me bend:
Or rich, or poor: at Rome; to exile driven:
Whatever lot by powerful Fate is given:
Yet write I will.

TREBATIUS.

O boy, thy fate is sped,
And short thy days. Some lord shall strike thee dead
With freezing look—

HORACE.

What! in his honest page
When good Lucilius lash'd a vicious age,
From conscious villains tore the mask away,
And stripp'd them naked to the glare of day,
Were Lælius or his friend (whose glorious name
From conquer'd Carthage deathless rose to fame)
Were they displeas'd, when villains and their crimes
Were cover'd o'er with infamy and rhymes?
The factious demagogue he made his prize,
And durst the people tribe by tribe chastise;
Yet true to virtue, and to virtue's friends,
To them alone with reverence he bends.
When Scipio's virtue, and, of milder vein,
When Lælius' wisdom, from the busy scene,
And crowd of life, the vulgar and the great,
Could with their favourite satirist retreat,
Lightly they laugh'd at many an idle jest,
Until their frugal feast of herbs was drest.
What though with great Lucilius I disclaim
All saucy rivalship of birth or fame,
Spite of herself even Envy must confess,
That I the friendship of the great possess,
And, if she dare attempt my honest fame,
She'll break her teeth against my solid name.
This is my plea; on this I rest my cause—
What says my counsel, learned in the laws?

TREBATIUS.

Your case is clearer; yet let me advise;
For sad mishaps from ignorance arise.
Behold the pains and penalties decreed
To libellers—

HORACE.

To libellers indeed.
But if with truth his characters he draws
Even Cæsar shall support the poet's cause;
The formal process shall be turn'd to sport,
And you dismist with honour by the court.

SATIRE II.

What, and how great the virtue, friends, to live
On what the gods with frugal bounty give,
(Nor are they mine, but sage Ofellus' rules,
Of mother-wit, and wise without the schools)
Come learn with me, but learn before ye dine,
Ere with luxurious pomp the table shine;
Ere yet its maddling splendours are display'd,
That dull the sense, and the weak mind mislead.
"Yet why before we dine?" I'll tell ye, friends,
A judge, when brib'd, but ill to truth attends.
Pursue the chase: th' unmanag'd courser rein:
Or, if the Roman war ill suit thy vein
To Grecian revels form'd, at tennis play,
Or at the manly discus waste the day;
With vigour hurl it through the yielding air
(The sport shall make the labour less severe):
Then, when the loathings, that from surfeits rise,
Are quell'd by toil, a homely meal despise;
Then the Falernian grape with pride disclaim,
Unless with honey we correct its flame.
Your butler strolls abroad; the winter'd sea
Defends its fish; but you can well allay
The stomach's angry roar with bread and salt—
Whence can this rise? you ask; from whence the fault;
In you consists the pleasure of the treat,
Not in the price or flavour of the meat.
Let exercise give relish to the dish,
Since nor the various luxuries of fish,
Nor foreign wild-fowl can delight the pale,
Surfeit-swoln guest; yet I shall ne'er prevail
To make our men of taste a pullet choose,
And the gay peacock with its train refuse;
For the rare bird at mighty price is sold,
And lo! what wonders from its tail unfold!
But can these whims a higher gusto raise,
Unless you eat the plumage that you praise?
Or do its glories, when 'tis boil'd, remain?
No; 'tis th' unequall'd beauty of its train
Deludes your eye, and charms you to the feast,
For hens and peacocks are alike in taste.
But say, by what discernment are you taught
To know, that this voracious pike was caught
Where the full river's lenient waters glide,
Or where the bridges break the rapid tide:
In the mid ocean, or where Tiber pays
With broader course his tribute to the seas?
Madly you praise the mullet's three pound weight,
And yet you stew it piece-meal ere you eat;
Your eye deceives you; wherefore else dislike
The natural greatness of a full-grown pike,
Yet in a mullet so much joy express?
"Pikes are by nature large, and mullets less."
"Give me," the harpy-throated glutton cries,
"In a large dish a mullet's largest size:"
Descend, ye southern winds, propitious haste,
And dress his dainties for this man of taste.
And yet it needs not; for when such excess
Shall his o'er jaded appetite oppress,
The new-caught turbot's tainted ere he eat,
And bitter herbs are a delicious treat.
But still some ancient poverty remains;
The egg and olive yet a place maintains

At great men's tables; nor, till late, the fame
Of a whole sturgeon damn'd a prætor's name.
Did ocean then a smaller turbot yield?
The towering stork did once in safety build
Her airy nest, nor was the turbot caught,
Till your great prætor better precepts taught.
Tell them, that roasted cormorants are a feast,
Our docile youth obey the man of taste;
But sage Ofellus marks a decent mean
A sordid and a frugal meal between;
For a profuse expense in vain you shun,
If into sordid avarice you run.
Avidienus, who by public fame
Was called the dog, and merited the name,
Wild cornels, olives five years old, devour'd,
Nor, till his wine was turn'd, his pure libations pour'd,
When rob'd in white he mark'd with festal mirth
His day of marriage, or his hour of birth,
From his one bottle, of some two pound weight,
With oil, of execrable stench, replete,
With his own hand he dropp'd his cabbage o'er,
But spar'd his oldest vinegar no more.
How shall the wise decide, thus urg'd between
The proverb's ravening wolf and dog obscene?
Let him avoid the equal wretchedness
Of sordid filth, or prodigal excess;
Nor his poor slaves like old Albucius rate,
When he gives orders for some curious treat:
Nor yet, like Nævius, carelessly unclean,
His guests with greasy water entertain.
This too is vile. Now mark, what blessings flow
From temperate meals: and first, they can bestow
That prime of blessings, health; for you'll confess
That various meats the stomach must oppress,
If you reflect how light, how well you were,
When plain and simple was your cheerful fare;
But roast, and boil'd, when you promiscuous eat,
When fowl and shell-fish in confusion meet,
Sweets, turn'd to choler, with cold phlegm engage,
And civil war in the rack'd stomach wage.
Behold how pale the sated guests arise
From suppers, puzzled with varieties;
The body too, with yesterday's excess
Burthen'd and tir'd, shall the pure soul depress;
Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,
This breath of God, and fix it to the earth.
Who down to sleep from a short supper lies,
Can to the next day's business vigorous rise,
Or jovial wander (when the circling year
Brings back some festal day) to better cheer,
Or when his wasted strength he would restore,
When years approach, and age's feeble hour
A softer treatment claim. But if in prime
Of youth and health you take before your time
The luxuries of life, where is their aid
When age or sickness shall your strength invade?
Our fathers lov'd (and yet they had a nose)
A tainted boar; but I believe they chose
The mouldy fragments with a friend to eat,
Rather than eat it whole themselves, and sweet.
Oh! that the earth, when vigorous and young,
Had borne me this heroic race among!
Do you the voice of Fame with pleasure hear?
(Sweeter than verse it charms the human ear)
Behold, what infamy and ruin rise
From a large dish, where the large turbot lies!
Your friends, your neighbours all your folly hate,
You hate yourself, in vain, and curse your fate,
When, though you wish for death, you want the pelf
To purchase even a rope to hang yourself.
"These precepts well may wretched Tradus rate:
But why to me? So large is my estate,
And such an ample revenue it brings
To satiate even the avarice of kings."
Then why not better use this proud excess
Of worthless wealth? Why lives in deep distress
A man unworthy to be poor, or why
The temples of the gods in ruins lie?
Why not of such a massy treasure spare
To thy dear country, wretch, a moderate share?
Shalt thou alone no change of fortune know?
Thou future laughter to thy deadliest foe!
But who, with conscious spirit self-secure,
A change of fortune better shall endure?
He, who with such variety of food
Pampers his passions, and inflames his blood,
Or he, contented with his little store,
And wisely cautious of the future hour,
Who in the time of peace with prudent care
Shall for th' extremities of war prepare?
But, deeper to impress this useful truth,
I knew the sage Ofellus in my youth
Living, when wealthy, at no larger rate
Then in his present more contracted state.
I saw the hardy hireling till the ground
('Twas once his own estate); and while around
His cattle graz'd, and children listening stood,
The cheerful swain his pleasing tale pursued,
"On working days I had no idle treat,
But a smok'd leg of pork and greens I eat;
Yet when arrived some long-expected guest,
Or rainy weather gave an hour of rest,
If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,
An entertainment more profuse I made;
Though with a kid, or pullet, well content,
Ne'er for luxurious fish to Rome I sent;
With nuts and figs I crown'd the cheerful board,
The largest that the season could afford.
The social glass went round with cheerfulness,
And our sole rule was to avoid excess.
Our due libations were to Ceres paid,
To bless our corn, and fill the rising blade,
While the gay wine dispell'd each anxious care,
And smooth'd the wrinkled forehead too severe.
"Let Fortune rage, and new disorders make,
From such a life how little can she take!
Or have we liv'd at a more frugal rate
Since this new stranger seiz'd on our estate?
Nature will no perpetual heir assign,
Or make the farm his property or mine.
He turn'd us out: but follies all his own,
Or law-suits, and their knaveries unknown,
Or, all his follies and his law-suits past,
Some long-liv'd heir shall turn him out at last.
The farm, once mine, now bears Umbrenus' name
The use alone, not property we claim:
Then be not with your present lot deprest,
And meet the future with undaunted breast."

SATIRE III.

DAMASIPPUS. HORACE.

DAMASIPPUS.

If hardly once a quarter of a year,
So idle grown, a single sheet appear;

If angry at yourself, that sleep and wine
Enjoy your hours, while anxious to refine
Your labours past, no more your voice you raise
To aught, that may deserve the public praise,
What shall be done? When Saturn's jovial feast
Seem'd too luxuriant to your sober taste,
Hither you fled. Then try the pleasing strain:
Come on: begin.

HORACE.

Alas! 'tis all in vain:
While I with impotence of rage abuse
My harmless pens, the guiltless walls accuse;
Walls, that seem'd rais'd in angry Heaven's despite,
The curse of peevish poets, when they write.

DAMASIPPUS.

And yet you threaten'd something wondrous great,
When you should warm you in your country seat.
Why crowd the volumes of the Grecian sage,
Rang'd with the writers of the comic stage?
Think you the wrath of envy to appease,
Your virtue lost in idleness and ease?
Unhappy bard, to sure contempt you run;
Then learn the Siren Indolence to shun,
Or poorly be content to lose the fame,
Which your past hours of better life might claim.

HORACE.

Sage Damasippus, may the powers divine,
For this same excellent advice of thine,
Give thee a barber, in their special grace,
To nurse your beard, that wisdom of the face!
Yet, prithee, tell me whence I'm so well known.

DAMASIPPUS.

When I had lost all business of my own,
And at th' Exchange my shipwreck'd fortunes broke,
I minded the affairs of other folk.
In rare antiques full curious was my taste;
Here the rude chissel's rougher strokes I trac'd;
In flowing brass a vicious hardness found,
Or bought a statue for five hundred pound,
A perfect connoisseur. At gainful rate,
I purchas'd gardens, or a mansion-seat.
Thus, through the city I was known to fame,
And Mercury's favourite my public name,

HORACE.

I knew your illness, and amaz'd beheld
Your sudden cure.

DAMASIPPUS.

A new disease expell'd
My old disorder: as when changing pains
Fly to the stomach from the head and reins.
Thus the lethargic, starting from his bed,
In boxing phrensy broke his doctor's head.

HORACE.

Spare but this phrensy, use me as you please—

DAMASIPPUS.

Good sir, don't triumph in your own disease.
For all are fools or mad, as well as you,
At least, if what Stertinius says, be true,
Whose wondrous precepts I with transport heard,
What time he bade me nurse this reverend beard,
Cheerful from the Fabrician bridge depart,
And with the words of comfort fill'd my heart.
For when, my fortune lost, resolv'd I stood,
Covering my head, to plunge into the flood,
Propitious he address'd me—

STERTINIUS.

Friend, take heed,
Nor wrong yourself by this unworthy deed.
'Tis but a vicious modesty to fear
Among the mad a madman to appear.
But listen heedful first, while I explain
What madness is, what errour of the brain;
And if in you alone appear its power,
Then bravely perish: I shall say no more.
Whom vicious follies, or whom falsehood, blind,
Are by the Stoics held of madding kind.
All but the wise are by this process bound,
The subject nations, and the monarch crown'd,
And they who call you fool, with equal claim
May plead an ample title to the name.
When in a wood we leave the certain way
One errour fools us, though we various stray:
Some to the left, some turn to t'other side:
So he, who dares thy madness to deride,
Though you may frankly own yourself a fool,
Behind him trails his mark of ridicule.
For various follies fill the human breast,
As, with unreal terrours when possest,
A wretch in superstitious phrensy cries,
"Lo! in the plain, fires, rocks, and rivers, rise!"
A different madness, though not less, inspires
The fool, who rushes wild through streams and fires;
His mother, sister, father, friends and wife,
Cry out, in vain, "Ah! yet preserve thy life;
That head-long ditch! how dreadful it appears!
That hanging precipice!" No more he hears,
Than drunken Fufius lately at the play,
Who fairly slept Ilione away,
While the full pit, with clamorous thousands, cries,
"Awake, dear mother, to my aid, arise."
Now listen while full clearly I maintain
Such is the vulgar errour of the brain.
Some rare antique, suppose, your madness buys;
Is he, who lends the money, less unwise?
Or if the usurer Perillius said,
"Take what I ne'er expect shall be repaid,"
Are you a fool to take it, or not more
T' affront the god, who sends the shining store?

PERILLIUS.

Ay; but I make him on a banker draw—

STERTINIUS.

'Tis not enough: add all the forms of law;
The knotty contracts of Cicuta's brain;
This wicked Proteus shall escape the chain:
Drag him to justice, he's a bird, tree, stone,
And laughs as if his cheeks were not his own.
If bad economists are held unwise,
In good economy some wisdom lies,
And then Perillius is of tainted brain,
Who takes your bond, to sue for it in vain.
Come all, whose breasts with bad ambition rise,
Or the pale passion, that for money dies,
With luxury, or superstition's gloom,
Whate'er disease your health of mind consume,
Compose your robes; in decent ranks draw near,
And, that ye all are mad, with reverence hear.
Misers make whole Anticyra their own;
Its hellebore reserv'd for them alone.
Staberius thus compell'd his heirs t' engrave
On his proud tomb what legacies he gave,
Or stand condemn'd to give the crowd a feast,
By Arrius form'd in elegance of taste,

And gladiators, even an hundred pair,
With all the corn of Afric's fruitful year.
"Such is my will, and whether fool or wise,
I scorn your censures," the testator cries,
Wisely perceiving—

DAMASIPPUS.

What could he perceive,
Thus on his tomb his fortune to engrave?

STERTINIUS.

Long as he liv'd he look'd on poverty,
And shunn'd it as a crime of blackest dye;
And had he died one farthing less in pelf,
Had seem'd a worthless villain to himself;
For virtue, glory, beauty, all divine
And human powers, immortal gold! are thine;
And he, who piles the shining heap, shall rise
Noble, brave, just—

DAMASIPPUS.

You will not call him wise,

STERTINIUS.

Yes; any thing; a monarch, if he please:
And thus Staberius, nobly fond of praise,
By latest times might hope to be admir'd,
As if his virtue had his wealth acquir'd.
When Aristippus, on the Libyan waste
Commands his slaves, because it stopp'd their haste,
To throw away his gold, does he not seem
To be as mad in opposite extreme?

DAMASIPPUS.

By such examples, truth can ne'er be tried:
They but perplex the question, not decide.

STERTINIUS.

If a man fill'd his cabinet with lyres,
Whom neither music charms, nor Muse inspires:
Should he buy lasts and knives, who never made
A shoe; or if a wight, who hated trade,
The sails and tackle for a vessel bought,
Madman or fool he might be justly thought.
But, prithee, where's the difference, to behold
A wretch, who heaps and hides his darling gold;
Who knows not how to use the massy store,
Yet dreads to violate the sacred ore?
With a long club, and ever-open eyes,
To guard his corn its wretched master lies,
Nor dares, though hungry, touch the hoarded grain,
While bitter herbs his frugal life sustain:
If in his cellar lie a thousand flasks
(Nay, let them rise to thrice a thousand casks)
Of old Falernian, or the Chian vine,
Yet if he drink mere vinegar for wine;
If, at fourscore, of straw he made his bed,
While moths upon his rotting carpets fed;
By few, forsooth, a madman he is thought,
For half mankind the same disease have caught.
Thou dotard, cursed in the love of pelf,
For fear of starving, will you starve yourself?
Or do you this ill gotten treasure save
For a luxurious son, or favourite slave?
How little would thy mass of money waste,
Did you on better oil and cabbage feast,
Or on thy clotted hair, and dandruff-head,
A sweeter, more expensive, essence shed!
If nature wish for no immoderate store,
When you forswear, and rob, and steal for more,
Still are you sound? But, when your folly raves,
If you should stone the people, or your slaves;
Those slaves, whom you with pelf, how precious! buy,
Our boys and girls, "A madman, madman!" cry.
Is your head safe, although you hang your wife,
Or take by poison your old mother's life?
What! nor in Argos you commit the deed,
Nor did your mother by a dagger bleed;
Nor by a mad Orestes was she slain—
But was Orestes of untainted brain,
Or was he not by furies dire possest,
Before he plung'd his dagger in her breast?
Yet from the time you hold him hurt in mind,
His actions are of harmless, blameless kind.
He neither stabs his sister, nor his friend;
In a few curses his worst passions end;
He calls her fury, or whatever names
Flow from a breast which choler high inflames.
Poor was Opimius, though full rich his chest,
In earthern cups, on some more solemn feast,
Quaff'd the crude juices of a meagre vine,
On week-days dead and vapid was his wine,
When with an heavy lethargy oppress,
His heir in triumph ran from chest to chest:
Swift to his aid his faithful doctor flies,
And this expedient to awake him tries:
From out his bags he pours the shining store,
And bids a crowd of people count it o'er;
Then plac'd the table near his patient's bed,
And loud, as if he rous'd him from the dead,
"Awake, and guard your wealth; this moment wake:
Your ravening heir will every shilling take." [live;
"What! while I live?" "Then, wake, that you may
Here take the best prescription I can give:
Your bloodless veins, your appetite will fail,
Unless you raise them by a powerful meal.
Take this ptisan—"What will it cost? Nay, hold."
"A very trifle." "Sir, I will be told."—
"Three pence."—"Alas! what does it signify,
Whether by doctors or by thieves I die?"

DAMASIPPUS.

Who then is sound?

STERTINIUS.

Whoever's not a fool.

DAMASIPPUS.

What think you of the miser?

STERTINIUS.

By my rule,
Both fool and madman.

DAMASIPPUS.

Is he sound and well,
If not a miser?

STERTINIUS.

No.

DAMASIPPUS.

I prithee tell,
Good Stoic, why?

STERTINIUS.

Let us suppose you heard
An able doctor, who perchance declar'd
His patient's stomach good; yet shall he rise,
Or is he well? Ah! no, the doctor cries,

Because a keen variety of pains
Attack the wretch's side, or vex his reins.
You are not perjur'd, nor to gold a slave;
Let Heaven your grateful sacrifice receive.
But if your breast with bold ambition glows,
Set sail where hellebore abundant grows.
For, prithee, say, what difference can you find,
Whether to scoundrels of the vilest kind
You throw away your wealth in lewd excess,
Or know not to enjoy what you possess?
When rich Oppidius, as old tales relate,
To his two sons divided his estate,
Two ancient farms, he call'd them to his bed,
And dying, thus, with faltering accent, said:
"In your loose robe when I have seen you bear
Your play-things, Aulus, with an heedless air,
Or careless give them to your friends away,
Or with a gamester's desperate spirit play;
While you, Tiberius, anxious counted o'er
Your childish wealth, and hid the little store,
A different madness seem'd to be your fate,
Misers or spendthrifts born to imitate.
Then, by our household gods, my sons, I charge,
That you ne'er lessen, that you ne'er enlarge
What seems sufficient to your tender sire,
And nature's most unbounded wants require.
"Then lest ambition tempt ye, hear this oath,
By whose eternal power I bind ye both:
Curs'd be the wretch, an object of my hate,
Whoe'er accepts an office in the state!
Will you in largesses exhaust your store,
That you may proudly stalk the Circus o'er;
Or in the Capitol embronz'd may stand,
Spoil'd of your fortune and paternal land;
And thus, forsooth, Agrippa's praise engage,
Or show, with Reynard's tricks, the lion's rage?"
Wherefore does Ajax thus unburied lie?

AGAMEMNON.

We are a king.

STERTINIUS.

A base plebeian I,
And ask no more.

AGAMEMNON.

'Twas just what we decreed:
But, if you thing it an unrighteous deed,
Speak what you think. We here our rights resign.

STERTINIUS.

Greatest of monarchs, may the powers divine
A safe return permit you to enjoy,
With your victorious fleet, from ruin'd Troy—
But may I ask, and answer without fear?

AGAMEMNON.

You may.

STERTINIUS.

Then wherefore rots great Ajax here,
For many a Grecian sav'd who well might claim
To brave Achilles the next place in fame?
Is it that Priam, and the sires of Troy,
May view his carcase with malignant joy,
By whom their sons so oft destroy'd in fight
In their own country want the funeral rite?

AGAMEMNON.

A thousand sheep the frantic kill'd, and cried,
"Here both Atrides; there Ulysses died."

STERTINIUS.

When your own child you to the altar led,
And pour'd the salted meal upon her head;
When you beheld the lovely victim slain,
Unnatural father! were you sound of brain?

AGAMEMNON.

Why not?

STERTINIUS.

Then what did frantic Ajax do,
When in his rage a thousand sheep he slew?
Nor on his wife or son he drew his sword,
On Atreus' sons alone his curses pour'd;
Nor on his brother turn'd the vengeful steel,
Nor did Ulysses his resentment feel.

AGAMEMNON.

But I, while adverse winds tempestuous roar,
To loose our fated navy from the shore
Wisely with blood the powers divine atone—

STERTINIUS.

What! your own blood, you madman?

AGAMEMNON.

Yes, my own;
But yet not mad.

STERTINIUS.

'Tis a disorder'd head,
Which, by the passions in confusion led,
The images of right and wrong mistakes,
And rage or folly no great difference makes.
Was Ajax mad, when those poor lambs he slew?
And are your senses right, while you pursue,
With such a crime, an empty title's fame?
Is the heart pure, high-swelling for a name?
Should a man take a lambkin in his chair,
With fondling names caress the spotless fair;
Clothes, maids, and gold, as for his child, provide,
And a stout husband for the lovely bride,
His civil rites the judge would take away,
And to trustees in guardianship convey.
Then sure you will not call him sound of brain,
By whom his daughter for a lamb was slain.
Folly and guilt are madness in th' extreme;
The impious and the mad eternally the same.
Blood-stain'd Bellona thunders round his head,
Who is by glassy Fame a captive led.
Now try the sons of luxury, you'll find,
Right reason proves them fools of maddling kind.
A youth, upon his father's death, receives
A thousand talents, and his orders gives.
That all the trades of elegance and taste,
All who with wit and humour joy a feast,
The impious crowd, that fills the Tuscan street,
Early next morning at his house should meet.
What then? they frequent his command obey'd,
And thus his speech the wily pander made:
"Whate'er these people have: whate'er is mine;
To day, to morrow send, be sure is thine."
Hear the just youth this generous answer make:
"In clumsy boots, dear hunter, for my sake,
You sleep in wild Lucania's snowy waste,
That I at night on a whole boar may feast.
For fish you boldly sweep the wintry seas,
That I, unworthy, may enjoy my ease.
Let each five hundred pounds, with pleasure, take.
To thee, dear pander, I a present make
Of twice a thousand, that with all her charms
Your wife at night may run into my arms."

An actor's son dissolv'd a wealthy pearl
(The precious ear-ring of his favourite girl)
In vinegar, and thus luxurious quaff'd
A thousand solid talents at a draught.
Had he not equally his wisdom shown,
Into the sink or river were it thrown?
A noble pair of brothers, twins, in truth,
In all th' excesses, trifles, crimes of youth,
On nightingales of monstrous purchase din'd;
What is their process? Are they sound of mind?
Suppose, in childish architecture skill'd,
A bearded sage his castle-cottage build,
Play odd and even, ride his reedy cane,
And yoke his harness'd mice,—'tis madness plain.
But what if reason, powerful reason, prove
'Tis more than equal childishness to love?
If there's no difference, whether in the dust
You sport your infant works, or, high in lust,
An harlot's cruelty with tears deplore,
Will you, like much-chang'd Polemon of yore,
Throw off the ensigns of the dear disease,
The arts of dress, and earnestness to please?
For the gay youth, though high with liquor warm'd,
Was by the sober sage's doctrine charm'd;
Chastis'd he listen'd to th' instructive lore,
And from his head the breathing garland tore.
A peevish boy shall proffer'd fruit despise:
"Take it, dear puppy." No, and yet he cries,
If you refuse it. Does not this discover
The froward soul of a discarded lover,
Thus reasoning with himself? "What! when thus slighted
Shall I return, return though uninvited?"
Yes, he shall sure return, and lingering wait
At the proud doors he now presumes to hate.
"Shall I not go if she submissive send,
Or here resolve, my injuries shall end?
Expell'd, recall'd, shall I go back again?
No; let her kneel; for she shall kneel in vain."
When, lo! his wily servant well replied,
"Think not by rule and reason, sir, to guide
What ne'er by reason or by measure move,
For peace and war succeed by turns in love;
And while tempestuous these emotions roll,
And float with blind disorder in the soul,
Who strives to fix them by one certain rule,
May by right rule and reason play the fool."
When from the roof the darted pippins bound,
Does the glad omen prove your senses sound?
Or when with aged tongue you lisp your phrases—
Is he more mad, who that child-cottage raises?
Then add the murders of this fond desire,
And with the sword provoke the madding fire.
When jealous Marius late his mistress slew,
And from a precipice himself he threw,
Was he not mad? or can you by your rule
Condemn the murderer, and acquit the fool?
But though in civil phrase you change the name,
Madman and fool for ever are the same.
With hands clean wash'd, a sober, ancient wight
Ran praying through the streets at early light,
"Snatch me from death; grant me alone to live;
No mighty boon; with ease the gods can give."
Sound were his senses: yet, if he were sold,
His master sure this weakness must have told,
And, if not fond a law-suit to maintain,
Must have confess'd the slave unsound of brain.
This crowd is by the doctrine of our schools
Enroll'd in the large family of fools.

Her child beneath a quartan fever lies
For full five months; when the fond mother cries,
"Sickness and health are thine, all-powerful Jove,
Then from my son this dire disease remove;
And when your priests thy solemn fast proclaim,
Naked the boy shall stand in Tibor's stream."
Should chance, or the physician's art, up-raise
Her infant from this desperate disease,
The frantic dame shall plunge her hapless boy,
Bring back the fever, and the child destroy.
Tell me, what horrours thus have turn'd her head?
Of the good gods a superstitious dread.

DAMASIPPUS.

These arms Stertinius gave me, our eighth sage,
That none unpunish'd may provoke my rage:
Who calls me mad, shall hear himself a fool,
And know he trails his mark of ridicule.

HORACE.

Great Stoic, so may better bargains raise
Your ruin'd fortune, tell me, if you please,
Since follies are thus various in their kind,
To what dear madness am I most inclin'd?
For I, methinks, my reason well maintain—

DAMASIPPUS.

What! did Agave then suspect her brain,
When, by a Bacchanalian phrensy led,
In her own hand she carried her son's head?

HORACE.

Since we must yield to truth, 'tis here confest,
I am a fool; with madness too possest.
But since my mind's distemper'd, if you please,
What seems the proper kind of my disease?

DAMASIPPUS.

First that you build, and, scarce of two foot height,
Mimic the mighty stature of the great.
While you, forsooth, a dwarf in arms, deride
His haughty spirit and gigantic stride,
Yet are you less ridiculous, who dare,
Mere mimic, with Mæcenas to compare?
It chanc'd a mother-frog had stroll'd abroad,
When a fell ox upon her young ones trod;
And only one escap'd, who thus express'd
The doleful news—"Ah me! a *monstrous beast*
My brothers hath destroy'd." "How large?" she cries,
And swelling forth—"was this the monster's size?"
Then larger *grows*—"What! is he larger still?"
When more and more she strives her bulk to fill;
"Nay, though you burst, you ne'er shall be so great."
No idle image, Horace, of thy state.
Your verses too; that oil, which feeds the flame;
If ever bard was wise, be thine the name.
That horrid rage of temper—

HORACE.

Yet have done!

DAMASIPPUS.

That vast expense—

HORACE.

Good Stoic, mind your own!

DAMASIPPUS.

Those thousand furious passions for the fair—

HORACE.

Thou mightier fool, inferior ideots spare.

SATIRE IV.

HORACE. CATIUS.

HORACE.

WHENCE comes my Catius? whither in such haste?

CATIUS.

I have no time in idle prate to waste.
I must away to treasure in my mind
A set of precepts, novel and refin'd;
Such as Pythagoras could never reach,
Nor Socrates nor scienc'd Plato teach.

HORACE.

I ask your pardon, and confess my crime,
To interrupt you at so cross a time.
But yet, if aught escap'd through strange neglect,
You shall with ease the wisdom recollect,
Whether you boast, from nature or from art,
This wondrous gift of holding things by heart.

CATIUS.

I meant to store them total in my head,
The matter nice, and wrought of subtle thread.

HORACE.

But prithee, Catius, what's your sage's name?
Is he a Roman, or of foreign fame?

CATIUS.

His precepts I shall willingly reveal,
And sing his doctrines, but his name conceal.
Long be your eggs far sweeter than the round,
Cock-eggs they are, more nourishing and sound.
In thirsty fields a richer colewort grows,
Than where the watery garden overflows.
If by an evening guest perchance surpris'd,
Lest the tough hen (I pray you be advis'd)
Should quarrel with his teeth, let her be drown'd
In lees of wine, and she'll be tender found.
Best flavour'd mushrooms meadow land supplies,
In other kinds a dangerous poison lies.
He shall with vigour bear the summer's heat,
Who after dinner shall be sure to eat
His mulberries, of blackest, ripest dyes,
And gather'd ere the morning Sun arise.
Aufidius first, most injudicious, quaff'd
Strong wine and honey for his morning draught.
With lenient beverage fill your empty veins,
And smoother mead shall better scour the reins.
Sorrel and white-wine, if you costive prove,
And muscels, all obstructions shall remove.
In the new moon all shell-fish fill with juice,
But not all seas the richer sort produce;
The largest in the Lucrine lake we find,
But the Circæan are of sweeter kind.
Crayfish are best on the Misenian coasts,
And soft Tarentum broadest scollops boasts.
If not exact and elegant of taste,
Let none presume to understand a feast.
'Tis not enough to buy the precious fish,
But know what sauce gives flavour to the dish,
If stew'd or roasted it shall relish best,
And to the table rouse the languid guest.
If the half-tainted flesh of boars you hate,
Let the round dishes bend beneath the weight
Of those with acorns fed; though fat, indeed,
The rest are vapid from the marshy reed.
The vine-fed goat's not always luscious fare;
Wise palates choose the wings of pregnant hare.
None before me so sapient to engage
To tell the various nature, or the age
Of fish and fowl; that secret was my own,
Till my judicious palate quite unknown.
In some new pastry that man's genius lies,
Yet in one art 'tis meanness to be wise.
For should we not be careful, lest our oil,
Though excellent our wine, the fish should spoil?
The sky serene, set out your Massic wine;
In the night air its foulness shall refine,
And lose the scent, unfriendly to the nerves:
Through linen strain'd, no flavour it preserves.
He, who with art would pour a stronger wine
On smooth Falernian lees, should well refine
Th' incorporated mass with pigeons' eggs;
The falling yolk will carry down the dregs.
Stew'd shrimps and Afric cockles shall excite
A jaded drinker's languid appetite;
But lettuce after wine is cold and crude,
Yet ham or sausage is provoking food;
Perhaps he may prefer, with higher zest,
Whatever in a filthy tavern's drest.
Two sorts of sauce are worthy to be known;
Simple the first, and of sweet oil alone:
The other mix'd with rich and generous wine,
And the true pickle of Byzantian brine;
Let it with shredded herbs and saffron boil,
And when it cools, pour in Venefran oil.
Picenian fruits with juicy flavour grow,
But Tibur's with superior beauty glow.
Some grapes have with success in pots been tried:
The Alban better in the smoke are dried;
With them and apples and the lees of wine,
White pepper, common salt, and herring-brine,
I first invented a delicious feast,
And gave a separate plate to every guest.
Monstrous, to spend a fortune on a dish,
Or crowd the table with a load of fish!
It strongly turns the stomach, when a slave
Shall on your cup the greasy tokens leave
Of what rich sauce the luscious caitiff stole;
Or when vile mould incrusts your antique bowl.
Brooms, mats, and saw-dust are so cheaply bought,
That not to have them is a shameless fault.
What! sweep with dirty broom a floor inlaid,
Or on foul couches Tyrian carpets spread?

HORACE.

Catius, by friendship, by the powers divine,
Take me to hear this learned sage of thine;
For though his rules you faithfully express,
This mere repeating makes the pleasure less.
Besides, what joy to view his air and mien!
Trifles to you, because full often seen.
Nor mean that ardour, which my breast inflames,
To visit wisdom's even remoter streams,
And by your learned, friendly guidance led,
Quaff the pure precept at the fountain-head.

SATIRE V.

ULYSSES. TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

BESIDES the precepts, which you gave before,
Resolve this question, and I ask no more:

Say by what arts and methods I may straight
Repair the ruins of a lost estate.
How now, Tiresias? whence those leering smiles?

TIRESIAS.

Already vers'd in double-dealing wiles,
Are you not satisfied to reach again
Your native land, and view your dear demesne?

ULYSSES.

How poor and naked I return, behold,
Unerring prophet, as you first foretold.
The wooing tribe, in revellings employ'd,
My stores have lavish'd, and my herds destroy'd:
But high descent and meritorious deeds,
Unblest with wealth, are viler than sea-weeds.

TIRESIAS.

Since, to be brief, you shudder at the thought
Of want, attend, how riches may be caught.
Suppose a thrush, or any dainty thing,
Be sent to you, dispatch it on the wing
To some rich dotard. What your garden yields,
The choicest honours of your cultur'd fields,
To him be sacrific'd, and let him taste,
Before your gods, the vegetable feast.
Though he be perjur'd, though a low-born knave,
Stain'd with fraternal blood, a fugitive slave,
Yet wait upon him at his least command,
And always bid him take the upper-hand.

ULYSSES.

What! shall Ulysses then obey the call
Of such a wretch, and give a slave the wall?
Not thus at Troy I prov'd my lofty mind,
Contending ever with the nobler kind.

TIRESIAS.

Then poverty's your fate.

ULYSSES.

And be it so.
Let me with soul undaunted undergo
This loathsome evil, since my valiant heart
In greater perils bore a manly part.
But instant tell me, prophet, how to scrape
Returning wealth, and pile the splendid heap.

TIRESIAS.

I told, and tell you: you may safely catch
The wills of dotards, if you wisely watch;
And though one hunks or two perceive the cheat,
Avoid the hook, or nibble off the bait,
Lay not aside your golden hope of prey,
Or drop your art, though baffled in your play.
Should either great or less important suit
n court become the matter of dispute,
Espouse the man of prosperous affairs,
Pregnant with wealth, if indigent in heirs;
Though he should bamper with a wicked cause
The juster party, and insult the laws.
Despise the citizen of better life,
If clogg'd with children, or a fruitful wife.
Accost him thus (for he with rapture hears
A title tingling in his tender ears):
"Quintus, or Publius, on my faith depend,
Your own deserts have render'd me your friend:
I know the mazy doubles of the laws,
Untie their knots, and plead with vast applause.
Had you a nut, the villain might as well
Pluck out my eyes, as rob you of the shell.
This is the business of my life profest,
That you lose nothing, or become a jest."
Bid him go home, of his sweet self take care;
Conduct his cause, proceed, and persevere,
Should the red dog-star infant statues split,
Or fat-paunch'd Furius in poetic fit
Bombastic howl, and, while the tempest blows,
Bespawl the wintry Alps with hoary snows.
Some person then, who happens to be nigh,
Shall pull your client by the sleeve, and cry,
"See with what patience he pursues your ends!
Was ever man so active for his friends?"
Thus gudgeons daily shall swim in apace,
And stock your fish-ponds with a fresh increase.
This lesson also well deserves your care:
If any man should have a sickly heir,
And large estate, lest you yourself betray
By making none but bachelors your prey,
With weening ease the pleasing bane instil,
In hopes to stand the second in his will;
Then if the boy, by some disaster hurl'd,
Should take his journey to the nether world,
Your name in full reversion may supply
The void; for seldom fails this lucky die.
If any one desires you to peruse
His will, be sure you modestly refuse,
And push it from you: but obliquely read
The second clause, and quick run o'er the deed,
Observing, whether, to reward your toil,
You claim the whole, or must divide the spoil.
A season'd scrivener, bred in office low,
Full often dupes and mocks the gaping crow.
Thus foil'd Nasica shall become the sport
Of old Coranus, while he pays his court.

ULYSSES.

What! are you mad, or purpos'd to propose
Obscure predictions, to deride my woes?

TIRESIAS.

O son of great Laertes, every thing
Shall come to pass, or never, as I sing;
For Phœbus, monarch of the tuneful Nine,
Informs my soul, and gives me to divine.

ULYSSES.

But, good Tiresias, if you please, reveal
What means the sequel of that *mystic tale.*

TIRESIAS.

What time a youth, who shall sublimely trace
From fam'd Æneas his heroic race,
The Parthian's dread, triumphant shall maintain
His boundless empire over land and main:
Nasica, loth to reimburse his coin,
His blooming daughter shall discreetly join
To stout Coranus, who shall slily smoke
The harpy's aim, and turn it to a joke.
The son-in-law shall gravely give the sire
His witness'd will, and presently desire
That he would read it: coyly he complies,
And silent cons it with attentive eyes,
But finds, alas! to him and his forlorn
No legacy bequeath'd—except to mourn.
Add to these precepts, if a crafty lass,
Or freed-man, manage a delirious ass,
Be their ally; their faith applaud, that you,
When absent, may receive as much in lieu;
'Tis good to take these outworks to his pelf,
But best to storm the citadel itself.

Writes he vile verses in a frantic vein?
Augment his madness, and approve the strain:
Prevent his asking, if he loves a wench,
And let your wife his nobler passion quench.

ULYSSES.

Can you suppose, a dame so chaste, so pure,
Could e'er be tempted to the guilty lure,
Whom all the suitors amorously strove,
In vain, to stagger in her plighted love?

TIRESIAS.

The youth too sparing of their presents came;
They lov'd the banquet, rather than the dame;
And thus your prudent, honourable spouse,
It seems, was faithful to her nuptial vows.
But had she once indulg'd the dotard's glee,
Smack'd her old cull, and shar'd the spoil with thee,
She never after could be terrified,
Sagacious beagle, from the reeking hide.
I'll tell a tale, well worthy to be told,
A fact that happen'd, and I then was old:
An hag at Thebes, a wicked one no doubt,
Was thus, according to her will, lugg'd out,
Still to the pile. Upon his naked back
Her heir sustain'd the well anointed pack.
She, likely, took this crotchet in her head,
That she might slip, if possible, when dead,
From him, who, trudging through a filthy road,
Had stuck too closely to the living load.
Be cautious therefore, and advance with art,
Nor sink beneath, nor over act your part.
A noisy fellow must of course offend
The surly temper of a sullen friend:
Yet be not mute—like Davus in the play
With head inclin'd, his awful nod obey,
Creep into favour: if a ruder gale
Assault his face, admonish him to veil
His precious pate. Oppose your shoulders, proud
To disengage him from the bustling crowd.
If he loves prating, hang an ear: should lust
Of empty glory be the blockhead's gust,
Indulge his eager appetite, and puff
The growing bladder with inspiring stuff,
Till he, with hands uplifted to the skies,
Enough! enough! in glutted rapture cries.
When he shall free you from your servile fear,
And tedious toil; when broad awake, you hear:
"To good Ulysses, my right trusty slave,
A fourth division of my lands I leave:"
"Is then" (as void of consolation, roar)
"My dearest friend, my Dama now no more?
Where shall I find another man so just,
Firm in his love, and faithful to his trust?"
Squeeze out some tears: 'tis fit in such a case
To cloak your joys beneath a mournful face.
Though left to your discretionary care,
Erect a tomb magnificently fair,
And let your neighbours, to proclaim abroad
Your fame, the pompous funeral applaud.
If any vassal of the will-compeers,
With asthma gasping, and advanc'd in years,
Should be dispos'd to purchase house or land,
Tell him that he may readily command
Whatever may to your proportion come,
And for the value, let him name the sum—
But I am summon'd by the queen of Hell
Back to the shades. Live artful, and farewell.

SATIRE VI.

I often wish'd I had a farm,
A decent dwelling snug and warm,
A garden, and a spring as pure
As crystal running by my door,
Besides a little ancient grove,
Where at my leisure I might rove.
The gracious gods, to crown my bliss,
Have granted this, and more than this;
I have enough in my possessing;
'Tis well: I ask no greater blessing,
O Hermes! than remote from strife
To have and hold them for my life.
If I was never known to raise
My fortune by dishonest ways,
Nor, like the spendthrifts of the times,
Shall ever sink it by my crimes:
If thus I neither pray nor ponder—
Oh! might I have that angle yonder,
Which disproportions now my field,
What satisfaction it would yield!
O that some lucky chance but threw
A pot of silver in my view,
As lately to the man, who bought
The very land in which he wrought!
If I am pleas'd with my condition,
O hear, and grant this last petition:
Indulgent, let my cattle batten,
Let all things, but my fancy, fatten,
And thou continue still to guard,
As thou art wont, thy suppliant bard.
Whenever therefore I retreat
From Rome into my Sabine seat,
By mountains fenc'd on either side,
And in my castle fortified,
What can I write with greater pleasure,
Than satires in familiar measure?
Nor mad ambition there destroys,
Nor sickly wind my health annoys;
Nor noxious autumn gives me pain,
The ruthless undertaker's gain.
Whatever title please thine ear,
Father of morning, Janus, hear,
Since mortal men, by Heaven's decree,
Commence their toils, imploring thee,
Director of the busy throng,
Be thou the prelude of my song.
At Rome, you press me: "Without fail
A friend expects you for his bail;
Be nimble to perform your part,
Lest any rival get the start.
Though rapid Boreas sweep the ground,
Or winter in a narrower round
Contract the day, through storm and snow,
At all adventures you must go."
When bound beyond equivocation,
Or any mental reservation,
By all the ties of legal traps,
And to my ruin, too, perhaps,
I still must bustle through the crowd,
And press the tardy; when aloud
A foul-mouth'd fellow reimburses
This usage with a peal of curses,
"What madness hath possess'd thy pate
To justle folk at such a rate,
When puffing through the streets you scour
To meet Mæcenas at an hour?"
This pleases me, to tell the truth,
And is as honey to my tooth.

Yet when I reach th' Esquilian Hill
(That deathful scene, and gloomy still)
A thousand busy cares surround me,
Distract my senses, and confound me.
"Roscius entreated you to meet
At court to-morrow before eight—
The secretaries have implor'd
Your presence at their council-board—
Pray, take this patent, and prevail
Upon your friend to fix the seal—"
"Sir, I shall try"—replies the man,
More urgent: "If you please you can—"
'Tis more than seven years complete,
It hardly wants a month of eight,
Since great Mæcenas' favour grac'd me,
Since first among his friends he plac'd me,
Sometimes to carry in his chair,
A mile or two, to take the air,
And might entrust with idle chat,
Discoursing upon this or that,
As in a free familiar way,
"How, tell me, Horace, goes the day?
Think you the Thracian can engage
The Syrian Hector of the stage?
This morning air is very bad
For folks who are but thinly clad."
Our conversation chiefly dwells
On these, and such like bagatelles.
As might the veriest prattler hear,
Or be repos'd in leaky ear.
Yet every day, and every hour,
I'm more enslav'd to envy's power.
"Our son of fortune (with a pox)
Sate with Mæcenas in the box,
Just by the stage: you might remark,
They play'd together in the park."
Should any rumour, without head
Or tail, about the streets be spread,
Whoever meets me gravely nods,
And says, "As you approach the gods,
It is no mystery to you,
What do the Dacians mean to do?"
"Indeed I know not"—"How you joke,
And love to sneer at simple folk!"
"Then vengeance seize this head of mine,
If I have heard or can divine—"
"Yet, prithee, where are Cæsar's bands
Allotted their debenture-lands?"
Although I swear I know no more
Of that than what they ask'd before,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus, in this giddy, busy maze
I lose the sun-shine of my days,
And oft with fervent wish repeat—
"When shall I see my sweet retreat?
Oh! when with books of sages deep,
Sequester'd ease, and gentle sleep,
In sweet oblivion, blissful balm!
The busy cares of life becalm?
Oh! when shall I enrich my veins,
Spite of Pythagoras, with beans?
Or live luxurious in my cottage,
On bacon ham and savoury pottage?
O joyous nights! delicious feasts!
At which the gods might be my guests."
My friends and I regal'd, my slaves
Enjoy what their rich master leaves.
There every guest may drink and fill,
As much, or little, as he will,
Exempted from the bedlam-rules
Of roaring prodigals and fools:
Whether, in merry mood or whim,
He fills his bumper to the brim,
Or better pleas'd to let it pass,
Grows mellow with a moderate glass.
Nor this man's house, nor that's estate,
Becomes the subject of debate;
Nor whether Lepos, the buffoon,
Can dance, or not, a rigadoon;
But what concerns us more, I trow,
And were a scandal not to know;
Whether our bliss consist in store
Of riches, or in virtue's lore:
Whether esteem, or private ends,
Should guide us in the choice of friends:
Or what, if rightly understood,
Man's real bliss, and sovereign good.
While thus we spend the social night,
Still mixing profit with delight,
My neighbour Cervius never fails
To club his part in pithy tales:
Suppose, Arellius, one should praise
Your anxious opulence: he says—
A country mouse, as authors tell,
Of old invited to his cell
A city mouse, and with his best
Would entertain the courtly guest.
Thrifty he was, and full of cares
To make the most of his affairs,
Yet in the midst of his frugality
Would give a loose to hospitality.
In short, he goes, and freely fetches
Whole ears of hoarded oats, and vetches;
Dry grapes and raisins cross his chaps,
And dainty bacon, but in scraps,
If delicacies could invite
My squeamish courtier's appetite,
Who turn'd his nose at every dish,
And saucy piddled, with a—pish!
The master of the house, reclin'd
On downy chaff, more temperate din'd
On wheat, and darnel from a manger,
And left the dainties for the stranger.
The cit, displeas'd at his repast,
Address'd our simple host at last:
"My friend, what pleasure can you find,
To live this mountain's back behind?
Would you prefer the town and men,
To this wild wood, and dreary den,
No longer, moping, loiter here,
But go with me to better cheer.
"Since animals but draw their breath,
And have no being after death:
Since nor the little, nor the great,
Can shun the rigour of their fate;
At least be merry while you may,
The life of mice is but a day:
Come then, my friend, to pleasure give
The little life you have to live."
Encourag'd thus, the country mouse,
Transported, sallies from his house:
They both set out, in hopes to crawl
At night beneath the city wall;
And now the night, elaps'd eleven,
Possess'd the middle space of Heaven,
When in a rich and splendid dome
They stopp'd, and found themselves at home,
Where ivory couches, overspread
With Tyrian carpets, glowing, fed

The dazzled eye. To lure the taste,
The fragments of a costly feast,
Remaining, drest but yesterday;
In baskets, pil'd on baskets, lay.
The courtier on a purple seat
Had plac'd his rustic friend in state,
Then bustled, like a busy host,
Supplying dishes boil'd and roast;
Nor yet omits the courtier's duty
Of tasting, ere he brings the booty.
The country-mouse, with rapture strange,
Rejoices in his fair exchange,
And lolling, like an easy guest,
Enjoys the cheer, and cracks his jest—
When, on a sudden, opening gates,
Loud-jarring, shook them from their seats.
They ran, affrighted, through the room,
And, apprehensive of their doom,
Now trembled more and more; when, hark!
The mastiff-dogs began to bark;
The dottie, to raise the tumult more,
Resounded to the surly roar.
The bumkin then concludes, "Adieu!
This life, perhaps, agrees with you:
My grove, and cave, secure from snares,
Shall comfort me with chaff and tares."

SATIRE VII.

DAVUS. HORACE.

DAVUS.

I'll hear no more, and with impatience burn,
Slave as I am, to answer in my turn;
And yet I fear—

HORACE.

What! Davus, is it you?

DAVUS.

Yes. Davus, sir, the faithful and the true:
With wit enough no sudden death to fear—

HORACE.

Well. Since this jovial season of the year
Permits it, and our ancestors ordain,
No more thy dear impetinence restrain.

DAVUS.

Among mankind, while some with steady view
One constant course of darling vice pursue,
Most others float along the changing tide,
And now to virtue, now to vice they glide.
Lo! from three rings how Priscus plays the light;
Now shows his naked hand—the various wight
With every hour a different habit wears:
Now in a palace haughtily appears,
Then hides him in some vile and filthy place,
Where a clean slave would blush to show his face:
Now rakes at Rome, and now to Athens flies;
Intensely studies with the learn'd and wise.
Sure all the gods, who rule this varying Earth,
In deep despite presided at his birth.
Old Volanerius, once that man of joke,
When the just gout his crippled fingers broke,
Maintain'd a slave to gather up the dice,
So constant was he to his darling vice.
Yet less a wretch than he who now maintains
A steady course, now drives with looser reins.

HORACE.

Tell me, thou tedious varlet, whither tends
This putrid stuff?

DAVUS.

At you direct it bends.

HORACE.

At me, you scoundrel?

DAVUS.

When with lavish praise
You vaunt the happiness of ancient days,
Suppose some god should take you at your word,
Would you not scorn the blessing you implor'd?
Whether not yet convinc'd as you pretend,
Or weak the cause of virtue to defend;
While sinking in the mire you strive, in vain,
Too deeply plung'd, to free your foot again.
When you're at Rome, the country has your sighs;
A rustic grown, you vaunt into the skies
The absent town. Perchance, if uninvited
To sup abroad, oh! then you're so delighted
With your own homely meal, that one would think
That he, who next engages you to drink,
Must tie you neck and heels; you seem so blest,
When with no bumper-invitation prest.
But should Mæcenas bid his poet wait,
(Great folks, like him, can never sup till late)
Sputtering with idle rage the house you rend,
"Where is my essence? Rogues, what, none attend?"
While the buffoons, you promis'd to have treated,
Sneak off with curses—not to be repeated.
Fond of my guts, too fond, perhaps, I seem;
I throw my nose up to a savoury steam:
Or folks may call me careless, idle sot,
Or say I pledge too oft the other pot:
But shall the man of deeper vice, like you,
With malice unprovok'd my faults pursue,
Because with specious phrase, and terms of art,
You clothe, forsooth, the vices of your heart?
What if a greater fool your worship's found,
Than the poor slave you bought for twenty pound?
Think not to fright me with that threatening air;
Nay, keep your temper, sir, your fingers spare,
While I the maxims, sage and wise, repeat,
Taught me by Crispin's porter at his gate.
You tempt your neighbour's wife; an humble harlot
Contents poor Davus—who's the greater varlet?
When nature fires my veins, I quench the flame,
And leave the fair-one with uninjur'd fame,
Nor shall one jealous care disturb my breast,
By whom the wanton shall be next possest.
When you throw off those ensigns of your pride,
Your ring, your judge's robe, and basely hide,
Beneath a slave's vile cap, your essenc'd hair,
Say, are you not the wretch whose clothes you wear?
Then where's the difference, whether you engage
Through scourges, wounds and death, to mount the stage,
Or by the conscious chamber-maid are prest
Quite double, neck and heels, into a chest?
The husband's vengeance o'er the wife extends,
But yet his juster wrath on you descends:
For she ne'er strolls abroad in vile disguise,
And, when her lewder wishes highest rise,
She dares but half indulge the sin; afraid,
Even by the man she loves, to be betray'd.

You take the yoke, and to the husband's rage
Your fortune, person, life, and fame engage.
Have you escap'd? Methinks, your future care
Might wisely teach you to avoid the snare.
No; you with ardour to the danger run,
And dare a second time to be undone.
Repeated slave! what beast, that breaks his chain,
In love with bondage would return again?
But you, it seems, ne'er touch the wedded dame—
Then, by the son of Jove, I here disclaim
The name of thief, when, though with backward eye,
I wisely pass the silver goblet by.
But take the danger and the shame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey,
Spurning the reins. But say, shall you pretend
O'er me to lord it, who can vilely bend
To each proud master; to each changing hour
A very slave? Not even the prætor's power,
With thrice-repeated rites, thy fears control,
Or vindicate the freedom of thy soul.
But as the slave, who lords it o'er the rest,
Is still a slave, a master-slave at best,
So art thou, insolent, by me obey'd;
Thou thing of wood and wires, by others play'd.

HORACE.

Who then is free?

DAVUS.

The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself; whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself, who on himself relies;
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.
What is there here, that you can justly claim,
Or call your own? When an imperious dame
Demands her price, with insults vile pursues thee;
Driven out of doors with water well bedews thee,
Then calls you back; for shame, shake off her chain,
And boldly tell her you are free—In vain;
A tyrant-lord thy better will restrains,
And spurs thee hard, and breaks thee to his reins.
If some fam'd piece the painter's art displays,
Transfixt you stand, with admiration gaze;
But is your worship's folly less than mine,
When I with wonder view some rude design
In crayons or in charcoal, to invite
The crowd, to see the gladiators fight?
Methinks, in very deed they mount the stage,
And seem in real combat to engage:
Now in strong attitude they dreadful bend;
Wounded they wound; they parry and defend:
Yet Davus is with rogue and rascal grac'd,
But you're a critic, and a man of taste.
I am, forsooth, a good-for-nothing knave,
When by a smoking pasty made a slave:
In you it shows a soul ereet and great,
If you refuse even one luxurious treat.
Why may not I, like you, my guts obey?—
"My shoulders for the dear indulgence pay."
But should not you with heavier stripes be taught,
Who search for luxuries; how dearly bought!
For soon this endless, this repeated feast,
Its relish lost, shall pall upon the taste;
Then shall your trembling limbs refuse the weight
Of a vile carcass with disease replete.
How seldom from the lash a slave escapes,
Who trucks some trifle, that he stole, for grapes
And shall we not the servile glutton rate,
To please his throat who sells a good estate?
You cannot spend one vacant hour alone;
You cannot make that vacant hour your own.
A self-deserter from yourself you stray,
And now with wine, and now with sleep, allay
Your cares: in vain; companions black as night,
Thy pressing cares, arrest thee in thy flight.

HORACE.

Is there no stone?

DAVUS.

At whom, good sir, to throw it?

HORACE.

Have I no dart?

DAVUS.

What mischief ails our poet?
He's mad, or making verses.

HORACE.

Hence, you knave,
Or to my farm I'll send you, the ninth slave.

SATIRE VIII.

HORACE. FUNDANIUS.

HORACE.

They told me, that you spent the jovial night
With Nasidienus, that same happy wight,
From early day, or you had been my guest;
But, prithee, tell me how you lik'd your feast.

FUNDANIUS.

Sure never better.

HORACE.

Tell me, if you please,
How did you first your appetite appease.

FUNDANIUS.

First a Lucanian boar, of tender kind,
Caught, says our host, in a soft, southern wind,
Around him lay whatever could excite,
With pungent force, the jaded appetite;
Rapes, lettuce, radishes, anchovy-brine,
With skerrets, and the lees of Coan wine.
This dish remov'd, a slave expert and able
With purple napkin wip'd a maple table.
Another sweeps the fragments of the feast,
That nothing useless might offend the guest.
At Ceres' feast as Attic virgin walks
Solemn and slow, so black Hydaspes stalks
With right Cæcubian, and the wines of Greece—
Of foreign growth, that never cross'd the seas.
If Alban and Falernian please you more,
So says our host, you may have both good store;
Poor wealth indeed—

HORACE.

But tell me, who were there,
Thus happy to enjoy such luscious fare?

FUNDANIUS.

On the first bed Thurinus lay between
Varius and me, if haply right I ween;

Servilius and Vibidius both were there,
Brought by Mæcenas, and with him they share
The middle bed. Our master of the feast
On the third couch, in seat of honour plac'd,
Porcius betwixt and Nomentanus lies;
Porcius, who archly swallows custard pies.
Whate'er of curious relish lay unknown
Is by Nomentane with his finger shown;
For we, poor folk, unknowing of our feast,
Eat fish and wild fowl—of no common taste.
But he, to prove how luscious was the treat,
With a broil'd flounder's entrails crowds my plate,
Then tells me, apples are more ruddy bright,
If gather'd by fair Luna's waning light.
He best can tell you where the difference lies.—
But here Servilius to Vibidius cries,
"Sure to be poison'd, unreveng'd we die,
Unless we drink the wretched miser dry.
Slave, give us larger glasses."—Struck with dread,
A fearful pale our landlord's face o'erspread;
Great were his terrours of such drinking folk,
Whether with too much bitterness they joke,
Or that hot wines, dishonouring his feast,
Deafen the subtle judgment of the taste.
When our two champions had their facers crown'd,
We did them justice, and the glass went round;
His parasites alone his anger fear'd,
And the full flask unwillingly they spar'd.
In a large dish an outstretch'd lamprey lies,
With shrimps all floating round: the master cries,
"This fish, Mæcenas, big with spawn was caught,
For after spawning-time its flesh is naught.
The sauce is mix'd with olive-oil; the best,
And purest from the vats Venafran prest,
And, as it boil'd, we pour'd in Spanish brine,
Nor less than five-year-old Italian wine.
A little Chian's better when 'tis boil'd,
By any other it is often spoil'd.
Then was white pepper o'er it gently pour'd,
And vinegar of Lesbian vintage sour'd.
First among the men of sapience knew
Beguiets and herbs in cockle-brine to stew,
Enough in the same rich pickle, 'tis confest,
To parboil'd cray-fish sage Curtillus dress'd."
Meanwhile the canopy, that o'er us spreads,
Shook, in hideous ruin, on our heads,
And dust, now black! not such the clouds arise
When o'er the plain a northern tempest flies.
Some horrours, yet more horrible, we dread,
But raise us, when we found the danger fled.
Poor Rufus droop'd his head, and sadly cried,
As if his only son untimely died.
Sure he had wept, till weeping ne'er had end,
But wise Nomentane thus up-rais'd his friend:
"Fortune, thou cruellest of powers divine,
To joke poor mortals is a joke of thine."
While Varius with a napkin scarce suppress'd
His laughter, Balatro, who loves a jest,
Cries, "Such the lot of life; nor must you claim,
For all your toils, a fair return of fame,
While you are tortur'd thus, and torn with pain,
A guest like me, polite, to entertain
With bread well bak'd, with sauces season'd right,
And all your slaves most elegantly dight,
Down falls the canopy, a trick of fate,
Or a groom-footman stumbling breaks a plate.
Good fortune hides, adversity calls forth,
A landlord's genius, and a general's worth."
To this mine host: "Thou ever-gentle guest,
May all thy wishes by the gods be blest,
Thou best good man"—But when we saw him rise,
From bed to bed the spreading whisper flies.

HORACE.

Sure, never play so fine. But, prithee, say,
How afterwards you laugh'd the time away.

FUNDANIUS.

Slaves, cries Vibidius, have you broke the cask?
How often must I call for t'other flask?
With some pretended joke our laugh was drest,
Servilius ever seconding the jest,
When you, great host, return with alter'd face,
As if to mend with art your late disgrace.
The slaves behind in mighty charger bore
A crane in pieces torn, and powder'd o'er
With salt and flour; and a white gander's liver,
Stuff'd fat with figs, bespoke the curious giver;
Besides the wings of hares, for so it seems,
No man of luxury the back esteems.
Then saw we black-birds with o'er-roasted breast,
Laid on the board, and ringdoves rumpless drest!
Delicious fare! did not our host explain
Their various qualities in endless strain,
Their various natures: but we fled the feast,
Resolv'd in vengeance nothing more to taste,
As if Canidia, with empoison'd breath,
Worse than a serpent's, blasted it with death.

EPISTLES,

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

O THOU, to whom the Muse first tun'd her lyre,
Whose friendship shall her latest song inspire,
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would you thus engage
Your bard, dismist with honour from the stage,
Again to venture in the lists of fame,
His youth, his genius, now no more the same?
Secure in his retreat Vejanius lies,
Hangs up his arms, nor courts the doubtful prize:
Wisely resolv'd to tempt his fate no more,
Or the light crowd for his discharge implore.
The voice of reason cries with piercing force,
Loose from the rapid car your aged horse,
Lest in the race derided, left behind,
Jaded he drag his limbs, and burst his wind.
Then here farewell th' amusements of my youth;
Farewell to verses; for the search of truth
And moral decency hath fill'd my breast,
Hath every thought and faculty possest,
And I now form my philosophic lore,
For all my future life a treasur'd store.
You ask, perhaps, what sect, what chief own;
I'm of all sects, but blindly sworn to none;
For as the tempest drives I shape my way,
Now active plunge into the world's wide sea:
Now virtue's precepts rigidly defend,
Nor to the world—the world to me shall bend;
Then make some looser moralist my guide,
And to a school less rigid smoothly glide,

As night seems tedious to th' expecting youth,
Whose fair-one breaks her assignation-truth;
As to a slave appears the lengthen'd day,
Who owes his task—for he receiv'd his pay;
As, when the guardian-mother's too severe,
Impatient minors waste their last, long year;
So sadly slow the time ungrateful flows,
Which breaks th' important systems I propose;
Systems, whose useful precepts might engage
Both rich and poor; both infancy and age:
But meaner precepts now my life must rule,
These, the first rudiments of wisdom's school.
You cannot hope for Lynceus' piercing eyes:
But will you then a strengthening salve despise?
You wish for matchless Glycon's limbs, in vain,
Yet why not cure the gout's decrepit pain;
Though of exact perfection you despair,
Yet every step to virtue 's worth your care,
Even while you fear to use your present store,
Yet glows your bosom with a lust of more?
The power of words and soothing sounds can ease
The raging pain, and lessen the disease.
Is fame your passion? Wisdom's powerful charm,
If thrice read over, shall its force disarm.
The slave to envy, anger, wine, or love,
The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove:
Fierceness itself shall hear its rage away,
When listening calmly to th' instructive lay,
Even in our flight from vice some virtue lies;
And free from folly, we to wisdom rise.
A little fortune, and the foul disgrace
To urge in vain your interest for a place;
These are the ills you shun with deepest dread;
With how much labour both of heart and head?
That worst of evils, poverty, to shun,
Dauntless through seas, and rocks, and fires you run
To furthest Ind, yet heedless to attend
To the calm lectures of some wiser friend,
Who bids you scorn what now you most desire,
And with an ideot's ignorance admire.
What strolling gladiator would engage
For vile applause to mount a country-stage,
Who at th' Olympic games could gain renown,
And without danger bear away the crown?
Silver to gold, we own, should yield the prize,
And gold to virtue; louder Folly cries,
"Ye sons of Rome, let money first be sought;
Virtue is only worth a second thought."
This maxim echoes through the bankers' street,
While young and old the pleasing strain repeat:
For though you boast a larger fund of sense,
Untainted morals, honour, eloquence,
Yet want a little of the sum that buys
The titled honour, and you ne'er shall rise;
Yet if you want the qualifying right
Of such a fortune to be made a knight,
You're a plebeian still. Yet children sing,
Amid their sports, "Do right, and be a king."
Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence,
Still to preserve thy conscious innocence,
Nor e'er turn pale with guilt. But, prithee, tell,
Shall Otho's law the children's song excel?
The sons of ancient Rome first sung the strain,
That bids the wise, the brave, the virtuous reign.
My friend, get money; get a large estate,
By honest means; but get, at any rate,
That you with knights and senators may sit,
And view the weeping scenes that Pupius writ.
But is he not a friend of nobler kind,
Who wisely fashions and informs thy mind,
To answer, with a soul erect and brave,
To Fortune's pride, and scorn to be her slave?
But should the people ask me, while I choose
The public converse, wherefore I refuse
To join the public judgment, and approve,
Or fly whatever they dislike, or love;
Mine be the answer prudent Reynard made
To the sick lion—"Truly I'm afraid,
When I behold the steps, that to thy den
Look forward all, but none return again."
But what a many-headed beast is Rome!
For what opinion shall I choose, or whom?
Some joy the public revenues to farm;
By presents some our greedy widows charm;
Others their nets for dying dotards lay,
And make the childless bachelor their prey;
By dark extortion some their fortunes raise:
Thus every man some different passion sways;
For where is lie, who can with steady view
Even for an hour his favourite scheme pursue?
If a rich lord, in wanton rapture, cries,
"What place on Earth with charming Baiæ vies!"
Soon the broad lake and spreading sea shall prove
Th' impatient whims of his impetuous love;
But if his fancy point some other way,
(Which like a sign from Heaven he must obey)
Instant, ye builders, to Teanum haste,
An inland country is his lordship's taste.
Knows he the genial bed, and fruitful wife?
"Oh! then the bliss of an unmarried life!"
Is he a bachelor? the only blest,
He swears, are of the bridal joy possest.
Say, while he changes this, what chains can bind
These various forms; this Proteus of the mind?
But now to lower objects turn your eyes,
And lo! what scenes of ridicule arise!
The poor, in mimicry of heart, presumes
To change his barbers, baths, and beds, and rooms;
And, since the rich in their own barges ride,
He hires a boat, and pokes in mimic pride.
If some unlucky barber notch my hair,
Or if my robes of different length I wear;
If my new vest a tatter'd shirt confess,
You laugh to see such quarrels in my dress:
But if my judgment, with itself at strife,
Should contradict my general course of life;
Should now despise what it with warmth pursu'd,
And earnest wish for what with scorn it view'd;
Float like the tide; now high the building raise;
Now pull it down; nor round nor square can please;
You call it madness of the usual kind,
Nor laugh, nor think trustees should be assign'd
To manage my estate; nor seem afraid,
That I shall want the kind physician's aid.
While yet, my great protector and my friend,
On whom my fortune and my hopes depend,
An ill-par'd nail you with resentment see
In one, who loves and honours you like me.
In short, the wise is only less than Jove,
Rich, free, and handsome; nay a king above
All earthly kings; with health supremely blest—
Except when driveling phlegm disturbs his rest.

EPISTLE II.

TO LOLLIUS.

While you, my Lollius, on some chosen theme
With youthful eloquence at Rome declaim,

I read the Grecian poet o'er again,
Whose works the beautiful and base contain;
Of vice and virtue more instructive rules,
Than all the sober sages of the schools.
Why thus I think, if not engag'd, attend,
And, Lollius, hear the reasons of your friend,
The well-wrought fable, that sublimely shows
The loves of Paris, and the lengthen'd woes
Of Greece in arms, presents, as on a stage,
The giddy tumults and the foolish rage
Of kings and people. Hear Antenor's scheme;
"Cut off the cause of war; restore the dame:"
But Paris treats this counsel with disdain,
Nor will be forc'd in happiness to reign:
While hoary Nestor, by experience wise,
To reconcile the angry monarchs tries.
His injur'd love the son of Peleus fires,
And equal passion, equal rage inspires
The breasts of both. When doting monarchs urge
Unsound resolves, their subjects feel the scourge.
Trojans and Greeks, seditious, base, unjust,
Offend alike in violence and lust.
To show what wisdom and what sense can do,
The poet sets Ulysses in our view,
Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious ken
Saw various towns and polities of men:
While for himself, and for his native train,
He seeks a passage through the boundless main,
In perils plung'd, the patient hero braves
His adverse fate, and buoys above the waves.
You know the Sirens' songs, and Circe's draught,
Which had he, senseless and intemperate, quaff'd,
With his companions, he, like them, had been
The brutal vassal of an harlot queen;
Had liv'd a dog, debas'd to vile desire,
Or loathsome swine, and grovell'd in the mire.
But we, mere numbers in the book of life,
Like those who boldly woo'd our hero's wife,
Born to consume the fruits of earth; in truth,
As vain and idle as Phæacia's youth;
Mere outside all, to fill the mighty void
Of life, in dress and equipage employ'd,
Who sleep till mid-day, and with melting airs
Of empty music sooth away our cares.
Rogues nightly rise to murder men for pelf,
Will you not rouse you to preserve yourself?
But though in health you doze away your days,
You run, when puff'd with dropsical disease,
Unless you light your early lamp, to find
A moral book; unless you form your mind
To nobler studies, you shall forfeit rest,
And love or envy shall distract your breast,
For the hurt eye an instant cure you find;
Then why neglect, for years, the sickening mind?
Dare to be wise; begin; for, once begun,
Your task is easy; half the work is done:
And sure the man, who has it in his power
To practise virtue, and protracts the hour,
Waits, like the rustic, till the river dried:
Still glides the river, and will ever glide.
For wealth, and wives of fruitfulness we toil;
We stub the forest, and reclaim the soil.
Blest with a competence, why wish for more?
Nor house, nor lands, nor heaps of labour'd ore
Can give their feverish lord one moment's rest,
Or drive one sorrow from his anxious breast;
The fond possessor must be blest with health,
Who rightly means to use his hoarded wealth.
Houses and riches gratify the breast
For lucre lusting, or with fear deprest,
As pictures, glowing with a vivid light,
With painful pleasure charm a blemish'd sight:
As chating sooths the gout, or music cheers
The tingling organs of imposthum'd ears.
Your wine grows acid when the cask is foul:
Learn the strong sense of pleasure to control;
With virtuous pride its blandishments disdain;
Hurtful is pleasure, when it's bought with pain.
He wants for ever, who would more acquire;
Set certain limits to your wild desire.
The man, who envies, must behold with pain
Another's joys, and sicken at his gain:
Nor could Sicilia's tyrants ever find
A greater torment than an envious mind.
The man, unable to control his ire,
Shall wish undone what hate and wrath inspire:
To sate his rage precipitate he flies,
Yet in his breast his rage unsated lies.
Anger's a shorter madness of the mind;
Subdue the tyrant, and in fetters bind.
The docile colt is form'd with gentle skill
To move obedient to his rider's will.
In the loud hall the hound is taught to bay
The buck-skin trail'd, then challenges his prey
Through the wild woods. Thus, in your hour of youth,
From pure instruction quaff the words of truth.
The odours of the wine, that first shall stain
The virgin vessel, it shall long retain.
Whether you prove a lagger in the race,
Or with a vigorous ardour urge your pace,
I shall maintain my usual rate; no more;
Nor wait for those behind, nor press on those before.

EPISTLE III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

Florus, I long to know where Claudius leads
The distant rage of war; whether he spreads
His conquering banners o'er the Thracian plains,
Or near the Hebor, bound in snowy chains.
Or does the Hellespont's high-tower'd sea,
Or Asia's fertile soil, his course delay?
What works of genius do the youth prepare,
Who guard his sacred person? Who shall dare
To sing great Cæsar's wars, immortal theme!
And give his peaceful honours down to fame?
How fares my Titius? Say, when he intends
To publish? Does he not forget his friends?
He, who disdains the springs of common fame,
And dauntless quaffs the deep Pindaric stream.
But will the Muse her favourite bard inspire,
To tune to Theban sounds the Roman lyre?
Or with the transports of theatric rage,
And its sonorous language, shake the stage?
Let Celsus be admonish'd, o'er and o'er,
To search the treasures of his native store,
Nor touch what Phœbus consecrates to Fame;
Lest, when the birds their various plumage claim,
Stript of his stolen pride, the crow forlorn
Should stand the laughter of the public scorn.
What do you dare, who float with active wing
Around the thymy fragrance of the spring?
Not yours the genius of a lowly strain,
Nor of uncultur'd or unpolish'd vein.
Whether you plead with eloquence his cause;
Or to your client clear the doubtful laws;

And sure to gain, for amatorious lays,
The wreaths of ivy, with unenvied praise.
Could you the passions, in their rage, control,
That damp the noblest purpose of the soul:
Could you these soothing discontents allay,
Soon should you rise where wisdom points the way;
Wisdom heaven-born, at which we all should aim,
The little vulgar, and the known to fame,
Who mean to live, within our proper sphere,
Dear to ourselves, and to our country dear.
Now tell me, whether Plancus holds a part
(For sure he well deserves it) in your heart?
Or was the reconciliation made in vain,
And like an ill-cur'd wound breaks forth again,
While inexperienc'd youth, and blood inflam'd,
Drive ye like coursers to the yoke untam'd?
Where'er ye are, too excellent to prove
The broken union of fraternal love,
A votive heifer gratefully I feed,
For your return, in sacrifice to bleed.

EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

Albius, in whom my satires find
A candid critic, and a kind,
Do you, while at your country-seat,
Some rhyming labours meditate,
That shall in volum'd bulk arise,
And even from Cassius bear the prize;
Or saunter through the silent wood,
Musing on what befits the wise and good?
Thou art not form'd of lifeless mould,
With breast inanimate and cold;
To thee the gods a form complete,
To thee the gods a fair estate
In bounty gave, with art to know
How to enjoy what they bestow.
Can a fond nurse one blessing more
Even for her favourite boy implore,
With sense and clear expression blest,
Of friendship, honour, health possest,
A table elegantly plain,
And a poetic, easy vein?
By hope inspir'd, deprest with fear,
By passion warm'd, perplext with care,
Believe that every morning's ray
Hath lighted up thy latest day;
Then, if to-morrow's Sun be thine,
With double lustre shall it shine.
Such are the maxims I embrace,
And here, in sleek and joyous case,
You'll find, for laughter fitly bred,
A hog by Epicurus fed.

EPISTLE V.

TO TORQUATUS.

If, my Torquatus, you can kindly deign
To lie on beds of simple form and plain,
And sup on herbs alone, but richly drest,
At evening I expect you for my guest.
Nor old, I own, nor excellent my wine,
Of five years' vintage, and a marshy vine;
If you have better, bring th' enlivening cheer,
Or, from an humble friend, this summons bear.
In hopes my honour'd guest to entertain,
My fires are lighted, my apartments clean;
Then leave the hope, that, wing'd with folly, flies;
Leave the mean quarrels, that from wealth arise;
Leave the litigious bar, for Cæsar's birth
Proclaims the festal hour of ease and mirth,
While social converse, till the rising light,
Shall stretch, beyond its length, the summer's night.
Say, what are Fortune's gifts, if I'm denied
Their cheerful use? for nearly are allied
The madman, and the fool, whose sordid care
Makes himself poor t' enrich a worthless heir.
Give me to drink, and, crown'd with flowers, despise
The grave disgrace of being thought unwise.
What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul; it bids the coward fight;
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a wretch, whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.
Cheerful my usual task I undertake
(And no mean figure in my office make)
That no foul linen wrinkle up the nose;
That every plate with bright reflexion shows
My guest his face; that none, when life grows gay,
The sacred hour of confidence betray.
That all in equal friendship may unite,
Your Butra and Septicius I'll invite,
And, if he's not engag'd to better cheer,
Or a kind girl, Sabinus shall be here.
Still there is room, and yet the summer's heat
May prove offensive, if the crowd be great:
But write me word, how many you desire,
Then instant from the busy world retire;
And while your tedious clients fill the hall,
Slip out at the back-door, and bilk them all.

EPISTLE VI.

TO NUMICIUS.

Not to admire, is of all means the best,
The only means, to make, and keep us blest.
There are, untainted with the thoughts of fear,
Who see the various changes of the year
Unerring roll; who see the glorious Sun,
And the fixt stars, their annual progress run;
But with what different eye do they behold
The gifts of earth; or diamonds or gold;
Old ocean's treasures, and the pearly stores,
Wafted to furthest India's wealthy shores?
Or with what sense, what language, should we gaze
On shows, employments, or the people's praise?
Whoever dreads the opposite extreme
Of disappointment, poverty, or shame,
Is rapt'rd with almost the same desires,
As he who dotes on what the world admires;
Equal their terrours, equal their surprise,
When accidental dangers round them rise.
Nor matters it, what passion fills his breast,
With joy or grief, desire or fear opprest, [scene,
Who views, with down-fixt eyes, life's varying
Whose soul grows stiff, and stupified his brain.
Even virtue, when pursu'd with warmth extreme,
Turns into vice, and fouls the sage's fame.

Go now, with taste improv'd, and higher gust
Admire the rich buffet, the marble bust,
The bronze antique, the purple's glowing dye,
The gem, whose radiance trembles on the eye;
Let gazing crowds your eloquence admire,
At early morn to court, at night retire,
Lest Mutus wed a wife of large estate,
While, deeper your dishonour to complete,
The low-born wretch to you no honour pays,
Though you on him with admiration gaze.
But time shall bring the latent birth to light,
And hide the present glorious race in night;
For though Agrippa's awful colonnade,
Or Appian way, thy passing pomp survey'd,
It yet remains to tread the drear descent,
Where good Pompilius and great Ancus went.
Would you not wish to cure th' acuter pains,
That rack your tortur'd side, or vex your reins?
Would you, and who would not, with pleasure live?
If virtue can alone the blessing give,
With ardent spirit her alone pursue,
And with contempt all other pleasures view.
Yet, if you think that virtue's but a name;
That groves are groves, nor from religion claim
A sacred awe; sail to the distant coast,
Nor let the rich Bithynian trade be lost,
A thousand talents be the rounded sum
You first design'd; then raise a second plum;
A third successive be your earnest care,
And add a fourth to make the mass a square;
For gold, the sovereign queen of all below,
Friends, honour, birth, and beauty can bestow;
The goddess of persuasion forms his train,
And Venus decks the well-bemonied swain.
The Cappadocian king, though rich in slaves,
Yet wanting money, was but rich by halves.
Be not like him. Lucullus, as they say,
Once being ask'd to furnish for a play
"An hundred martial vests," astonish'd cried,
"Whence can so vast a number be supplied?
But yet, whate'er my wardrobe can afford,
You shall command." Soon after writes them word,
Five thousand vests were ready at a call,
They might have part, or, if they pleas'd, take all.
Poor house! where no superfluous wealth's unknown
To its rich lord, that thieves may make their own.
Well then, if wealth alone our bliss insure,
Our first, our latest toil should wealth secure:
If popularity the blessing claims,
Let's buy a slave to tell our voters' names,
And give the hint, when through the crowded street
To stretch the civil hand to all we meet.
"The Fabian tribe his interest largely sways;
This the Velinian; there a third, with ease,
Can give or take the honours of the state,
The consul's fasces, and the prætor's seat.
According to their age adopt them all,
And brother, father, most facetious call."
If he lives well, who revels out the night,
Be gluttony our guide; away, 'tis light.
Let's fish, or hunt, and then, at early day
Across the crowded Forum take our way,
Or to the Campus Martius change the scene,
And let our slaves display our hunting train,
That gazing crowds by one poor mule be taught,
At what a price the mighty boar was bought.
Then let us bathe, while th' indigested food
Lies in the swelling stomach raw and crude;
Forgetting all of decency and shame,
From the fair book of freedom strike our name;
And, like th' abandon'd Ulyssean crew,
Our Ithaca forgot, forbidden joys pursue.
If life's insipid without mirth and love,
Let love and mirth insipid life improve.
Farewell! and if a better system's thine,
Impart it frankly, or make use of mine.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MECENAS.

I PROMIS'D at my country farm to stay
But a few days; yet August roll'd away,
And left your loiterer here. But kind forgive
(In cheerful health if you would have me live)
And to my fears the same indulgence show,
As to my real illness you bestow:
While the first fig now paints the sickly year,
And bids the black funereal pomp appear;
The father, and, with softer passions warm'd,
The tender mother for her son's alarm'd;
The crowded levee with a fever kills,
And the long lawyer's plea unseals our wills;
But when the snows on Alba plains shall lie,
To some warm sea-port town your bard shall fly,
There o'er a book, not too severely, bend,
Resolv'd to visit his illustrious friend,
When western winds and the first swallows bring
The welcome tidings of returning spring.
In other taste to me your bounty flow'd,
Than to his guest the rough Calabrian show'd—
"These pears are excellent, then, prithee, feed."—
"I've eaten quite enough"—"Well. You indeed
Shall take some home—as many as you please,
For children love such little gifts as these."
"I thank you, sir, as if they all were mine."—
"Well, if you leave, you leave them for the swine."
When fools and spendthrifts give what they despise,
Thin crops of gratitude will always rise.
The wise and good with better choice bestow,
And real gold from play-house counters know.
But thus much merit let me boldly claim,
No base ingratitude shall stain my name;
And yet, if I must never leave you more,
Give me my former vigour, and restore
The hair, that on the youthful forehead plays;
Give me to prate with joy, to laugh with ease,
And o'er the flowing bowl, in sighing strain,
To talk of wanton Cynara's disdain.
Into a wicker cask where corn was kept,
Perchance of meagre corps a field-mouse crept;
But when she fill'd her paunch, and sleek'd her hide,
How to get out again, in vain she tried.
A weasel, who beheld her thus distrest,
In friendly sort the luckless mouse address'd:
"Would you escape, you must be lean and thin;
Then try the cranny where you first got in."
If in this tale th' unlucky picture's mine,
Cheerful the gifts of Fortune I resign;
Nor, with a load of luxury opprest,
Applaud the sleep that purer meals digest:
Nor would exchange, for blest Arabia's gold,
My native ease, and freedom uncontrol'd.
You oft have prais'd me, that no bold request,
A modest poet! on your friendship press'd;
My grateful language ever was the same,
I call'd you every tender, awful name;

However, try me, whether I can part
From all your bounty with a cheerful heart.
The youth, whose sire such various woes had
To Menelaus, not unwise, replied, [tried,
"Our island hath no rich and fertile plain,
No wide-extended course, in which to train
The generous horse; then grant me to refuse
A present, that you better know to use."
For little folks become their little fate,
And, at my age, not Rome's imperial seat,
But soft Tarentum's more delicious ease,
Or Tibur's solitude, my taste can please.
Philip, whose youth was spent in feats of war,
Now grown a famous lawyer at the bar,
Returning from the courts one sultry day,
Complain'd, how tedious was the lengthen'd way
To folks in years; then wistfully survey'd
A new-trimm'd spark, who, joying in the shade,
Loll'd in a barber's shop, with ease reclin'd,
And par'd his nails, right indolent of mind.
"Demetrius" (so was call'd his favourite slave,
For such commissions a right-trusty knave),
"Run and inquire of yonder fellow straight,
His name, friends, country, patron, and estate."
He goes, returns, and—"Menas is his name;
Of moderate fortune, but of honest fame;
A public crier, who a thousand ways
Bustles to get, and then enjoys his ease.
A boon companion 'mongst his equals known,
And the small house he lives in is his own.
His business over, to the public shows,
Or to the field of Mars, he sauntering goes."
"Methinks, I long to see this wondrous wight.
Bid him be sure to sup with me to night."
Menas, with awkward wonder, scarce believes
The courteous invitation he receives:
At last politely begs to be excus'd—
"And am I then with insolence refus'd?"
"Whether from too much fear, or too much pride,
I know not, but he flatly has denied."
Philip next morn our honest pedlar found
Dealing his iron merchandise around
To his small chaps;—the first good-morrow gave;
Menas confus'd—"Behold a very slave,
To business chain'd, or I should surely wait
An early client at your worship's gate;
Or had I first perceiv'd you—as I live"—
"Well, sup with me to-night, and I forgive
All past neglect. Be punctual to your hour;
Remember, I expect you just at four.
Till then farewell; your growing fortunes mend,
And know me for your servant and your friend."
Behold him now at supper, where he said,
Or right or wrong, what came into his head.
When Philip saw his eager gudgeon bite,
At morn an early client, and at night
A certain guest, his project to complete,
He takes him with him to his country-seat.
On horseback now he ambles at his ease,
The soil, the climate, his incessant praise.
Philip, who well observ'd our simple guest,
Laughs in his sleeve, resolv'd to have his jest
At any rate; then lends him fifty pound,
And promis'd fifty more, to buy a spot of ground.
But, that our tale no longer be delay'd, [made
Bought is the ground, and our spruce merchant
A very rustic, now, at endless rate,
Vineyards and furrows are his constant prate.
He plants his elms for future vines to rise,
Grows old with care, and on the prospect dies.
But when his goats by sickness, and by thieves
His sheep are lost, his crop his hope deceives,
When his one ox is kill'd beneath the yoke,
Such various losses his best spirits broke.
At midnight dragging out his only horse,
He drives to Philip's house his desperate course;
Who, when he saw him rough, deform'd with hair,
"Your ardent love of pelf, your too much care
Hath surely brought you to this dismal plight"—
"Oh! call me wretch, if you would call me right,
But let this wretch your clemency implore,
By your good genius; by each heavenly power;
By that right hand, sure never pledg'd in vain,
Restore to me my former life again."
To his first state let him return with speed,
Who sees how far the joys he left exceed
His present choice: for all should be confin'd
Within the bounds which Nature hath assign'd.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

To Celsus, Muse, my warmest wishes bear,
And if he kindly ask you how I fare,
Say, though I threaten many a fair design,
Nor happiness, nor wisdom, yet are mine.
Not that the driving hail my vineyards beat;
Not that my olives are destroy'd with heat;
Not that my cattle pine in distant plains—
More in my mind than body lie my pains.
Reading I hate, and with unwilling ear
The voice of comfort or of health I hear:
Friends or physicians I with pain endure,
Who strive this languor of my soul to cure.
Whate'er may hurt me, I with joy pursue;
Whate'er may do me good, with horrour view.
Inconstant as the wind, I various rove;
At Tibur, Rome; at Rome, I Tibur love.
Ask how he does; what happy arts support
His prince's favour, nor offend the court;
If all be well, say first, that we rejoice,
And then, remember, with a gentle voice
Instil this precept on his list'ning ear,
"As you your fortune, we shall Celsus bear."

EPISTLE IX.

TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

Septimius only knows, at least would seem
To know, the rank I hold in your esteem;
Then asks, nay more, compels me to present him
(Nor will a moderate share of praise content him)
Worthy of Nero's family, and heart,
Where only men of merit claim a part.
When fondly he persuades himself I hold
A place among your nearer friends enroll'd,
Much better than myself he sees and knows
How far my interest with Tiberius goes.
A thousand things I urg'd to be excus'd,
Though fearful, if too warmly I refus'd,
I might, perhaps, a mean dissembler seem,
To make a property of your esteem.
Thus have I with a friend's request complied,
And on the confidence of courts relied:
If you forgive me, to your heart receive
The man I love, and know him good and brave.

EPISTLE X.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

To Fuscus, who in city-sports delights,
A country-bard with gentle greeting writes;
In this we differ, but in all beside,
Like twin-born brothers, are our souls allied;
And, as a pair of fondly-constant doves,
What one dislikes, the other disapproves.
You keep the nest, I love the rural mead,
The brook, the mossy rock, and woody glade;
In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
The joys you vaunt with rapture to the sky,
And like a slave, from the priest's service fled,
I nauseate honied cakes, and long for bread.
Would you to Nature's laws obedience yield;
Would you a house for health or pleasure build,
Where is there such a situation found,
As when the country spreads its blessings round?
Where is th' intemperate winter less severe?
Or, when the Sun ascending fires the year,
Where breathes a milder zephyr to assuage
The Dog-star's fury, or the Lion's rage?
Where do less envious cares disturb our rest?
Or are the fields, in Nature's colours drest,
Less grateful to the smell, or to the sight,
Than the rich floor, with inlaid marble bright?
Is water purer from the bursting lead,
Than gently murmuring down its native bed?
Among your columns, rich with various dyes,
Unnatural woods with awkward art arise:
You praise the house, whose situation yields
An open prospect to the distant fields;
For Nature, driven out with proud disdain,
All-powerful goddess, will return again;
Return in silent triumph, to deride
The weak attempts of luxury and pride.
The man, who cannot with judicious eye
Discern the fleece, that drinks the Tyrian dye,
From the pale Latian; yet shall ne'er sustain
A loss so touching, of such heart-felt pain,
As he, who can't, with sense of happier kind,
Distinguish truth from falsehood in the mind.
They who in Fortune's smiles too much delight,
Shall tremble when the goddess takes her flight;
For, if her gifts our fonder passions gain,
The frail possession we resign with pain.
Then fly from grandeur, and the haughty great;
The cottage offers a secure retreat,
Where you may make that heart-felt bliss your own,
To kings, and favourites of kings, unknown.
A lordly stag, arm'd with superior force,
Drove from their common field a vanquish'd horse,
Who, for revenge, to man his strength enslav'd,
Took up his rider, and the bitt receiv'd:
But though he conquer'd in the martial strife,
He felt his rider's weight, and champ'd the bitt for life.
So he, who poverty with horrour views,
Nor frugal Nature's beauty knows to use;
Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold
(Freedom, for mines of wealth too cheaply sold),
Shall make eternal servitude his fate,
And feel a haughty master's galling weight.
Our fortunes and our shoes are near allied;
Pinch'd in the strait, we stumble in the wide.
Cheerful, and wise, your present lot enjoy,
And on my head your just rebukes employ,
If e'er, forgetful of my former self,
I toil to raise unnecessary pelf.
Gold is the slave, or tyrant, of the soul;
Unworthy to command, it better brooks controul.
These lines behind Vacuna's fane I penn'd,
Sincerely blest, but that I want my friend.

EPISTLE XI.

TO BULLATIUS.

Do the fam'd islands of th' Ionian seas,
Chios, or Lesbos, my Bullatius please?
Or Sardis, where great Croesus held his court?
Say, are they less, or greater, than report?
Does Samos, Colophon, or Smyrna, yield
To our own Tibur, or to Mars's field?
Would you, fatigu'd with toils of lands and seas,
In Lebedus, or Asia, spend your days?
You tell me, Lebedus is now become
A desert, like our villages at home,
Yet there you gladly fix your future lot,
Your friends forgetting, by your friends forgot;
Enjoy the calm of life, and, safe on shore,
At distance hear the raging tempest roar.
A traveller, though wet with dirt and rain,
Would not for ever at an inn remain,
Or chill'd with cold, and joying in the heat
Of a warm bath, believe his bliss complete.
Though by strong winds your bark were tempest-tost,
Say, would you sell it on a distant coast?
Believe me, at delicious Rhodes to live
To a sound mind no greater bliss can give,
Than a thick coat in summer's burning ray,
Or a light mantle on a snowy day,
Or to a swimmer Tiber's freezing stream,
Or sunny rooms in August's mid-day flame.
While yet 'tis in your power; while Fortune smiles,
At Rome with rapture vaunt those happy isles,
Then with a grateful hand the bliss receive,
If Heaven an hour more fortunate shall give.
Seize on the present joy, and thus possess,
Where'er you live, an inward happiness.
If reason only can our cares allay,
Not the bold site, that wide commands the sea;
If they, who through the venturous ocean range,
Not their own passions, but the climate change;
Anxious through seas and land to search for rest
Is but laborious idleness at best.
In desert Ulubræ the bliss you'll find,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind.

EPISTLE XII.

TO ICCIUS.

While Iccius farms Agrippa's large estate,
If he with wisdom can enjoy his fate,
No greater riches Jove himself can give;
Then cease complaining, friend, and learn to live.
He is not poor to whom kind Fortune grants,
Even with a frugal hand, what Nature wants.
Are you with food, and warmth, and raiment blest?
Not royal treasures are of more possest;
And if, for herbs and shell-fish at a feast,
You leave the various luxuries of taste,
Should Fate enrich you with a golden stream,
Your life and manners would be still the same;

Whether convinc'd, that gold can't change the soul,
Or that fair virtue should its power control.
That all his neighbours' flocks and herds should
The sage's harvest, while without its weight, [eat
His spirit rov'd abroad, shall ne'er be told
As wonderful; since, not debas'd by gold,
And its infection, Iccius, bravely wise,
Spurns this vile earth, and soars into the skies;
Curious to search, what bounds old ocean's tides;
What through the various year the seasons guides:
Whether the stars by their own proper force,
Or foreign power, pursue their wandering course:
Why shadows darken the pale queen of night;
Whence she renews her orb, and spreads her light;
What nature's jarring sympathy can mean, [tain.
And who, among the wise, their systems best main-
But whether slaughter'd onions crown your board,
Or murder'd fish an impious feast afford,
Receive Pompeius Grosphus to your heart,
And, ere he asks, your willing aid impart;
He ne'er shall make a bold, unjust request,
And friends are cheap, when good men are distrest.
Now condescend to hear the public news:
Agrippa's war the sons of Spain subdues.
The fierce Armenian Nero's virtue feels:
Short by the knees the haughty Parthian kneels;
Again the monarch is by Cæsar crown'd,
And Plenty pours her golden harvest round.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO VINIUS ASELLA.

Vinius, I oft desir'd you, ere you went,
Well seal'd my rhyming volumes to present
When Cæsar's high in health, in spirits gay,
Or if he ask to read th' unoffer'd lay,
Lest you offend with too officious zeal,
And my poor works his just resentment feel.
Throw down the burden, if it gall your back,
Nor at the palace fiercely break the pack,
Lest my dear ass become the laughing sport,
The quibbling fable of the wits at court.
Through rivers, steeps, and fens, exert your force,
Nor, when you're victor of the destin'd course,
Under your arm the letter'd bundle bear,
As rustics do their lambs, with awkward air;
Or Pyrrhia, reeling from the drunken bowl,
Conveys away the ball of wool she stole;
Or, in his pride, a tribe-invited guest
Carries his cap and slippers to a feast;
Nor loud proclaim, with how much toil you bear
Such verse, as may detain even Cæsar's ear.
Farewell, make haste; and special caution take,
Lest you should stumble, and my orders break.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO HIS STEWARD IN THE COUNTRY.

Thou steward of the woods and country-seat,
That give me to myself; whose small estate,
Which you despise, five worthy fathers sent,
One from each house, to Varia's parliament:
Let us enquire, if you with happier toil
Root out the thorns and thistles of the soil,
Than Horace tears his follies from his breast;
Whether my farm or I be cultivated best.
Though Lamia's pious tears, that ceaseless mourn
His brother's death, have hinder'd my return,
Thither my warmest wishes bend their force,
Start from the goal, and beat the distant course.
Rome is your rapture, mine the rural seat;
Pleas'd with each other's lot, our own we hate:
But both are fools, and fools in like extreme;
Guiltless the place, that we unjustly blame,
For in the mind alone our follies lie,
The mind, that never from itself can fly.
A slave at Rome, and discontented there,
A country-life was once your silent prayer:
A rustic grown, your first desires return;
For Rome, her public games and baths, you burn.
More constant to myself, I leave with pain,
By hateful business forc'd, the rural scene.
From different objects our desires arise,
And thence the distance that between us lies;
For what you call inhospitably drear,
To me with beauty and delight appear.
Full well I know a tavern's greasy steam,
And a vile stew, with joy your heart inflame,
While my small farm yields rather herbs than vines,
Nor there a neighbouring tavern pours its wines,
Nor harlot-minstrel sings, when the rude sound
Tempts you with heavy heels to thump the ground.
But you complain, that with unceasing toil
You break, alas! the long unbroken soil,
Or loose the wearied oxen from the plough,
And feed with leaves new-gather'd from the bough.
Then feels your laziness an added pain,
If e'er the rivulet be swoln with rain;
What mighty mounds against its force you rear,
To teach its rage the sunny mead to spare!
Now hear, from whence our sentiments divide:
In youth, perhaps with not ungraceful pride,
I wore a silken robe, perfum'd my hair,
And without presents charm'd the venal fair:
From early morning quaff'd the flowing glass;
Now a short supper charms, or on the grass
To lay me down at some fair river's side,
And sweetly slumber as the waters glide;
Nor do I blush to own my follies past,
But own, those follies should no longer last.
None there with eye askance my pleasures views,
With hatred dark, or poison'd spite pursues;
My neighbours laugh to see with how much toil
I carry stones, or break the stubborn soil.
You with my city-slaves would gladly join,
And on their daily pittance hardly dine;
While more refin'd they view with envious eye
The gardens, horses, fires, that you enjoy.
Thus the slow ox would gaudy trappings claim;
The sprightly horse would plough amidst the team:
By my advice, let each with cheerful heart,
As best he understands, employ his art.

EPISTLE XV.

TO VALA.

By my physician's learn'd advice I fly
From Baia's waters, yet with angry eye
The village views me, when I mean to bathe
The middle winter's freezing wave beneath;
Loudly complaining, that their myrtle groves
Are now neglected; their sulphureous stoves,
Of ancient fame our feeble nerves to raise,
And dissipate the lingering cold disease,

While the sick folks in Clusium's fountains dare
Plunge the bald head, or seek a colder air.
The road we now must alter, and engage
Th' unwilling horse to pass his usual stage:
"Hó! whither now?" his angry rider cries,
And to the left the restive bridle plies.
"We go no more to Baiæ; prithee hear—"
But in his bridle lies an horse's ear.
Dear Vala, say, how temperate, how severe,
Are Velia's winters, and Salernum's air:
The genius of the folks, the roads how good:
Which eats the better bread, and when a flood
Of rain descends, which quaffs the gather'd shower,
Or do their fountains purer water pour?
Their country-vintage is not worth my care,
For though at home, whatever wine, I bear,
At sea-port towns I shall expect to find
My wines of generous and of smoother kind,
To drive away my cares, and to the soul,
Through the full veins, with golden hopes to roll;
With flowing language to inspire my tongue,
And make the listening fair-one think me young.
With hares or boars which country's best sup-
Which seas their better fish luxurious hide? [plied?
That I may home return in luscious plight—
'Tis ours to credit, as 'tis yours to write.
When Mænius had consum'd, with gallant heart,
A large estate, he took the jester's art:
A vagrant zany, of no certain manger,
Who knew not, ere he din'd, or friend or stranger:
Cruel, and scurrilous to all, his jest;
The ruin'd butcher's gulf, a storm, a pest.
Whate'er he got his ravening guts receive,
And when or friend or foe no longer gave,
A lamb's fat paunch was a delicious treat,
As much as three voracious bears could eat;
Then, like reformer Bestius, would he tell ye,
That gluttons should be branded on the belly.
But if, perchance, he found some richer fare,
Instant it vanish'd into smoke and air—
"By Jove I wonder not, that folks should eat,
At one delicious meal, a whole estate,
For a fat thrush is most delightful food,
And a swine's paunch superlatively good."
Thus I, when better entertainments fail,
Bravely commend a plain and frugal meal;
On cheaper suppers show myself full wise,
But if some dainties more luxurious rise—
"Right sage and happy they alone, whose fate
Gives them a splendid house, and large estate."

EPISTLE XVI.

TO QUINCTIUS.

Ask not, good Quinctius, if my farm maintain
Its wealthy master with abundant grain,
With fruits or pastures; ask not, if the vine
Around its bridegroom-elm luxuriant twine,
For I'll describe, and in loquacious strain,
The site and figure of the pleasing scene.
A chain of mountains with a vale divide,
That opens to the Sun on either side:
The right side spreading to the rising day,
The left is warm'd beneath his setting ray.
How mild the clime, where sloes luxurious grow,
And blushing cornels on the hawthorn glow!
My cattle are with plenteous acorns fed,
Whose various oaks around their master spread;
Well might you swear, that here Tarentum wave
Its dusky shade, and pours forth all its leaves.
A fountain to a rivulet gives its name,
Cooler and purer than a Thracian stream;
Useful to ease an aching head it flows,
Or when with burning pains the stomach glows.
This pleasing, this delicious soft retreat
In safety guards me from September's heat.
Would you be happy, be the thing you seem,
And sure you now possess the world's esteem;
Nor yet to others too much credit give,
But in your own opinion learn to live;
For know, the bliss in our own judgment lies,
And none are happy but the good and wise.
Nor, tho' the crowd pronounce your health is good,
Disguise the fever lurking in your blood,
Till trembling seize you at th' unfinish'd meal—
Ideots alone their ulcer'd ills conceal. [ears,
Should some bold flatterer sooth your listening
"The conquer'd world, dread sir, thy name reveres;
And Jove our guardian god, with power divine,
Who watches o'er Rome's happiness and thine,
Yet holds it doubtful, whether Rome or you,
With greater warmth, each other's good pursue."
This praise, you own, is sacred Cæsar's fame;
But can you answer to your proper name,
When you are call'd th' accomplish'd or the wise,
Names, which we all with equal ardour prize?
Yet he, who gives to day this heedless praise,
Shall take it back to morrow, if he please.
As when the people from some worthless knave
Can tear away the consulship they gave;
"Lay down the name of wisdom, sir, 'tis mine;"
Confus'd I leave him, and his gifts resign.
What if he said, I hang'd my aged sire,
Call'd me a thief, a slave to lewd desire,
Shall I be tortur'd with unjust disgrace,
Or change the guilty colours of my face?
False praise can charm, unreal shame control—
Whom, but a vicious or a sickly soul?
Who then is good?

QUINCTIUS.

Who carefully observes
The senate's wise decrees, nor ever swerves
From the known rules of justice and the laws:
Whose bail secures, whose oath decides a cause.

HORACE.

Yet his own house, his neighbours, through his art
Behold an inward baseness in his heart.
Suppose a slave should say, "I never steal,
I never ran away"—"Nor do you feel
The flagrant lash"—"No human blood I shed!"—
"Nor on the cross the ravening crows have fed."—
"But, sir, I am an honest slave, and wise—"
"My Sabine neighbour there the fact denies.
For wily wolves the fatal pitfall fear;
Kites fly the bait, and hawks the latent snare;
But virtuous minds a love of virtue charms:
The fear of chastisement thy guilt alarms.
When from my stores you steal one grain of wheat,
My loss indeed is less, your crime as great."
Your honest man, on whom with awful praise
The forum and the courts of justice gaze,
If e'er he make a public sacrifice,
Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries;
But when his prayer in earnest is preferr'd
Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard,
"Beauteous Laverna, my petition hear;
Let me with truth and sanctity appear;

Oh! give me to deceive, and with a veil
Of darkness and of night my crimes conceal."
Behold the miser bending down to earth
For a poor farthing, which the boys in mirth
Fix'd to the ground; and shall the caitiff dare
In honest freedom with a slave compare?
Whoever wishes is with fear possest,
And he, who holds that passion in his breast,
Is in my sense a slave; hath left the post
Where virtue plac'd him, and his arms hath lost:
To purchase hasty wealth, his force applies,
And overwhelm'd beneath his burthen lies.
Say, is not this a very worthless knave?
But if you have the most untoward slave,
Yet kill him not, he may some profit yield,
Of strength to guard your flocks, and plough your field,
Or let him winter in the stormy main,
By imports to reduce the price of grain.
The good, and wise, like Bacchus in the play,
Dare, to the king of Thebes, undaunted say,
"What can thy power? Thy threatenings I disdain."

PENTHEUS.

I'll take away thy goods.

BACCHUS.

Perhaps, you mean.
My cattle, money, moveables, or land.
Well; take them all.

PENTHEUS.

But, slave, if I command,
A cruel jailor shall thy freedom seize.

BACCHUS.

A god shall set me free whene'er I please.

HORACE.

Death is that god, the poet here intends,
That utmost bound, where human sorrow ends.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO SCÆVA.

ALTHOUGH my Scæva knows, with art complete,
How to converse familiar with the great,
Yet to th' instruction of an humble friend,
Who would himself be better taught, attend;
Tho' blind your guide, some precepts yet unknown
He may disclose, which you may make your own.
Are you with tranquil, easy pleasure blest,
Or after sun-rise love an hour of rest,
If dusty streets, the rattling chariot's noise,
Or if the neighbouring tavern's midnight joys,
Delight you not, by my advice retreat
To the calm raptures of a rural seat:
For pleasure's not confin'd to wealth alone,
Nor ill he lives, who lives and dies unknown;
But would you serve your friends, and joyous waste
The bounteous hour, perfume you for the feast.
"His patient herbs could Aristippus eat,
He had disdain'd the tables of the great,"
"And he, who censures me," the sage replies,
"If he could live with kings, would herbs despise."
Tell me, which likes you best, or, younger, hear,
Why Aristippus' maxims best appear;
For with the snarling cynic well he play'd,
"I am my own buffoon, you take the trade
To please the crowd; yet sure 'tis better pride,
Maintain'd by monarchs, on my horse to ride.
But while at court observant I attend,
For things of vileness you submissive bend;
Own a superior, and yet proudly vaunt,
Imperious cynic, that you nothing want."
Yet Aristippus every dress became:
In every various change of life the same;
And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
Yet to the present held an equal mind.
But that a man, whom patience taught to wear
A thick, coarse coat, should ever learn to bear
A change of life with decency and ease,
May justly, I confess, our wonder raise.
Yet Aristippus, though but meanly drest,
Nor wants, nor wishes for, a purple vest;
He walks, regardless of the public gaze,
And knows in every character to please;
But neither dog's nor snake's envenom'd bite
Can, like a silken robe, the Cynic fright.
"Give him his mantle, or he dies with cold—"
"Nay, give it, let the fool his blessing hold."
In glorious war a triumph to obtain,
Celestial honours, and a seat shall gain
Fast by the throne of Jove; nor mean the praise
These deities of human kind to please.
"But, midst the storms and tempests of a court,
Not every one shall reach the wish'd-for port;
And sure the man, who doubts of his success,
Wisely declines th' attempt."—Then you confess,
That who succeeds, thus difficult his part,
Gives the best proof of courage, as of art.
Then, here, or no where, we the truth shall find;
Conscious how weak in body, or in mind,
When we behold the burthen with despair,
Which others boldly try, with spirit bear,
If virtue's aught beyond an empty name,
Rewards and honours they with justice claim.
In silence who their poverty conceal,
More than th' importunate, with kings prevail:
And whether we with modest action take,
Or snatch the favour, may some difference make.
From this fair fountain our best profits rise:
For, when with plaintive tone a suppliant cries,
"My sister lies unportion'd on my hands;
My mother's poor, nor can I sell my lands,
Or they maintain me;" might he not have said,
"Give me, ah! give me, sir, my daily bread?"
While he, who hears him, chants on t'other side,
"With me your bounty, ah! with me divide:"
But had the crow his food in silence eat,
Less had his quarrels been, and more his meat.
A jaunt of pleasure should my lord intend,
And with him deign to take an humble friend,
To talk of broken roads, of cold and rain,
Or of his plunder'd baggage to complain,
Is but the trick, which wily harlots try,
Who for a bracelet, or a necklace, cry;
So oft they weep, that we believe no more
When they with tears a real loss deplore.
He, whom a lying lameness once deceives,
No more the falling vagabond believes;
And though with streaming tears the caitiff cries,
"Help me, ah! cruel, help a wretch to rise!"
Though loud he swear, "Indeed my leg is broke;
By great Osiris, I no longer joke!"
Yet the hoarse village answers to his cries,
"Go, find a stranger to believe your lies."

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO LOLLIUS.

LOLLIUS, if well I know your heart,
Your liberal spirit scorns an art

That can to sordid flattery bend,
And basely counterfeit the friend;
For such the difference, I ween,
The flatterer and friend between,
As is betwixt a virtuous dame,
And prostitute of common fame.
Behold, in opposite excess,
A different vice, though nothing less;
Rustic, inelegant, uncouth,
With shaggy beard and nasty tooth,
That fondly would be thought to be
Fair virtue, and pure liberty:
But virtue in a medium lies,
From whence these different follies rise.
Another, with devotion fervent,
Is more than your obsequious servant;
Admitted as an humble guest,
Where men of money break their jest,
He waits the nod, with awe profound,
And catches, ere it reach the ground,
The falling joke, and echoes back the sound.
A school-boy thus, with humble air,
Repeats to pedagogue severe;
Thus players act an under-part,
And fear to put forth all their art.
Another in dispute engages,
With nonsense arm'd for nothing rages,
"My word of honour not believ'd?
Or my opinion not receiv'd?
And shall I, whether right or wrong,
Be forc'd, forsooth, to hold my tongue?
No—at a price so base and mean,
I would a thousand lives disdain."
But what's the cause of all this rage?
Who's the best actor on the stage,
Or to which road you best may turn ye,
If to Brundusium lies your journey.
Now, Lollius, mark the wretch's fate,
Who lives dependant on the great.
If the precipitating dice,
If Venus be his darling vice;
If vanity his wealth consumes
In dressing, feasting, and perfumes;
If thirst of gold his bosom sways,
A thirst which nothing can appease;
If poverty with shame he views,
And wealth with every vice pursues;
My lord, more vicious as more great,
Views him with horrour, and with hate:
At least, shall o'er him tyrannize,
And like a fond mamma advise,
Who bids her darling daughter shun
The paths of folly she had run.
"Think not," he cries, "to live like me;
My wealth supports my vanity;
Your folly should be moderate,
Proportion'd to a small estate."
Eutrapelus, in merry mood,
The objects of his wrath pursued,
And where he deepest vengeance meant,
Fine clothes, with cruel bounty, sent,
For, when the happy coxcomb's drest,
Strange hopes and projects fill his breast;
He sleeps till noon, nor will the varlet,
For fame or fortune, leave his harlot.
Lavish he feeds the usurer's store,
And when the miser lends no more,
He learns the gladiator's art,
Or humbly drives a gardener's cart.

Strive not with mean, unhandsome lore,
Your patron's bosom to explore,
And let not wine, or anger, wrest
Th' entrusted secret from your breast.
Nor blame the pleasures of your friend,
Nor to your own too earnest bend;
Nor idly court the froward Muse,
While he the vigorous chase pursues.
Humours like these could fatal prove
To Zethus' and Amphion's love,
Until Amphion kind complied,
And laid th' offensive lyre aside.
So to your patron's will give way,
His gentle insolence obey,
And when he pours into the plain
His horses, hounds, and hunting-train,
Break from the peevish Muse away,
Divide the toils, and share the prey.
The chase was by our sires esteem'd,
Healthful, and honourable deem'd.
Thy swiftness far the hound's exceeds;
The boar beneath thy javelin bleeds;
And who, like thee, with grace can wield
The weapons of the martial field,
Or with such loud applause as thine
Amidst the youthful battle shine?
In the destructive war of Spain
Early you made your first campaign,
Beneath a leader, who regains
Our eagles from the Parthian fanes,
Who boundless now extends his sway,
And bids a willing world obey.
Lollius, though all your actions rise
From judgment temperate and wise,
Yet oft at home you can unbend,
And even to trifling sports descend.
Your little boats, with mimic rage,
Like Actium's mighty fleets engage;
Your lake like Adria's ocean spreads,
The adverse war your brother leads,
Till Victory her wings display,
And crown the conqueror of the day.
Cæsar, who finds that you approve
His taste, shall your diversions love.
If my advice regard may claim,
Be tender of another's fame,
And be the man with caution tried,
In whose discretion you confide.
Th' impertinent be sure to hate;
Who loves to ask, will love to prate.
Ears, that unfold to every tale,
Entrusted secrets ill conceal,
And you shall wish, but wish in vain,
To call the fleeting words again.
With cautious judgment, o'er and o'er,
The man you recommend explore,
Lest, when the scoundrel's better known,
You blush for errours not your own.
Then frankly give him up to shame,
But boldly guard the injur'd fame
Of a well known and valued friend,
With vigour and with zeal defend;
For, be assur'd, when he's defam'd,
At you th' envenom'd shaft is aim'd.
When flames your neighbour's dwelling seize,
Your own with instant rage shall blaze;
Then haste to stop the spreading fire,
Which, if neglected, rises higher.
Untried, how sweet a court attendance!
When tried, how dreadful the dependance!

Yet, while your vessel's under sail,
Be sure to catch the flying gale,
Lest adverse winds, with rapid force,
Should bear you from your destin'd course.
The grave a gay companion shun;
Far from the sad the jovial run;
The gay, the witty, and sedate,
Are objects of each other's hate;
And they, who quaff their midnight glass,
Scorn them who dare their bumper pass,
Although they loudly swear, they dread
A sick debauch, and aching head.
Be every look serenely gay,
And drive all cloudy cares away.
The modest oft too dark appear,
The silent, thoughtful and severe.
Consult with care the learned page;
Inquire of every scienc'd sage,
How you may glide with gentle ease
Adown the current of your days,
Nor vext by mean and low desires,
Nor warm'd by wild ambition's fires,
By hope alarm'd, deprest by fear,
For things but little worth your care:
Whether fair virtue's hallow'd rules
Proceed from Nature, or the schools;
What may the force of care suspend,
And make you to yourself a friend;
Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
Honours, or wealth, our bliss insure,
Or down through life unknown to stray,
Where lonely leads the silent way.
When happy in my rural scene,
Whose fountain chills the shuddering swain,
Such is my prayer—Let me possess
My present wealth, or even less,
And if the bounteous gods design
A longer life, that life be mine.
Give me of books the mental cheer,
Of wealth sufficient for a year,
Nor let me float in Fortune's power,
Dependant on the future hour.
To love for life and wealth I pray,
These Jove may give, or take away;
But, for a firm and tranquil mind,
That blessing in myself I find.

EPISTLE XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

To old Cratinus if you credit give,
No water-drinker's verses long shall live,
Or long shall please. Among his motley fold,
Satyrs and Fauns, when Bacchus had enroll'd
The brain-sick rhymer, soon the tuneful Nine
At morning breath'd, and not too sweet, of wine.
When Homer sings the joys of wine, 'tis plain
Great Homer was not of a sober strain;
And father Ennius, till with drinking fir'd,
Was never to the martial song inspir'd.
Let thirsty spirits make the bar their choice,
Nor dare in cheerful song to raise their voice.
Soon as I spoke, our bards, before they write,
Smell of their wine all day, and tipple all the night.
What! if with naked feet and savage air,
Cato's short coat some mimic coxcomb wear,
Say, shall his habit and affected gloom,
Great Cato's manners, or his worth, assume?
Cordus, the Moor, while studious how to please
With well-bred raillery, and learned ease,
To rival gay Timagenes he tried,
Yet burst with disappointed spleen and pride:
By such examples many a coxcomb's caught,
Whose art can only imitate a fault. [think,
Should I by chance grow pale, our bardlings
That bloodless cumin's the true rhyming drink.
Ye wretched mimics, whose fond heats have been,
How oft! the objects of my mirth and spleen.
Through open worlds of rhyme I dar'd to tread
In paths unknown, by no bold footsteps led:
Who on himself relies with conscious pride,
Most certainly the buzzing hive shall guide.
To keen Iambics I first tun'd the lyre,
And, warm'd with great Archilochus's fire,
His rapid numbers chose, but shunn'd with care
The style that drove Lycambes to despair.
I fear'd to change the structure of his line,
But shall a short-liv'd wreath be therefore mine?
Sappho, whose verse with manly spirit glows,
Even great Alcæus his Iambics chose,
In different stanzas though he forms his lines,
And to a theme more merciful inclines;
No perjur'd sire with blood-stain'd verse pursues,
Nor ties, in damning rhyme, his fair-one's noose.
I first attempted in the lyric tone
His numbers, to the Roman lyre unknown,
And joy, that works of such unheard-of taste
By men of worth and genius were embrac'd.
But would you know, why some condemn abroad,
Thankless, unjust, what they at home applaud?
I purchase not the venal critic's vote
With costly suppers, or a thread-bare coat;
The works of titled wits I never hear,
Nor, vengeful in my turn, assault their ear.
The tribe of grammar-pedants I despise,
And hence these tears of spleen and anger rise.
I blush in grand assemblies to repeat
My worthless works, and give such trifles weight;
Yet these professions they with wonder hear—
"No. You reserve them for dread Cæsar's ear;
With your own beauties charm'd, you surely know
Your verses with a honied sweetness flow."
Nor dare I rally with such dangerous folk,
Lest I be torn to pieces for a joke,
Yet beg they would appoint another day,
A place more proper to decide the fray;
For jests a fearful strife and anger breed,
Whence quarrels fierce and funeral wars proceed.

EPISTLE XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

The shops of Rome impatient to behold,
And, elegantly polish'd, to be sold,
You hate the tender seal, and guardian keys,
Which modest volumes love, and fondly praise
The public world, even sighing to be read—
Unhappy book! to other manners bred
Indulge the fond desire, with which you burn,
Pursue your flight, yet think not to return.
But, when insulted by the critic's scorn,
How often shall you cry, "Ah! me forlorn!"
When he shall throw the tedious volume by,
Nor longer view thee with a lover's eye.
If rage mislead not my prophetic truth, [youth;
Rome shall admire, while you can charm with

But soon as vulgar hands thy beauty soil,
The moth shall batten on the silent spoil,
To Afric sent, or packeted to Spain,
Our colonies of wits to entertain.
This shall thy fond adviser laughing see,
As, when his ass was obstinate like thee,
The clown in vengeance push'd him down the hill:
For who would save an ass against his will?
At last thy stammering age in suburb schools
Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar-rules;
But when in evening mild the listening tribe
Around thee throng, thy master thus describe:
A freed-man's son, with moderate fortune blest,
Who boldly spread his wings beyond his nest;
Take from my birth, but to my virtue give
This honest praise, that I with freedom live,
With all that Rome in peace and war calls great;
Of lowly stature; fond of summer's heat,
And gray before my time. At sense of wrong
Quick in resentment, but it lasts not long.
Let them who ask my age be frankly told,
That I was forty-four Decembers old,
When Lollius chose with Lepidus to share
The power and honours of the consul's chair.

EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

While you alone sustain th' important weight
Of Rome's affairs, so various and so great;
While you the public weal with arms defend,
Adorn with morals, and with laws amend;
Shall not the tedious letter prove a crime,
That steals one moment of our Cæsar's time?
Rome's founder, Leda's twins, the god of wine,
By human virtues rais'd to power divine,
While they with pious cares improv'd mankind,
To various states their proper bounds assign'd;
Commanded war's destroying rage to cease,
And bless'd their cities with the arts of peace;
Complain'd their virtues, and their toils, could raise
But slight returns of gratitude and praise.
Who crush'd the Hydra, when to life renew'd,
And monsters dire with fated toil subdu'd,
Found that the monster Envy never dies,
Till low in equal death her conqueror lies;
For he, who soars to an unwonted height,
Oppressive dazzles, with excess of light,
The arts beneath him; yet, when dead, shall prove
An object worthy of esteem and love.
Yet Rome to thee her living honours pays:
By thee we swear, to thee our altars raise,
While we confess no prince so great, so wise,
Hath ever risen, or shall ever rise.
But when your people raise their Cæsar's name
Above the Greek and Roman chiefs in fame,
In this one instance they are just and wise,
Yet other things they view with other eyes;
With cold contempt they treat the living bard;
The dead alone can merit their regard.
To elder bards so lavish of applause,
They love the language of our ancient laws;
On Numa's hymns with holy rapture pore,
And turn our mouldy records o'er and o'er;
Then swear, transported, that the sacred Nine
Pronounc'd on Alba's top each hallow'd line.
But if, because the world with justice pays
To the first bards of Greece its grateful praise,
In the same scale our poets must be weigh'd,
To such disputes what answer can be made?
Since we have gain'd the height of martial fame,
Let us in peaceful arts assert our claim;
The anointed Greeks no longer shall excel,
And neither wrestle, sing, or paint, so well.
But let me ask, Since poetry, like wine,
Is taught by time to mellow and refine,
When shall th' immortal bard begin to live?
Say, shall a hundred years completely give
Among your ancients a full right of claim,
Or with the worthless moderns fix his name?
Some certain point should finish the debate.
"Then let him live a hundred years complete."
What if we take a year, a month, a day,
From this judicious sum of fame away,
Shall he among the ancients rise to fame,
Or sink with moderns to contempt and shame?
"Among the ancients let the bard appear,
Though younger by a month, or e'en a year."
I take the grant, and by degrees prevail,
(For hair by hair I pull the horse's tail)
And while I take them year by year away,
Their subtile heaps of arguments decay,
Who judge by annals, nor approve a line
Till death has made the poetry divine.
"Ennius, the brave, the lofty, and the wise,
Another Homer in the critic's eyes,
Forgets his promise, now secure of fame,
And heeds no more his Pythagoric dream.
No longer Nævius or his plays remain;
Yet we remember every pleasing scene:
So much can time its awful sanction give
In sacred fame to bid a poem live.
"Whate'er disputes of ancient poets rise,
In some one excellence their merit lies:
What depth of learning old Pacuvius shows!
With strong sublime the page of Accius glows;
Menander's comic robe Afranius wears;
Plautus as rapid in his plots appears
As Epicharmus; Terence charms with art,
And grave Cæcilius sinks into the heart.
These are the plays to which our people crowd,
Till the throng'd play-house crack with the dull load.
These are esteem'd the glories of the stage,
From the first drama to the present age."
Sometimes the crowd a proper judgment makes,
But oft they labour under gross mistakes,
As when their ancients lavishly they raise
Above all modern rivalship of praise.
But that sometimes their style uncouth appears,
Or their harsh numbers rudely hurt our ears
Or that full flatly flows the languid line—
He, who owns this, hath Jove's assent and mine.
Think not I mean, in vengeance, to destroy
The works, for which I smarted when a boy.
But when as perfect models they are prais'd,
Correct and chaste, I own I stand amaz'd.
Then if some better phrase, or happier line,
With sudden lustre unexpected shine,
However harsh the rugged numbers roll,
It stamps a price and merit on the whole.
I feel my honest indignation rise,
When, with affected air, a coxcomb cries,

"The work, I own, has elegance and ease,
But sure no modern should presume to please:"
Then for his favourite ancients dares to claim,
Not pardon only, but rewards and fame. [perfume
When flowers o'erspread the stage, and sweets
The crowded theatre, should I presume
The just success of Atta's plays to blame,
The senate would pronounce me lost to shame.
What! criticise the scenes that charm'd the age
When Æsop and when Roscius trod the stage!
Whether too fond of their peculiar taste,
Or that they think their age may be disgrac'd,
Should they, with awkward modesty, submit
To younger judges in the cause of wit,
Or own, that it were best, provoking truth!
In age t' unlearn the learning of their youth!
He, to whom Numa's hymns appear divine,
Although his ignorance be great as mine,
Not to th' illustrious dead his homage pays,
But, envious, robs the living of their praise.
Did Greece, like Rome, her moderns disregard,
How had she now possest one ancient bard?
When she beheld her wars in triumph cease,
She soon grew wanton in the arms of peace;
Now she with rapture views th' Olympic games,
And now the sculptor's power her breast inflames;
Sometimes, with ravish'd soul and ardent gaze,
The painter's art intensely she surveys;
Now hears, transported, music's pleasing charms,
And now the tragic Muse her passions warms.
Thus a fond girl, her nurse's darling joy,
Now seeks impatient, and now spurns her toy.
For what can long our pain or pleasure raise?
Such are the effects of happiness and ease.
For many an age our fathers entertain'd
Their early clients, and the laws explain'd;
Instructed them their cautious wealth to lend,
While youth was taught with reverence to attend,
And hear the old point out the prudent ways
To calm their passions, and their fortunes raise.
Now the light people bend to other aims;
A lust of scribbling every breast inflames;
Our youth, our senators, with bays are crown'd,
And rhymes eternal at our feasts go round.
Even I, who verse and all its works deny,
Can faithless Parthia's lying sons out-lie,
And, ere the rising Sun displays his light,
I call for tablets, papers, pens, and—write.
A pilot only dares a vessel steer;
A doubtful drug unlicens'd doctors fear;
Musicians are to sounds alone confin'd,
And each mechanic hath his trade assign'd:
But every desperate blockhead dares to write;
Verse is the trade of every living wight.
And yet this wandering phrensy of the brain
Hath many a gentle virtue in its train.
No cares of wealth a poet's heart control;
Verse is the only passion of his soul.
He laughs at losses, flight of slaves, or fires;
No wicked scheme his honest breast inspires
To hurt his pupil, or his friend betray;
Brown bread and roots his appetite allay;
And though unfit for war's tumultuous trade,
In peace his gentle talents are display'd,
If you allow, that things of trivial weight
May yet support the grandeur of a state.
He forms the infant's tongue to firmer sound,
Nor suffers vile obscenity to wound
His tender ears; then with the words of truth
Corrects the passions and the pride of youth.
Th' illustrious dead, who fill his sacred page,
Shine forth examples to each rising age;
The languid hour of poverty he cheers,
And the sick wretch his voice of comfort hears.
Did not the Muse inspire the poet's lays,
How could our youthful choir their voices raise
In prayer harmonious, while the gods attend,
And gracious bid the fruitful shower descend;
Avert their plagues, dispel each hostile fear,
And with glad harvests crown the wealthy year?
Thus can the sound of all-melodious lays
Th' offended powers of Heaven and Hell appease.
Our ancient swains, of vigorous, frugal kind,
At harvest-home us'd to unbend the mind [bear,
With festal sports; those sports, that bade them
Their wives and children shar'd their hours of mirth,
Who shar'd their toils; when to the goddess Earth
Grateful they sacrific'd a teeming swine,
And pour'd the milky bowl at Sylvan's shrine.
Then to the genius of their fleeting hours,
Mindful of life's short date, they offer'd wine and flowers.
Here, in alternate verse, with rustic jest
The clowns their awkward raillery express'd,
And as the year brought round the jovial day,
Freely they sported, innocently gay,
Till cruel wit was turn'd to open rage,
And dar'd the noblest families engage.
When some, who by its tooth envenom'd bled,
Complain'd aloud, and others, struck with dread,
Though yet untouch'd, as in a public cause,
Implor'd the just protection of the laws,
Which from injurious libels wisely guard
Our neighbour's fame; and now the prudent bard,
Whom the just terrours of the lash restrain,
To pleasure and instruction turns his vein. [arts,
When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive
She triumph'd o'er her savage conquerors' hearts;
Taught our rough verse its numbers to refine,
And our rude style with elegance to shine.
And yet some traces of this rustic vein
For a long age remain'd, and still remain.
For it was late before our bards inquir'd
How the dramatic Muse her Grecks inspir'd;
How Æschylus and Thespis form'd the stage,
And what improv'd the Sophoclean page.
Then to their favourite pieces we applied,
Proud to translate, nor unsuccessful tried;
For, ardent and sublime our native vein,
It breathes the spirit of the tragic scene,
And dares successful; but the Roman Muse
Disdains, or fears, the painful file to use.
Because the comic poet forms his plays
On common life, they seem a work of ease;
But, if he less indulgence must expect,
Sure he should labour to be more correct.
Even Plautus ill sustains a lover's part,
A frugal sire's, or wily pander's art.
Dossennus slip-shod shambles o'er the scene,
Buffoons, with hungry jests, his constant train;
For gold was all their aim, and then the play
Might stand or fall—indifferent were they.
He, who on Glory's airy chariot tries
To mount the stage, full often lives and dies.
A cold spectator chills the bard to death,
But one warm look recalls his fleeting breath.
Such light, such trivial things, depress or raise
A soul, that feels this avarice of praise.

Farewel the stage; for humbly I disclaim
Such fond pursuits of pleasure, or of fame,
If I must sink in shame, or swell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted, or denied:
And sure the bard, though resolutely bold,
Must quit the stage, or tremble to behold
The little vulgar of the clamorous pit,
Though void of honour, virtue, sense, or wit,
When his most interesting scenes appear,
Call for a prize-fight, or a baited bear:
And should the knights forbid their dear delight,
They rise tumultuous, and prepare for fight.
But even our knights from wit and genius fly
To pageant shows, that charm the wandering eye.
Drawn are the scenes, and lo! for many an hour
Wide o'er the stage the flying squadrons pour.
Then kings in chains confess the fate of war,
And weeping queens attend the victor's car.
Chairs, coaches, carts, in rattling rout are roll'd,
And ships of mighty bulk their sails unfold.
At last the model of some captive towns,
In ivory built the splendid triumph crowns.
Sure, if Democritus were yet on earth,
Whether a beast of mix'd and monstrous birth
Bid them with gaping admiration gaze,
Or a white elephant their wonder raise,
The crowd would more delight the laughing sage,
Than all the farce and follies of the stage;
To think, that asses should in judgment sit,
In solid deafness, on the works of wit.
For where's the voice so strong as to confound
The shouts with which our theatres resound?
Loud, as when surges lash the Tuscan shore,
Or mountain-forests with a tempest roar,
So loud the people's cries, when they behold
The foreign arts of luxury and gold;
And if an actor is but richly drest,
Their joy is in repeated claps exprest.
But has he spoken? No. Then whence arose
That loud applause? His robe with purple glows.
Though I attempt not the dramatic Muse,
Let me not seem, malignant, to refuse
The praises due to those, who with success
Have tried this way to fame; for I confess,
He gives a desperate trial of his art,
Who with imagin'd woes can wring my heart;
To pity soothe me, or to anger warm,
Or with false fears my panting breast alarm;
Then, like a sorcerer, my rapt spirit bear
To Athens, or to Thebes, and fix it there.
But let the bards some little care engage,
Who dare not trust the rough, tempestuous stage,
Yet to the reader's judgment would submit,
If you would offer to the god of wit
Such volumes as his best protection claim;
Or would you warm them in pursuit of fame,
Bid them the hills of Helicon ascend,
Where ever-green the flowery lawns extend.
Yet into sad mishaps we poets fall,
(I own the folly's common to us all)
When, to present the labours of our Muse,
Your hours of business or repose we choose;
When even the manly freedom of our friends,
Who blame one verse, our tenderness offends;
When we, unask'd, some favourite lines repeat,
Complaining that our toils, how wondrous great!
Are unobserv'd—that subtilty of thought,
That fine-spun thread, with which our poem's wrought:
Or when we hope, that, soon as Cæsar knows
That we can rhymes abundantly compose,
Our fortune's made; he shall to court invite
Our bashful Muse, compelling us to write.
Yet is it thine, O Cæsar, to inquire
How far thy virtue can her priests inspire,
In peace or war, to sing her hero's fame,
Nor trust to worthless bards the sacred theme.
Dan Chœrilus was poet-laureat made
By Philip's conquering son, who bounteous paid
The gold, on which his father's image shines,
For misbegotten and unshapen lines;
And yet as ink the spotless hand defiles,
So our fair fame a wretched scribbler soils.
Yet the same monarch, who thus dearly paid
For worthless rhymes, a solemn edict made,
That none but fam'd Apelles dare to trace,
In desperate colours, his imperial face;
And that Lysippus should presume alone
To mould great Ammon's son in brass or stone.
Then take this critic in the arts that lie
Beneath the power and judgment of the eye,
Take him to books, and poetry, you'll swear,
This king was born in thick Bœotian air.
But never, sir, shall your judicious taste
By Virgil or by Varius be disgrac'd,
For to your bounty they shall grateful raise
A deathless monument of fame and praise;
Nor form'd in brass, with more expression shines
The hero's face, than in the poet's lines
His life and manners; nor would Horace choose
These low and grovelling numbers, could his Muse
The rapid progress of your arms pursue;
Paint distant lands and rivers to the view,
Up the steep mountain with thy war ascend,
Storm the proud fort, and bid the nations bend;
Or bid fell war's destructive horrours cease,
And shut up Janus in eternal peace,
While Parthia bows beneath the Roman name,
And yield her glories to our prince's fame.
But Cæsar's majesty would sure refuse
The feeble praises of my lowly Muse,
Nor I, with conscious modesty, should dare
Attempt a subject I want strength to bear;
For sure a foolish fondness of the heart,
At least in rhyming and the Muse's art,
Hurts whom it loves; for quickly we discern,
With ease remember, and with pleasure learn,
Whate'er may ridicule and laughter move,
Not what deserves our best esteem and love.
All such provoking fondness I disclaim,
Nor wish to stand expos'd to public shame
In wax-work form'd, with horrible grimace,
Nor in splay-footed rhymes to show my face:
Blushing the fulsome present to receive,
And with my author be condemn'd to live;
Perhaps, in the same open basket laid,
Down to the street together be convey'd,
Where pepper, odours, frankincense are sold,
And all small wares in wretched rhymes enroll'd.

EPISTLE II.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

FLORUS, the friend of Nero, good and brave,
Suppose a merchant, who would sell a slave,
Should thus address you, "Sir, the boy's complete
From head to foot, and elegantly neat:

He shall be yours for fifty pounds. He plays
The vassal's part, and at a nod obeys
His master's will—then for the Grecian tongue,
He has a taste—so pliable and young,
Like clay, well temper'd with informing skill,
He may be moulded to what shape you will.
His notes are artless, but his voice is fine,
To entertain you o'er a glass of wine.
He sinks in credit, who attempts to raise
His venal wares with over-rating praise,
To put them off his hands. My wants are none,
My stock is little, but that stock my own.
No common dealer, sir, would sell a slave
On equal terms, nor should another have
So good a bargain. Guilty of one slip,
It seems, and fearful of the pendent whip,
I own he loiter'd once. The money pay;
The lad is only apt to run away."
I think he safely may the sum enjoy:
You knew his failing, and would buy the boy;
The form was legal, yet you still dispute
The sale, and plague him with an endless suit.
I told you, frankly told you, ere you went,
That I was grown most strangely indolent,
No longer fit for offices like these,
Lest my not writing might my friends displease.
But what avails whatever I can say,
If you demur against so just a plea?
Besides, you murmur, that my Muse betrays
Your expectations in her promis'd lays.
A common soldier, who by various toils
And perils gain'd a competence in spoils,
At night fatigu'd while he supinely snor'd,
Lost to a farthing his collected hoard.
This rous'd his rage, in vengeance for his pelf,
Against the foe, nor less against himself.
A very ravenous wolf, with craving maw,
With hungry teeth and wide-devouring jaw,
He charg'd with fury, as the folks report,
Scal'd the high wall, and sack'd a royal fort
Replete with various wealth: for this renown'd,
His name is honour'd, and his courage crown'd;
Besides, in money he receives a meed,
A sum proportion'd to the glorious deed.
His chief soon after purposing to form
Another siege, and take a town by storm,
Began to rouse this desperado's fire
With words that might a coward's heart inspire.
"Go, my brave friend, where fame and honour call;
Go; with successful courage mount the wall,
And reap fresh honours with an ample prize:—
What stops your course?" The rustic shrewd replies:
"An't please you, captain, let another trudge it;
The man may venture, who has lost his budget."
It chanc'd, at Rome, that I was early taught
What woes to Greece enrag'd Achilles wrought;
Indulgent Athens then improv'd my parts,
With some small tincture of ingenuous arts,
Fair truth from falsehood to discern, and rove
In search of wisdom through the useful grove.
But lo! the time, destructive to my peace,
Me rudely ravish'd from that charming place;
The rapid tide of civil war a-main
Swept into arms, unequal to sustain
The might of Cæsar. Dread Philippi's field
First clipt my wings, and taught my pride to yield.
My fortune ruin'd, blasted all my views,
Bold hunger edg'd, and want inspir'd my Muse.
But say, what dose could purify me, blest
With store sufficient, should I break my rest
To scribble verse? The waning years apace
Steal off our thoughts, and rifle every grace.
Alas! already have they snatch'd away
My jokes, my loves, my revellings, and play.
They strive to wrest my poems from me too,
Instruct me then what method to pursue.
In short, the race of various men admire
As various numbers: thee the softer lyre
Delights: this man approves the tragic strain;
That joys in Bion's keen, satiric vein.
I have three guests invited to a feast,
And all appear to have a different taste.
What shall I give them? What shall I refuse?
What one dislikes, the other two shall choose,
And even the very dish you like the best,
Is acid or insipid to the rest.
Besides, at Rome, amidst its toils and cares,
Think you that I can write harmonious airs?
One bids me be his bail; another prays
That I would only listen to his lays,
And leave all business; more to raise your wonder,
Although they live the length of Rome asunder,
Yet both must be obey'd: and here you see
A special distance—"But the streets are free,
And, while you walk with flowing fancy fraught,
Nothing occurs to disconcert a thought."
Here furious drives a builder with his team;
An engine there up-heaves the lengthen'd beam,
Or ponderous stone; here jostling waggons jar
With mournful hearses in tumultuous war:
Hence runs a madding dog with baneful ire:
Thence a vile pig, polluted with the mire.
Go then, and bustle through the noisy throng,
Invoke the Muse, and meditate the song.
The tribe of writers, to a man, admire
The peaceful grove, and from the town retire;
Clients of Bacchus, indolent they doze
Beneath the shade, and court its calm repose.
How then in noise unceasing tune the lay,
Or tread where others hardly find their way?
A genius, who, in Athens' calm retreat,
Had studied hard his seven long years complete,
Now, waxen old in discipline and books,
Abroad he comes, with pale and meagre looks;
Dumb as a statue, slow he stalks along,
And shakes with laughter loud the gazing throng.
What then—at Rome; in this tumultuous town,
Toss'd by the noisy tempest up and down,
Can I, though even the willing Muse inspire,
Adapt her numbers to the sounding lyre?
A wight there was, for rhetoric renown'd,
Whose brother was a lawyer most profound;
In mutual praise all honours were their own,
And this a Gracchus, that a Mucius shone.
What milder phrenzy goads the rhiming train?
Mine is the lyre, in elegiac strain
He sooths the soul. A wondrous work is mine!
And his—was surely polish'd by the Nine!
With what an air of true poetic pride
And high disdain, we view from side to side
Apollo's temple, as if we ourselves,
And none but we, should fill the vacant shelves!
Then follow further, if your time permits,
And at a distance hear these mighty wits;
How far entitled to this mutual praise,
Which freely gives, and arrogates the bays.
Like gladiators, who by candle-light,
Profeng the combat, for with foils they fight,

With mimic rage we rush upon the foe,
Wounded we wound, and measure blow for blow.
Alcæus I in his opinion shine,
He soars a new Callimachus in mine;
Or if Mimnermus be his nobler fame,
He struts and glories in the darling name.
Much I endur'd, when writing I would bribe
The public voice, and sooth the fretful tribe
Of rival poets. Now my rhiming heat
Is cool'd, and reason re-assumes her seat,
I boldly bar mine ears against the breed
Of babbling bards, who without mercy read.
Bad poets ever are a standing jest:
But they rejoice, and, in their folly blest,
Admire themselves; nay, though you silent sit,
They bless themselves in wonder at their wit.
But he who studies masterly to frame
A finish'd piece, and build an honest fame,
Acts to himself the friendly critic's part,
And proves his genius by the rules of art;
Boldly blots out whatever seems obscure,
Or lightly mean, unworthy to procure
Immortal honour, though the words give way
With warm reluctance, and by force obey;
Though yet enshrin'd within his desk they stand,
And claim a sanction from his parent hand.
As from the treasure of a latent mine,
Long darken'd words he shall with art refine;
Bring into light, to dignify his page,
The nervous language of a former age,
Us'd by the Catoes, and Cethegus old,
Tho' now deform'd with dust, and cover'd o'er with mould.
New words he shall endenizen, which use
Shall authorise, and currently produce;
Then, brightly smooth, and yet sublimely strong,
Like a pure river, through his flowing song
Shall pour the riches of his fancy wide,
And bless his Latium with a vocal tide;
Prune the luxuriant phrase; the rude refine,
Or blot the languid and unsinew'd line.
Yet hard he labours for this seeming ease;
As art, not nature, makes our dancers please.
A stupid scribbler let me rather seem,
While of my faults with dear delight I deem,
Or not perceive, than sing no mortal strain,
And bear this toil, this torture of the brain.
At Argos liv'd a citizen, well known,
Who long imagin'd that he heard the tone
Of deep tragedians on an empty stage,
And sat applauding in ecstatic rage:
In other points, a person who maintain'd
A due decorum, and a life unstain'd,
A worthy neighbour, and a friend sincere,
Kind to his wife, nor to his slaves severe,
Nor prone to madness, though the felon's fork
Deface'd the signet of a bottle-cork;
And wise to shun (well knowing which was which)
The rock high pendent, and the yawning ditch.
He, when his friends, at much expense and pains,
Had amply purg'd with hellebore his brains,
Come to himself—"Ah! cruel friends!" he cried,
"Is this to save me? Better far have died,
Than thus be robb'd of pleasure so refin'd,
The dear delusion of a raptur'd mind."
'Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,
And yield amusements to the taste of boys,
Not the soft sound of empty words admire,
Or model measures to the Roman lyre,
But learn such strains and rhapsodies, as roll
Tuneful through life, and harmonise the soul.
Thus, when alone, I commune with my heart,
And silent meditate this nobler art;
If no repletion from the limpid stream
Allay'd the burnings of your thirsty flame,
You straight would tell the doctor your distress,
And is there none to whom you dare confess,
That, in proportion to your growing store,
Your lust of lucre is inflam'd the more?
If you were wounded, and your wound imbib'd
No soothing ease from roots or herbs prescrib'd,
You would avoid such medicines, be sure,
As roots and herbs, that could effect no cure.
But you have heard, that folly flies apace
From him, whom Heaven has gifted with the grace
Of happy wealth; and though you have aspir'd
Not more to wisdom, since you first acquir'd
A fund, yet will you listen to no rule
But that from Fortune's insufficient school?
Could riches add but prudence to your years,
Restrain your wishes, and abate your fears,
You then might blush with reason, if you knew
One man on earth more covetous than you.
If that be yours, for which you fairly told
The price concluded (and as lawyers hold,
In some things use a property secures),
The land, which feeds you, must of course be yours.
Your neighbour's bailiff, who manures the fields,
And sows the corn which your provision yields,
Finds in effect, that he is but your slave:
You give your coin, and in return receive
Fowls, eggs, and wine: and thus it will be found,
That you have bought insensibly the ground,
The fee of which to purchasers before,
Perhaps, had been two thousand pounds or more;
For what avails it in a life well past,
At first to pay the purchase, or at last?
The frugal man, who purchas'd two estates,
Yet buys the pot-herbs, which his worship eats,
Though he thinks not: this tyrant of the soil
Buys the mere wood, which makes his kettle boil;
And yet he calls that length of land his own,
From which the poplar, fix'd to limits known,
Cuts off disputes, as if he had the power
Of that, which in the moment of an hour
By favour, purchase, force, or fate's commands,
May change its lord, and fall to other hands.
Since thus no mortal properly can have
A lasting tenure; and, as wave o'er wave,
Heir comes o'er heir, what pleasure can afford
Thy peopled manors, and increasing hoard?
Or what avails it, that your fancy roves
To join Lucanian to Calabrian groves,
Inflexible to gold if rigid Fate
Mows down, at once, the little and the great?
Gems, marble, ivory, vases sculptur'd high,
Plate, pictures, robes that drink the Tyrian dye,
These are the general wish; yet sure there are,
Who neither have, nor think them worth their care. [loves
Sauntering, perfumes, and baths, one brother
Beyond the wealth of Herod's palmy groves;
Though rich the other, yet with ceaseless toil,
Anxious he burns, ploughs, tames the stubborn soil.
But whence these various inclinations rose,
The God of human nature only knows:

That mystic genius, which our actions guides,
Attends our stars, and o'er our lives presides;
Whose power appears, propitious, or malign,
Stamp'd on each face, and varied through each line.
Be mine, my little fortune to enjoy;
A moderate pittance on myself employ,
Nor fear the censure of my thankless heir,
That I have left too little to his share;
And yet the wide distinction would I scan
Between an open, hospitable man,
And prodigal; the frugalist secure,
And miser pinch'd with penury; for sure
It differs, whether you profusely spend
Your wealth, or never entertain a friend;
Or, wanting prudence, like a play-day boy
Blindly rush on, to catch the flying joy.
Avert, ye gods, avert the loathsome load
Of want inglorious, and a vile abode.
To me are equal, so they bear their charge
The little pinnace, and the lofty barge.
Nor am I wafted by the swelling gales
Of winds propitious, with expanded sails,
Nor yet expos'd to tempest-bearing strife,
Adrift to struggle through the waves of life,
Last of the first, first of the last in weight,
Parts, vigour, person, virtue, birth, estate.
You are not covetous: be satisfied.
But are you tainted with no vice beside?
From vain ambition, dread of death's decree,
And fell resentment, is thy bosom free?
Say, can you laugh indignant at the schemes
Of magic terrours, visionary dreams,
Portentous wonders, witching imps of Hell,
The nightly goblin, and enchanting spell?
Can you recount with gratitude and mirth
The day revolv'd, that gave thy being birth?
Indulge the failings of thy friends, and grow
More mild and virtuous, as thy seasons flow?
Pluck out one thorn to mitigate thy pain,
What boots it, while so many more remain?
Or act with just propriety your part.
Or yield to those of elegance and art.
Already glutted with a farce of age,
'Tis time for thee to quit the wanton stage,
Lest youth, more decent in their follies, scoff
The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.

THE ART OF POETRY.

Suppose a painter to a human head
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm array'd,
Should a foul fish her lower parts enfold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?
Such is the book, that, like a sick man's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
"Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal, and their art the same."
I own th' indulgence—Such I give and take;
But not through Nature's sacred rules to break,
Monstrous to mix the cruel and the kind,
Serpents with birds, and lambs with tigers join'd.
Your opening promises some great design,
And shreds of purple with broad lustre shine
Sew'd on your poem. Here in labour'd strain
A sacred grove, or fair Diana's fane,
Rises to view; there through delicious meads
A murmuring stream its winding water leads;
Here pours the rapid Rhine; the wat'ry how
There bends its colours, and with pride they glow.
Beauties they are, but beauties out of place;
For though your talent be to paint with grace
A mournful cypress, would you pour its shade
O'er the tempestuous deep, if you were paid
To paint a sailor, 'midst the winds and waves,
When on a broken plank his life he saves?
Why will you thus a mighty vase intend,
If in a worthless bowl your labours end?
Then learn this wandering humour to control,
And keep one equal tenour through the whole.
But oft, our greatest errours take their rise
From our best views. I strive to be concise;
I prove obscure. My strength, my fire decays,
When in pursuit of elegance and ease.
Aiming at greatness, some to fustian soar;
Some in cold safety creep along the shore,
Too much afraid of storms; while he, who tries
With ever-varying wonders to surprise,
In the broad forest bids his dolphins play,
And paints his boars disporting in the sea.
Thus, injudicious, while one fault we shun,
Into its opposite extreme we run.
One happier artist of th' Æmilian square,
Who graves the nails, and forms the flowing hair,
Though he excels in every separate part,
Yet fails of just perfection in his art,
In one grand whole unknowing to unite
Those different parts; and I no more would write
Like him, than with a nose of hideous size
Be gaz'd at for the finest hair and eyes.
Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,
What suits your genius; what your strength can bear.
To him, who shall his theme with judgment choose,
Nor words nor method shall their aid refuse.
In this, or I mistake, consists the grace,
And force of method, to assign a place
For what with present judgment we should say,
And for some happier time the rest delay.
Would you to Fame a promis'd work produce,
Be delicate and cautious in the use
And choise of words: nor shall you fail of praise,
When nicely joining two known words you raise
A third unknown. A new-discover'd theme
For those, unheard in ancient times, may claim
A just and ample licence, which, if us'd
With fair discretion, never is refus'd.
New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
If from a Grecian source they gently stream;
For Virgil, sure, and Varius may receive
That kind indulgence which the Romans gave
To Plautus and Cæcilius: or shall I
Be envied, if my little fund supply
Its frugal wealth of words, since bards, who sung
In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
With large increase? An undisputed power
Of coining money from the rugged ore,
Nor less of coining words, is still confest,
If with a legal public stamp imprest.
As when the forest, with the bending year,
First sheds the leaves which earliest appear,

So an old age of words maturely dies,
Others new-born in youth and vigour rise.
We and our noblest works to Fate must yield;
Even Cæsar's mole, which royal pride might build,
Where Neptune far into the land extends,
And from the raging North our fleets defends;
That barren marsh, whose cultivated plain
Now gives the neighbouring towns its various grain;
Tiber, who, taught a better current, yields
To Cæsar's power, nor deluges our fields;
All these must perish, and shall words presume
To hold their honours, and immortal bloom?
Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie;
Others, in present credit, soon shall die,
If custom will, whose arbitrary sway,
Words, and the forms of language, must obey.
By Homer taught the modern poet sings,
In epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings.
Unequal measures first were tun'd to flow
Sadly expressive of the lover's woe;
But now, to gayer subjects form'd, they move
In sounds of pleasure, to the joys of love:
By whom invented, critics yet contend,
And of their vain disputings find no end.
Archilochus, with fierce resentment warm'd,
Was with his own severe iambics arm'd,
Whose rapid numbers, suited to the stage,
In comic humour, or in tragic rage,
With sweet variety were found to please,
And taught the dialogue to flow with ease;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.
The Muse to nobler subjects tunes her lyre;
Gods, and the sons of gods, her song inspire,
Wrestler and steed, who gain'd th' Olympic prize;
Love's pleasing cares, and wine's unbounded joys.
But if, through weakness, or my want of art,
I can't to every different style impart
The proper strokes and colours it may claim,
Why am I honour'd with a poet's name?
Absurdly modest, why my fault discern,
Yet rather burst in ignorance than learn?
Nor will the genius of the comic Muse
Sublimer tones, or tragic numbers, use;
Nor will the direful Thyestean feast
In comic phrase and language be debas'd.
Then let your style be suited to the scene,
And its peculiar character maintain.
Yet Comedy sometimes her voice may raise,
And angry Chremes rail in swelling phrase:
As oft the tragic language humbly flows,—
For Telephus or Peleus, 'midst the woes
Of poverty or exile, must complain
In prose-like style; must quit the swelling strain,
And words gigantic, if with nature's art
They hope to touch their melting hearer's heart.
'Tis not enough, ye writers, that ye charm
With ease and elegance; a play should warm
With soft concernment; should possess the soul,
And, as it wills, the listening crowd control.
With them, who laugh, our social joy appears;
With them, who mourn, we sympathise in tears:
If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain;
But if your heroes act not what they say,
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away.
The varying face should every passion show,
And words of sorrow wear the look of woe;
Let it in joy assume a vivid air;
Fierce when in rage; in seriousness severe:
For Nature to each change of fortune forms
The secret soul, and all its passions warms;
Transports to rage, dilates the heart with mirth,
Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.
The tongue these various movements must express:
But, if ill-suited to the deep distress
His language prove, the sons of Rome engage
To laugh th' unhappy actor off the stage.
Your style should an important difference make
When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak:
When florid youth, whom gay desires inflame;
A busy servant, or a wealthy dame;
A merchant wandering with incessant toil,
Or he who cultivates the verdant soil:
But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,
Their genius, customs, dialects maintain.
Or follow fame, or in th' invented tale
Let seeming, well-united truth prevail:
If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage,
Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws,
And by the sword alone assert his cause.
With untam'd fury let Medea glow,
And Ino's tears in ceaseless anguish flow.
From realm to realm her griefs let Io bear,
And sad Orestes rave in deep despair.
But if you venture on an untried theme,
And form a person yet unknown to fame,
From his first entrance to the closing scene
Let him one equal character maintain.
'Tis hard a new form'd fable to express,
And make it seem your own. With more success
You may from Homer take the tale of Troy,
Than on an untried plot your strength employ.
Yet would you make a common theme your own,
Dwell not on incidents already known;
Nor word for word translate with painful care,
Nor be confin'd in such a narrow sphere,
From whence (while you should only imitate)
Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.
Begin your work with modest grace and plain,
Ner like the bard of everlasting strain,
"I sing the glorious war, and Priam's fate—"
How will the boaster hold this yawning rate?
The mountains labour'd with prodigious throes,
And lo! a mouse ridiculous arose.
Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain:
Opening his poem in this humble strain,
"Muse, sing the man, who, after Troy subdu'd,
Manners and towns of various nations view'd."
He does not lavish at a blaze his fire,
Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire;
But rises from a cloud of smoke to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight;
Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.
He would not, like our modern poet, date
His hero's wanderings from his uncle's fate;
Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,
From Helen's birth, from whom the war arose;
But to the grand event he speeds his course,
And bears his readers with resistless force
Into the midst of things, while every line
Opens, by just degrees, his whole design.

Artful he knows each circumstance to leave,
Which will not grace and ornament receive;
Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,
That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.
Mine and the public judgment are the same;
Then hear what I and what your audience claim:
If you would keep us till the curtain fall,
And the last chorus for a plaudit call,
The manner must your strictest care engage,
The levities of youth and strength of age.
The child, who now with firmer footing walks,
And with unfaltering, well-form'd accents talks,
Loves childish sports; with causeless anger burns,
And idly pleas'd with every moment turns.
The youth, whose will no froward tutor bounds,
Joys in the sunnny field, his horse and hounds;
Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares;
Profuse and vain; with every passion warm'd,
And swift to leave what late his fancy charm'd.
With strength improv'd, the manly spirit bends
To different aims, in search of wealth and friends;
Bold and ambitious in pursuit of fame,
And wisely cautious in the doubtful scheme.
A thousand ills the aged world surround,
Anxious in search of wealth, and, when 'tis found,
Fearful to use what they with fear possess,
While doubt and dread their faculties depress.
Fond of delay, they trust in hope no more,
Listless, and fearful of th' approaching hour;
Morose, complaining, and with tedious praise
Talking the manners of their youthful days;
Severe to censure; earnest to advise,
And with old saws the present age chastise.
The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide;
Then let not youth, or infancy, engage
To play the parts of manhood, or of age;
For, where the proper characters prevail,
We dwell with pleasure on the well-wrought tale.
The business of the drama must appear
In action or description. What we hear,
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.
But yet let nothing on the stage be brought,
Which better should behind the scenes be wrought;
Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold
What may with grace and eloquence be told.
Let not Medea, with unnatural rage,
Slaughter her mangled infants on the stage;
Nor Atreus his nefarious feast prepare,
Nor Cadmus roll a snake, nor Progne wing the air:
For, while upon such monstrous scenes we gaze,
They shock our faith, our indignation raise.
If you would have your play deserve success,
Give it five acts complete; nor more, nor less;
Nor let a god in person stand display'd,
Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid;
Nor a fourth actor on the crowded scene,
A broken, tedious dialogue maintain.
The chorus must support an actor's part;
Defend the virtuous, and advise with art;
Govern the choleric, the proud appease,
And the short feasts of frugal tables praise;
Applaud the justice of well-govern'd states,
And Peace triumphant with her open gates.
Entrusted secrets let them ne'er betray,
But to the righteous gods with ardour pray,
That fortune with returning smiles may bless
Afflicted mirth, and impious pride depress;
Yet let their songs with apt coherence join,
Promote the plot, and aid the main design.
Nor was the flute at first with silver bound,
Nor rivall'd emulous the trumpet's sound:
Few were its notes, its form was simply plain,
Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain
To aid the chorus, and their songs to raise,
Filling the little theatre with ease,
To which a thin and pious audience came,
Of frugal manners and unsullied fame.
But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her state,
And broader walls enclos'd th' imperial seat,
Soon as with wine grown dissolutely gay
Without restraint she cheer'd the festal day,
Then Poesy in looser numbers mov'd,
And Music in licentious tones improv'd:
Such ever is the taste, when clown and wit,
Rustic and critic, fill the crowded pit.
He, who before with modest art had play'd,
Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid.
Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing strain,
And drew along the stage a length of train;
And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,
Increas'd its strings, and sweeter charm'd the ear;
Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted elocution glow'd;
Pour'd forth prophetic truths in awful strain,
Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.
The tragic bard, who, for a worthless prize,
Bid naked satyrs in his chorus rise,
Though rude his mirth, yet labour'd to maintain
The solemn grandeur of the tragic scene;
For novelty alone, he knew, could charm
A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm.
And yet this laughing, prating tribe may raise
Our mirth, nor shall their pleasantry displease;
But let the hero, or the power divine,
Whom late we saw with gold and purple shine,
Stoop not in vulgar phrase, nor yet despise
The words of earth, and soar into the skies.
For as a matron, on our festal days
Oblig'd to dance, with modest grace obeys,
So should the Muse her dignity maintain
Amidst the satyrs and their wanton train.
If e'er I write, no words too grossly vile
Shall shame my satyrs, and pollute my style.
Nor would I yet the tragic style forsake
So far, as not some difference to make
Between a slave, or wench, too pertly bold,
Who wipes the miser of his darling gold,
And grave Silenus, with instructive nod
Giving wise lectures to his pupil god.
From well-known tales such fictions would I raise
As all might hope to imitate with ease;
Yet while they strive the same success to gain,
Should find their labour and their hopes are vain:
Such grace can order and connexion give;
Such beauties common subjects may receive.
Let not the wood-born satyr fondly sport
With amorous verses, as if bred at court;
Nor yet with wanton jests, in mirthful vein,
Debase the language, and pollute the scene;
For what the crowd with lavish rapture praise,
In better judges cold contempt shall raise.

Rome to her poets too much licence gives,
Nor the rough cadence of their verse perceives;
But shall I then with careless spirit write?
No—let me think my faults shall rise to light,
And then a kind indulgence will excuse
The less important errours of the Muse.
Thus, though perhaps I may not merit fame,
I stand secure from censure and from shame.
Make the Greek authors your supreme delight;
Read them by day, and study them by night.—
"And yet our sires with joy could Plautus hear;
"Gay were his jests, his numbers charm'd their ear."
Let me not say too lavishly they prais'd;
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleas'd,
If you or I, with taste are haply blest,
To know a clownish from a courtly jest;
If skilful to discern, when form'd with ease
The modulated sounds are taught to please.
Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart:
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd.
Then Æschylus a decent vizard us'd;
Built a low stage; the flowing robe diffus'd.
In language more sublime his actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.
And now the ancient Comedy appear'd,
Nor without pleasure and applause was heard:
But soon, its freedom rising to excess,
The laws were forc'd its boldness to suppress,
And, when no longer licens'd to defame,
It sunk to silence with contempt and shame.
No path to fame our poets left untried;
Nor small their merit, when with conscious pride
They scorn'd to take from Greece the storied theme,
And dar'd to sing their own domestic fame,
With Roman heroes fill the tragic scene,
Or sport with humour in the comic vein.
Nor had the mistress of the world appear'd
More fam'd for conquest, than for wit rever'd,
Did we not hate the necessary toil
Of slow correction, and the painful file.
Illustrious youths, with just contempt receive,
Nor let the hardy poem hope to live
Where time and full correction don't refine
The finish'd work, and polish every line.
Because Democritus in rapture cries,
"Poems of genius always bear the prize
From wretched works of art," and thinks that none
But brain-sick bards can taste of Helicon;
So far his doctrine o'er the tribe prevails,
They neither shave their heads, nor pare their nails;
To dark retreats and solitude they run,
The baths avoid, and public converse shun;
The poet's fame and fortune sure to gain,
If long their beards, incurable their brain.
Ah! luckless I! who purge in spring my spleen—
Else sure the first of bards had Horace been.
But shall I then, in mad pursuit of fame,
Resign my reason for a poet's name?
No; let me sharpen others, as the hone
Gives edge to razors, though itself has none.
Let me the poet's worth and office show,
And whence his true poetic riches flow;
What forms his genius, and improves his vein;
What well or ill becomes each different scene:
How high the knowledge of his art ascends,
And to what faults his ignorance extends.

Good-sense, that fountain of the Muse's art,
Let the strong page of Socrates impart,
And if the mind with clear conceptions glow,
The willing words in just expressions flow.
The poet, who with nice discernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various nature warms the human breast,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest;
What the great offices of judges are,
Of senators, of generals sent to war;
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,
The strokes peculiar to each different part.
Keep nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue;
For when the sentiments and diction please,
And all the characters are wrought with ease,
Your play, though void of beauty, force, and art,
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart,
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.
To her lov'd Greeks the Muse indulgent gave,
To her lov'd Greeks, with greatness to conceive,
And in sublimer tone their language raise—
Her Greeks were only covetous of praise.
Our youth, proficients in a nobler art,
Divide a farthing to the hundredth part;
"Well done! my boy," the joyful father cries,
"Addition and subtraction make us wise."
But when the rust of wealth pollutes the soul,
And monied cares the genius thus control,
How shall we dare to hope, that distant times
With honour should preserve our lifeless rhymes?
Poets would profit or delight mankind,
And with the pleasing have th' instructive join'd.
Short be the precept, which with ease is gain'd
By docile minds, and faithfully retain'd.
If in dull length your moral is exprest,
The tedious wisdom overflows the breast.
Would you divert? the probable maintain,
Nor force us to believe the monstrous scene,
That shows a child, by a fell witch devour'd,
Dragg'd from her entrails, and to life restor'd.
Grave age approves the solid and the wise;
Gay youth from too austere a drama flies:
Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,
To inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,
Shall gain all votes; to booksellers shall raise
No trivial fortune, and across the seas
To distant nations spread the writer's fame,
And with immortal honours crown his name.
Yet there are faults that we may well excuse,
For oft the strings th' intended sound refuse;
In vain his tuneful hand the master tries,
He asks a flat, and hears a sharp arise;
Nor always will the bow, though fam'd for art,
With speed unerring wing the threatening dart.
But where the beauties more in number shine,
I am not angry when a casual line
(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
A careless hand, or human frailty, shows.
But as we ne'er those scribes with mercy treat,
Who, though advis'd, the same mistakes repeat;
Or, as we laugh at him who constant brings
The same rude discord from the jarring strings;
So, if strange chance a Chœrilus inspire
With some good lines, I laugh while I admire;
Yet hold it for a fault I can't excuse,
If honest Homer slumber o'er his Muse;

Although, perhaps, a kind indulgent sleep
O'er works of length allowably may creep.
Poems like pictures are: some charm when nigh,
Others at distance more delight your eye;
That loves the shade, this tempts a stronger light,
And challenges the critic's piercing sight:
That gives us pleasure for a single view;
And this, ten times repeated, still is new.
Although your father's precepts form your youth,
And add experience to your taste of truth,
Of this one maxim, Piso, be assur'd,
In certain things a medium is endur'd.
Who tries Messala's eloquence in vain,
Nor can a knotty point of law explain
Like learn'd Cascellius, yet may justly claim,
For pleading or advice, some right to fame;
But God, and man, and letter'd post denies
That poets ever are of middling size.
As jarring music at a jovial feast,
Or muddy essence, or th' ungrateful taste
Of bitter honey, shall the guests displease,
Because they want not luxuries like these;
So poems, form'd alone to yield delight,
Give deep disgust, or pleasure, to the height.
The man, who knows not how with art to wield
The sportive weapons of the martial field,
The bounding ball, round quoit, or whirling troque,
Will not the laughter of the crowd provoke:
But every desperate blockhead dares to write—
Why not? His fortune's large to make a knight;
The man's free-born; perhaps, of gentle strain;
His character and manners pure from stain.
But thou, dear Piso, never tempt the Muse,
If wisdom's goddess shall her aid refuse;
And when you write, let candid Metius hear,
Or try your labours on your father's ear,
Or even on mine; but let them not come forth
Till the ninth ripening year mature their worth.
You may correct what in your closet lies:
If publish'd, it irrevocably flies.
The wood-born race of men when Orpheus tam'd,
From acorns and from mutual blood reclaim'd,
This priest divine was fabled to assuage
The tiger's fierceness, and the lion's rage.
Thus rose the Theban wall; Amphion's lyre
And soothing voice the listening stones inspire.
Poetic wisdom mark'd, with happy mean,
Public and private; sacred and profane;
The wandering joys of lawless love suppress'd;
With equal rites the wedded couple bless'd:
Plann'd future towns, and instituted laws:
So verse became divine, and poets gain'd applause.
Homer, Tyrtæus, by the Muse inspir'd,
To deeds of arms the martial spirit fir'd.
In verse the oracles divine were heard,
And nature's secret laws in verse declar'd;
Monarchs were courted in Pierian strain,
And comic sports reliev'd the wearied swain;
Apollo sings, the Muses tune the lyre;
Then blush not for an art which they inspire.
'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame;
But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
And a rude genius of uncultur'd strain,
Are useless both; but, when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succour in each other find.
A youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain;
Th' extremes of heat and cold must often prove,
And shun the weakening joys of wine and love.
Who sings the Pythic song, first learn'd to raise
Each note distinct, and a stern master please;
But now—"Since I can write the true sublime,
Curse catch the hindmost!" cries the man of rhyme.
"What? in a science own myself a fool,
Because, forsooth, I learn'd it not by rule?"
As artful criers, at a public fair,
Gather the passing crowd to buy their ware;
So wealthy poets, when they deign to write,
To all clear gains their flatterers invite.
But if the feast of luxury they give,
Bail a poor wretch, or from distress relieve,
When the black fangs of law around him bend,
How shall they know a flatterer from a friend?
If e'er you make a present, or propose
To grant a favour; while his bosom glows
With grateful sentiments of joy and praise,
Never, ah! never let him hear your lays;
Loud shall he cry, "How elegant; how fine!"
Turn pale with wonder at some happier line;
Distil the civil dew from either eye,
And leap, and beat the ground in ecstasy.
As hirelings, paid for their funereal tear,
Outweep the sorrows of a friend sincere,
So the false raptures of a flatterer's art
Exceed the praises of an honest heart.
Monarchs, 'tis said, with many a flowing bowl
Search through the deep recesses of his soul,
Whom for their future friendship they design,
And put him to the torture in his wine;
So try, whene'er you write, the deep disguise,
Beneath whose flattering smiles false Renard lies.
Read to Quintilius, and at every line—
"Correct this passage, friend, and that refine."
Tell him, you tried it twice or thrice in vain—
"Haste to an anvil with your ill-form'd strain,
Or blot it out." But if you still defend
The favourite folly, rather than amend,
He'll say no more, no idle toil employ—
"Yourself unrivall'd, and your works, enjoy."
An honest critic, when dull lines move slow,
Or harshly rude, will his resentment show;
Mark every fault, and with his pen efface
What is not polish'd to its highest grace;
Prune all ambitious ornaments away,
And teach you on th' obscure to pour the day;
Will mark the doubtful phrase with hand severe,
Like Aristarchus candid and sincere;
Nor say, For trifles why should I displease
The man I love? for trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove.
From a mad poet, whose'er is wise,
As from a leprosy or jaundice, flies;
Religious madness in its zealous strain,
Nor the wild phrensy of a moon-struck brain,
Are half so dreadful: yet the boys pursue him,
And fools, unknowing of their danger, view him.
But, heedless wandering, if our man of rhyme,
Bursting with verses of the true sublime,
Like fowler, earnest at his game, should fall
Into a well or ditch, and loudly call,
"Good fellow-citizens and neighbours dear,
Help a poor bard"—not one of them will hear;
Or if, perchance, a saving rope they throw,
I will be there, and—"Sirs, you do not know
But he fell in on purpose, and, I doubt,
Will hardly thank you, if you pull him out."
Then will I tell Empedocles's story,
Who nobly fond of more than mortal glory,

Fond to be deem'd a god, in madding fit
Plung'd in cold blood in Ætna's fiery pit.
Let bards be licens'd, then, themselves to kill;
'Tis murder to preserve them 'gainst their will.
But more than once this frolic he hath play'd,
Nor, taken out, will he be wiser made,
Content to be a man; nor will his pride
Lay such a glorious love of death aside.
Nor is it plain for what more horrid crime
The gods have plagu'd him with this curse of rhyme;
Whether his father's ashes he disdain'd,
Or hallow'd ground with sacrilege profan'd:
Certain he's mad; and like a baited bear,
If he hath strength enough his den to tear,
With all the horrours of a desperate Muse
The learned and unlearned he pursues.
But if he seize you, then the torture dread;
He fastens on you, till he read you dead;
And like a leech, voracious of his food,
Quits not his cruel hold till gorg'd with blood.

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